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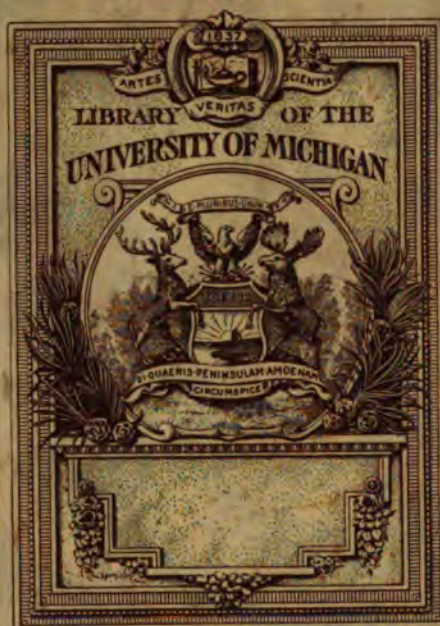
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*From Original Water-colour Drawing by J. E. Millais, R.A.*

FOR mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve;  
 I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve;  
 And the neighbours come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;  
 I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad;  
 But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had;  
 And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease;  
 And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain;  
 And happy has been my life, but I would not live it again.  
 I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest;  
 Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

*'The Grandmother.'* A. Tennyson.





56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 164, PICCADILLY.





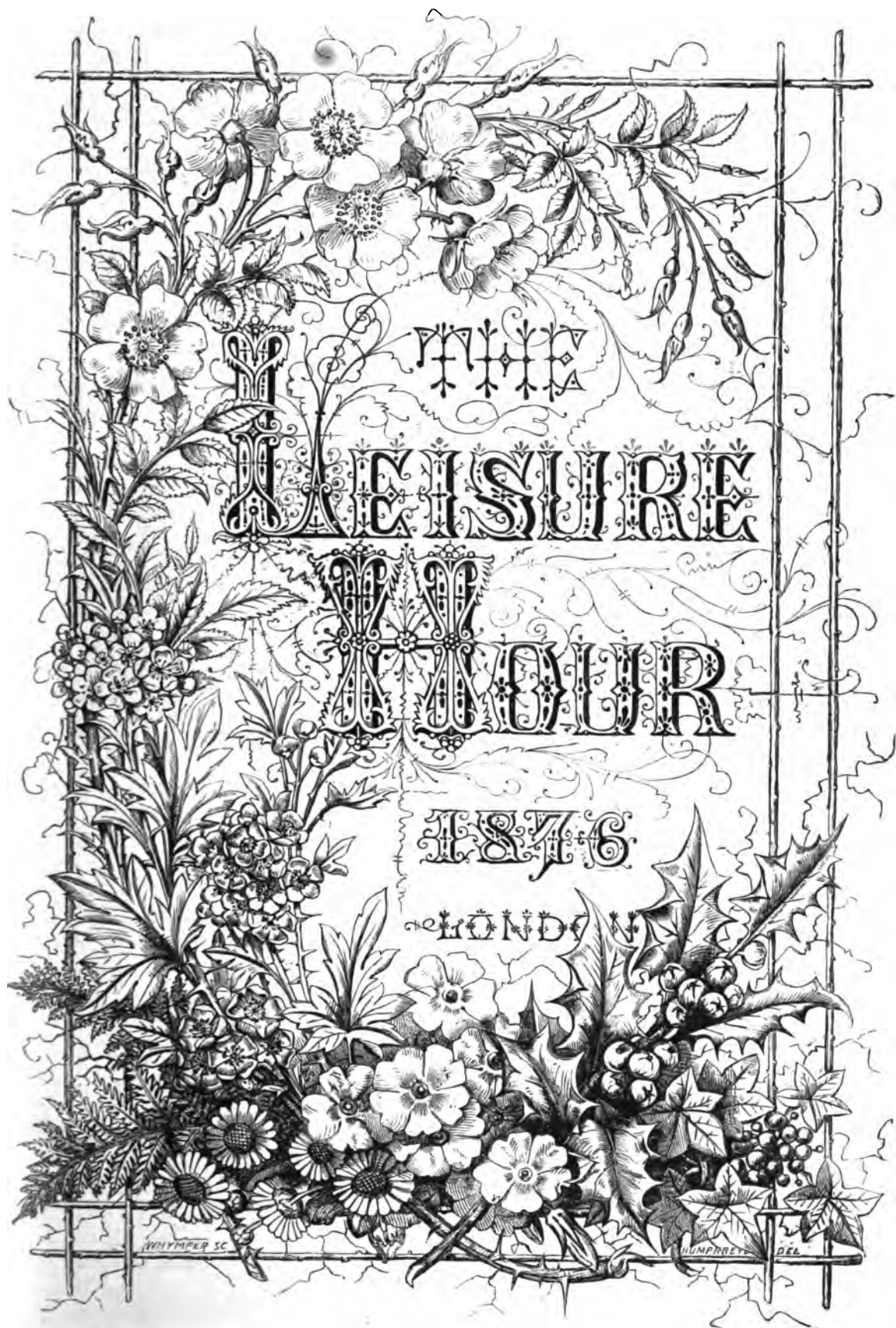
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# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Compter*.



SYDNEY ARCHDALE AND CONSTANCE DELAMERE.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

CHAPTER I.—THE STOLEN TRYST.

**I**T has come and gone a hundred times since the fading season of soft, still air and mellowed sunshine—the Sabbath of the Western year,—which comes when the fervid heat is over and the harvest work

is done, and is known now, as it was then, throughout the Northern States of the American Union, as the Indian summer, because, according to the red man's faith, it prevailed for ever in the happy hunting ground to which his dead were gone. Its dreamy quiet rested on the hills and valleys of the land, on the great rivers and the grand old woods, whose wealth of foliage had turned from green to gold; but quiet there was none in the hearts and homes of men, for the days of discord and division that

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were to end in a nation's birth, the hot dispute between England and her American colonies that was to be cooled only in blood, had begun. From the Atlantic ports to the backwood settlements, from the falls of the St. Lawrence to the flats of the Mississippi, town and country, pulpit and press, were occupied with the same subjects—the rights of the colonies, and the inroads made upon them by England's King and Parliament. They were discussed in public meetings and social gatherings, in places of business, in farm-fields, and at family firesides, but not without the contention and confusion which attend every great movement among mankind.

While the great majority of the American people were agreed on maintaining their rights and liberties at all hazards, there was an ultra-royalist minority no less devoted to the prerogatives of the Crown and the authority of Parliament. Hence the party names of Whig and Tory, and the party strife which had so long accompanied them in the old country, came into full operation on the shores of the new world; but there the names took a more practical significance, and the strife a more determined character, from the nature of the questions at issue, and their direct bearing not only on the public spirit, but the domestic interests of the land. On these accounts the controversy cut deep into private life; it estranged old neighbours, it divided friends and kinsmen, and crossed alike the prudently-laid plans of age, and the fair, fond dreams of youth.

Was it owing to some such dream that in an afternoon of that sweet Indian summer, on a thickly-wooded slope where the range of the Holyoke Mountains overlook the windings of the beautiful Connecticut River, a young girl sat on the moss-grown root of an old tree, and a young man stood leaning against its trunk by her side?

That young man had not completed his twenty-first year, but a finer specimen of early manhood was not to be found in the New England States. Tall and well proportioned, though somewhat spare, his frame promised the union of activity and strength; his face, one of the handsomest of the Anglo-Saxon type, had taken a tinge of brown, from exposure to sun and wind, which made him look beyond his years, and accorded well with its habitual expression of energy and intelligence, so characteristic of his New England kin. A country-born man, his manner and bearing had in them the freedom of the forest land, and the independence of a race able and willing to make their own way in the world, but they had also the graceful dignity and polished ease which good taste and good breeding alone can impart. His costume would have been thought considerably out of rule among the bewigged, bepowdered, and beruffled men of the period in London or Paris. Besides his own dark brown hair, worn in short tangled curls of nature's dressing, it consisted of a suit of coarse grey cloth, such as women spun and men wove in country cottage and farm-house, stockings, then a largely displayed portion of man's attire, knitted of linen thread beside New England hearths, and shoes of home-tanned leather without buckle or rosette. For he belonged to the Homespun Association—a society whose members were pledged to wear nothing that paid duty to the taxing government of England, and therefore had to eschew all imported goods.

So apparently did the girl by whose side he stood beneath the branching boughs; her kersey dress and straw hat, with linen ribbons, told as much, but their

rustic simplicity only served to set off her surpassing beauty. In the last of her teens, and about the middle height of woman, her figure would have seemed too slender but for the rounded elegance of its symmetry; a poet would have said that the rose and lily strove for dominion in her face; a sculptor would have rejoiced in the classic mould of her features, and many a modern belle might have envied the rich abundance of her chestnut hair. These were charms which time could steal and care destroy, but her fair face spoke of that over which they had no power—a mind at once noble and tender, gentle and steadfast, a woman on whose faith and constancy one might rely under any circumstances, but whose love only a brave, good man could win.

"You must give me a better answer than that, Constance," said the young man by her side; "I have played the game of fish for nothing long enough for any man in his senses; maybe I am not quite in mine where you are concerned; but here have I been thinking of nobody but you this many a year, for I have loved you as long as I can remember, ay, since we were children playing in the meadows and going to school together; and the boys used to laugh at me for following wherever you went. We are both old enough now to know our own minds, yet there is no engagement between us, no promise—at least, on your side; you could let me slip to-morrow and marry somebody else with perfect propriety, as the old maids say. Maybe that is what you mean to do after all, but somehow I don't think it—no, I don't, Constance, dear," he continued, catching the reproachful look she cast up into his face. "But I can't drift loose about you any longer; let me have something to hope for and hold by, now that things are so uncertain around us. Say you will—my own, this year, next year, any time you please to fix, only let it be a settled thing, and I will wait as patiently and faithfully as ever Jacob did for his Rachel. I wish Mr. Delamere would be good enough to take old Laban's way, as there happens to be no Leah in the case."

He sat down beside her on the mossy root, and took her small white hand between his two; it nestled confidently there, but her head drooped low, and her eyes were cast on the ground as she said: "I can make no engagement without my father's consent, and that he will never give while you hold what he calls your rebellious principles. Indeed, if he knew the half that people say about you, he would never consent to see or speak to you. Sydney, is it all true?"

"Is what true, my own Constance?"

"That you are captain of the Minute Men; that you drill companies of students secretly every night; and that there is a warrant out against you for assaulting Government officers in the discharge of their duty."

"Yes, it is all true enough, my girl; the young men of our university and neighbourhood who have pledged themselves to be ready at a minute's warning to rise in arms for the defence of their country's rights and liberties, have done me the honour to elect me their captain, though they might have found worthier and abler men; and as I have picked up some knowledge of the military exercise from my own good father, I teach it to my fellow-students who have not had the same opportunities. As to the warrant, it was that made me ask you to meet me here, for I don't care to be seen at home, lest it

might compromise my father, and I meant to tell you all about it; but my foolish heart's business rose to my lips when I caught the first sight of you coming through the trees. Well then, I was going home to my lodgings from the last of our college classes one evening last week, and chanced to pass a house on the outskirts of Cambridge, occupied by a widow and her two daughters—old girls they are now, and not over well provided for, but the husband and father was colonel of the Massachusetts volunteers, and did good service in the old war, as well as your father and mine. I noticed that something was wrong about the place, and soon found out that a party of revenue men had forced an entrance, because a spy of theirs told them that the poor souls had bought some Irish linen from a pedlar whose goods never passed the Custom House; and there they were, searching and frightening the unprotected women almost out of their wits. Of course they had the tyrant's law on their side; but I could not see the widow and daughters of a brave officer who had defended our frontiers against the French and Indians before I was born insulted by British underlings; so I just started off, got together a company of my Minute Men, turned the searching party right out of the house, and chased them home to their quarters, with some smart promises of what they might expect if we ever caught them disturbing an honest man's house again. It was after dark, you see, and between that and their terrors the rascals could swear to none of the company but myself; so the rest have fortunately escaped, and a warrant has been issued against me as the ringleader. I hear they mean to make an example of me; but never mind, Constance, it will soon blow over, for things must come to better or worse. In the meantime, I am keeping out of sight with old Vanderslock, the Dutch lumber-man, you know," and he pointed far up the wooded hill. "No fear of British spies venturing so high as his domain; and between my boy, Cæsar, and your page, Philip, we can exchange messages and see each other at times, that is, if the fair Constance does not think the less of her own true man for loving justice and liberty almost as well as he loves herself."

"You know me better than that, Sydney. I think more of you now than I ever did. If they had issued a hundred warrants against you, it was a brave, good action to protect the widow's home."

There was a look of loving pride in her flushed cheek and kindling eye—pride of him and his doings—that charmed the young man out of his sobriety.

"Spoken like a New England girl, my Constance!" he cried, throwing his arm round her, and drawing her close to his manly breast—"Spoken like a New England girl! I wish the action had been ten times better and braver, since you praise it. There is nothing like praise from the woman one loves; but I will do something worthy of it yet."

"Ay, Sydney, but listen to me."

"I am content to listen to you all my life, Constance, as men must to their wives, they say."

"Well, never mind that; but tell me, is not your father right in saying that you young men go too far in opposition to the British Government, and give the enemies of our country an opportunity to misrepresent and blacken the good cause in England?"

"Constance, he is not right. I say it with all reverence to my father, for which no son has better reason, he and the rest of the moderate party think that by calmly and prudently setting forth the

grievances of the land, our British rulers will be induced to do us justice; but they are deceived. The foxes of the old country are too crafty for them. Craft and tyranny always go together. They mean to play fast and loose with us, and gain time, till they get the arms out of our hands and garrisons into all our towns and strong places, and then govern us like so many slaves. We, the descendants of men who for freedom's sake came out from kin and country, and braved the perils of wave and wilderness that they might leave a heritage of liberty and religion to their children; we, that have in our veins the best blood of Saxon and Norman—yes, Constance, it was the best men of either race that sought these western shores, and left the residue, fit only to be governed by the licentious, mean, and tyrannical Stuarts, and the stultified House of Hanover."

How much farther the young student would have gone in this high-pitched strain of his age and party, it were hard to say; but Constance laid her small fingers on his lips with, "Stop! stop! Sydney dear; you don't know who may be walking in these woods. It is a mercy that my father never climbs so high. At any rate, he is engaged to-day with a parcel of books he gets every season from England, so I hope he won't miss me. What he would say if he knew I was here, or heard you just now, it frightens me to think of. He would call it treason at the very least."

"Maybe he would, Constance; but it is treason against ourselves, our country, and the memory of our forefathers, to live under the laws those old bunglers on the other side of the Atlantic have made for us—laws that dwarf our commerce, check our spirit of enterprise, and furnish every spiteful or insolent exciseman with a pretext for invading our domestic privacy and ransacking our houses. However, there is one comfort, their meddlesome tyranny cannot last long. Let slow or timid men say as they will, there is a spirit in the new generation that will strike for freedom some day, and the Minute Men won't be the last in the field."

"Sydney, Sydney, think of the risk!"

"Who regards risk for a good cause, when his heart is in it? I love my country even as I love you. What danger should deter me from standing on the defence of either? Nay, Constance, it was yourself that first made me a patriot, as far as I deserve the name. I remember long ago, when we read the histories of the Greek and Roman heroes and the tales of the Swiss patriots together in our old summer-house, how your eyes used to kindle, and your breast heave with emotion, as you said, 'Such men had a right to be loved and honoured.' It was those readings and sayings that bound me to the service of liberty and land. Would you bid me quit it now, when it bids fair to need every true man's arm?"

"No, Sydney, no;" and the young girl's face was lighted up once more with the glow of that early enthusiasm. "I love my country as well as you; I think I could die for it, woman though I am, and the daughter of an arrant old Tory, as your Minute Men would call my dear and kindly father; but"—and the light waned away from eye and cheek—"besides fearing all sorts of snares and dangers into which your hot haste might bring you, I have a suspicion that your devotion to liberty and land will some day make you forget your old playmate, Constance, and take to a more eligible girl, with a sturdy Whig for her father."

"You are jesting with me, my girl, as you did many a time before; but things should be serious with us now. Is it not far more likely that some Royalist officer, all fashion and finery, from his lace ruffles to his diamond shoe-buckles, with principles your father approves, and a noble connection somewhere in England, will send poor plain Sydney Archdale out of sight and out of mind? Don't look so displeased, Constance; I was not quite in earnest; but situated as I am, it is natural to fear something of the kind; that is why I want a bit of a promise from you. If we were once engaged, I don't believe your father would part us. Give me your hand, and say you'll be mine."

"I cannot say it without his consent," she said, withdrawing herself a little as she spoke; "and it would be deceiving you if I let you imagine there was any hope of that. My father grows fiercer against the Whigs every day. Sometimes I fear his mind is getting unhinged on the subject, he gives way to such bursts of temper; but those who know him best say he has never been the same man since my poor brother met his fate. That is another bond on me, Sydney, another reason why I should be the comfort and support of his old age. It is creeping fast upon him, and I am his only child, named after my mother, whose grave he visits on the last day of every June—the one on which she was taken from him years before I can remember. Since then he has been father and mother both to me. Never was so much love and care bestowed upon a daughter from the time when he hushed me in his arms to sleep in stormy nights and taught me to say an evening prayer beside my little bed. It has been his constant habit to gratify my wishes and ward off from me every cause of trouble or annoyance. Sydney, I cannot, I will not disobey him."

"Well, I don't ask you to do that," said the young man, calmly; but a painful expression passed over his face; "only listen. My father means to call at the Elms to-day and sound Mr. Delamere; he may know nothing about the warrant. I am at Harvard College, you know."

"Yes; studying under the lumber-man," said Constance; but as she spoke the pair started to their feet, for a sound resembling nothing but that of a horse's hoofs on the hard upland turf seemed to pass just behind the tree on whose mossy root they had been sitting.

They looked around on all sides, but could see nothing, except the squirrels climbing up the boughs, and the wood-birds and insects flitting about in the quiet air.

"There is a horseman somewhere in our neighbourhood," said Sydney. "One would not expect to see the like in these thick woods; but some travellers may have taken them for a short cut across the mountains, and to my certain knowledge the soil hereabouts has a singular power of conveying sound."

"Might it not be a mounted spy in search of you? Oh, Sydney, fly back to Vanderslock's clearing; and there is Philip's signal," said Constance, as a shrill whistle came up the slope. "Either he sees somebody coming, or it is time for me to go. I came here to gather the last of the blue-berries; what excuses one learns to make by dealing with Minute Men. Philip and Cæsar are gathering them for me, to make good the excuse. But good-bye; I must go now."

She was darting away, for the shrill whistle

sounded once more, but Sydney caught her by the hand. "You can't go without making me that promise," he cried; "say before we part that you will be my wife."

"I will if my father consents to it; that is the only condition. For your own sake, for my sake, go," said Constance.

He pressed her hand to his lips, and fled up the slope with the speed of a mountain deer, while she turned downwards at almost an equal pace.

## TIMES AND SEASONS.

I WRITE in a mild day of winter, when coming frosts have heralded the armies of the later cold by some sharp stray nights that have snitten the latest of the autumn leaves. It is sunset, and I am sitting in the parlour of an old-fashioned country house that looks upon a level lawn. On one side are large trees—horse-chestnut, lime, and beech. From these a golden shower of leaves comes sloping down upon the lawn, as the gentlest breeze cannot now bend their stems without breaking them off. For leaves to flutter now is death. But they are more beautiful in death than in the full blood of summer strength. And the golden shower has spotted the green grass with a thousand dots of yellow, brown, and red, that shine like gems in the sunshine. They suit the scene, the day, the place.

Of course it is all right in one aspect, and betrays a certain amount of the sense of tidiness for the gardener and his assistant to sweep away these leaves at once. To his eye they are mere litter. He does not perceive the propriety of their presence as a witness to the fitness of times and seasons. He is spoiling the beauty of the view as I write. He has spoilt it. His notion of order somehow impresses me with a sentiment of disorder. With long stretched curves and sweeps of his broom he has laid bare a patch of grass, which harmonises ill with the rich decay of vegetation that is going on all around. The empty beds, which a few months ago were bright with flowers, look infinitely more naked and desolate now that they alone break the dead level of dull green which the barren lawn exhibits. I like to see Mother Earth take again to her breast the life which she has sent up from her stores to clothe the trees in their summer dress. And though there are periods in her processes which seem simply bleak and desolate, now she would break the loss of colour which the flowers shed by that shown in the dying leaves. The lawn needed some ornament. The day had come when for some four months it could not serve as a carpet on which to sit and rest. One of its chief specialities, as a floor whose ceiling was the sky, an outdoor parlour to the quiet house, on which little children might crawl and play, has ceased. There is small use in sweeping it as rooms are swept. It is severed from the life of the household till summer comes again. It loses its domestic character. It takes its place with the fields around. When neatly swept it seems to offer what it cannot give. Let it not only join in bearing witness to the dying year, but let it show—as no place like a smooth, green lawn can show—the stores of colour in the fallen leaves. Maybe, before very long, it will be plainly needful to sweep them off. They will have become too

dead. They will have fulfilled their mission as witnesses of departed summer. When the boughs, branches, and twigs of the trees are all bare, their presence will be out of season, and they will be best out of sight. Other flakes fall upon the lawn; the air-born crystals of the snow ever bring their seasonable beauty, but it distresses me with a sense of importunate peremptoriness to see the last golden leaves pounced upon as fast as they come to atone for the departed colours of the flowers.

And I am not sure whether the sight of their immediate and industrious removal does not suggest a suspicion that the sweepers take the broom in hand partly to exhibit a phase of industry which is not laborious. It is easy work, sweeping leaves; and any one owning a lawn knows well that much other work is starved in order that the lawn may be swept. Do what he will, he cannot long resent or hinder the persuasion that a man is well employed who spends a large part of day after day in keeping the grass clear.

But be that as it may, the sight of the sweeper has set me off thinking how little we sometimes appreciate the message of the times and seasons. How very short a way can we pursue this thought in these few lines. The fact is that a due perception of the season is being incessantly demanded. We live in a world and time of change; and yet habit, which is soon created, being the act of yesterday, is ever fixing us in one frame of thought and mode of action. The new time, the new opportunities, come and go while we are still dwelling on the old; or we get, as a sailor would put it, so much way upon us that, though the seasons veer round, we keep straight on long before we turn, and then often turn too late. We don't keep up to the mark of the shifting experience and demands of life. It is a truism to say that fitness and the use of opportunity, or the proper season, makes all the difference as to the value of an act. It is too late to sow wheat when the summer has begun; it is too late to reap the crop when the corn has been left to sprout in the ear. True, the imperative necessities of food and money cause few to miss the proper seasons for the actual seed-time and harvest of the field. But in countless other ways, moral or intellectual, seasons are let slip, and we seek in vain to overtake them. The seed-time of life is often thus missed and wasted, and as there is only one life here, of which the latter half or later part is virtually the chief harvest of a man in the world, a missing of this precious seed-time is final. I do not refer to gross neglect, I am not thinking of the crop of wild weeds which the young man sometimes carelessly scatters the seed of in the soil of his life. I refer rather to the mere commonplace indolence or carelessness which lets the receptive years slip by till the boy has passed into the man, and the world catches him, and puts him into harness, which in most cases he must wear to the end. Once let the seed-time of study, the years in which instruction can be received, be ill-used, and they are comparatively few who can make up for this neglect. There is a power of receptivity or apprehension peculiar to youth. When youth passes this grows dim or stiff, or the faculty which was receptive while young takes another shape, and is employed in the discharge of the importunate duties of a responsible post. Till that post has to be filled, such mental abilities as the youth possesses are available solely for the acquisition of knowledge.

He knows really nothing of the distracting burden and obligations of life. He is like a ship getting ready for sea, but as yet neither furnished nor launched. The day will come when he will be launched, and it will depend upon his equipment and provisions whether he will be a mere commonplace vessel or not. As he stores and fits his ship now, so will he sail his course.

How many committed to their course, and finding such and such demands made upon them, or such and such opportunities open, look with anxiety upon what they possess in the way of information, skill, and ability. How many a one finds a desirable career closed, or a work he would have liked to do denied to him, by reason of his poor equipment. It is not that he was while young incapable of taking in a proper store. He simply idled while his ship was waiting to be launched. He took in just as little as he could, content to fulfil only the barest demands of his instructors. He cared more, maybe, for excellence in athletics than for skill at "those stupid books." But unfortunately for him the demands of after-life are for knowledge in book-keeping, languages, history, science. He may be able to jump and run to perfection, but there are few openings in the world of men for a mere athlete. He has let the season pass in which he might have fitted himself for not only useful but highly esteemed work. He sees men, with perhaps less energy and natural ability than himself, pass him by as careers open or opportunities arrive, simply because while young they made themselves masters of some dull-seeming technical processes which the work of the world requires the worker to be well grounded in.

Thus, after a very serious and manifold manner, we see hundreds wholly miss the value of times and seasons. These come imperatively round, and cannot be recalled.

Besides the great and tiresome failures in later life from neglect to use the earlier part of it aright, we easily see that in the common current and discharge of duty men are constantly missing chances, as we call them. They let that invaluable moment go by while the game is within range. The success of many is determined by their appreciation of minutes and hours and days. With, it maybe, good sense, good judgment, and ability, the nice nick of time is let slip by which what they might have done is left undone; and being not done then, their power to have done the thing is lost or wasted. The largest and the least opportunities are thus let go. Unless the whale is harpooned while at the surface, the ship may come home empty of oil. Unless the mosquito be slapped the moment it alights on the back of your hand, you may be teased with an itching lump for a week.

So in all things. All the difference arises from missing the moment of action, from failing to see how the appreciation of times and seasons reaches to the smallest details of life, as well as its more important crises. Had the leaders and managers of the expensive expeditions sent out to observe the transit of Venus been a quarter-of-an-hour behindhand in the handling of their implements, the world of science would have received blank records from the four quarters of the globe. We are, however, though set to take no close astronomical observations, ever set in the midst of a code of imperative laws, which can be used only as we observe times and seasons. So true is this fact that it often ceases to

impress us. It is too familiar to be noticed by many ; but it decides between the right and wrong way of doing what has to be done ; it gives judgment irretrievably between success and failure, impotence and power.

We are, probably, thinking somewhat now of of times and seasons. We are especially conscious of the lapse of opportunity. We are inclined to moralise about good resolutions. Resolve to recollect and act upon the truth that throughout all life almost everything depends upon the perceiving and doing, not only the right thing, but the right thing at the right time. That is a cardinal resolution to realise. Take in that, and then not only is the later half of life well used, but the life of each day and month and year fits in along with the manifold law which rules the world of God.

### KINGS WITHOUT CROWNS.

**T**HE death of the Austrian ex-Emperor, Ferdinand, last summer, brought to a close another chapter in the interesting record of "monarchs retired from business."

The story of these uncrowned kings told in detail would bring before us some of the most thrilling and momentous events in history, and in many cases, too, would present to us scenes as pathetic and perhaps as romantic as anything to be found in the pages of fiction. All ages of the world and all countries have afforded instances of such retirements, and equally diversified have been the circumstances and the motives that have brought them about. In America we have the presidents—monarchs to all intents and purposes—laying down their authority at the end of their "term," in simple fulfilment of the condition upon which they took it up, just as the consuls and dictators had to do in the ancient republics ; and what they do in simple compliance with constitutional requirements, we find that here and there in the course of history other wielders of imperial power have done, apparently, from sheer distaste for its burdens and responsibilities, its publicity, its pomp and parade, and in honest preference for a quiet, simple life. "Cincinnatus at the plough" has become a proverb. Attalus, King of Pergamus, is said to have given up his throne in order that he might devote himself uninterruptedly to his garden—a source from which Diocletian, according to some authorities, derived the greatest happiness of his life, though he had ruled with absolute sway over the whole civilised world. History tells us of one king who voluntarily abdicated his throne and devoted the rest of his days to the service of a monastery in the capacity of miller, until a soliloquy, in which he was overheard indulging, revealed his rank and led to his becoming a priest and a martyr. Another, a king of Poland, mentioned by Dr. Doran in his book upon this subject,\* laid down his sceptre and firmly refused to resume it, though, it is said, reduced to the necessity of earning a living as a market porter. He had, he said, since he turned porter, carried nothing so heavy as the burden of royalty. He had slept more in four nights than all the time he was king—had good health and

appetite, no anxieties, was king of himself, and did not care a doit who was King of Poland.

Many instances are recorded of kings descending to menial occupations, to trades, or to commercial pursuits, although not often entirely from preference, as in the case of this unpatriotic philosopher of Poland. King John of France, while a prisoner in the Savoy, appears to have driven a very respectable wine trade. Elesbaan, King of the Ascumite Ethiopians, became a kind of scavenger. The German monarch, Henry IV, was reduced to such extremities after vacating his throne, that he sold his boots to buy bread, and afterwards made humble supplication to the Bishop of Spiers to be appointed a lay prebend, pleading—though pleading vainly to the proud and pitiless ecclesiastic—his ability to sing, in support of his request. Ancient history affords a very striking instance of fallen majesty in the person of Dionysius, the Syracusan. In his involuntary exile this inhuman monster was reduced to the necessity of earning his living as a schoolmaster, a barber, and finally as a sort of mountebank collector of money for the priests.

But of all uncrowned monarchs whose biographies have been embodied in history, none, perhaps, have out a more deplorable figure than the Roman Valerian who fell into the hands of the Persians by the treachery of his bosom friend. After a life of the most abject misery and degradation, in the course of which he was habitually employed as a stepping-stone to enable his savage captor to mount his horse, and was dragged about the country decked out in his kingly robes till they hung about him in rags and tatters, he was put to death. Even then his humiliation can hardly be considered to have ended, for his body was flayed, and the skin, after being stuffed and painted red, was hung up in one of the temples to be gazed at by sight-seers, and to be employed occasionally, to suggest to his countrymen humility in their dealings with the Persians.

We have upon record at least one or two instances of monarchs relinquishing their crowns for love. William Frederick, King of Holland, was one of these. At the age of sixty-eight, finding himself a widower and desperately in love, he resolved to take a second wife. His subjects, however, objected to the lady of his choice, and the amorous king, finding that he must really relinquish his *fiancée* or his crown, promptly decided that it should be the latter, and in October, 1840, issued a proclamation, in which, of course, the lady does not appear, but over which the prosaic Dutchmen made quite as merry as though she had. The king merely says that: "After the most serious reflection, we have considered this the most fitting period for carrying into execution our long contemplated purpose of passing the remaining days which God may please to grant us, in repose and freedom from the cares of government, under a grateful recollection of all the benefits that His kindness and wisdom have conferred upon us"—all of it, of course, very excellent sentiment in a man verging on three-score years and ten ; but yet, the Hollanders thought, not precisely conveying the idea of an enthusiastic lover about to get married, and very reluctantly abdicating his throne in order to do so. Shortly after this proclamation, the venerable monarch married privately, lived in very happy retirement for two or three years, and then died suddenly, leaving behind him a fortune amounting, it is said, to several millions sterling.

\* "Monarchs Retired from Business." By Dr. Doran.

Although it is undeniable that King William Frederick would gladly have retained his crown, yet he is entitled to have his name enrolled among monarchs whose retirement has been quite voluntary. The number of these is very small, and if the whole truth were known, it would probably prove to be still smaller than it appears to be. The abdication of the Roman Emperor Diocletian affords an illustration that may probably be regarded as representative of many others. Ostensibly the act was voluntary, and historians have often spoken in terms of something like wondering admiration of the man who deliberately divested himself of supreme and absolute power, and retired from the pomp and splendour of Imperial Rome, when Rome was the mistress of the world, into what has been represented to be the obscurity of a simple country squire. The scene and the circumstances attending his abdication were certainly very impressive. The Roman armies are drawn up upon a vast plain, in the centre of which a gorgeous throne blazes beneath a clear Italian sky, and upon this the retiring potentate, clad in the purple mantle, the symbol of imperial power, is seated, surrounded by the great officers of state and the generals of his armies. And now the emperor rises, and the vast throng of the populace and the soldiery, stretching around him far beyond the reach of his voice, is hushed into silence. He delivers an appropriate and touching speech—some say with tears rolling down his face—and then he strips off his mantle, and lays down his sword and his wreath. He is emperor no longer. Still amid a profound silence he descends from his throne, steps into his chariot, and is driven off the scene upon which he entered as a slave and the son of a slave, but upon which, for many years he had been the mightiest of living men.

There is something very impressive in the spectacle of a man thus stepping down from so lofty a pinnacle of greatness and power; but in the case of Diocletian there seems to have been nothing worthy of the admiration that this act of his has received. The truth, according to some very respectable authorities, appears to be that in thus laying down his sceptre, he was but yielding to a force as irresistible as that which drove Napoleon to St. Helena or led Charles I to the scaffold. Nor does his case seem to call for any great amount of pity. He exchanged a perilous throne for a retreat comparatively safe and supremely luxurious. The palace at Solona, in which this "simple country squire" spent the last few years of his life, is described by Constantine as the most magnificent he had ever beheld. With its theatres and its temples, its baths and picture galleries, it occupied ten acres of land in the midst of fertile plains and shady groves, gorgeous flower-gardens, and streams and fountains. There is something decidedly grotesque in the story which represents this secluded grandee growing his own vegetables. When his former colleague, Maximian, suggested that he should resume the imperial power, he "rejected the temptation with a smile of pity"—so the story goes—"calmly observing that if he could show Maximian the cabbages he had planted with his own hands at Solona he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness to the pursuit of power." Whether Maximian ever did catch a tranquillising glimpse of those cabbages, history unfortunately has not recorded. That he never actually tasted one of them seems certain, or the effect must

surely have been something so beatific that no historian could possibly have overlooked it.

Like Diocletian, the great majority of monarchs who have abdicated either in ancient or modern times have done so because they could not help it. This was the case with the ex-emperor whose death has suggested the subject of this paper.

A feeble and incompetent man, Ferdinand appears to have been the mere puppet of one of his ministers. Of himself it has been said that he never did anything in life except recognise the truth that he could do nothing when the necessity for action arose. He had the sagacity to recognise his own impotency in time to save his dynasty; and when in 1848 a great wave of revolution swept over Europe it found Ferdinand safe in the retirement of his palace at Prague, and a young and popular prince—the present Emperor of Austria—on the throne. Ferdinand no doubt acted wisely. He was unequal to his position in such stormy times, and did well to retire in favour of a stronger or fitter man.

A man who has similarly retreated has obtained credit for magnanimity and a lofty superiority to the fascinations of pomp and power, whose name, if the truth were known, history would have handed down branded with the stigma of cowardice and selfish indolence. There is nothing noble or magnanimous in the conduct of a man who resigns his greatness because greatness demands strength and effort, or who retires into seclusion from sheer love of ease and indolence. Kingly power, like wealth or talents or any other endowment, is a trust, and no man should relinquish it without an effort to retain it and to wield it for the common good. To be sure it is a great burden as well as a trust, and the man who has worthily borne the burden through the heat of the day may honourably lay it down as eventide draws on. All men are not made of such sturdy stuff as that indefatigable worker, Father Antoine Arnauld, to whom Pascal once breathed his weary aspirations for rest. "Talk not of rest, brother," said Arnauld; "we have all eternity to rest in." Like Dr. Chalmers, who was wont to express his hope that his seventh decade might be a Sabbath preparation for another world, many feel that a calm and restful termination to a busy life affords the best opportunity for a preparation for death, and here and there kings and statesmen have apparently acted on a similar sentiment.

No man ever lived who has been more lauded for such a withdrawal from the busy scenes of life than the monarch presented in our illustration, and whose abdication altogether eclipses that of the great Roman potentate whose resignation had till then been the most striking event of the kind upon record.

In the story of the abdication of Charles V, as told by the Churchmen of his day and by many partisan historians since, there is certainly much to excite the wonder and admiration of mankind. Charles was born to greatness. Sprung from a long line of illustrious ancestors, the fortunes of his house culminated in him. As a boy he was sharp and clever; as a young man, though profligate and wild, he was yet fond of manly sports, and full of energy and dauntless bravery; and in his maturer years he had the reputation of being a consummate general as well as the shrewdest politician in Europe. From his youth upwards he had been accustomed to the exercise of unlimited power, and he lived to control the destinies



of half the world, and to rule with absolute sway over an empire upon which the sun never set. It was no wonder that the world was profoundly impressed when, at the age of fifty-five, Charles announced his determination at once to lay aside his greatness and his splendour, and to retire to a cloister. He seems, indeed, to have taken particular care that the world *should* be impressed. Never since Diocletian disrobed in the presence of the Roman legions had so great a monarch laid down his sceptre in so deliberate and impressive a manner. The ceremony of abdication took place in the magnificent hall of one of the old palaces of Brussels, to which an illustrious assemblage had been invited from all parts of the emperor's wide domains.

It is the 25th of October, 1555. For many hours stately halberdiers and archers have kept guard among a throng of grave magistrates, rulers of distant provinces, and executive officers clad in the splendid uniforms for which the Netherlands were famous. Three o'clock strikes at length; the door of the adjoining chapel opens and the great emperor appears, followed by a long train of bishops and cardinals, dukes and archdukes, and councillors, and governors, and gallant knights, and glittering warriors—a number sufficient to fill a great crimson dais, upon which, beneath a rich canopy, three massive gilt chairs are placed. Speeches are delivered. The prematurely aged potentate recounts his toils, his wars, and his travels, and begs to be pardoned for all his errors and offences. As a dying father, he bequeathes his magnificent empire to his son, promises to remember him and the people he is leaving in his prayers to the Almighty, and then sinks pale and exhausted upon his chair, his audience being suffused in tears, and giving vent to audible lamentations.

Charles embarked for Spain, and henceforth his panegyrists would have us regard him as a devout and humble-minded Christian, a simple cloistered monk, dead to the world, and given up wholly to the great concerns of eternity. At one time we find him castigating his own back in penitence for his sins; at another, moralising over his own folly in having spent so great a portion of his life in trying to make men think alike upon matters of religion, while, with all his efforts, he found that it was impossible to make a few watches tick together. Now we find him holding "sweet and heavenly communion" with some bald-pated brother, and now rehearsing his own funeral—joining in the burial service over his own body stretched in a coffin, the convent-chapel draped with black and lighted with innumerable tapers—so it has been asserted.

There are many anecdotes told respecting him which would go to prove that this once powerful and imperious monarch, on relinquishing his sceptre, became at once the most humble-minded and affable of men, and as poor as he was humble. No sooner had he set foot upon Spain than, we are told, he prostrated himself upon the earth, kissed it, and exclaimed, "Naked came I from my mother's womb, and naked do I return to thee, oh thou universal mother of mankind." Unfortunately, the historian who relates this fact feels it his duty to record in the very same paragraph that when the Spanish nobles came to pay court to him immediately after, he was greatly annoyed that there were so few who came, and that those who did come were not sufficiently deferential in their deportment, and that he

was provoked beyond measure at not finding a proper suite of servants and ample funds awaiting his landing. Yet Charles evidently wished to be thought a poor man. "Why do you bow to me?" asked a court jester, who chanced to be in his presence in the course of his journey to the convent at Yuste. "Because," replied the ex-emperor, "a simple courtesy is all I now have to give." We hear of his taking a lonely seat among the brethren of the convent, and at another time he even went so far as to make an attempt to dine off their humble fare. This, however, was a failure. Charles could not get through his dinner. His demeanour throughout, according to some of his biographers, affords such an impressive example of sweet condescension and Christian humility that it seems really a pity we are not allowed to enjoy this edifying spectacle undisturbed by doubts as to the reality of the conversion of this merciless persecutor, this ruthless, pitiless executioner of men, women, and children, tens of thousands of whom his edicts consigned to the horrible tortures of the Inquisition for venturing to reject the appalling blasphemies of the Roman Church in the early part of the sixteenth century. Of that very people—the Netherlands—before whom that touching drama of the 25th of October was enacted, Mr. Motley says, "The number who were burned or strangled, beheaded or buried alive, in obedience to his edicts, and for the offence of reading the Scriptures, of looking askance at a graven image, or of ridiculing the presence of the body and blood of Christ in a wafer, has been placed as high as a hundred thousand by distinguished authorities." It was he who set up the "Holy Inquisition" in the Netherlands, and by his ferocious edicts sought to stamp out the great religious movement which Luther had commenced. "This," says Mr. Motley, "was his return to the Netherlands for their wasted treasure and their constant obedience, and for this his name deserves to be handed down to eternal infamy in every land where a single heart beats for political or religious freedom." Nor is this great modern historian disposed to grant him any benefit of the usual excuse for his atrocities. "Charles was no fanatic. The man whose armies sacked Rome, who laid his sacrilegious hands on Christ's vicegerent, and kept the infallible head of the Church a prisoner to serve his own political ends, was then no bigot—he believed in nothing, save that when the course of his own imperial will was impeded, and the interests of his imperial house were in jeopardy, Pontiffs were to succumb as well as Anabaptists."

And what Charles had been upon the throne, he remained to the end of his days, all the pretty little anecdotes of him notwithstanding. "Bitter regrets that he should have kept his word with Luther, as if he had not broken faith enough to reflect upon in his retirement; stern self-reproaches for omitting to put to death, while he had him in his power, the man who had caused all the mischief of the age; fierce instructions thundered from his retreat to the Inquisition to hasten the execution of all heretics; exhortations to his son Philip that he should set himself to cutting out the root of heresy—such explosions of savage bigotry as these, alternating with exhibitions of revolting gluttony, with surfeits of sardines and omelettes, Estremadura sausages, eel pies, pickled partridges, fat capons, quince syrups, ices and flagons of Rhenish wine, relieved by copious draughts of

Joseph Nicholas Henry.

CHARLES V AT ST. JUST.

[By permission, from Sir Richard Wallace's Collection.]





senna and rhubarb, to which his horror-stricken doctors doomed him as he ate, compose a spectacle less attractive to the imagination than the ancient portraits of the cloistered Charles." The ex-emperor, indeed, appears to have left behind him very few of his appetites and passions, and very little of his ambition. Why he should have retired, however, it is not difficult to understand. To quote Mr. Motley once more, "The earlier, and indeed the greater part of his career, had been one unbroken succession of triumphs, but the concluding portion of his reign had reversed all his previous glories. His career as a whole had been a failure. Towards all the great powers of the earth he stood, not in the attitude of a conqueror, but of a disappointed, baffled, defeated potentate." "Disappointed in his schemes, broken in his fortunes, with income anticipated, estates mortgaged, all his affairs in confusion, failing in mental powers, and with a constitution hopelessly shattered, it was time for him to retire."

It would be a profound mistake, however, to imagine that Charles became a monk, or became familiar with cloisters or cells or anything else that was not congenial to his taste. The Jeronymite convent of Yuste was situated in the most charming part of Estremadura, just remote enough to afford retirement, but not so remote as to be in any sense out of the world. Here the imperial penitent had a comparatively small but very pleasant house, fitted up and furnished with all but palatial luxuriance. "Here," says Dr. Doran, "he was among the monks, but he was not of them. There was many a poor joke about his being a 'brother,' but he was only so in jest. He never ceased to be emperor; he retained as many imperial privileges as furthered his enjoyment of life, and got luckily rid of those which did not agree with his pleasure or his health. He indulged in luxurious living, and though he laid the scourge lustily on his own back, no Churchman dared order him to do so, and he could pause whenever his loins began to ache. He was the most impetuous of penitents, and the director of his conscience was not bold enough to go beyond his pupil's own suggestions." The finest music that money could provide was performed for his enjoyment, and his bedroom was so arranged that, when unable or unwilling to leave his bed, he could yet watch the progress of the priests at the chapel altar, and listen to the music. He was fond of mechanism, and retained specially for his amusement the ingenious Italian mechanician Torriani, who by his clockwork birds, and tilting warriors, and other curious contrivances, wiled away the tedium of "cloistered" life, and terrified the fathers of the convent by displays of what they held to be diabolical power. On the whole "the cloister" seems to have suited Charles v very well indeed. The only real difficulty he encountered in becoming a monk was in the matter of fasting. Charles could not, by any exercise of resolution, comply cheerfully with the convent regulations in this respect, and indeed it must be owned that circumstances were sometimes peculiarly aggravating. He was devotedly fond of sausages of a peculiar kind, and had sent to a distant part of the country for a supply. The sausages were despatched in all haste, but only reached the imperial epicure late on Thursday night. By no efforts of theological casuistry could they be argued into fish, and Charles had to put aside the tempting delicacies for four-and-twenty hours. To become a monk was all very well; but no ex-emperor could reasonably be expected to forego sausages in

this fashion. Charles procured from Pope Julian III a "dispensation" by which he was discharged from any scruples of conscience for having broken his fast at any previous time, and was accommodated with full liberty for the time to come.

Though the state of his health precluded the possibility of his ever again taking an active part in the affairs of the nations, his interest in everything that went on in the outer world was as keen as it ever had been. No state business of any serious importance was transacted without his having been consulted, and all events of consequence were communicated to him in despatches, which he devoured with the utmost eagerness. At one period of his residence at Yuste he appears to have received almost as many eminent personages on business of state as when actually on the throne. There was indeed a strong expectation of his coming back into the arena. Into such a perilous position did his son Philip soon manage to muddle himself, that on one occasion he despatched an emissary with instructions to entreat in the most humble manner, and to urge the ex-emperor by every argument that he could think of, to come forth from his seclusion, and resume the direction of affairs. Charles, however, was by this time quite unequal to anything of the kind. His gluttonous habits and want of exercise were rapidly breaking up what remained of a fine constitution. His end was fast approaching, and he appears to have hastened it by a ghastly and fantastical piece of mummerly already incidentally referred to. After celebrating masses for the souls of his mother and wife, he startled those about him by suggesting a rehearsal of the service over his own remains. The idea was, of course, pronounced a pious and laudable one, and was actually carried into effect. The convent chapel was darkened or illuminated only by the feeble glimmer of innumerable wax tapers. In the centre an imposing catafalque was erected and shrouded in black, and near this, among a throng of monks in conventual dress, priests in their surplices, and his own household all in the deepest mourning, stood Charles, shrouded in a black mantle, and holding a lighted candle in his hand. Some historians have affirmed that he listened to the solemn words of the service and the mournful dirges of the monks while lying in his coffin. Whether or not this is true seems doubtful, but that the service was actually held is unquestionable. The awful farce was concluded by Charles blowing out the candle he held, and handing it to the priests in symbol of the resignation of his soul into the hands of his Maker.

And this hideous fooling has been lauded and extolled as an indication of exemplary piety and humility—as though in a world like this there is not enough sorrow and death to wail over, as though Charles had not sacrificed to his own impious ambition lives enough for him to mourn, but he must indulge in this mummerly over his own bier.

The ceremony was too much for his shattered nerves. He took to his chamber a day or two afterwards, and in about three weeks came the end of this, the most remarkable career of all monarchs who have voluntarily resigned a sceptre. A memorial-stone in the convent garden still records that, "In this holy house of St. Jerome of Yuste ended his days, he who spent the whole of them in defence of the faith and in support of justice, Charles v, Emperor, King of Spain, most Christian, invincible. He died on the 21st September, 1558." Of such egregious falsehood may even tombstones be guilty!



## OLD NURSERY RHYMES.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

THE vernacular rhymes of the English nursery are very interesting when viewed in a proper light. They do not, it is true, possess any literary grace, but its want is compensated for by a simplicity coming direct from nature. They are for the most part very old, and originally were designed for no higher purpose than to convey the wisdom or humours of the cottage, to soothe the murmurs of the cradle, or enliven the sports of the village green.

"Before we had national books," says the elder D'Israeli, in his "Amenities of Literature" (vol. ii. p. 37), "we had national songs. Even at a period so obscure as the days of Charlemagne there were '*most ancient songs*, in which the acts and wars of the old kings were sung.' These songs, which the secretary of Charlemagne has informed us were sedulously collected by the command of that great monarch, are described by the secretary, according to his classical taste, as '*barbarous*;' barbarous because they were composed in the rude vernacular language. Yet such was their lasting energy that they were, even in the eighth century, held to be '*most ancient*,' so long had they dwelt in the minds of the people. The enlightened emperor had more largely comprehended their results on the genius of the nation than had the more learned and diplomatic secretary. It was an ingenious conjecture that, possibly, even these ancient songs may in some shape have come down to us in the older Northern and Teutonic romances, and the Danish, the Swedish, the Scottish, and the English popular ballads. The kindling narrative and the fiery exploits which entranced the imagination of Charlemagne, mutilated or disguised, may have framed the incidents of a romance, or been gathered up in the anecdotes of the old wives' tales, and finally, may have even lingered in the nursery."

In tracing the history of a few of our old nursery rhymes, the one which first demands our attention is "The Search after Fortune," which may probably be as old as the rebellious times of Richard II. The original, as found in the Donce Collection at Oxford, is as follows:—

"My father he died, I cannot tell how,  
But he left me six horses to drive out my plough:  
With a wimmy lo! wommy lo! Jack Straw, blazey boys!  
Wimmy lo! wommy lo! wob, wob, wob."

One of the modern traditional versions runs thus:—

"My daddy is dead, but I can't tell you how,  
But he left me six horses to follow the plough:  
With my whim, wham, waddle ho!  
Strim, stram, straddle ho!  
Bubble ho, pretty boy,  
Over the brow.

I sold my six horses to buy me a cow;  
And wasn't that a pretty thing to follow the plough?  
With my, etc.

I sold my cow to buy me a calf,  
For I never made a bargain but I lost the best half:  
With my, etc.

I sold my calf to buy me a cat,  
To sit down before the fire to warm her little back:  
With my, etc.

I sold my cat to buy me a mouse,  
But she took fire in her tail, and so burnt up my house:  
With my, etc."

Another old rhyme may, perhaps, refer to Joanna of Castile, who visited the court of Henry VII in the year 1506.

"I had a little nut tree, nothing would it bear  
But a golden nutmeg and a silver pear;  
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me,  
And all for the sake of my little nut tree."

The celebrated rhyme, "Sing a Song of Sixpence," is as old as the sixteenth century, and is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bonduca" (Act v. sc. 2). It is probable also that Sir Toby Belch alludes to it in "Twelfth Night," when he says, "Come on, there is sixpence for you; let's have a song."

The well-known rhyme, "Three Children sliding on the Ice," dates as far back as the year 1633, and is part of a ballad preserved in the Pepysian Collection, where it is called, "The Lamentation of a Bad Market, or the Drowning of Three Children on the River Thames." The verses which form the rhyme are thus given in the old ballad:—

"Three children sliding thereabout,  
Upon a place too thin,  
That so at last it did *fall out*,  
That they did all *fall in*.

Ye parents all, that children have,  
And ye that have none yet,  
Preserve your children from the grave,  
And teach them at home to sit.

For had these at a sermon been,  
Or else upon dry ground,  
Why, then I never would have been seen,  
If that they had been drown'd."

The ballad may also be found at length in Tom D'Urfey's celebrated collection of old songs, entitled "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of the old nursery ditties is that beginning "London Bridge is broken down." Its date is a matter of uncertainty, for searching out the history and origin of a ballad is like endeavouring to ascertain the source and flight of December's snow; since it often comes we know not whence, is looked upon and noticed for a while, is corrupted or melts away, we know not how, and thus dies unrecorded, excepting in the oral

tradition or memory of some village crones who yet discourse of it. If one might hazard a conjecture concerning this particular rhyme, we should refer its composition to some very ancient time, when, London Bridge lying in ruins, the office of bridgemaster was vacant, and his power over the River Lea (for it is doubtless that river which is celebrated in the chorus to this song) was for a while at an end. But this is all uncertain. The rhyme is printed in Ritson's "Gammer Gurton's Garland" and in Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes of England," but both copies are very imperfect. There are also some fragments preserved in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for September, 1823, and in the "Mirror" for November of the same year. From these copies the following version has been made up, but the whole ballad has probably been formed by many fresh additions in a long series of years, and is, perhaps, almost interminable when received in all its different versions:—

## LONDON BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN.



"How shall we build it up again?  
Dance, etc.

What shall we build it up withal?  
Dance, etc.

Build it up with iron and steel;  
Dance, etc.

Iron and steel will bend and bow;  
Dance, etc.

Build it up with wood and clay;  
Dance, etc.

Wood and clay will wash away;  
Dance, etc.

Build it up with silver and gold;  
Dance, etc.

Silver and gold will be stolen away;  
Dance, etc.

Then we must set a man to watch;  
Dance, etc.

Suppose the man should fall asleep?  
Dance, etc.

Then we must put a pipe in his mouth;  
Dance, etc.

Suppose the pipe should fall and break?  
Dance, etc.

Then we must set a dog to watch;  
Dance, etc.

Suppose the dog should run away?  
Dance, etc.

Then we must chain him to a post;  
Dance, etc.

Build it up with stone so strong;  
Dance over, my Lady Lea;  
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,  
With a gay ladie."

A correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine" (1823) remarks that "London Bridge is broken down" is an old ballad which, more than seventy years previous, he had heard plaintively warbled by a lady who was born in the reign of Charles II, and who lived till nearly that of George II. Another correspondent of the same magazine observes, that the ballad concerning London Bridge formed, in his remembrance, part of a Christmas carol, and commenced thus:—

"Dame, get up and bake your pies,  
On Christmas Day in the morning."

The requisition, he continues, goes on to the dame to prepare for the feast, and her answer is:—

"London Bridge is broken down,  
On Christmas Day in the morning."

The inference always was, that until the bridge was rebuilt, some stop would be put to the dame's operations. But why the falling of a part of London Bridge should form part of a Christmas carol, we are at a loss to determine. This connection has doubtless long since been gathered into the "wallet that Time carries at his back, wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

A Bristol correspondent, whose communication is inserted in that delightful volume, the "Chronicles of London Bridge," says: "About forty years ago, one moonlight night, in a street in Bristol, his attention was attracted by a dance and chorus of boys and girls, to which the words of this ballad gave measure. The breaking down of the bridge was announced as the dancers moved round in a circle, hand in hand, and the question, 'How shall we build it up again?' was chanted by the leader, whilst the rest stood still."

There is an old proverb which says that "A cat may look at a king." Whether the same adage applies equally to a female sovereign, and is referred to in the following nursery song, or whether it particularly alludes to glorious Queen Bess, is now a matter of uncertainty.

## A CAT MAY LOOK AT A QUEEN.



The rhyme of "Little Jack Horner" has long been appropriated to the nursery. It forms part of "The Pleasant History of Jack Horner, containing his Witty Tricks and Pleasant Pranks which he played from his youth to his riper years," a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library; and this extended story is in substance the same with "The Fryer and the Boy," 1672; and both of them again are taken

from the more ancient story of "Jack and his Step-Dame," which may be traced back to the fifteenth century.

The first five stanzas of the ancient "merriment" of Jack Horner ran as follows:—

"Jack Horner was a pretty lad,  
Near London he did dwell;  
His father's heart he made full glad,  
His mother loved him well.

She often sat him on her lap,  
To make all smooth beneath,  
And fed him with sweet sugar-pap,  
Because he had no teeth.

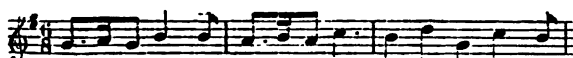
While little Jack was sweet and young,  
If he by chance should cry,  
His mother pretty sonnets sung,  
With lulla-baby-by.

A pretty boy, a curious wit,  
All people spoke in his praise;  
And in the corner he would sit  
On Christmas holidays.


And said Jack Horner, in the corner,  
Eats good Christmas pie;  
With his thumbs pulls out the plumbs,  
Crying, 'What a good boy was I.'

The nursery song beginning, "If all the World were Paper," may be found in the curious poetical miscellany entitled "Wit's Recreations," published in 1640, and the tune is contained in Playford's "English Dancing Master," 1650. The familiar rhyme of "Girls and Boys come out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II; and of the same date, or older, is that commencing, "Hush-a-by, Baby, on the Tree-Top." Ritson, who gives the following version of the latter, says that the commencing words are a corruption of the French nurse's threat in the fable, *He bas là le loup!*—Hush, there's the wolf!


#### THE NURSE'S SONG.



Hush-a-by, ba-by, on the tree-top, When the wind blows the



cra-dle will rock; When the bough breaks the cra-dle will fall,



Down will come ba-by, bough, cra-dle, and all.

The well-known maxim of "Single misfortunes seldom come alone," is happily illustrated in the following:—

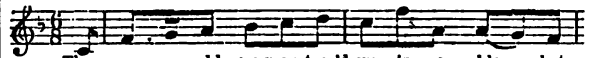
"Jack and Jill went up a hill,  
To fetch a pail of water;  
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after."

The advantage of a diversity of tastes is also well hit off by one of our old lyrists:—

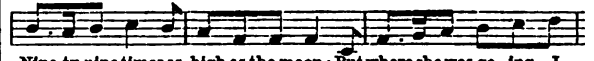
"Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
And his wife could eat no lean;  
And so betwixt them both, d'ye see,  
They lick'd the platter clean."

The rhyme of "The Old Woman tossed in a Blanket" is as old as the reign of James II, to which monarch it is supposed to allude. The pretty tune to which it is sung has been noted down from the singing of an ancient dame well up in traditionary lore of a similar kind.


#### THE OLD WOMAN TOSSED IN A BLANKET.




There was an old wo-man toss'd up in a blan-ket,



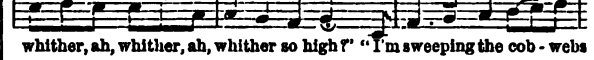
Nine-ty-nine times as high as the moon; But where she was go-ing I



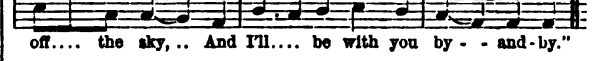
could not but ask it, For un-der her arm she carried a broom:



"Old wo-man, old wo-man, old wo-man," said I, ... "Ah,



whither, ah, whither, ah, whither so high?" "I'm sweeping the cob-webs



off... the sky, .. And I'll... be with you by - - and-by."

The genealogy of many a tale and rhyme may be traced not only to France, to Spain, and to Italy, but to Greece and Rome, and at length to Persia and India. Our most familiar stories have afforded instances. The tale of Whittington and his Cat, supposed to be indigenous to our country, is narrated by Arlotto in his "Novella delle Gatte," and in his "Facetie," which were printed, soon after his death, in 1483; the tale is told of a merchant of Genoa. But going further back, we find the same story in the East. Sir William Gore Ouseley, in his travels, speaking of the origin of the name of an island in the Persian Gulf, relates, on the authority of a Persian ms., that in the tenth century one Keis, the son of a poor widow in Siráf, embarked for India, with his sole property, a cat. There he fortunately arrived at a time when the palace was so infested by mice or rats that they invaded the king's food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. Keis produced his cat; the noxious animals soon disappeared, and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the adventurer of Siráf, who returned to that city, and afterwards, with his mother and brothers, settled in the island, which from him has been denominated "Keis," or, according to the Persians, "Keish." The story of the other puss, though without her boots, may be seen in Straparola's "Piacevoli Notti." The familiar little hunchback of the "Arabian Nights" has been a universal favourite. It may be found everywhere—in the "Seven Wise Masters," in the "Gesta Romanorum," and in Le Grand's "Fables." The popular tale of Llywellyn's greyhound, whose grave we still visit at Bethgeleert, Sir William Jones discovered in Persian tradition, and it has given rise to a proverb, "As repentant as the man who killed his greyhound." "Blue Beard," "Red Riding-hood," and "Cinderella," are tales told alike in the nurseries of England and France, Germany and Denmark; and the domestic warning to the ladybird, the chant of our earliest days, is sung by the nurse of Germany.

## WEATHER PROVERBS.



January.

**T**HE first month of our year is undoubtedly the coldest, and throughout it the cold rather increases than diminishes, as the old English proverb bears witness :—

“ As the day lengthens,  
So the cold strengthens.”

This statement is supported by the Italian saying, “ Cresce di, cresce il freddo, dice il pescatore,” showing that the experience of two countries at a distance from each other is similar. Our ancestors always hoped for a dry and cold January, considering mild weather at this time to do far more harm than good.

“ A January spring is worth naething.”

“ If the grass grow in Janiveer,  
It grows the worse for it all the year.”

“ If January calends be summerly gay,  
It will be winterly weather till the calends of May.”

According to old lore, if we have windy or warm weather in January, March and May will be chilly in return.

“ March in Janiveer,  
Janiveer in March, I fear.”

“ A warm January, a cold May.”

So long as people take the general weather for a space of a few days as indicating the probable succeeding weather, some probability is in their favour. But when they assert that the weather on some fixed day influences those coming after, it becomes almost ludicrous. To do this was no un-

common practice in old times, and many proverbs have arisen from it. Moreover, it is often forgotten by us now that nearly all these old sayings have reference to the days of the month according to the old style of reckoning, while we have adopted for more than a century the new style. Hence, for instance, proverbs relating to Christmas and New Year's Day should be placed under January 6th and 13th respectively, if we are to be fair in examining the truth of the weather wisdom of our ancestors, and the same remark of course applies to all other days. Accordingly, the various proverbs noted in these papers have been arranged under those days in the new style which correspond to the same dates in the old style. Though this has in some cases a peculiar effect, as in taking January 6th for Christmas Day, it nevertheless is the only proper way of treating the subject. Bearing this in mind, we shall get at a true notion of the results of the experience of our ancestors. The neglect of this is a small blemish in the otherwise excellent little work on “ Weather Lore,” by Mr. Richard Inwards—a book to which the author of these papers is largely indebted. The first day in January to which a proverb is attached is the 2nd (St. Thomas's Day, December 21st), and it is as follows—“ Look at the weathercock on St. Thomas's Day at twelve o'clock, and see which way the wind is, for there it will stick for the next (lunar) quarter.” We next come to January 6th, which answers to Christmas, and was consequently held in much respect by weather prophets.

“ Light Christmas\*, light wheatsheaf;  
Dark Christmas, heavy wheatsheaf.”

“ If it rain much during the twelve days after Christmas, it will be a wet year.”

“ If the sun shine through the apple-tree on Christmas Day, there will be an abundant crop in the following year.”

“ If Christmas Day on Thursday be,  
A windy winter ye shall see ;  
Windy weather in each week,  
And hard tempest strong and thick,  
The summer shall be good and dry,  
Corn and beasts shall multiply ;  
The year is good for lands to till.”

“ A windy Christmas and a calm Candlemas are signs of a good year.”

The 24th is also a marked day, if we believe the “ Shepherd's Almanack ” of 1676, which tells us that “ if on the twelfth (24th n.s.) of January the sun shines, it foreshows much wind.” With this proverb ends the list of those connected with particular days in January.

## ORIGINAL FABLES.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

## A CROW'S WINGS FOR A CROW'S FLIGHT.

“ **B**Y-BYE, mother ; I am off,” said the young tortoise to the greatly astonished old one, who was sunning herself under a lavender hedge in the kitchen-garden.

“ Off!—where? What do you mean?” she asked.

\* If full moon about Christmas Day.



"Off to yonder upland pastures that shine in gold and green. Don't you see them? I am told there is the most delicious food there in wonderful abundance and variety; roots of all kinds and slugs innumerable! and, to be candid, it's very well for old folks like you, mother, but I am tired and bored to death with this dismal old garden, with its long gravel walks and box borders. I want to better myself."

"Go to those pastures, child!" cried the old tortoise, amazed beyond measure. "Why, your life would not last out such a journey. Besides, remember the difficulties, as well as the length of the way; there are walls and hedges to get over, steep hills to climb, and deep valleys to cross between this place and that."

"Oh yes!" answered the young one, flippantly; "I have taken all that into consideration. It is a good distance to travel, and no doubt I shall meet with difficulties and disagreeables; but never fear for me; the old crow who was telling me about it says she makes nothing of going there three or four times in the day."

"The old crow!" cried his mother, with a sniggering laugh. "Good now, child; just look at your feet and your figure, and the shell you have to carry. When you have a crow's feathers and wings, you may measure distance and difficulties by the rule, 'As the crow flies,' but till then remember you are but a tortoise!"

#### QUITE ANOTHER VIEW OF THINGS.

"Which of you caught that hare in the Withcote road?" said Grim, the watch-dog, to Charley, the Pomeranian, and Bustle, the Scotch terrier.

"I did, of course, and fine fun it was," said Charley.

"*You?*" exclaimed Bustle, cocking his ears fiercely. "Didn't I kill him? Can you deny that I killed him?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Charley, contemptuously; "I should like to know what you could have done if I hadn't caught him!"

"Like your impudence," said Bustle, bristling all over; "if I hadn't sent him right into your grip from the other side of the road he might have run to Hanover before *you'd* have caught him."

"Well, don't quarrel about it," said Grim, "the keeper will settle the question; he means, I'm told, to shoot whoever did it as a thief and a poacher, mind that!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Charley. "Then, Bustle, my boy, I'm very sorry for *you*; you did it, you know; you just said so."

"Not a bit of it!" cried Bustle; "*you* caught him. You were proud enough of that just now; and if you hadn't caught him I couldn't have killed him!"

"Here's the keeper coming, I hear his gun!" said Grim.

"Then please, dear Mr. Grim, to tell him I didn't kill the hare," said Charley, running for his life up the road.

"And tell him I didn't catch him, Grim!" said Bustle, making a short cut through the hedge and scampering off to the coppice.

#### DINNER OVER AND THE GUESTS GONE.

"Dick," said a field-mouse to a sparrow, "just look at those bushes; only a day or two back, and

they were covered with you and your friends; from morning till night I could hear you all chirping and chattering while I sat in my hole in the opposite bank. To-day it is quite bare and quite forsaken. Why is it?"

"Why?" repeated Dick; "can't you understand why? The thing speaks for itself. All the hips and haws are gone; you see that it is 'bare.' Can you ask, then, why it is forsaken?"

#### AN OUNCE OF HELP WORTH A POUND OF PITY.

There was a great rush to the trap, in which sat a disconsolate mouse looking in blank dismay at the company of cousins clamouring outside.

"How could you be so foolish?" squeaked one.

"It goes to my very heart to see you, dear," squeaked another; while cries of "I wonder you were not more careful!" "What a thousand pities you should have fallen a sacrifice to your taste for cheese!" "How glad I should be to see you out of your trouble!" etc., etc., rose in a chorus from the rest.

"There, if you can't do better than sit there squeaking, be so good as to go," cried the prisoner, indignantly; "if you would set to work to gnaw the wires, so as to set me free, I would call you friends, and believe in your sympathy; but your 'noise and doing nothing' is worse than useless. Your wisdom, which is aggravating, comes too late, and your pity is as contemptible to me as it is cheap to you!"

#### A SAVOUR OF LIFE AND A SAVOUR OF DEATH.

"How noble, how delightful is your work, oh children of glory!" cried the roses, admiringly, to the sunbeams; "wherever you come, the most fragrant odours float on the air, and all the field rejoices."

"Not 'wherever we come,'" answered the sunbeams; "look at the nauseous steam rising from yonder mass of decay, and remember that while we heighten the excellence we draw forth from you and such as you, the vile only show themselves viler under our influence."

#### HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

"I wouldn't be you—no, that I wouldn't!" murmured all the little flowers on the bank to the nettle.

"Why not, pray?" demanded the nettle.

"Oh, such a character—such a shocking character! you can't be touched by the very gentlest touch of the tenderest hand without pricking and stinging and poisoning it! Fie, fie, fie!"

"Ah, that's the way people's tempers are misunderstood," said the nettle; "I do certainly prick, sting, and poison those who trifle with and tease me, but let me be seized with a bold and honest grasp, and I am as harmless as the weakest of you."

#### NO KINDNESS IN RAISING FALSE HOPES.

"I thought I would just give you a little cheer," said a fine sunny day that broke in on a gloomy December; "it's quite pleasant to see how bright I have made you all; the hedges are thinking of budding, and the birds are fancying that building time is at hand. You ought to feel very grateful."

"Far from it," all with one voice replied; "you come to fill us with false hopes, and to raise a joy that to-morrow will most likely destroy. This is not kindness. Come constantly, and we will bless you; come in this fickle way and you will leave us mourning over disappointment, and enervated by your



capricious geniality, so that when our hardships come they will seem to us a thousand times harder than we now feel them to be."

#### MUCH WANTS MORE.

A mighty river having gathered many streams into its volume, flowed into the sea. "Now," said the rocks, "thou wilt surely be satisfied!" But that evening the waves came beating on the shore, and moaning as if in the very misery of want.

Then came a torrent from the mountains that had newly burst its rocky barriers, and rushing headlong down met the waves, and for a moment increased their force. "Now thou art satisfied; thou art full, and needest no more," cried the rocks.

But the evening tide came again, and the waves sighed and moaned as piteously and wearily as ever.

"Alas!" cried the rocks, "it is even so; if all the waters of the earth were poured into thee, thou wouldst never be satisfied."

"Never be satisfied!" echo murmured from their caverns.

#### A BROKEN STAFF AS BAD AS NONE.

"What's the noise about?" cried Mag from her cage, as Crib was being carried across the yard to be thrashed for killing a lamb.

"Who says he did it?" she cried again.

"Oh, there's plenty of proof," said Ned, the donkey, looking over the gate; "it's a bad thing to have no character, and no one will say a word for Crib."

"I'll give him a character," cried Mag.

"Your servant, ma'am," said Ned; "but, pray, ma'am, may I ask who'll give you a character?"

### Noblesse Oblige.

NOBLE names, if nobly borne,  
Live within a nation's heart;  
If of such thou bearer be,  
Never let that name for thee  
Point the scorn!

Shrined within its narrow bound,  
Other hopes than thine have part;  
For it once in life was theirs,  
Who from weight of earthly cares  
Peace have found!

They who wore it, free from blame,  
Set on honour's splendid height,  
Watch, as spirits, if its place  
Love the night, or daylight's face—  
Shame, or Fame!

'Tis a precious heritage,  
Next to love of God, a might  
That should plant thy foot, where stood  
Of thy race the great and good,  
All thine age!

Yet remember! 'tis a crown  
That can hardly be thine own,  
Till thou win it by some deed  
That with glory fresh shall feed  
Their renown!

Pride of lineage, pomp of power,  
Heap dishonour on the drone;  
He shall lose his strength who never  
Uses it for fair endeavour;  
Brief his hour!

—The Marquis of Lorne.

## Varieties.

OMNIBUS TRAFFIC IN PARIS.—The following statistics respecting the traffic of the Paris omnibuses have been published: In 1855 the omnibuses carried 40,000,000 passengers; in 1860, 72,000,000; in 1867, Exhibition year, 121,000,000; in 1869, 119,000,000; in 1871, 78,000,000; in 1872, 111,000,000; and in 1874, over 115,000,000.

MILTON'S HOUSE IN WESTMINSTER.—The house 10, York Street, Westminster, was once Milton's, and is now, I believe, the only one of his London residences known to be extant. It is a house of many interesting associations. Here Milton lived from 1651 to 1660, when he was Latin Secretary successively to the Commonwealth Government, to Oliver Cromwell, and to Richard Cromwell; here his blindness came on; here was the brief period of his happy second marriage; here he wrote his "Defensio Secunda," some of his other pamphlets, and some of the most famous of his sonnets; and here he began his "Paradise Lost." At that time it was "a pretty garden-house in Petty France, Westminster, next door to the Lord Sendamore's, and opening into St. James's Park." The name "York Street" has supplanted the name "Petty France;" the street has long been blocked off by later buildings from all access to the park; and the house, ever since I have known it, has been poor-looking enough—the lower story turned into a kind of shop (generally vacant), and the upper floors let out in separate apartments, accessible by a dark and narrow staircase. But the degeneracy has been gradual. From 1811 onwards the house was inhabited by William Hazlitt, who rented it from Jeremy Bentham. While Bentham was the proprietor, he set up a tablet to Milton's memory near one of the upper back windows; but he also annexed what had been Milton's "garden" to the grounds of his own adjacent residence in Queen's Square Place, leaving only a strip of stone-paved area at the back of the York Street house to suggest where the garden had begun. It is from this narrow bit of walled-in yard at the back that one can see the house now in something like its original aspect. The memorial tablet to Milton can be discerned on looking up, but cannot be read.—*Professor Masson.*

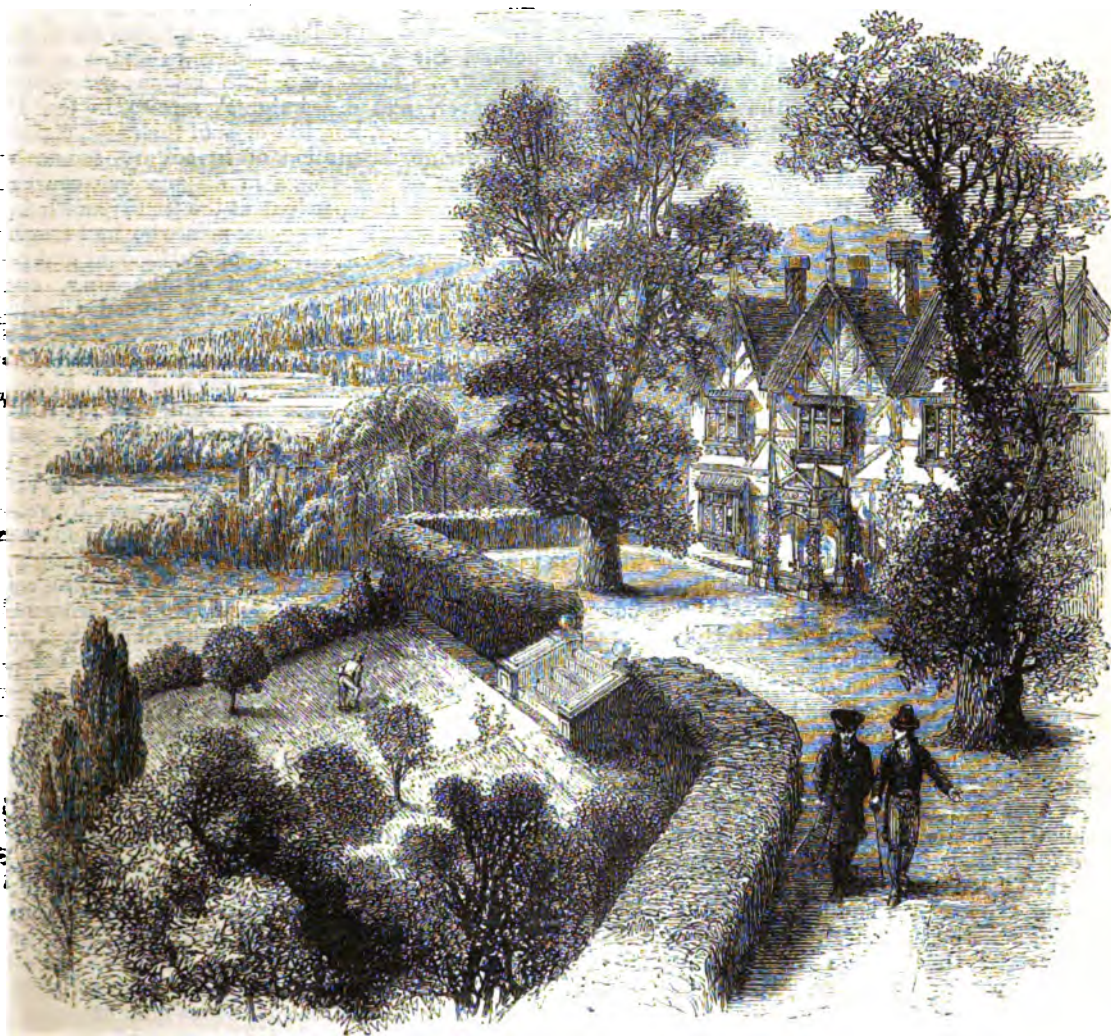
SCOTCHMEN IN ENGLAND.—Your men came down seeking their fortune in the south with the tools in their hands of good sound elementary teaching; and consequently they naturally rose in almost every position they got into. I heard a story a day or two ago from a friend in Bradford about the way in which Scotchmen get on. A Scotchman lands at Bradford, and he goes to a large merchant, and he says he wants a situation. The master says, "Ah, what situation do you want?" "A porter, if you please." "Are you sure you mean porter?" "Yes," he says, "porter—to begin with." (Great laughter.) "Ah," replies the master, "yes, porter to begin with, but partner to end with. (Continued laughter and applause.) I have had three porters come down from Scotland, and all three are my partners now." (Laughter and applause.) Well, we know this state of things went on till we could stand it in the south no longer, and so we determined that we would set to work and have some kind of measure ourselves.—*Mr. Forster, M.P., Speech on receiving the freedom of the City of Edinburgh.*

LONDON CITY COMPANIES, WHAT THEY DO, AND WHAT THEY MIGHT DO, WITH SOME OF THEIR VAST WEALTH.—I should like to see a great deal of educational work done by the London Companies. I would entreat them to consider whether it is not in their power to make themselves—that which certainly they are not now—illustrious in the country by endeavouring resolutely and boldly to fulfil the purpose for which they were founded. What was the object for which those Companies were founded? Do you suppose they were founded for the purpose of having dinners once a year, once a quarter, or once a month? Do you suppose they were founded for the purpose of dealing out little sums of money to certain applicants, and then having it recorded of them how much good they have done? Nothing of the kind. Eleemosynary works are noble works—among the noblest, indeed, given to men. But to be an eleemosynary work it must be the work of an individual, and not of a company. These companies were founded for the purpose of developing the crafts, trades, or "mysteries" as they were called. They were founded for the purpose of doing the very thing which the Government of the country, out of the taxes of the country, is now called upon to do—namely, applying their energies and intelligence to secure the great object of the application of human labour to all the purposes of industry in the most economical, effective, and beautiful manner.—*Mr. Gladstone.*

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper*.



THE OLD HOME ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER II.—THE TWO SQUIRES.

THAT part of the Connecticut Valley commanded by the picturesque range of the Holyoke Mountains, would scarcely be recognised to-day by the generation who dwelt there when Sydney Archdale and Constance Delamere held their stolen tryst on the wooded slope above it. It is now a summer

resort of New England's rank and fashion—a scene sought out and lingered in by tourists from every part of Europe and America, to which excursion trains bring their thousands from all the northern towns of the Union, and prosperous or ambitious families send their children for education to its numerous seminaries, which are celebrated even in Massachusetts, the land of schools. The place had a different aspect and repute at the time of our story; it was not the primeval wild, for those fertile lands

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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lying between the winding river and the towering hills had been among the earliest of the inland settlements made by emigrants from England.

The dwellings and the industry of civilised man had been there for more than a hundred years. Well-tilled farms, fruitful orchards, and comfortable homesteads covered the valley, and here and there indented the woods that clothed the sides of the mountains; herds and flocks grazed in the broad green meadows through which the Connecticut wandered; but everything was yet rural and rustic. The now large and beautiful town of Northampton, with its princely hotels, fashionable promenades, and far-stretching outskirts of villas and gardens, was then little better than a country hamlet. Its elder sister, on the opposite side of the River Hadley, was a small, old-fashioned township, containing the same quaint but substantial houses, in one of which two signatories of Charles I's death-warrant remained hidden for many a year from the vengeance of his son, and the same plain Presbyterian meeting-house in which Cotton Mather's contemporaries prayed and preached against the witches of Salem.

They presented a goodly prospect, nevertheless—valley and village, winding river and wooded mountains—for the fair landscape, like the fair face, can please without ornament. The inhabitants were thrifty and well-to-do, though in the whole district there were but two properties that could be called large, the one locally known as the Plantation, the other as the Elms. The former was situated on the level lands west of Northampton, and took its name from a grove of the sugar maple, which a former proprietor had planted there, intending to manufacture sugar and rum on a large scale. But the trees proved the only flourishing part of the business, and his successors had given it up long ago. The latter occupied a peninsula formed by the windings of the Connecticut, which enclosed it on the west, north, and south, while on the east it was bounded by one of the wooded steepes of the Holyoke range, forming at once a majestic background and a shelter from the east wind, as unfriendly to health and vegetation in New England as it is in the old country. The place took its designation from two giant elms which overshadowed the proprietor's house, and were said to be the only survivors of an ancient forest that had filled the valley ages before it was trodden by white man's foot. Moreover, the public road to Hadley, Northampton, and townships still farther west, led through that property; and for crossing the river, the traveller had his choice of ford or ferry, for bridge there was none. They were both fair and fertile estates, though the Elms got most commendation from passing people, on account of its beautiful situation, and pleasant, sheltered look. They came so near to each other at one point that only the Connecticut divided them, and there it had a convenient ford, yet diverged so far that neither house was visible from the other. They were both well managed in the old thrifty and homely fashion, the larger half let out to leaseholding tenants, and the smaller farmed by the proprietor himself. The two houses were as much alike as the lands; built when Charles II was king, they were now reckoned among the old mansions of the colony, but differed from the surrounding farm-houses only in having larger dimensions and better-kept grounds. There were the same high-pointed gables and steeply sloping roof, broad eaves, narrow windows, and wide porch;

but while the farm-houses had in general but one storey and an attic, they rose to the height of two; while the former had only two gables, they had four, with corresponding chimneys. In front of each mansion was a smooth level lawn, and in the rear a large old-fashioned garden, the whole enclosed by thick but trimly-kept hedgerows, interspersed with fine trees that had been brought as seedlings from old England.

The first proprietors of those mansions and estates arrived in Massachusetts soon after Cromwell's "crowning mercy," the utter defeat of the royal cause in the battle of Worcester. They had been knights and landowners in their native Bedfordshire, of good descent, which, moreover, represented that of the English nation, for the one, Sir Ralph Archdale, traced his pedigree from a Saxon stock, and the other, Sir Gervase Delamere, claimed a Norman ancestry. They were both zealous Presbyterians, however, and did knights' service in the Parliamentary army, but, like most of their sect, maintained the divine institution of hereditary monarchy (it was one of the points in dispute between Presbyterian and Independent at the time); and being, in common with many honest men who had fought and conquered for the rights of Parliament and people, revolted by the execution of the king, and the domination of Cromwell, they joined Charles II's Scotch expedition to restore himself. After the ruin of that ill-concerted enterprise on the field of Worcester, roundhead and cavalier, who had a hand in it, were happy to find refuge in the American colonies, from the heavy hand of the Lord Protector; and the Bedford knights found it on the banks of the Connecticut. The southern settlements in Virginia and the Carolinas, peopled as they were by emigrant cavaliers, would not have afforded peaceful resting-places to men who had charged on the king's army at Marston Moor and Naseby. The Puritan colonies on the Atlantic coast of New England, where Cromwell was prayed for as "the chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof," would scarcely have been safer quarters for those who had shared in the defeat of Worcester; but the luckless partisans were self-reliant and capable men. They had contrived to bring some capital and a few retainers from England, and retiring with these westward to the then wild and but half explored valley, they purchased from the Indian tribes, who still possessed it, a tract of land whereon to settle and begin life anew.

Years after, when the land had been fairly divided, built on, and brought under cultivation, when other emigrants had come to the valley, and villages with English names grown up in it, the Lord Protector went the way of all men, and Charles II superseded the Commonwealth. These events brought great changes to England, but little or none to her American colonies, except that they sent their new governors with special objections to old charters, which nobody much minded, and a large influx of refugees belonging to the overthrown party, to increase their townships and cultivate their wastes. All this was but the news of the day to Archdale and Delamere; the old country had neither hopes nor interests for them now; their family estates had passed into the hands of strangers by sale or mortgage, to meet the necessities of the case; and the sovereign for whom they periled and lost so much had already proved himself no friend to their Presbyterian people. On the banks of the Connecticut they were free to

worship after the manner of their fathers. They had gained for themselves new estates and comfortable homes too, for both had married in the colony. Children were growing up around them, and the only consequence of the Restoration which they experienced, was the sudden appearance of a claimant to the land they had bought from the Indians.

Grants of land in America furnished a cheap and easy mode of rewarding the services and making up the losses of old friends; it was therefore a favourite one with the restored Charles, whose revenue never equalled his expenditure. But, like everything done for his old friends, those grants were so hastily and carelessly made, that they frequently served only to create conflicting claims, which in some cases were handed down to trouble after generations. Thus, an impoverished nobleman, who had followed the king's fortunes and been as little credit to any fortune as his Majesty himself, Viscount Lavenham, was invested by letters-patent with the sole proprietorship of the tract occupied by the ancient brothers in arms, as clearly defined by the landmarks of mountain and river as if it had been one of the primeval solitudes of Massachusetts. Hopes had been entertained that the viscount would be induced to cross the Atlantic and settle on his new estate; but the gaieties and games of Whitehall were more to his lordship's taste. He therefore contented himself with sending a surveyor to mark its boundaries, and a steward to take possession.

It was not to be imagined that the stout knights of Bedfordshire, who had fought in every battle-field from Edgehill to Worcester, would tamely give up the land they had purchased and reclaimed. Being just men themselves, they held their title to be one of the best in the colony, seeing it was bought from the original owners of the soil; but what a skilful courtier might have effected in Charles II's reign it were hard to say, if the viscount had not about the same time fallen in a duel, and his steward and surveyor been soon after banished the Puritan colony for disorderly conduct.

Lord Lavenham's heirs took no active measures to enforce his claim. Perhaps they knew it was a business beyond their abilities, for all were poor, and most of them worthless; yet it was said their descendants never gave up hopes of the grant, but got it renewed in every succeeding reign, with the help of ministerial or influential connections. Grants of the kind had been known to become available, by the dying out of a family or the necessities of a thriftless heir; but if the noble and straitened house expected any such contingency, they were destined to wait for it long.

The Bedfordshire knights lived and died in undisturbed possession of the land they won from the wilderness. Archdales and Delameres after them continued to flourish, the former on the Plantation, the latter at the Elms, their prosperity keeping pace with that of the colony, and their fair repute descending from one generation to another. They shared in all the notable transactions of Massachusetts, gave able men to their country's service by land and sea, and sent forth their branches to every province of New England, but the direct line of each remained unbroken in their first settlement, and mansion and estate had been transmitted from father to son till the time of our story.

On the same day and almost at the same hour in which Sydney Archdale and Constance Delamere

met in the silence of the woods to talk over the troubles that beset their youth and love, there sat in the second parlour of the Elms two men who might have held trysts in woodlands once; but the days were long gone by, for they were in the afternoon of life, and had left its morning dreams far behind them. They were both tall, robust, and still handsome, with a look of having seen the world about them. One would have guessed that they had done their devoirs in the battle-field, the chase, and the ball-room, and could do the like to some purpose yet, in spite of the fast-increasing grey. To know that they were colonists of English descent it was not requisite to hear their speech; the fair hair and Teuton-like face of the one, the dark locks and Romanesque features of the other, spoke of a race that owed its origin to different sources, as plainly as such contrasts do in the mother-country. Those two were the great-grandsons of Sir Ralph and Sir Gervase, the first settlers in that part of the Connecticut Valley, the present possessors of their estates, and the bearers of their Christian names, which had come down like heirlooms in their families, though in compliance with colonial custom the knightly style and title had been dropped long ago, and they were known as Squire Archdale and Squire Delamere, that English designation for a country gentleman being still retained in the democratic land.

The two squires were not more different in aspect than in character; both were men of honour and integrity, in the moral as well as the social sense, exemplary in private life, and faithful to their public duties, but there the resemblance ended. Archdale was a man of calm and considerate temper, clear judgment, and a thoughtful, inquiring habit of mind; the old and established never passed for the right with him, as they do with most men, nor could specious pretences gild over the unsound or unjust. Steadfast in principle, yet open to conviction, he was slow in coming to conclusions, but sure when once he had come; hence his verdict or opinions on any subject had a weight with his neighbours rarely accorded to those of a private man by the good people of Massachusetts, and he might have acted a leader's part in provincial politics, but for a domestic, home-loving spirit, which made him prefer the peace of his own fields and fireside to the turmoil and responsibility it involved. Delamere had a warm heart, but a narrow mind. His impulses were noble, but his prejudices were strong, and their dictates had all the force of truth to him. There was no man more capable of a generous action, and yet there were few less likely to do justice to motives or opinions that differed from his own. He was not wanting in sound sense or shrewd observation, but those who once gained his confidence, if they happened to be skilful and crafty enough, might also obtain unbounded influence over him.

Notwithstanding so great a difference in the men within, the two squires were early and intimate friends. The bond which united their emigrant forefathers had indeed become hereditary in both families. Fostered by their near neighbourhood and corresponding circumstances, that ancient friendship had come down their generations, growing warmer or cooler according to temperament and character, till in the fourth it seemed to have gathered strength from time. The heirs of the Plantation and the Elms stood by each other in school scrapes and quarrels,

studied together at college, and made the grand tour of Europe, then thought requisite to complete a gentleman's education in company. In that sore strife between England and France for the possession of the North American continent, which was really fought out and won for England by her colonists, and still talked of as the old French war, the two squires served together with equal valour and distinction in an independent regiment of Massachusetts men, and each held a captain's commission from the Crown. When the war was over they had retired from active service, laid the military title aside with the uniform, applied themselves to the management of their estates, and lived brothers in peace as they had been in arms.

Their children played and grew up together as they had done; family troubles and family festivities were shared by both households, and the domestic history of the two men had a remarkable similarity in every point but one.

Each had married for love, lost his wife by early death, and never changed his widowed state, but committed his home affairs to the care of a trusty housekeeper. Archdale had but one child—his son Sydney. Delamere had but one now—his daughter Constance; but there was a time when he had a son, Gervase, too. His marriage had been earlier in life than that of his friend, but there were seven years between the births of his boy and girl. Their mother left the one a child and the other an infant. He loved and cared for them equally, but Delamere's hopes and pride were set upon his son, most people thought, with good reason—for Gervase was handsome and clever, of an honest, fearless, and yet kindly nature, that would not see wrong done to the meanest thing without doing his best to right it; and so precocious in growth, in learning, and in sense, that he was reckoned a man at an age when others were but boys. Gervase went to college when little more than a child, took his degree with honours while senior students were sighing over the grades they had yet to obtain; and then, at his own earnest request, his father allowed him to accompany a relation of the family, who was a man of discreet years, and a merchant of high account in Boston, on a tour of Europe, which he intended to make for business purposes.

The travellers set out, and all things went well with them till they reached Versailles, then the abode of the French court under Louis xv and Madame Pompadour, and consequently the scene of lavish splendour, deep intrigue, and high play. The merchant had important affairs to transact there, and they remained for some time. The life and fashions of the place, so unlike those of New England, had the charm of novelty to young Delamere; his good sense and better principles kept him clear of its follies and vices, and his companion free from anxiety on his account. Thus when the latter was occupied with his mercantile concerns, he went about by himself, seeing what was to be seen, especially in places of public amusement.

One of these was the *Café du Monde*, a union of coffee and gaming-house not uncommon in Versailles, but on a splendid scale, and frequented by men of rank and fashion, where they met their friends, discussed the news of the day, and lost or won at the hazard tables. Among the company to be found there that season was a man of English birth, and still young, though not a stripling; he represented himself to be the son of a worthy planter in Jamaica.

His card bore the name of Courtney Percivil, but beyond this nothing was known of him, except that he had wonderful luck at the tables. Young Delamere visited the house sometimes, but always as a spectator; and, one evening, while thus engaged, his attention was attracted by Percivil's mode of playing with a young French nobleman, from whom he had already won a considerable sum. A few minutes of close observation made it plain to him that the Frenchman was grossly cheated, and with his usual honesty and courage he stepped forward and denounced the fraudulent trick in a voice loud enough to be heard by the whole company. The West Indian was caught in the fact, and could not deny it; his wonderful luck was no longer a mystery, and, as it was thought beneath French honour to challenge so base a knave, the young nobleman and his friends contented themselves with making him refund his unfair winnings, after which he was by common consent ignominiously expelled the café.

Gervase Delamere got compliments and commendations enough to turn the head of many an older man; the young count vowed eternal friendship to him on the spot, while he vowed he had only done an honest man's duty. The affair was talked of in city and court; the Boston merchant was proud of his travelling companion; but three days after his pride was changed to grievous mourning. The inn at which they lodged, though a most respectable one, was situated in the oldest part of Versailles, and had been a small priory, which was suppressed for Jansenism in the persecuting reign of Louis xiv, and the prior's garden still remained in its rear enclosed by high walls, above which the backs and roofs of tall old houses could be faintly seen, and communicating by a narrow gate and passage with one of the crooked and ancient streets of the town. It was an overgrown, neglected place, but green and flowery in the beautiful spring of France, which had now come; and the country-bred young man, when weary of the show and bustle of the courtly city, used to retire with his book to a small arbour in its most pleasant corner. He had done so one warm evening—it was the third after his detection of Percivil—but lingered to such an unusually late hour, that the merchant went to remind him that bedtime was approaching. The good man found him still in the arbour, but the book had fallen from his hand, and he had fallen forward on a little table, stabbed to the heart by some villain who must have reached him through the tangled jessamine behind his seat.

It was the work of a determined assassin, and no robber. The few valuables poor Delamere had about him were untouched. It was done by surprise, for the rapier he wore in compliance with French custom had not been drawn. The gate communicating with the crooked street, and believed to be always locked, was found open, and there every trace of the perpetrator ended. The British ambassador, the court, the city, and the police, all exerted themselves for his discovery, but in vain. Everybody suspected the West Indian, but he was nowhere to be found; and when inquiry and investigation alike failed to throw light on the dark deed, the heart-stricken merchant returned to New England with the remains of his relation's dear and hopeful son, to be laid in the grave among his kindred. The whole country lamented the young man's fate, and sympathised with the bereaved father. It was allowed on all hands that Squire Delamere bore up against his

great sorrow as became a man and a Christian; but the stroke was heavy, and his mind never recovered from it. Great griefs or losses that come in middle life are apt to have more lasting and strange effects than those that fall upon either youth or age. Of the two squires, Delamere had been the most jovial and light-hearted, for Archdale was by nature a grave and serious man; but after the fate of his son was made known to him, the luckless father was rarely seen to smile. His temper, which had been always hasty, became irritable and obstinate, and his views of moral and religious duty grew austere and antiquated as those of his Puritan ancestors.

## ON THE ORIGIN OF CIVILISATION.

BY THE REV. CANON RAWLINSON, M.A., CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY, OXFORD.

### I.

IT is commonly assumed at the present day that civilisation is a plant of slow and gradual growth, which developed itself by degrees in the course of ages, and which belongs consequently to a comparatively late period of the world's history. The "primeval savage" is a familiar idea; and the so-called "science" of the day is never tired of presenting before us the primitive race of man as only a little removed from the brutes, devoid of knowledge, devoid of art, devoid of language, a creature in few respects elevated above, and in many sunk below, the anthropoid apes, from whom it is held that he derived his descent by way of evolution. Occasionally, indeed, a confession is made—parenthetically and by the way—that there is no proof of this supposed priority of savagery to any form of civilisation;\* and it is admitted to be questionable which of the two preceded the other. But this confession, hurriedly uttered and hastily slurred over in most cases, makes little impression on the public mind; and the belief is general that in some way or other science has proved that the first men who inhabited the earth were savages, and that there was no civilisation till a comparatively recent period.

But the question is one which is really quite an open one; it is one on which natural science is quite incompetent to pronounce a judgment, and on which historical research has not hitherto decided in either way. Natural science, of course, if it assumes the doctrine of evolution and applies that doctrine to man, must give the precedence to savagery, which is manifestly more congenial than civilisation to the anthropoid ape. But if the doctrine of evolution is recognised as a mere hypothesis, one out of many theories as to the mode in which things that are have been brought into the state in which they are, and a theory which lacks altogether any confirmation from fact, then science has to confess that she can give no decision on the point in question, but must leave it to the judgment of those who are familiar with historic facts.

Now, historic facts show that either of two movements is possible. Man can and does often, perhaps most usually, pass from the savage into the civilised

condition. We have numerous instances of this transition, which we can follow step by step, and put (as it were) under a metaphysical microscope. We see the Greek pass from the simple, semi-savage state described by Homer to the condition of high civilisation placed before us by Thucydides and Xenophon. We see the Romans gradually exchange the robber life of the eighth century B.C. for the splendour of the Augustan age, or the paler but purer radiance of the Court of the Antonines. In later times, we observe the Arab hordes, issuing from the desert unkempt and almost naked, with no literature but the confused jumble known as the Koran, no arts but those of forging iron and weaving a coarse cloth; and we trace their progress from this rude condition to the glories of the Baghdad caliphate and the magnificence of Granada. All over Western Europe we see the barbarous races which overran and crushed the Roman empire settling down into a less wild and savage life, adopting the arts as well as the religion of the conquered, and gradually emulating or surpassing the civilisation which at their first coming they destroyed. In our own time, and before our eyes, a civilising process is going on in Russia and in Turkey; serfdom disappears; nomadic tribes become settled; the arts, the habits, even the dress, of neighbouring nations, are in course of adoption; and the Muscovite and Turkic hordes are becoming scarce distinguishable from other Europeans.

But, while this is the more ordinary process, or at any rate the one which most catches the eye when it roves at large over the historic field, there are not wanting indications that the process is occasionally reversed. Herodotus tells us of the Geloni,\* a Greek people, who, having been expelled from the cities on the northern coast of the Euxine, had retired into the interior, and there lived in wooden huts, and spoke a language "half Greek, half Scythian." By the time of Mela this people had become completely barbarous, and used the skins of those slain by them in battle as coverings for themselves and their horses.† A gradual degradation of the Greco-Bactrian people is apparent in the series of their coins, which is extant, and which has been carefully edited by the late Professor H. H. Wilson‡ and by Major Cunningham.§ We trace a certain degeneration in the Jews of the post-Babylonian period, if we compare them with their compatriots from the accession of David to the captivity of Zedekiah. The modern Copts are very degraded descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and the Roumans of Wallachia have fallen away very considerably from the level of the Dacian colonists of Trajan. In America, both North and South, the modern descendants of the Spanish conquerors are poor representatives of the Castilian gentlemen who, under Cortez and Pizarro, made themselves masters of the Mexican and Peruvian kingdoms, and introduced into the new world the time-honoured civilisation of the old.

Civilisation, as is evident from these and various other instances, is liable to decay, to wane, to deteriorate, to proceed from bad to worse, and in course of time to sink to so low a level that the question

\* Such a confession was recently made by Mr. Pengelly at the meeting of the British Association (Bristol, Aug., 1875), but I saw no notice taken of it in the newspapers. Sir Charles Lyell admitted in, I think, his latest work, that "we have no distinct geological evidence that the appearance of what are called the inferior races of mankind has always preceded in chronological order that of the higher races."—*Antiquity of Man*, p. 90.

\* Herod. iv. 108.

† Pemp. Mel. ii. 1. "Geloni hostium cutibus equos seque velant, illos reliqui corpora, se capitum." Compare Solinus, *Polyhist.* i. 20, and Amm. Marc. xxxi. 2.

‡ See his *Ariana Antiqua*. Plates.

§ Num. Chron. New Series, vols. viii. and ix.



occurs, Is it civilisation any longer? But still, perhaps, a doubt may be entertained whether the relapse can be complete—whether, that is to say, any people which has once participated in a high civilisation can ever under any circumstances be reduced to absolute savagery. In most of the cases that have been quoted, while a certain deterioration has taken place, the end has not been actual savagery or barbarism, but rather a low and degraded form of civilisation, retaining traces of something higher, and considerably raised above the condition of the absolute savage. Are there any cases, it may be asked, where the degradation has proceeded beyond this, where a civilised race has lapsed into complete and absolute barbarism?

Now, it is exceedingly difficult—it is almost, if not quite, impossible—to trace such cases. So long as contact with civilisation remains, the degeneration will not be extreme. Savagery can only be reached where there is complete separation from civilised mankind, and at the same time such a condition of the physical circumstances as demands the concentration of all mental power on efforts to support life. But in such cases there is, of course, no record. The race, tribe, nation, has passed beyond the ken of its civilised neighbours, and has no time to spare for recording its own history. It loses all knowledge of the past, all power of noting events; and if, in after-times, it is so bold as to venture an account of its "Origines," the narrative is evolved from the inner consciousness—is pure fancy, and has no claim to be regarded as even built on any historical foundation. Complete and continuous historical evidence, therefore, of such a degeneration as we are now speaking of is not to be looked for; and we must be content to accept as sufficient proof of what is so difficult to be proved evidence of a lower kind. Now, Comparative Philology does present to us cases where there is reason to presume an original participation in a high civilisation, though the present condition of the race is almost the lowest conceivable.

An instance of this kind is furnished by the very curious race still existing in Ceylon, and known as the "Weddas." The best comparative philologists pronounce the language of the Weddas to be a debased descendant of the most elaborate and earliest known form of Aryan speech—the Sanskrit; and the Weddas are on this ground believed to be degenerate descendants of the Sanskritic Aryans who conquered India. If this be indeed so, it is difficult to conceive of a degeneration which could be more complete. The Sanskritic Aryans must, by their language and literature, have been, at the time of their conquest, in a fairly advanced stage of civilisation. The Weddas are savages of a type than which it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more debased. Their language is limited to some few hundred vocables; they cannot count beyond two or three; they have, of course, no idea of letters; they have domesticated no animal but the dog; they have no arts beyond the power of making bows and arrows, and constructing huts of a very rude kind; they are said to have no idea of God, and scarcely any memory. They with difficulty obtain a subsistence by means of the bow, and are continually dwindling, and threaten to become extinct. In height they rarely exceed five feet, and are thus degenerate both physically and intellectually.

Thus, on the whole, there would seem to be grounds for believing, broadly, that savagery and

civilisation, the two opposite poles of our social condition, are states between which men oscillate freely, passing from either to the other with almost equal ease, according to the external circumstances where-with they are surrounded. If the circumstances become ameliorated, if life becomes less of a struggle, if leisure be obtained, civilisation (as a general rule) grows up; if these conditions are reversed, if the struggle for existence tends to occupy the whole attention of each man, civilisation disappears, the community becomes barbarised, and the savage condition is reached.

What, then, does history say as to the priority of the one state or the other? History no doubt shows abundant instances of improvement, of an advance from a comparatively low condition to a higher one; of civilisation developing itself out of a savage or a semi-savage state, and gradually progressing, until it arrives at a sort of *quasi*-perfection. But what does the earliest history say as to the earliest condition of mankind? Does it accord with the bulk of those who write the accounts, now so common, of "prehistoric man"? Does it make the "primeval man" a savage, or something very remote from a savage? To us it seems that, so far as the voice of history speaks at all, it is in favour of a primitive race of men, not indeed equipped with all the arts and appliances of our modern civilisation, but substantially civilised, possessing language, thought, intelligence, conscious of a Divine Being, quick to form the conception of tools, and to frame them as it needed them, early developing many of the useful and elegant arts, and only sinking by degrees, and under peculiar circumstances, into the savage condition.

In proof of this we shall allege, first and foremost, that sacred record which is, even humanly speaking, one of the most venerable fragments of antiquity that has come down to us—the opening section of Genesis, chap. i. to v. In this we find our first parents represented much as Milton has drawn them:—

"Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
Godlike erect, with naked honour clad  
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all;  
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine  
The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, severe and pure;  
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed;  
Whence true authority in men."

No savages are this simple pair, but clever, intelligent, quick to invent, able to sew themselves coats on the first perception of the need of them (Gen. iii. 7), able during their innocence to enjoy high converse with God and with each other, able to suggest to their children the two chief modes of life by which subsistence is readily procured in simple times, the pastoral and the agricultural. No gradual working onward, with toil and pain, from the life of the hunter to that of the shepherd, and from the life of the shepherd to that of the cultivator, is set before us—the two sons first born to the first man are respectively "a tiller of the ground" and "a keeper of sheep" (Gen. iv. 2). Again, the primeval race does not find a shelter in hollow trees or in caverns, neither does it burrow under ground, like some tribes of Africans. The eldest son of the first man "builded a city" (Gen. iv. 17)—not, of course, a Nineveh or a Babylon, but still (?) a city—a collec-

tion of habitations, permanent and fixed, fitted together by human skill, a sufficient protection against extremes of heat and cold, or against storms and rainy weather. Later, not earlier than this, the tent is invented (Gen. iv. 20), and then, while the first man is still alive, instrumental music comes into being; the harp and flute are framed by skilful hands (Gen. iv. 21), and the pastoral life is enlivened by the charms of melody. Copper and iron are smelted at the same period (Gen. iv. 22), and a race of artificers in metal grows up, which produces tools and weapons of war, perhaps also works of artistic beauty.

Such is the account given in one of the earliest historical records that has come down to us—a record whose historical value is not diminished by the fact that, according to the general belief of the Jewish and Christian worlds, it is inspired. We proceed to consider whether this record is in accordance, or not, with such other historical evidence as exists upon the point in question.

Now, it will scarcely be denied that the mythical traditions of almost all nations place at the beginning of human history a time of happiness and perfection, a "golden age," which has no features of savagery or barbarism, but many of civilisation and refinement. In the *Zendavesta*, Yima-khshaeta (Jemshid), the first Aryan king, after reigning for a time in the original *Aryanem vaejo*, removes with his subjects to a secluded spot, where both he and they enjoy uninterrupted happiness. In this place "was neither overbearing, nor mean-spiritedness, neither stupidity nor violence, neither poverty nor deceit, neither puniness nor deformity, neither huge teeth, nor bodies beyond the usual measure."\* The inhabitants suffered no defilement from the evil spirit. They dwelt amid odoriferous trees and golden pillars; their cattle were the largest, best, and most beautiful on the earth; they were themselves a tall and beautiful race; their food was ambrosial, and never failed them.† The Chinese speak‡ of a "first heaven," an age of innocence, when "the whole creation enjoyed a state of happiness; when everything was beautiful, everything was good; all beings were perfect in their kind." Mexican tradition tells of the "golden age of Tezeuco;"§ and Peruvian history commences with two "Children of the Sun," who establish a civilised community on the borders of Lake Titicaca.|| The elegant imagination of the Greeks described the first age as follows:—

"The immortal gods, that tread the courts of heaven,  
First made a golden race of mortal men.  
Like gods they lived, with happy careless souls,  
From toil and pain exempt; nor on them crept  
Wretched old age, but all their life was passed  
In feasting, and their limbs no changes knew:  
Nought evil came them nigh; and, when they died,  
'Twas but as if they were overcome by sleep.  
All good things were their portion: the fat soil  
Bare them its fruit spontaneous, fruit ungrudged  
And plentiful; they at their own sweet will  
Pursued in peace the tasks that seemed them good,  
Laden with blessings, rich in flocks, and dear  
To the great gods."¶

Such is the voice which reaches us on all sides from that dim and twilight land, where the mythical and historical seem to meet and blend together inseparably. Can we go at all beyond this? Can we say that history proper tells us anything upon the subject, or leans at all to one side of the question rather than the other?

It is plain that there are very few nations which even profess to have a history that goes back to the beginning of all things. Of the few which make such a profession, some, like the Chinese and the Hindoos, appear upon inquiry to do so without any valid ground, their real histories commencing not very long before the Christian era. Others may perhaps have more reason for the claims which they urge. Egypt and Babylonia have monuments to show which antedate probably all others upon the earth's surface. If real history is to have anything to say with regard to the problem before us, it is to Egypt and Babylonia that we must look for light upon this vexed question.

Now, in Egypt, it is notorious that there is no indication of any early period of savagery or barbarism. All the authorities agree that, however far we go back, we find in Egypt no rude or uncivilised time out of which civilisation is developed. Menes, the first king, changes the course of the Nile, makes a great reservoir, and builds the temple of Phthah at Memphis.\* Athothis, or Tosorthmus, his son and successor, is the builder of the Memphite palace, and a physician, who wrote books on anatomy.† The Pyramid period falls very early in Egyptian history, but "the scenes depicted in the tombs of this epoch show that the Egyptians had already the same habits and arts as in after-times; and the hieroglyphics in the Great Pyramid prove that writing had been long in use. We see no primitive mode of life in Egypt; no barbarous customs; not even the habit, so slowly abandoned by all people, of wearing arms when not on military service, nor any archaic art . . . In the tombs of the Pyramid period are represented the same fowling and fishing scenes as occur later; the rearing of cattle, and wild animals of the desert; the scribes using the same kind of reed for writing on the papyrus an inventory of the estate, which was to be presented to the owner; the same boats, though rigged with a double mast instead of the single one of later times; the same mode of preparing for the entertainment of guests; the same introduction of music and dancing; the same trades, as glass-blowers, cabinet-makers, and others; as well as similar agricultural scenes, implements, and granaries."‡

In Babylonia there is more indication of early rudeness. The bricks of the most ancient buildings are coarsely made; the vases found in them are clumsy and irregular in shape; and implements in flint and stone are not uncommon. But on the other hand there are not wanting signs of an advanced state of certain arts, even in the very earliest times, which denote a high degree of civilisation, and contrast most curiously with the indications of rudeness here spoken of. Among the objects recovered are the cylinder-seals of two monarchs who are among the most ancient of the series; and on these seals, which are of hard stone, very difficult to engrave, we

\* Vendidad, Fargard, ii. § 20.

† See the author's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. ii. p. 841, 2nd edition.

‡ Faber, "Horne Moaisim," ch. iv. p. 147.

§ Prescott, "Conquest of Mexico," ch. vi.

|| Ibid. "Conquest of Peru," ch. i. p. 8.

¶ Hesiod, "Op. et Dies," ll. 109-120.

\* Herod. ii. 99.

† Manetho ap. Euseb., "Chron. Can." i. 20, § 4.

‡ Sir G. Wilkinson in the author's "Herodotus," vol. ii. p. 221, second edition.

have, in the first place, a primitive form of cuneiform writing; and secondly, elaborate representations of men wearing elegant flounced or fringed robes, and with crowns on their heads; and in one case we have a representation of an elegant chair or throne, the hind legs of which are modelled after the leg of an animal. Mechanical and artistic skill had thus, it is evident, reached a very surprising degree of excellence; the engraving of hard stones, probably with steel and emery, was practised; and writing was in constant and familiar use, at almost the very remotest period to which the Babylonian records carry us back.\*

In future papers we propose to consider what is the probable date of the earliest civilisation in Egypt, and in Western Asia—the cradle of the human race; matters upon which some very crude opinions have been broached of late by very eminent persons.

### THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK.

**A**MONG the crowned heads of Europe, who from time to time visit our shores, none are entitled to a more cordial welcome—as, indeed, none are received with a greater feeling of interest and sympathy—than the royal parents of the Princess of Wales. The recent sojourn of their Majesties of Denmark in this country has served to remind the British people of the close and tender ties which bind together the royal houses of Denmark and England, and to strengthen that mutual feeling of friendship between Danes and English, grounded on ancient kinship, a common Protestant faith, and the equal possession of full civil and religious liberty.

On that memorable 7th of March, 1863, when, with their youthful daughter as the chosen bride of the heir of England, the Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark entered London amid the plaudits of enthusiastic multitudes, the Prince stood two removes from the Danish throne. Before the year closed, owing first to the death of the hereditary Prince Ferdinand, and then to the death of the reigning monarch Frederick VII., he was King of Denmark. The direct royal line of the house of Oldenburg, which began in 1448, with Christian first King of Denmark and Duke of Schleswig and Holstein, ended in the person of Frederick VII., and the present King succeeded, as is well known, in virtue of the treaty of London, signed by the great powers on the 8th of May, 1852, and of the new Danish law of succession which received the royal assent on the 31st of July, 1853.

The King of Denmark is the fourth son of Duke Frederick William of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, who married the Princess Louise of Hesse Cassel, granddaughter of King Frederick V. His father died in 1831, while his mother survived until after her son's accession to the throne, and died in 1867, at Ballenstedt, near Copenhagen. Prior to the date of the settlement of the Danish succession the present King was known as Prince Christian of Glücksburg, with the standing of a

prince of that ducal house. Subsequently, and until his accession, he bore the rank and title of Crown Prince of Denmark, and was Inspector-General and Commander-in-chief of the Danish cavalry. On the 26th of May, 1842, Prince Christian was united in marriage in the Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen, to his second cousin the Princess Louise, the second daughter of the Landgrave William, of Hesse Cassel, and of his wife, the Princess Charlotte, the niece of Christian VIII. This royal lady, now Queen of Denmark, is alike with her husband descended from the royal Danish stock. In the female line, the one is the great-grandson, and the other the great-granddaughter of Frederick V of Denmark. But as the mother of Queen Louise was the daughter of the Crown Prince Frederick, the son of Frederick V; and the mother of King Christian the daughter of the Princess Louise, the daughter of Frederick V, the Queen, by the Danish law of succession, stood nearer to the Crown than did her husband the King. She had, however, in 1852, with her elder brother and sister, to enable the treaty of London to take effect without prejudice to existing claims, renounced her rights in favour of her husband.

Frederick V married the Princess Louisa, the youngest daughter of George II of England; and thus King Christian IX and his Queen are equally the great-grandchildren of a Princess of our own royal house of Hanover. It was the early ambitious desire of this English Princess to become Queen of Denmark. Her desire was granted, but it is doubtful whether her union to Frederick V brought with it domestic happiness. The subsequent marriage of the Princess Matilda, sister of George III, to the Danish monarch Christian VII., was in every way unfortunate. The parents of Queen Louise, who lived to a good old age, resided in the Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen; the Landgrave died in 1867, and the Landgravine in 1864.

After their marriage the Prince and Princess Christian resided permanently in the Danish capital, or its immediate neighbourhood. Their town residence in Copenhagen was the very modest palace, situate in the street called the Amalien Gade, near the colonnade leading into Amalienborg Square. Here the present Crown Prince of Denmark, the Princess of Wales, and the other princes and princesses of the reigning royal house were born. In the household of Prince Christian a united and happy group of sons and daughters grew up, carefully reared and trained under the direct superintendence of both parents, and thus fitted to fill the high and illustrious positions to which Providence has since called them. We may be sure that to the Princess of Wales, as to her brothers and sisters, the quiet and unpretending home of their youth in the Amalien Gade is full of the sweetest remembrances. Another residence to which, as to the scenes around, their early recollections must cling is the manor or country house of Bernstorff, a few English miles north of Copenhagen. This mansion, which stands in the midst of a park, and among rich and well-cultivated fields, near to the celebrated Deer Park, was used as the summer palace or retreat of Prince Christian and his family. It was built by the benevolent Count Bernstorff, the first Danish nobleman who set the example of raising the condition of the peasantry by freeing them from serfdom. After his death the park and residence were sold, and became State property in the time of the late King Christian VIII., who occasionally kept

\* See the author's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. I. pp. 118-9, first edition. To the cylinder there described—that of Urukh—may be added a more recent discovery, the signet of his son and successor, which has three well-drawn figures on it, and twelve lines of cuneiform writing.



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his court there. During the reign of his son, Frederick VII, the palace and grounds were exclusively used by the Prince and Princess Christian. Here our own Princess of Wales enjoyed the pleasures of a country life, driving or riding on horseback, or wandering among the noble beech woods of the Deer Park, and in sight of the beautiful Sound, with its passing ships; and here also she cultivated the friendship, and entered, as we have been informed, into the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, of the peasantry on her father's estate. The simplicity and grace of the life of the illustrious family at Bernstorff won for them kindly feelings from all around. The peasantry of the parish of Gjentofte, in which Bernstorff is situate, expressed these feelings in tangible shape, by presenting a beautiful porcelain vase as a marriage gift to the Princess Alexandra on the eve of her departure for England. The Rev. Herr Boisen, in his address on behalf of the parishioners, said that "every Danish man and woman who had freed themselves from unjust prejudices, respected Prince Christian and his lady for their exemplary family life, and the friendly condescension they had always shown to every one who had come under their notice." The prejudices referred to, no doubt, sprung out of the state of the Danish national feeling towards the Germans at that time, and to the circumstance of the German origin and relationships of Prince Christian. The Prince, in his reply, said that the Princess Alexandra, though departing for a great and powerful country, would always be attached to Denmark, and especially to the parish which had given her so many marks of sympathy.

The household of Prince Christian, alike in town and country, was conducted in the quiet style usual among families of a similar rank in Denmark and Germany. Even after the dynastic arrangements had been made which invested him with the honours of the heirship-apparent, domestic circumstances, or more probably personal tastes, induced him to keep his household on the footing of a strictly private establishment. Nothing was more simple, and yet nothing more refined than the early home of the Princesses Alexandra and Dagmar, presided over as it was by the matronly graces of their royal mother.

It may be interesting to note those occasions of early intercourse between the family of the Danish Crown Prince, and our own royal family, out of which sprang the fortunate alliance which knit them more closely together.

The constant residence of the Prince and Princess Christian in Denmark was sometimes varied by quiet trips through different parts of Germany. On one of these journeys they visited the Duchess of Cambridge at her country seat, near Frankfort. Again travelling privately in the autumn of 1861, with their daughters, Alexandra and Dagmar, they met the Prince of Wales and the Crown Princess of Prussia at Worms, and here it was that the Prince of Wales first saw the Princess Alexandra. From Worms the royal parties proceeded together to Heidelberg, where they spent three entire days in each other's society. During this intercourse an impression was produced on the mind of the Prince destined to lead to the happiest results. When Queen Victoria, in August, 1862, was on her way to spend some time in seclusion at Rheinhardtzbunn, near Gotha, she rested at Brussels. Prince Christian and his family, then residing at Ostend for sea-air and bathing,

went to Brussels to pay their respects to her Majesty. It was in the palace of the King of the Belgians that our Queen first met her future daughter-in-law. Shortly afterwards, on a journey to join his royal mother, the Prince of Wales passed through Ostend, and did not fail to visit the Danish royal family. Proceeding to Brussels, the Prince became the guest of the King of the Belgians, who invited Prince Christian and his family to his capital. During this visit to Brussels, and also at Lacken, the Prince of Wales passed his time in the society of the Princess Alexandra, and on the 9th of September offered her his hand, and became her accepted lover. The engagement of their Royal Highnesses was announced on the same day, at a State dinner, by the King of the Belgians. When Queen Victoria returned to England, she invited the Danish royal family to visit her at Windsor. Prince Christian and his eldest daughter came to England in the following November. On the 25th the intended royal marriage was announced in the "Times"; and on the 29th the Princess Alexandra and her father departed for Denmark. The marriage treaty on the part of the Queen of England and the King of Denmark was signed at Copenhagen, on the 15th January, 1863.

When the Princess Alexandra, early in March, 1863, accompanied by her royal parents and her brothers and sisters, left Copenhagen to become the wife of the Prince of Wales, she was entertained when on her way by his uncle, Duke Charles of Glücksburg, at his residence, near Kiel, after which the Duke accompanied the royal party to London, by invitation of Queen Victoria, to take part in the marriage ceremony at Windsor. On the day of the marriage in St. George's Chapel, which was filled by the English nobility of first rank, the Danish royal strangers were naturally regarded with much interest. After the royal bride, all eyes, we are told, centred on the Princess Dagmar, as with stately step she slowly passed up the centre aisle; after her came the royal mother, leading in one hand the Princess Thyra, and in the other the Prince Waldemar. The Queen of Denmark, then Crown Princess, it was observed, though richly was simply dressed, only a feather and a few flowers were mixed with the thick clusters of her auburn hair.

The year 1863 was full of important incidents in the history of the royal subjects of our notice. Shortly after their return to Copenhagen, from the excitement and interest of the memorable entry into London, and the marriage ceremonies at Windsor, a deputation from Athens arrived to offer the Crown of Greece to Prince William George, their second son, then not quite eighteen years of age. In the throne-room of the palace of Christiansborg, Frederick VII received the deputation. Around the throne stood the hereditary Prince Ferdinand, the aged grand-uncle of the young Prince; the Crown Prince, his father; and his elder brother, Prince Frederick, now Crown Prince of Denmark. The address of the Greeks announced that the National Assembly had chosen Prince William George of Denmark as King of the Hellenes, by the title of George I; and having been duly replied to by the bluff King Ferdinand, his Majesty turned to the young man who had been called so unexpectedly to a throne, bade him advance, and charged him to adhere to the Constitution of Greece, and to endeavour to gain and preserve the love of his people. Such advice was appropriate from the experienced monarch who had

himself abandoned absolute rule and given a Constitution to Denmark, and who so well realised his own motto, "The love of the people is my strength." Soon after the departure of King George from his happy Danish home to assume the cares of sovereignty, occurred other events big with importance, not only as affecting his royal parents, but as involving the fate of Denmark itself. The first of these was the death of Prince Ferdinand, the uncle of the King; and afterwards the death of Frederick VII himself, which last event occurred suddenly at his palace, at Glucksburg, near Flensburg, on the 15th November, 1863. On the following day Prince Christian was proclaimed King of Denmark from the balcony of the palace of Christiansborg by the title of Christian IX. In the temper of the times it was an anxious moment to succeed to the Danish throne. On the part of the German population of the duchies, the cry was for German unity and separation from Denmark. The death of Frederick VII opened up a new phase in the Schleswig-Holstein question. The storm which had been gathering for years at once burst forth. Countenanced and supported by the Duke of Saxe Coburg and other German princes, Prince Frederick of Augustenburg asserted his claim to Holstein, while King Christian had also to incur the active opposition of the Holstein deputies to his succession to the duchies.

A word on the relation of the duchies to Denmark will be needful to make clear the position of King Christian on his accession to the throne. The kingdom of Denmark consisted of Denmark proper, its various dependencies, and the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg. The Danish kings of the Oldenburg line—who had ruled in Denmark for over four hundred years, and which line ended on the demise of Frederick VII—were also dukes of the duchies. Holstein and Lauenburg belonged to the Germanic Confederation, and the late King Frederick VII, like his predecessors, held these duchies as a member of the Germanic body, just as England formerly held Hanover. Schleswig, on the other hand, did not belong to Germany, but to Denmark; and, as Duke of Schleswig, Frederick VII held that duchy subject to himself as King of Denmark. The law of succession to the Crown of Denmark, when it became hereditary in 1660, was settled in the female line of Frederick III, the then reigning king, after the exhaustion of his male heirs. In virtue of the family arrangements already referred to, recognised by the London treaty and the Danish law, Prince Christian's title to the Crown of Denmark proper was established and secured. As respects the duchy of Schleswig, the rights of succession were variously construed; but as to Holstein, females were excluded, and the elder branch was undoubtedly represented by the Duke of Augustenburg; and after it came the Glucksburg family. Prince Christian had therefore no claim apart from the London treaty to take the place of Frederick VII as Duke of Holstein. The duchy by the ordinary course of succession fell to the Duke of Augustenburg. But as the great powers deemed it important in 1852, in the interests of Europe, to preserve the integrity of Denmark, and as the Duke had thrown himself out of reckoning by heading the unsuccessful revolt of the Germans of Holstein in 1849 against Denmark, he consented for himself and his family for a pecuniary consideration to forego his claims to Holstein. Thus the London treaty of 1852, and the law of 1853, secured to Prince

Christian the right to succeed not only to Denmark proper and its dependencies, but also to the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg. The high contracting powers—England, France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden—agreed (so runs the treaty), "In default of male issue in the direct line of Frederick III of Denmark, to recognise in his Highness the Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg, and his descendants male sprung in direct line from his marriage with her Highness the Princess Louise, born Princess of Hesse, the right to succeed to all (*à la totalité*) the States actually united under the sceptre of his Majesty the King of Denmark."

But for the ferment of the times, when the treaty took effect, arising from national antipathies, and the mutual jealousy of Austria and Prussia, King Christian IX would, in all probability, have ascended the throne in peace, and ruled over an entire Denmark. As it was, neither Austria nor Prussia, struggling for the leadership in Germany, could afford to ignore the outcry for union on the part of the Germans of the Danish duchies. Prussia having determined to interfere, Austria must needs join her, and thus the Prince of Augustenburg, who had, notwithstanding the renunciation of his still living father, asserted his claim to Holstein, was soon swept aside by the combined invasion of the duchies by the forces of the two great German powers.

King Christian forced to take arms, there ensued the unequal contest gallantly maintained in 1864 by Denmark against her formidable adversaries. As the King appeared on the field of active operations in this ruinous war, he is thus described by the "Times" correspondent:—

"Christian IX is evidently bent on winning the hearts of his subjects. No one he has ever seen is allowed to escape recognition. He has a winning smile, a fair and benevolent countenance, not by any means deficient in shrewdness and intelligence. He is not much above the middle size; his figure is rather slender and truly elegant; his bearing is that of a private gentleman, and with but little of the grandeur and stateliness that the vulgar are apt to associate with the outward look of royalty. He wore the uniform of a general officer of the highest rank—a long overcoat, with shoulder-straps, and a foraging cap, the common garb of most officers in campaign. The King's features are good, fine, and regular; the face rather sharp and lean; the complexion fair and clear; the eyes, so far as I could see at a little distance, light blue; the hair chestnut; the moustache and whiskers, which are rather bushy, of a dark brown. I am told the King is about forty-six; were I to judge from appearances, I should have thought him at least ten years older."

From the same pen we have another notice of the King, as well as a glimpse of the Queen, on the occasion of the celebration of Constitution day, on the 5th of June in the same year, in the Deer Park—the favourite playground of the Copenhageners:—

"There is something to me unspeakably touching," says the writer, "in the sight of that young, modest, affectionate, royal couple, who have come to the throne at an epoch of so much trial and peril for the Danish monarchy, and who take as little of the pomp and pageantry of their new station upon themselves as if they sighed for the domestic bliss on which the cares of a tempest-tossed State have so rudely trespassed. The King preserves, in the midst

of his newly-acquired greatness, all the easy grace, the courteous simplicity, which belong to a thoroughbred gentleman. It would be waste of breath to say of the Queen that she is 'every inch a lady.' Old enough to be a grandmother, she yet preserves all the freshness of matronly beauty—a melancholy beauty, you would say, in its happiest moments. There is in both of the handsome countenances of this royal pair a look of anxious care, a touch of sadness, conveying very plain hints of the share both of them take in the sorrows and fears by which the country is distracted, and making irresistible appeal to the sympathies of all beholders."

After the capture of Alsen by the Germans, King Christian became convinced that further resistance was hopeless, and having effected a change of his Ministers, they at once, and in view of inevitable sacrifice, proposed a suspension of arms. Then followed the Vienna Conference, with the view of finding some basis for the establishment of peace. Germany, directed by Bismarck, insisted not only on the surrender of Holstein and Lauenburg, but also of Schleswig. That Holstein and Lauenburg, being German, and peopled by Germans, in origin and language, must be given up, was foreseen by Denmark; but Schleswig was Danish, and to Schleswig Denmark clung. It is true the German-speaking population had crossed the Eyder from Holstein, and that in the southern portion of the duchy a population of a mixed character prevailed, still of its 300,000 inhabitants two-thirds were purely Danish and enthusiastic in their loyalty to the Danish King. To consent, therefore, to give up to alien rule this attached and loyal people was the bitter cup which King Christian had to drink. After the separation of Danish Schleswig from Denmark had been decreed, a deputation from the inhabitants came to Copenhagen to present a farewell address to the King. His reply was couched in the touching terms of sincere sorrow. The King said:—"You have told me how bitterly you grieve to be separated from Denmark and the Danish royal house, and I pray you to believe that it has also been most painful to me to be placed under the necessity of relinquishing the ancient Danish crown land of Schleswig, united for centuries to Denmark. Of all the cares and sorrows which have been heaped upon me during my brief rule, nothing has more depressed my mind, nothing weighed more deeply upon my heart, than my separation from the brave, faithful, and loyal Schleswigers, who have upon so many difficult occasions constantly given the most brilliant proofs of fidelity and devotion to Denmark and the Danish royal house; who have cherished no dearer or more zealous wish than to remain united with the kingdom under my sceptre. But, my friends, we must all bow to the will of Providence, and I will pray to the Almighty that he may give both to you and to me the requisite strength and endurance to bear the bitter pangs of separation. My best wishes for your future welfare will always be with you. May God bless and preserve you all!"

Such reverses and sacrifices could not, however, befall without a large amount of national irritation. Blame, however, unjustly fell upon King Christian, with a consequent loss of popularity. The Danes were inclined to attribute to their King their national misfortunes. In the midst of this state of feeling the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Copenhagen the first time after their marriage, and they were but

coldly received; and yet no patriotic Dane among them had more poignantly felt the calamities of her country than the Princess of Wales. The Princess Dagmar, whose marriage to the Csesaritch did not take place till November, 1866, shared immediately with her royal parents in all the anxieties and trials of the time, and by her gracious and condescending kindness helped to soothe the wounded susceptibilities of the Copenhagen populace.

"Even in the midst of the keenly-felt distress and humiliation," says a writer, "occasioned by the loss of Schleswig and Holstein—when with the natural instinct of men tried by adversity the Danes were disposed to lay upon their King the blame of his ill-fortune, the sight of the tall, graceful, and elegant figure and fair countenance of the Princess Dagmar, as she walked on the lawn at Bernstorff, or under the great beech-trees of the Deer Park, or waited on the platform of the railway-station at Fredericksborg in the midst of the Copenhagen pleasure-seekers, the ease and affability with which she bestowed smiles and words, and her gracious sympathy with the respectful yet delighted multitude, had no little influence in disarming unjust prepossessions and winning back wavering loyalty."

It is well known that Prussia and Austria quarrelled over the booty unjustly wrenched from Denmark. Then ensued the Austro-Prussian War, in which Prussia, aided by her needle-gun, came off victorious. By the treaty of Prague, concluded on the 12th November, 1866, Prussia engaged to Austria to restore North Schleswig to Denmark—"so far as the population by free voting may prove themselves in favour of such a step." Until this day Prussia has not complied with this engagement, and has refused to relinquish her hold of the Danish province. King Christian, however, as appears from one of his speeches on opening the Rigsdag, looks forward to the day when the political situation will allow of the return of the Danish Schleswigers to their own Denmark.

In July, 1874, the King, accompanied by his son, Prince Waldemar, paid a visit to Iceland, to which a Constitution had just been accorded on the thousandth anniversary of its connection with Denmark. Although Frederick VII, when Crown Prince, had visited Iceland, Christian IX was the first Danish monarch who had set foot on its shores. His reception was of the most cordial character. It was at the time said—and with truth—that Iceland never received a more welcome visitor; his dignified bearing, his ready affability, his wonderfully winning manners and unassuming simplicity, were qualities which won for him the heart of the whole people. The Faroe Islands, another of the Danish possessions, were also visited by his Majesty during the same trip.

Since the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, there has been frequent intercourse between the royal families of Denmark and England. In 1863, shortly after the marriage, the Prince and Princess Christian and the Princess Dagmar visited England, and spent a short time at Sandringham. In 1864 the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Copenhagen, and in 1867 their Danish Majesties returned the visit to Marlborough House. Again, in 1868, when the Prince and Princess of Wales set forth on their Eastern tour, they took Denmark by the way. The Princess of Wales had the pleasure of spending her birthday, the 1st of December of that

year, with her royal parents in Denmark. In the morning of the day, in the Palace of Fredericksborg, the Princess received the felicitations of her friends, and in the evening, at a large dinner-party, the King proposed the health of his eldest daughter, and said that it was six years since he had the pleasure of having her with him on her birthday, and that when he looked back on the anxious time of her severe illness in the previous year, he could not be sufficiently thankful to Almighty God for being able to have her now sitting by his side almost completely recovered.

In the following year occurred an event fraught with interest to the royal pair—the marriage of their son, the manly and accomplished Crown Prince of Denmark, to Louisa, Princess Royal of Sweden, daughter of the late King Charles xv. This was another happy union, and one which tended to bind more closely the friendly ties which had long existed between the royal houses of Sweden and Denmark. Charles xv of Sweden was the bosom friend of the late King Frederick vii of Denmark, and both monarchs were enthusiastic upholders of the idea of Scandinavian unity.

King Christian has a civil list of £55,555; the heir-apparent to the Crown has in addition an allowance of £6,666, settled by law of March 20th, 1868. The present Constitution of Denmark is embodied in the charter of 5th June, 1849, granted by Frederick vii. The 5th of June (Constitution day) is observed each year by popular rejoicings throughout the entire kingdom. The Constitution was modified in some respects in 1855, and also a Constitution for the whole monarchy was framed and passed in 1863, during the lifetime of the late King, but it had not been confirmed by him at the time of his death. Almost immediately on his accession, King Christian gave his royal sanction to the new law. The alacrity of the act gave great satisfaction, and rendered his Majesty very popular for the time being at Copenhagen. After the close of the war, a still newer Constitutional law was passed, which obtained the royal sanction on the 28th of July, 1866: according to which, the executive power is vested in the King and his responsible Ministers. The right of making and amending laws is in the National Assembly, or *Rigsdag*, acting in conjunction with the sovereign. The *Rigsdag* meets annually for two months, and consists of the *Landsting* and the *Folkething*, the former being the Senate, or Upper House, and the latter the House of Commons. The *Landsting* consists of 106 members; of these, twelve are nominated by the Crown for life, the rest are elected indirectly by the people for a term of eight years. The 101 members of the *Folkething* are returned for a term of three years, in direct election, by universal suffrage. All men of good repute beyond the age of thirty are eligible for election as members both of the Upper and Lower House.

The King, according to the Constitution, must be a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, which is declared to be the religion of the State.

The personal virtues, upright intentions, and popular public acts of the King and Queen of Denmark have surmounted every prejudice, and won for them the respect and affection of their subjects. Since the loss of the duchies his Majesty has sought to develop the internal resources and institutions of his country. The army and navy have been thoroughly reorganised; several railways have been constructed, and agriculture and commerce steadily promoted.

Denmark, though a small country, maintains an honourable place among European nations. Its population is alike brave, honest, and high-hearted, and in its interests, feelings, affections, and popular institutions, it has much in common with England. Denmark has the goodwill of England; every one must wish for the ancient and renowned kingdom a continuance of moral and material progress under the wise and mild sway of its present monarch.

J. II.

## THE OLD LOTTERIES.

WE sometimes hear the question asked, Whether the gambling spirit is more or is it less prevalent among our population of the present day than it was among their predecessors? There would seem, if the history of the human family has been correctly recorded, never to have been a time when gaming in some form or other was not a favourite source of excitement; and never to have been a people, who have a history at all, who did not indulge in it. It is said to be carried to the greatest extreme among the oriental nations, some of whom make no scruple of staking everything they possess upon the cast of the die—who will venture the loss of their wives and children, and even their own personal liberty, rather than sit down content under losses they may have incurred. Englishmen have never been quite so insane as that, but thousands of Englishmen have been utterly ruined through yielding to the fascinating excitements of gaming; and, spite of all the warnings of the moralist and the miserable example of innumerable victims, we continue to be a gambling people. Witness our racing establishments, our betting-houses, running matches, and the various modes and methods by which one covetous man's money is transferred to another covetous man's pocket. For it is covetousness that is at the root of all gambling, as of every other species of theft, seeing that what the gambler seeks is to become possessed of money without the trouble of earning it.

Down to the first years of the fourth George, or thereabouts, the views entertained of gambling by the generality of Englishmen were materially different from those entertained at present. The vice was hardly recognised as a vice, but was rather declaimed against as an imprudence. Gaming-houses were common, not only in London, but in all the fashionable towns of the provinces; gambling was carried on in private houses to an extent now quite unknown; gambling clubs and subscription rooms, where deep play was the rule rather than the exception, abounded; and the habit was so general that it was indulged in by nearly all classes at their social parties and assemblies. As if to give the opportunity of cultivating gaming to the entire community, the Government of the day virtually patronised it in the form of the State lotteries, which for nearly a couple of centuries were made to yield a considerable revenue to the Crown. The Government sanction, of course, had a moral effect; the common people could hardly look upon that as a vicious and destructive practice to which their legislators directly encouraged them, and in which they were daily invited to participate whenever they stirred abroad or took up a newspaper; for the



lottery contractors were notoriously the most active and indefatigable promoters of their own interest the world had ever seen. Never was a mission carried out with such perseverance and pertinacity as that which called upon all classes and conditions of men to get rich at the expense of their fellows. The flaming placards and amusing jocular designs of the Lottery Office blazed upon every wall and struck the eye from every point of vantage throughout the kingdom. A deluge of handbills, fly-leaves, and circulars inundated the land with the starting of every new scheme, and the public interest in the "wheel of fortune" was kept at the enthusiastic pitch, whatever else was allowed to lapse into forgetfulness or neglect. Even during that terrible revolutionary war that culminated in Waterloo, the State lotteries filled the popular mind, and if they sank in interest for a time at the news of some great battle or triumph, they recovered their lost ground when the stirring excitement had passed away.

The lotteries of fifty years to sixty years ago consisted of all sorts of schemes. There were lotteries for the disposal of art collections (in one of these all Boydell's collection was got rid of), for the disposal of diamonds, jewellery, land, houses, life assurances, annuities, etc., etc. Most of the schemes, however, set forth lists of money prizes, in sums varying from twenty or forty pounds to twenty or forty thousand. That the poor might not be debarred from their share of the impending blessings, the lottery tickets were divided into fractional parts. Thus, a man who could not afford twenty pounds (for that or more was the price) for a whole ticket, could buy a half ticket, or a quarter ticket, or an eighth, or a sixteenth—the prices of which last, unless our memory fails us, varying from a guinea to thirty-one and sixpence. Of these sixteenths, thousands were sold in shares at public-houses, the shares being raffled by landlords among their customers, who clubbed their shillings together to make up a "little go," in which all risked and shared alike; so that a man might possess the tenth part or the twentieth part of a sixteenth, and he might do that, as many did, five or six times over to give himself a better chance of winning—the chance being, after all, as the reader may easily imagine, extremely small. The list of prizes was always printed at full length in enormously corpulent figures on the placards and handbills, and one might see on a dead wall or hoarding, at a full furlong's distance, or more, such pyramids of figures as the following—the notes of admiration a foot long at least, and flaring up in bright scarlet:—

£ 500!  
2,000!!  
10,000!!!  
20,000!!!!  
40,000!!!!!

the whole emblazoned on a standard reared aloft by a bluecoat boy—who was always represented as the meekest of infants—the prizes being invariably drawn from the wheel by a boy from the bluecoat school. Of course nothing was ever said about the number of blanks, which, looking to the above large sums, must have amounted to hundreds of thousands to make the scheme remunerative. Still, every now and then a scheme would come out in which there were "all prizes and no blanks!"—the place of the blanks being supplied by merely nominal prizes, varying in amount from a half to a sixteenth of the price of the

ticket; such schemes, however, could not exhibit such monster prizes as are given above.

Among the millions of adventurers who invested in the lotteries every year, it was inevitable that a certain number should be winners, and not a few persons did really win large amounts, and stepped at once from comparative poverty to actual wealth, and to a respectable social position. Sometimes it would happen that the lottery would go off, leaving some of the grand prizes still in the wheel—a state of matters at which the people kicked a good deal, and were hardly satisfied with the explanation, which ran to the effect that as all the tickets had not been sold, it could not be expected that all the prizes should be drawn.

When a prize was gained by a dweller in a country town or village in a farming district, even though it were but a sixteenth, and it would seldom be more, the event was generally made the occasion of a grand demonstration, and that for reasons sufficiently obvious. First came the news to the lucky individual in an official letter, a document of most impressive appearance, red-taped, and sealed with the broad, mysteriously embossed lottery-office seal. Then, unless the winner chose to coach it up to London and claim the cash in person, which in those no-railway days he was seldom inclined to do (and the winner might be six or a dozen persons instead of one), the prize would be sent down by the mail or stage-coach in charge of an agent, who came with blasts of trumpets, with flags flying, and making as much elamour and display as possible, preparatory to delivering over the cash, which he would hand over at last, with due solemnity, all in solid gold, in the presence of as many witnesses as could be gathered together. Such payments, as a rule, would take place in a public-house, and the thousand or twelve hundred sovereigns or guineas would cut a grand figure glittering on a salver, or, wanting a salver, on a tea-tray, among twigs of laurel or evergreens. That such a scene should wind up with a general saturnalia, at which the guests all got tipsy at the expense of the fortunate individual, is no more than one might expect. If there should be a free fight and a scramble among the several claimants—well, whether you would expect that or no, it is a fact that it sometimes took place. The result to a poor man, say a small farmer or village artisan, of winning a lottery prize was far oftener calamitous than it was beneficial. He rarely had the prudence to deal with his newly-acquired riches as he should have done; and let him be as prudent as he would, unless he took to flight and carried his cash to some other quarter, he was sure to be haunted and pestered and sponged upon by his relatives and intimates until the winnings were all wasted away in treating and drinking, by which time he had generally acquired lazy and intemperate habits, and was most likely ruined for life.

The same demoralising influence has been notorious in Continental countries, and nowhere more than in the States of the Church, where the Holy Father, heedless of the moral or social welfare of his subjects, largely replenished his coffers by lotteries.

It is not to be supposed that results such as these were not recognised and duly appreciated. Widespread and general as was the gambling spirit, and though it had infected the clergy and even dignitaries of the church as well as the laity, there was yet always a class in opposition to it, a band of sternly

faithful crusaders against the State lotteries, who saw in them a machinery for national demoralisation, and refused to look at them in any other light. They were long in the minority, but they wrote and talked and preached against the evil with indefatigable perseverance, and it was doubtless owing in great part to their influence, together with the growth of a better moral feeling, that the lotteries fell into disfavour, and were finally abolished by Act of Parliament in 1826.

It was about the year 1819 that the writer, then a growing lad, purchased his first and only lottery ticket. How it was that I became inoculated with the sudden desire of becoming, as I fancied, enormously rich all at once, I cannot at this distance of time recall. I was bitten, it may be presumed, by the universal mania, or may have been lured by the example of some friend or companion. At any rate, I laid out most of my savings in a sixteenth, which I bought of one of Bish's agents in Bath, where I then resided. No sooner did I possess the ticket than I began to nourish a secret conviction that it would turn up a prize—perhaps the grand prize of £20,000. So strong did this conviction become in a day or two that, at the cost of much inconvenience and some privation, I visited the agent a second time, and was fortunate enough to secure another sixteenth of the same number, though the payment for it left me with empty pockets. Two months had to elapse before the lottery would be drawn, and during all that time I underwent various changes of mood, and was so engrossed with the subject that it was rarely out of my thoughts; sanguine one day, and mistrustful the next, and never at rest, I had small enjoyment of the interval, which seemed as though it would never come to an end. On the morning of the eventful day I rose early, after a night of little sleep and troubled dreams, and sallied forth for a stroll. Along the Gravel Walk, the Crescent Fields, and across the High Common, I made my way as far as Weston, doing my best not to think of my lottery ticket, and what it would bring me. Then I returned and retraced my steps homeward. As I was returning down the Gravel Walk I caught sight of old Tucker, the bill-sticker, in the act of affixing a placard to

the dead wall which fronted the entrance to the walk. I was hardly near enough to read the bill as he spread it on the wall, and I stood still to take a more steady view. What were my feelings when I plainly distinguished the words and figures, "Number 5595 (the very number of which I held two-sixteenths) a prize of £20,000," the reader must imagine, for I cannot describe them. For a moment or two, it may have been minutes, I could not stir a step, and had the feeling that I must sink into the ground. "Eights in twenty, two and four over; eights in forty, five—two thousand five hundred pounds"—that delightful calculation was running in my head, and had repeated itself a score of times before I had recovered nerve enough to run forward and read the whole placard, which old Tucker had by this time done with. Alas! for my grand expectations! The bill, on further perusal, merely stated that Messrs. Bish had sold in the last lottery the number 5595, which had come up a prize of £20,000, and that they had still a quantity of lucky numbers to dispose of in the present lottery, the drawing of which, the public were respectfully informed, was to be deferred until that day month. Poor me! I felt like poor Humpty-dumpty knocked off his wall, and knew that all the king's horses and all the king's men could never set me up again; for of course I knew that by nothing short of a miracle could the same number out of hundreds of thousands come up a grand prize twice following. That day, I well recollect, was a very grey day to me, but I recovered my spirits ere long, and, by way of making the best of the affair, I put my two sixteenths up to a raffle among my shopmates and fellow-apprentices, and succeeded in disposing of them without loss. As a matter of prudence I said nothing about the extraordinary coincidence of the numbers, nor was it noticed by any of the members of the raffle. The probabilities were not considered. So it happened that I lost nothing, for which I was thankful, and I have since been no less thankful that I won nothing; for I am morally certain that if that £2,500 had come into my possession in my teens it would have proved a curse, situated as I then was, and not a blessing.



LOTTERY No. 13m 584  
for 1791.

The Bearer of this TICKET will be entitled to such *beneficial Chance* as shall belong thereto in the LOTTERY to be drawn by Virtue and in pursuance of an Act passed in the Thirty-first Year of His present Majesty's Reign.

*W. Thompson*

## Varieties.

**TIMELY HELP.**—When I was a young man, a student at Cambridge, and rather poor than not, I received a small exhibition from one of the London Companies. It came to me through the hands of persons whom I did not know, but it was forwarded to me in some way at Trinity College. It was the first money I ever possessed of my own, but that money gave me independence at that time. How much it may have contributed to what some persons may consider my success in life, I cannot say; but that it did contribute much I have no doubt. —*Sir George Airy, Astronomer Royal, on receiving the freedom of the City of London.*

**LIFE-VALUE INCREASE.**—In England, from 1790 to 1810, Heberden calculated that the general mortality diminished one-fourth. In France, during the same period, the same favourable returns were made. The deaths in France Bernard calculated were 1 in 30 in the year 1780, and during the eight years from 1819 to 1828, 1 in 40, or a fourth less. In 1780, out of 100 newborn infants in France, 50 died. In the two first years in the latter period, extending from the time of the census that was taken in 1817 to 1827, only 38 of the same age died—an augmentation of infantile life equal to 25 per cent. In 1780 as many as 55 per cent. died before reaching the age of 10 years; in the latter period 43, or about a fifth less. In 1780 only 21 persons per cent. attained the age of 50 years; in the latter period 32, or 11 more reached that term. In 1780, but 15 persons per cent. arrived at 60 years; in the later period 24 arrived at that age.

**ARCTIC EXPEDITION.**—On the return of Captain Young, of the Pandora, many letters were published from officers of the Alert and Discovery. A short letter from Captain Nares, at the Carey Islands, is worth all the rest in giving confidence and hope. A man most quiet and undemonstrative, yet of great firmness and determination, it is cheering to hear the sanguine strain of this letter:—"We have had the most extraordinary success. The season has proved to be the best that ever was, and, by a happy calm for two days, I have turned it to such account that we have made the quickest passage, thus far, that ever was made so early in the season as this. The Americans did it in August, but here we are in July, with a clear month before us, and no ice whatever in sight; and I am sure that there is very little ahead of us. Of course, all is wild delight at our prospects. The old whaling men thought I was mad to choose a new route, but it was (as I reasoned it would be) successful. . . . We are sure to get as near to the Pole as the land goes, and then it will be our own fault if we do not complete the work. I shall leave another letter to-morrow at our next depôt."

**CURIOSITIES OF THE POST-OFFICE.**—The Postmaster-General's Annual Report shows that in 1874 there were 804 millions of letters posted in England and Wales, and 967 millions in the United Kingdom, being an increase on the number in 1873 of 6½ and 6½ per cent. respectively. The increase was, however, greater in Scotland—7½ per cent., and greater still in Ireland—8½ per cent. The oversights and mistakes of the year were as striking as usual. A registered letter from Switzerland was found open in the Chief Office, London. The contents, which had become exposed owing to the flimsiness of the envelope, consisted of cheques for upwards of £200, and of bank notes to the value of more than £500. On another occasion a registered letter containing Turkish bonds, with coupons payable to bearer, worth more than £4,000, intended for a firm in the City of London, was misdirected to a street in the West-end, where it was delivered. On inquiry being made for the packet, it was found that the bonds had been mistaken for "foreign lottery tickets" of no value, and had been put aside for the children of the family to play with. These were cases of inadvertence or carelessness, which is more than can be said of the case next to be mentioned. In the Chief Office in London two gold watches were found, each enclosed in an unregistered book-packet addressed to New Zealand, the leaves of the books having been cut so as to admit of the watches being enclosed. The two packets were sent to the Returned Letter Office, whence information was forwarded to the addressees, there being nothing to show who were the senders. The work of the Returned Letter Office is still very heavy, as many as 4,400,000—being one in every 220 of the total number of letters—having been sent

there, of which about three-fourths were either reissued or returned to their writers. Upwards of 20,000 letters were posted without any address, one of them containing £2,000 in bank notes. The regulations of the office as to the classes of articles which may be posted are very liberal, there are nevertheless those who think them too narrow. Thus, during the year there were committed to the Post-office, contrary to the rules, a horned frog, a stag beetle, white mice, and snails—all alive. These unfortunate creatures were sent to the Returned Letter Office, together with an owl, a kingfisher, a rat, carving knives and forks, gun cotton and cartridges, which somebody had considered proper articles of conveyance by post.

**PHOTOGRAPHY DOWN WEST.**—An American paper states that a Nevada photographer takes very decided measures for turning out a good picture. A sitter being in his place, the artist produced a navy revolver, cocked it, levelled it at the sitter's head, and said, "Now just you sit perfectly still, and don't move a hair; put on a calm, pleasant expression of countenance, and look right into the muzzle of this revolver, or I'll blow the top of your head off. My reputation as an artist is at stake, and I don't want no nonsense about this picture."

**RUSSIA IN THE EAST.**—General Kauffman, the commander-in-chief of the Russian armies in Asia, thus has stated his opinion as to the destiny of Russia in the east:—"What has occurred with Khokand will certainly occur sooner or later with Bokhara and the other Mussulman States, which will not understand that they should accept the position and allow with a good grace the introduction of civilisation among them. It is a question of life or death, and not one of conquests, as it is represented in Europe. Either Russia must withdraw from Central Asia, where she has done so much, or those small Mussulman States, which offer constant opposition to commerce and civilisation, must do so. It is the old struggle between barbarism and civilisation. The issue is certain. Civilisation will triumph, and when the two great European Powers which divide between them these immense territories shall have a common frontier, then there will be an end of conquests, there will no longer be any occasion for wars, and interests will be mutual, because they will be based upon commerce and industry."

**STUDY OF VARIOUS KINDS RECOMMENDED.**—The study of the laws by which the Almighty governs the universe is our bounden duty. Of these laws our great academies and seats of education have rather arbitrarily selected only two spheres or groups (as I may call them) as essential parts of our national education, the laws which regulate quantities and proportions, which form the subject of mathematics; and the laws regulating the expression of our thoughts through the medium of language—that is to say, which finds its purest expression in the classical languages. These laws are most important branches of knowledge. Their study trains and elevates the mind; but they are not the only ones. There are others which we cannot disregard—which we cannot do without. There are, for instance, laws governing the human mind and its relation to the Divine Spirit (the subject of logic and metaphysics); there are those which govern our bodily nature and its connection with the soul (the subject of physiology and psychology); those which govern human society and the relations between man and man (the subject of politics and jurisprudence and political economy); and many others. While of the laws just mentioned, some have been recognised as essentials of education, and some will by course of time more fully assert their right to recognition, the laws regulating matter form all those which will constitute the chief object of your pursuits, and as the principle of subdivision of labour is the one most congenial to our age, I would advise you to keep to this specially, and to follow in undivided attention chiefly the sciences of mechanics, physics, and chemistry, and the fine arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. You will thus have conferred an inestimable boon upon your country, and in a short time have the satisfaction of witnessing the beneficial results upon our national power of production. Other parts of the country will, I doubt not, emulate your example, and I live in hope that all these institutions will some day find a central point of union, and thus complete the national organisation.—*The late Prince Consort at the Birmingham and Midland Institute in 1851.*



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper*



PARTING IN ANGER.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER III.—THE OLD BOND BROKEN.

**Y**EARS had passed since the grievous event recorded in the last chapter. The two that were children then were now deep in the romance of youth. The friends who had mourned with almost equal sorrow were friends still, but the discord of the time put a heavy strain on the old hereditary bond.

No. 1255.—JANUARY 15, 1876.

Calm and cool in his ways of thought and action, an advocate and example of moderation, Archdale was nevertheless known to be what his neighbours called "an out-and-out liberty man," a genuine democrat, who maintained the sovereign rights of the people on as broad a basis as ever did Greek or Roman when king and tyrant were synonymous titles with them. Sincerely attached to the land of his birth and parentage, with a boundless hope in its future and a firm faith in its resources, he took part with

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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his American countrymen in their opposition to the royal prerogative, which in his opinion should never have existed, and to the parliament in whose election they had no voice.

Naturally inclined to trust in the long-established, and revere what elder generations had set up, Delamere was a Tory of the old nonjuring stamp, only his faith was pledged to a different dynasty. He believed in the divine right of George III to tax his American provinces, thought the acts of the British parliament perpetually binding on all the colonies, and loyalty to his king the first duty of a Christian gentleman.

Many a warm but friendly controversy the two squires had on their respective opinions, particularly as regarded the points in dispute between the old country and their own. But as the dispute grew hotter, and tempers more inflamed on both sides of the Atlantic, they avoided the subject by tacit agreement, which indeed kept peace, but also brought estrangement between the old familiar friends. Without free speech there is no real companionship, and it was neither natural nor possible to keep silence on questions with which the land rang from side to side.

They became less frequent visitors at each other's houses, less frequent surveyors of each other's fields; and when they did chance to meet, there was a degree of constraint in their intercourse unknown to former days. Such constraint was upon them now as they sat in that pleasant, homely room, with windows, full of flowering plants, looking out on the lawn, and commanding beyond it a glorious prospect of farm and woodland, hill and river, bathed in the soft haze and mellowed sunshine of the season.

There were grander apartments in the mansion kept for times of state and fine company, but that was the citadel of household comfort and convenience—half parlour, half library—where Delamere kept his treasury of books, old and new—for, like most American gentlemen, he had a cultivated taste and a genuine love of literature—where his father's escritoir, his mother's rocking-chair, and his daughter's work-table, stood side by side with other old-fashioned and memorial furnishings. Many a social hour had the two passed there at the open windows in summer evenings, or by the blazing hearth in winter nights, and the genius of the place might have brought back to them those better times, but unfortunately in his last importation of books from England there was a pamphlet after Delamere's own Tory heart, which he had read and rejoiced over all the morning.

"There!" he cried, with a look of boundless triumph, putting it into Archdale's hand the moment they had exchanged greetings, "'Taxation no Tyranny,' by Dr. Samuel Johnson. Read it; you are welcome to the loan; and if that does not bring you to a right way of thinking, nothing will."

"Thank you, my friend, but I have read it—Franklin sent it to me by the last packet," and Archdale laid down the pamphlet on the table and took a chair close by.

"Are you convinced, then?" inquired the master of the Elms.

"Yes, that the man has gone far out of his depth," said the other.

"What, Archdale! the author of the 'Rambler,' which you used to admire so much?"

"I do so still, my friend. In the 'Rambler' Johnson was at home with his subjects; he is a man

of wit, of learning, and of piety, after his own fashion; but he is neither a politician nor a philosopher, his mind is too backward for the one and too bounded for the other."

"Ah! you depreciate the great Samuel because he writes against your party. Upon my word, I thought you had more candour."

"Well, then, Delamere, I will do him justice now; the great Doctor is the man of the uppermost, he roars against us at the London dinner-tables because it suits George III and his ministers; he would have roared against Luther because it suited Kaiser Charles and the Pope, and against the early Christians because it suited Nero. Perhaps that is overstating the case," said Archdale, for he saw a dark flush rising to his friend's brow; "but surely, Delamere, you, as a New England man, cannot approve of the manner in which he chooses to speak of us, as if we were all the descendants of convicts, or men who had fled from their creditors, which must be intentional misrepresentation, for I cannot believe it is ignorance."

"I do not approve of it;" and the squire looked half ashamed of his faith's defender. "If I were as clever as you, Archdale, I would write Johnson a smart letter on the subject."

"You could do it better than I, my friend; but it is not worth while; nobody can set a man right who means to stay wrong; and there is some allowance to be made, for how could he and the dinner-loving, four-walled, wordy generation, amongst whom he lives, form a true estimate of a people born and brought up among these grand old woods and noble rivers, where liberty breathes in every breeze and speaks in every echo?"

"Ay, Archdale; but this talk about liberty will bring ruin on these provinces. I wish that you and other sensible men of your party would lay to heart Johnson's warning, for whenever the doctor is wrong be sure he is right there. If the hot heads among us drive this country into rebellion, they will bring upon us the vengeance of a powerful government, British fleets will destroy our ports, and British armies lay waste our lands."

"My friend, war always brings evil and destruction, and is therefore to be avoided as far as possible by every wise and good man. Yet if the questions between us and the old country went to the arbitration of the sword, we need not fear for the issue. There are yet living among us the men who fought at Fort Duquesne and Louisburg, at Niagara and Crown Point; in those fields, whether of victory or defeat, you know if it were the British regulars or our own men who did the most effectual service, for you and I were there, Delamere."

"I remember—I remember them well. It was our own men that did whatever was done; but that was for our king and his just rights," said the master of the Elms, with a sigh.

"No, Delamere, it was for our country—for our Protestant faith and for our English laws, to save them from the clutch of the Most Christian King and his advisers, temporal and spiritual. I recollect you and me discussing that subject by a watch-fire on the bank of the Monongahela, the night after poor Braddock's retreat."

"You saved my life that day," said Delamere.

"And you saved mine the day we met old Dieskau at Crown Point," said Archdale. "Ah! my friend, with such recollections, and years of kindly com-

panionship at home and abroad to bind our hearts together, why should you and I dispute on matters of opinion, in which the best may differ? and no reasonable man can hold himself free from error. I came to speak with you this afternoon on a subject which more nearly concerns us and ours. Your daughter and my son have played and grown up together, and you probably know something of the affection that exists between them. I can vouch for its truth, on Sydney's part at least; but, like ourselves in the courting days long ago, my poor boy is troubled with jealous fears lest some of the numerous young men who gather around Miss Constance wherever she goes, may some day step before him and carry off the prize. But it is his belief—or rather hope—that with your sanction he could push on the siege more vigorously, and foil them all at last. You may be sure I should be well content to see the ancestral friendship of our families cemented by the young people's wedding. The Plantation will be Sydney's, of course, when I go hence; but, my friend, it is not the union of estates I am concerned about. If you would prefer that a Delamere should occupy after you and perpetuate the old name at the Elms, I know you would not leave your child portionless with your own will, and should the like occur by any of those accidents to which human life and human plans are liable, it would make no difference to either my son or myself."

Delamere had listened with a grave and thoughtful look, which his face still wore as he said, "Archdale, Constance is the heiress of my estate, that is a settled thing; but I know not what to say about your son. I had a great opinion of him once; he seemed to be a good boy; handsome and clever enough to take any woman's fancy, and I could not have wished a better husband for my Constance; but all that appears to be changed. They tell me he has taken to the company of those seditious speech-making fellows that fill our colleges now-a-days—braggarts and swaggerers every one of them, unworthy of the name of students, and fit for nothing but troubling the country. I'll warrant it was some of them that waylaid old Yardley, the storekeeper, when he was going to Marble Head to get out of the Custom House some goods he had bought cheap from one who was afraid to pay duty for them himself. The creature is fond of bargains, you see. Well, they set upon him a mile or so from Hadley, took the Custom House warrant out of his pocket, tore it to shreds, and made him give three cheers for liberty on the open road."

"I don't think it did the old man much harm to give three cheers for liberty," said Archdale, smiling; "but my son and his fellow-students had no hand in that absurd transaction; it was one of the performances of Hiram Hardhead and his Green Mountain Boys."

"They deserve to be banished the province," said Delamere; but here the room door was suddenly opened, and a tall, muscular youth, with a handsome Irish face and a strong Irish accent, named Denis Durgan, and known to the neighbourhood as the squire's best man, stepped in with, "Here's a paper for yer honour; the postmaster sent it wid his compliments, becas the mail-bags is just come in, an' his son give it to me among the stubbles yonder, where we're all winnowin' the whait."

"Thank you, Denis," said Delamere, taking the paper; "'tis Governor Gage's handwriting," he con-

tinued, glancing at the cover, and then opening it. "'Rivington's Gazette!' there must be something particular here; you are in time for the news, Archdale."

"Rivington's Gazette" was the government organ for all the American provinces; and there was something particular in it that day, for the first of the print on which Delamere's eye lighted was a strong article setting forth the misdeeds of the students of Harvard College, and more especially those of Sydney Archdale, including his raid on the revenue officers in the widow's house, and ample quotations from the young man's speeches in public and private.

Delamere read it quickly and silently; and the expression of mingled wrath and astonishment in his face almost prepared his friend for what was to follow as he handed him the paper, saying, "Look at that, Archdale, and tell me if you believe it to be true."

"For the most part I believe it is," said Archdale, when he had glanced over the article.

"And knowing that, you have asked my consent to such a fellow paying his addresses to my only child!" cried Delamere.

"Hold! hold! Sydney has compromised himself by his opposition to arbitrary and unjust laws, which, being such, no man is morally bound to obey. We cannot expect the prudence of age from hot and headlong youth; but he has done nothing for him or for me to be ashamed of," said Archdale, with a look of quiet pride that fairly fired up the master of the Elms.

"What, sir!" he cried, almost springing from his chair; "do you call his speech at the meeting in Faneuil Hall nothing? I tell you, it is downright treason. Do you call raising an armed force and attacking the king's revenue officers in the discharge of their duty nothing? I tell you it is open rebellion."

"Suppose it is treason and rebellion, both are right or wrong according to their cause; no tyrant was ever overthrown or nation liberated without them; no patriot ever yet escaped their imputation. William Tell was a rebel against the Austrian governor, who set up his cap to be bowed to in the market-place. The Protestant princes of Germany were rebels against Charles v, who wanted to burn them and their subjects for heresy. Our own great-grandfathers were rebels against Charles i, who wanted to tax the English nation without the consent of their representatives, as George iii wishes to do by us," said Archdale.

"Our great-grandfathers must answer for themselves; if they could reconcile their consciences to rebellion, I cannot, and will not, for all the Whiggish sophistry that any man may talk. Your son's doings are, no doubt, according to your principles,"—Delamere was growing hotter every minute,—"but I detest and abhor everything of the kind, and I tell you frankly that he shall never have my consent to speak or correspond with my daughter."

"The girl might speak and correspond with worse," said Archdale; his calm face had a look of sore displeasure now.

"Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that my innocent child would ever stoop to disgrace herself and her family? I must say that is worthy of a Whig!" and Delamere laughed sneeringly.

"A long life's acquaintance has let you know me better than to think so," Archdale was himself

again. "What I meant, not to insinuate, but to say, was that she might chance to marry a less worthy man than my son. His morals are without reproach, his honour is without stain; man never loved a woman more truly and devotedly than Sydney loves your daughter; and all that can be said against him is, that he loves his country too; which is not wonderful, seeing he bears the name of one who fell fighting for liberty on a foreign soil, the gallant and accomplished Sir Philip, and of one who died for it on an English scaffold, the noble and virtuous Algernon."

"You had always arguments enough at your fingers' ends, Archdale; but you will never reconcile me to such a match, nor my Constance either, she has too much respect for her father's principles, and I may say her own, to think of marrying a captain of rebels, for those Minute Men are nothing else. I know she has a mind above the like;" and the master of the Elms looked proud in his turn.

"Stop, my friend, there are none of us old heads that can truly promise for young people and their weddings." It was an injudicious speech of the prudent Archdale, for it roused a lurking fear in Delamere's breast that made him furious for the time.

"Sir, I understand you," he cried; "those who would insult their sovereign in public meetings, and trample on the authority of parliament, would not scruple to turn a child against her father; but I defy your son's arts, and yours too. My Constance has been educated in sound principles; she will not break her father's heart for all your crafty endeavours, for I tell you, and it is my last word on the subject, I would rather see the girl in her grave—though I have no other child—than married to such a man as your son."

"You scarcely mean what you say, Delamere; you will think better of it hereafter; in the meantime, let us part in peace;" and Archdale rose and held out his hand.

"No, sir," cried the angry master of the Elms, stepping back; "I will never shake the hand of a man who has threatened me with the disobedience and desertion of my own child, to be brought about by his—that is all I have to say."

Archdale made no reply; the blow on his heart was too heavy and unexpected for remonstrance, and without a word or sign he turned away, found the outer door open, and walked quickly from the house.

## A TRIP TO PALMYRA AND THE DESERT.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WRIGHT, B.A., OF DAMASCUS.

### I.

THE Bible tells us Solomon built Tadmor in the Wilderness, and classic authors tell us that Zenobia had her home there. History, sacred and secular, links the city inseparably with that magnificent king of Israel, unrivalled in wisdom and barbaric splendour, and with that desert queen and peerless woman, whose regal attributes and personal accomplishments were as remarkable as the brilliance of her reign. The city comes on the stage of history in the blaze of glory that surrounds the most wondrous of Oriental kings, and after many centuries of splendid obscurity, quits the stage of history in the meteoric glare that accompanied the most wondrous of Oriental queens.

And yet history, careful to preserve the remembrance of cities of which no vestige remains, has been so reticent about Tadmor, that the wonderful ruins lately discovered almost alone perpetuate her glory. Her chronicles are written in stone, in graceful villa and spacious palace, in massive mausoleum and mighty temple, in vistas of airy colonnades and crescents, seen through triumphal arches, and in a thousand monuments of genius and taste, battered and hurled about as the playthings of time, but conserving in every feature the blush and freshness of youth.

Like a shrinking beauty, Tadmor sits in solitary grandeur behind her own desert mountains; and those who would see her in her calm retreat must leave the beaten tracks of tourists, and cross "the great and terrible desert." During ten years I have seen many tourists arrive at Damascus, eager as devotees to gaze on this queen of ruins, but, owing to the expense, danger, and general hardships of the journey, but few of the multitude have been permitted to look upon her beauty. Of these few, fewer still have had free leisure to become acquainted with all her charms.

I may consider myself the most fortunate of tourists, in that I have twice succeeded in visiting Palmyra under the most favourable circumstances, and without stepping far out of the circle of my professional duties. I shall take my readers by my latest route, through a region seldom explored, and by an easy path, with water at regular intervals.

As our first trip to Palmyra was made in the ordinary prescribed manner, we shall get it out of the way as quickly as possible, and only refer to it again to illustrate or supplement our second. It consisted of long, weary marches, day and night, along the middle of an uninteresting plain, running in an eastern direction, with mountains like walls running all the way on each side. We left Damascus on the 20th March, 1872, and reached Palmyra in four days, but as the road was monotony itself, I came back to Damascus at one stretch in about two days, and my mare trotted into Damascus almost as fresh as she trotted out of Palmyra.

From the time of our first trip to Palmyra, the people of Karyetein, where we spent a night, never ceased to solicit us to establish a school among them, and I had promised to revisit them in the spring of 1874. That spring the Bedawin plundered the whole eastern borders of Syria. Caravan after caravan with Bagdad merchandise was swept off into the desert. The British Bagdad post, sacred in the most troublous times, had been seven times plundered, the letters had been torn open and strewed over the plain, and the postman, without camel or clothes, left to perish, or find his way as he best could to human habitation. Spearmen, like swarms of locusts from the East, spread over Jebel Kalamoun, and having slain the shepherds, and stripped any men or women who fell in their way, they drove before them all the flocks and herds of the region. Feeble

fanaticism held sway in the city, and absolute anarchy reigned in the rural districts; and so great was the terror of the peasantry, that though they were actually starving, they could not move from their villages, except in large armed bodies, and even thus they sometimes fell a prey to the Ishmaelites.

In this state of the country I had almost given up my promised visit, when two daring explorers, the Honourable C. F. P. Berkeley and wife, arrived in Damascus. Coolness and courage had carried them safely through Petra and Karak, and all the trans-Jordanic regions, where they were sometimes beset by savage and furious mobs. Their faces were set towards Tadmor, and the prospect of danger only gave a keener interest to the projected tour. A common interest drew us together, and I was able to avail myself of their escort and pleasant society, in return for a little topographical knowledge and an acquaintance with the people and their ways. The season was already far advanced for making the journey to Palmyra, and so we resolved to start at once.

On the 25th May, 1874, we left Straight Street at 9 o'clock a.m. As we passed out of the city we saw green vegetables beginning to make their appearance in the markets, and jaundiced-looking apricots, ripened in the baths, were being eagerly purchased and greedily devoured by the famine-stricken people. A little beyond Thomas' Gate, where once stood St. Thomas' Church, the site of which is now unknown, we turned out of the straight road to Palmyra into a shady lane to the left. We had planned our route through the highlands of Jebel Kalamoun, that we might visit the interesting towns and mission schools of that region, while escaping the great heat of the plains. On most maps of Syria the Antilebanon appears as a huge caterpillar, laid side by side and parallel with Mount Lebanon; but the Antilebanon consists of a series of mountain ranges, some of which run parallel with Lebanon and sink into the Great Hums plain, while some twist off in a more eastern direction and shoot out into the desert. The most eastward and desertward of these ranges rises into Hermon at the one end, and sinks into Palmyra at the other; and the part of this latter range which lies north-east of Damascus is known generally as Jebel Kalamoun. Our shady lane through the orchards of Damascus was overhung with great spreading walnuts trellised with vines, and on either side were apricots beaded with new fruit, and thickets of pomegranate with scarlet blossoms bursting forth like handfuls of crumpled silk. Half-an-hour from the city we crossed the Taura\* (Pharpar), a river of Damascus, a little below where a cotton manufactory was established with English machinery and under English superintendence. The English workmen, however, found great difficulty in getting their wages, and they were kept in unhealthy lodgings until three out of four died, and the survivor returned home broken in heart and constitution, and with experiences sufficient to deter others from being allured into similar service by the prospect of high wages. Beyond the bridge we met a few sacks of new barley, artificially ripened, carried on the backs of donkeys into the city; and we saw fields of barley pulled and left on its side to ripen, that it might be in time for the famine prices.

An hour from Damascus we passed through Burzey, a Moslem village, where there is the Sanctuary of Abraham, and where the people still talk familiarly of "King Ibrahim," though the names of Sultan Selim and Salah-ed-Din (Saladin) have already almost passed from local tradition. Here we struck into the mountains to the left by a pass up a gorge, parallel to the sublime gorge of the Barada, by which tourists enter Damascus, and much resembling it, but on a smaller scale. Our road was up a fine mountain torrent through which our horses splashed and stumbled. Once a Damascus Moslem was riding up the same gorge, and he got his leg broken by the falling of his horse. On dying, he left a sum of money to make a road through the pass, to prevent the repetition of such accidents as cost him his life. The money, after many years, was unearthed by an English engineer, but it passed into Moslem hands once more; and in the summer, when the pass was bone dry, a road was made along the bottom of the ravine. The fact of the Turks having made a road themselves was published in the papers, and people wondered. The road was made chiefly of dry dust, pressed down by the hands and bare feet, and though it had only been one year made when we passed through, not a vestige of it remained. In less than half an hour we issued from the gorge at Mâraba, a Moslem village, clinging to a bare rock overhanging the water. We turned up the western side of the ridge through which we had cut, through a narrow valley full of fragrant walnuts and white-stemmed poplars, and green corn as high up as the soil was watered, and no higher, calling to mind the words of the prophet, "And everything shall live whither the river cometh" (Ezekiel xlvii. 9). We lunched in a lovely green meadow under the trees near the village Et-Tell, and then continued our course in the track of the water past Menin, a village which, like Et-Tell, contains many remains of ancient buildings. This part of our route was charming. We had left the steaming city behind, and we were continually getting up out of the heated plain. Here and there we had pleasant shade, and everywhere the sparkling water murmured past us, and every vista and every eminence supplied pictures of blending landscapes, such as are rarely seen even in Syria.

Here our party was broken up. We had agreed to spend the first night at Mâloula, but my companions' guide had directed the tents to Saidenâya, and so I had to ride on alone, as I had arranged to visit the mission schools of Yabroud and Nebk on the following day. I passed the fortress convent of Saidenâya, perched on a high rock, up which hewn steps lead to a small door, the only entrance. This convent contains a crowd of ignorant, idle women, and is famous for a picture painted by St. Luke, which distils a fluid very efficacious for eye complaints and for replenishing the coffers of the convent. The picture was once stolen, but in the hands of the thief it became changed into flesh, and continues so to this day. I once tried hard to see this miraculous picture. I urged the cruelty of keeping a thing of flesh and blood so closely confined, and the advantages that might be expected from a little fresh air. I was also very liberal, and tried to bribe my hostess, who was not fair, but it was all in vain. I could not see it and live, and so I was spared the sight. This miracle has attained to an antiquity respectable in these days. Nearly two hundred years ago Henry Maundrell

\* In the May number of the "Leisure Hour" in 1878, I gave my reasons for this identification.



found the fame of the picture and the morality of the establishment about the same as they are now. But they have a new miracle to boast of in the convent of Saidañaya. In 1860 many Christians took refuge in the convent, and they were there for a time in a state of siege. There is no well in the convent, and only a cistern in which the rain-water from the roof is preserved. But, wonderful as it may seem, the water in the cistern swelled up to the brim, and overflowed in a stream all the time that the wicked Druzes hovered about the convent. Could I disbelieve the miracle when I was told of it by a lady who actually saw it take place, and pointed out to me the very spot? It is much to be regretted that this miracle took place in such an out-of-the-way convent, but even thus, I have no doubt it will yet receive the fame it merits.

My path lay along the eastern side of the mountain range on which Saidañaya stands. The range has a sea-washed crest, showing in its length a clear tide line. Though the mountains were bare and without vegetation, there were in several places little flocks of goats, attended by very small half-naked shepherds, burnt brown. The red plain had been scratched in several places, but the "thin ears, blasted with the east wind," showed that, as on the six previous years, the crop of the region was about to be a complete failure. In this solitary ride I met only one party of men. They were village recruits, who had been taken by conscription. Handcuffs in Syria are of a most primitive kind. A piece of a tree, eighteen inches long and eight inches in diameter, is split up; a place is hollowed out across the split, and the two wrists being placed in the groove, the two pieces are nailed together with large spikes. Each recruit had his hands nailed up between heavy pieces of wood, and the party was being driven into Damascus by one mounted dragoon. The sticks had been so unskilfully fitted that some of their wrists were bleeding, and they were all lame and hungry. He would be a real benefactor who would supply Turkey with a few thousand pairs of civilised handcuffs. In less than three hours I turned to the left, through a narrow cleft in the mountain, and then wound up and down its western side till I reached the Greek Catholic convent of Máloula. About eight o'clock I reached the small iron portal, which opened to my first tap, and I found myself in a quadrangle with a two-storey range of rooms running all round it. Instead of nuns, as at Saidañaya, a great drove of mountain cows were housed in the court at night, and the place was kept by two agricultural monks, and two "stout daughters of the plough." My servant, who had preceded me, had my bed erected in an aerial cell, and the kindly old priest brought me a bottle of native wine, and what was better still, fresh eggs and milk. It is only fair to state that the priest seemed to value more highly than I did this "wine of Helbon," which maintains in its neighbourhood the pre-eminence it held in the days of Ezekiel. In exact ratio as the contents of the bottle went down, the spirits of my entertainer rose, and till a very late hour he poured out stories of the place, natural and supernatural, until I was fairly driven into the land of dreams.

Next morning I was on the roof of the convent when the first shafts of rosy light shot over the eastern mountains. The upper convent stands near the edge of a fearful precipice, on a ledge of rock

which seems driven wedge-like into a deep break in the mountain. Creeping close to the edge of the precipice, I looked over, and beneath me I saw the most picturesque town in Syria, perhaps the most remarkable in some respects in the world. The cliffs rise several hundred feet over the village, and the houses stick like swallows' nests one above the other about the bases of the cliffs. The flat roofs looked like the steps of a great ladder up the side of the mountain. The Greek convent beneath, Mar Thekla, is wedged in under a huge ledge of impending mountain, and a door opens out of the living rock. The arch of the roof is supported by a slender column, which seems to mock the crushing weight above. The deep valley below is full of huge blocks that have fallen from the mountain, and the pendent cliffs are cracked and fissured, and seem ready to follow into the ravine. As I stood on a half-detached ledge that overhung the houses, I almost held my breath, lest the huge mass should plunge madly down among the human nests, bringing instant death to hundreds.

The scene was lovely as well as strange. Behind, the red hill curved around like a vast amphitheatre, and on either side the mountain cliffs stood up like the sides of a great portal. In front, the gardens opened out like a fan from the mouth of the gorge. These gardens, green with the many shades of walnut, and poplar, and bay, and cypress, and growing corn, terminated abruptly in a flat chocolate plain, around which rose tawny hills, in some places bleached white. Eagles soared, and wild pigeons swarmed about the cliffs above; and the air beneath was full of swallows, which darted in and out under the projecting ledges; and there were several families of Syrian nuthatches—some of them rare specimens, even in Syria—which swung and sputtered about the brows of the cliffs.

The communication between the upper convent and the village is difficult. On either side of the wedge on which the convent stands, and against which the houses are stuck, there is a rent or deep fissure separating it from the mountain. I descended through the rent on the south-western side by a narrow path with stone steps cut in the rock. I found the people of Máloula as interesting as their village. They speak the ancient Syriac language, though most of them can also speak a little Arabic, but with a Syriac accent. Máloula is the centre of a group of villages where the language of the conquering Arabs has not yet completed its triumph. In Bukha and Jub-Adin, neighbouring villages, the people are all Moslems, and all speak Syriac, so that while the religion of the prophet has prevailed, the language of the people has conquered the conquerors. In Máloula it is a drawn battle. Many of the people are still Christians, and most of them hold by their own old language. In all other villages in Syria, the language of the Koran is the language of the people.

I ascended to the convent through the northern rent, in the bottom of which runs the stream of the village. The walls rose to a height of two hundred feet on either side, showing a very narrow strip of sky above. The cliffs are full of chambers, and closets opening off chambers, and there are hundreds of tombs all chiselled out of the solid rock. The village is of high antiquity, as the Greek inscriptions reach back to the first century of our era; and the rock-hewn chambers, which served for human habi-

tations before the people learned from the swallows their present style of architecture, point doubtless to a very remote period.

Having thoroughly explored the village, and paid for my lodging as at an inn, I started for Yabroud. In a quarter of an hour I had got up out of the amphitheatre or basin at the bottom of which Máloula stands, and just as I gained the level plateau I came on a party of very savage-looking men sitting round an artificial tank of stagnant water. They were clothed in black sheepskin coats, with the woolly side out, and they were armed with clubs and swords and skin-covered shields. They were a party of Kurds on their way to Damascus, and just such a party as constantly murder and rob solitary travellers. We measured each other's strength, and saluted politely. A ride of three hours over swelling hills, with a range of slate-coloured mountains on the right, and a wide red plain stretching away to distant mountains on the left, brought us to a gorge in the mountain choked with vegetation. Beyond the gorge, high over the green, rose a curious conical hill, white as snow, called Ras el Kowz. At the base of this hill stands Yabroud, the Jambrouda which sent a bishop to the Council of Nice. The place still continues to be the residence of a bishop. I entered the town past a beautiful fountain which pours its wealth of waters through the village and gardens, creating a little paradise among the parched hills. The sides of the gorge contain many ancient and unused tombs hewn in the rock. Some are high up in the face of the cliffs, and must have been difficult of access at all times, while others are level with the ground, and are spoken of as shops. In one of these some gipsies were living as I passed, calling to mind the demoniac of Gergesa.

The first thing that strikes one on entering Yabroud is the appearance of the people. The men in this and the other villages about are as a rule tall, well-built, and handsome. Even the Christians here have an air of independence about them such as one seldom meets with in Syrian Christians. The women are in still more striking contrast with their sisters elsewhere throughout the country. They are tall, red-cheeked, healthy, and comfortable-looking, and though seldom beautiful, they have nothing of the gipsy appearance of the women in the south and east, nor the sickly waxen complexion of Damascus beauties. They have a general resemblance to the women of Nazareth, but they have more *stamina* and less prudery than the maidens of the pitcher. As we pass along we see them standing at their doors, with big, rosy children in their arms, or grinding at the mill, or spinning woollen yarn with a spindle; and one not unfrequently hears from them a hearty ringing laugh, such as might resound from a harvest-field at home. At the time of my visit, however, all cheeks were pale enough, and laughter and gladness had departed, and I started on entering the school at the pinched and hungry look of the children. There were thirty names on the roll, but only fifteen pupils in attendance. The explanation was brief and sad. Famine was in the district. Five or six bad harvests had followed in succession; madder root, which is here largely cultivated, had become almost unsaleable, owing to a German chemist having discovered a mineral substitute; the flocks of the villagers had been swept off by the Arabs, who had also intercepted their supplies; and the Turks insisted on having their taxes in full, though

giving nothing in return. I was assured that there were not ten bushels of wheat in the village of 3,000 inhabitants, and the people were living chiefly on wild roots and vegetables. Fifteen of the scholars were on the mountains and in the glens, competing with the goats and gazelles for something to drive away hunger. One-half of the children only went on these expeditions at a time, and the fifteen who were in the school were making a meal of bean bread and *hashish*, which consisted for the most part of mint from the stream and rhubarb from the mountain. They were like a flock of hungry kids feeding on clover.

One hour beyond Yabroud I entered Nebk through the mouldering huts of Ibrahim Pasha's camp. The great Egyptian general, seeing the splendid appearance of the villagers, established his camp where the soldiers could have the best medicines—good air and good water. During his occupation of Syria, the villagers were safe from the Bedawin. The Turks have learned nothing from his example, in either the arts of war or peace.

The village Nebk crowns a high hill, or *Nabk*, and is crowned itself by the residence of a Syrian Catholic bishop, whose chief business, like that of his mitred brother in Yabroud, seems to be the suppression of education. Hunger was pinching also in Nebk, but the Protestants, having learned principles of thrift with the gospel, were all in circumstances of comfort. Fifty pupils were in the school, and though all on short allowance, they had not the hide-bound, hunger-pinched appearance of the children of Yabroud.

Nebk had suffered severely from the two great enemies of the land—the Bedawin and the Turks. On my previous visit I entered the village just a few minutes before the Bedawin made a *gaxo* up to the very entrance. They carried off a few camels laden with grain, and left the drivers without a garment. Great was the excitement in the village. People rushed to the roofs of their houses and screamed in concert, "He that has a sword, and he that has a gun, let him forth against the Arabs;" but while all screamed, none went forth, and the Bedawin swept round the base of the hill and carried off their booty unmolested. A short distance from the place two miserable women were gathering brushwood for fuel. Every day they took their two donkeys out in the morning, and returned in the evening with their loads, which they sold, and honestly maintained themselves and their animals. They had nothing in the world but the two donkeys, which were little larger than goats. The Bedawin of romance would have spared such objects, but the Bedawin of the desert rushed on the donkeys with a yell of joy, stripped the ragged garments from the women, beating them when they resisted, and left them barefooted and without a fig-leaf, to find their way back in shame to the village. Never, perhaps, did romance take greater liberties with truth than when it threw a halo of chivalry round these cut-throats of the desert.

Next morning as I passed out among the high-walled gardens to visit the schools of Deir 'Attyeh, I came suddenly upon a woman sitting by a little stream and wailing plaintively. Beside her was a little basket of cow's dung which she had gathered for fuel. Her grief was not a surface exhibition to catch sympathy, as no one was near in the early morning. She told me her sad tale. Her husband,

returning with a load of grain from the Euphrates, had been speared by the Bedawin, and she and her children were left destitute.

On reaching the desert once more, I saw a cavalier bearing down furiously upon me. At the distance of a mile I recognised our lady companion, whom I had left at Saïdenâya two days previously. As I watched an English lady bounding over the desert on a splendid charger, whose neck of thunder swayed hither and thither to her silken touch, I could not help thinking how much Christianity, in its highest types, owes to its contact with Teutonic chivalry.

Deir 'Atîyeh was our rendezvous, and we all converged to the Protestant school. Thence we passed out of the village, and after skirting the gardens for some time, we turned into the desert eastward in a direct line for Tadmor. We had soon to call a halt, for our muleteers were hugging the village, and hanging back, evidently with the object of making a short day, and putting us down at the first convenient village, as they had done the first day.

The halt gave me an opportunity of estimating the magnitude and organisation of our party. Two cavaliers stood out conspicuous from all the others. They were Gazawy, the dragoman, the same who brought "Sheikh Stanley" through "Sinai and Palestine," and a Moslem sheikh brought from Nebk as guide to the expedition. Gazawy is the prince of dragomans; his weakness, perhaps his strength, is to have everything of the best, and always ten times more than enough. The long line of laden mules carried, I believe, provisions for the party for twelve months. Booted and braced, he sat on a splendid horse called the "Steam Engine," as if he were a part of the horse, and viewed the long cavalcade with a smile of pride on his kindly, weather-beaten face. His chief pride and glory that morning was his guide, chosen chiefly on account of his radiant waistcoat. Half a mile from the village this guide lost the road, and led us astray, and fell back to the rear, where he could do no harm. When a village would rise into sight before us, he would suddenly gallop up and declare it was "Sudud;" but as we saw Sudud far down on the plain to the left, we called our guide "Sudud," and groped our way by the aid of an incorrect map. Our course during the day lay north-east over gently undulating ground. On our right was the bare northern shoulder of Kalamoun, which we were rounding, and to our left was the great plain which stretches away to Hums and Hamath. Green spots dotted the red expanse, and marked the sites of such towns as Kara, Hafr, and Sudud, the Zedad of Scripture, one of the border cities of the Land of Promise. That plain once supported the flocks and hosts of the Seleucides, but under the beneficent rule of our Turkish allies, the sites of great cities are marked by wretched huts, and the miserable inhabitants carry their provisions from the Euphrates. We met no travellers, for all who wished to escape the Bedawin travelled under the protection of the darkness. Persian larks, hawks, vultures, and pin-tailed grouse were the only tenants of that desolate region.

A little after midday "Sudud" espied two human beings creeping down from the mountain as if going to cross our path. He immediately gave the alarm, and as there were only two, and they not likely to be Bedawin, he charged direct at them, valiantly brandishing his rusty weapons with all the awkwardness

of a village horseman. Our bandit guard joined in the chase, which was picturesque and exciting, though ludicrous. Sudud kept in advance, and as he became convinced that there were no Bedawin, and no ambuscade, he became more valorous. He would show that although he might not know the way, he was the hero of the party in the hour of danger. But just as he was snatching his laurels, the fate of "vaulting ambition" befell him, for his horse, having had enough of it, stopped short at the edge of a dry river, and Sudud shot over his head to the other side. All cheered and called on Sudud to charge the enemy, but he once more retired to the rear, where he kept guard for the remainder of the day. The Bedawin that we were going to annihilate, turned out to be two gipsy tinamiths who were stealing down the ravine to the village below when the eagle eye of our Sudud discovered them.

We reached Muhin before sunset, and pitched our camp beside a copious fountain. The water was warm and slightly sulphurous. Few Europeans had passed here before, and the people of the village swarmed about us, more curious than civil. They were Moslems of the surly kind. Muhin stands on a little hill, and on the highest part, west of the houses, there are the remains of an ancient church. The building was about twenty paces long and sixteen paces broad, and from twenty-five to thirty feet high. The circular end of the church was toward the north-west, and from the middle of the side wall on either side, all round the circular end, there were pilasters with pedestals and Corinthian capitals. A piece had fallen out of the circular end, but there still remained seven pilasters on one side and five on the other intact. The church is still very perfect, and is unlike any other building I have seen in Syria. From the top we had a magnificent view of the whole country, from the Wall of Lebanon to the Gate of Palmyra, and we were able to take bearings and mark out our line of march for the morrow.

About two o'clock in the morning we were startled by a horrid din in the village; every human being that could scream screamed; every dog barked to the utmost limit of his capacity; every horse that could make a clatter on the rocks galloped hither and thither. An alarm of Bedawin had been given, and the people were gathering in their flocks for safety, and preparing to defend their threshing floors. As we were close by the threshing floors, we had a fair prospect of seeing play, but we kept our beds till morning, and by the time we were ready to rise the noise had all died away.

The Bedawin, as we found out afterwards, made their attack, but not on Muhin. Every year the people of these regions go to the Hauran during the harvest. The men reap for wages, and their wives and daughters, Ruth-like, glean after them. This having been an unusually bad year, an unusual number of reapers and gleaners had gone to the Hauran. Let me quote the sequel from the "Levant Herald" of 9th July, 1874:—"These poor reapers had amassed 17,000 piasters, and were returning to their starving families. But the Arabs were informed of the easy prey they would find in these unarmed peasants. They waylaid them, and left them hardly a shred to cover their nakedness. The Arabs then swept on unopposed under their leader Sheikh Dabbous, and making a circuit by Sudud, Hawarin, and Karyetein, carried off all the stray flocks and donkeys that came in their way."









## BELATED.

## A GERMAN GHOST STORY.

ALTHOUGH the morning had been bright and clear, the sky became overcast towards noon, and the wind shifting to the south gave indications of rain. About three o'clock it began to fall. There was no help for it, however; I had lost so much time among the picturesque ruins of Schauenburg that it was already doubtful whether I should arrive at Oppenau by daylight, unless indeed I should fall in with a "fuhrwerk," under which generic term I suppose every possible kind of wheeled carriage is included. "But if I should be belated," I thought to myself, "it will not be the first time, and who knows what new experiences or adventures it may lead to?" So I walked on contentedly.

Turning an angle of the road, I observed before me a man in a black surtout, rather short in the waist and skirts, as if it had been made for his elder brother, with blue trousers turned up about the ankles, and a large straw hat. I soon overtook him, and greeted him in the usual German fashion. He answered cordially, and quickened his pace to keep me company. I slackened mine to accommodate him, and we entered into conversation. He spoke a little English, and told me he was "a physic" and that his "sufferings" were at Oberkirch. It was not a pleasant thing to be a "physic," he said; people sent for him at all hours of the night; they had so little consideration, and the payment of the sufferings (as he rendered "patients") was almost nothing.

"You are not obliged to go," I suggested.

"I cannot refuse," he answered; "I should be held responsible for any consequences that might follow. There is not a greater slave in Africa than a German 'physic' in his own country. This very morning I was called up at three o'clock by a peasant ringing at the door incessantly. 'What do you want, I asked?'"

"A bottle of mixture for tailor Sneck."

"Is he worse?"

"I don't know; he told me to call for it."

"I mixed the draught, and made it pretty strong, for I felt angry. When it was ready, I gave it to the peasant. Would you believe it?—he put it down and said he would call for it by-and-bye; he was going to a town some miles away, and should be passing again a few hours later! A physic is not treated so in England, I should hope?"

With such conversation we beguiled the way, while the clouds gathered overhead, and the first heavy drops of rain began to rustle in the trees around us. We were now passing through a thick forest; before, behind, on every side, the lofty pines arose, shutting out the twilight, and making our road darker at every step. I began to think of shelter.

"Shelter there is none," said my companion;

"scarcely a house of any kind for miles; we must push on to Oppenau."

We pushed on accordingly three or four miles farther; but the clouds grew darker, the rain poured down heavily, and the night closed in.

"What will become of your patient?" I asked; for the physic had told me he was on his way to visit one.

"My patient must take care of himself; probably it was only sausage-indigestion, and he may be well again by this time. I shall remain with you and share your destiny to-night; I could not well do otherwise, for it is so dark that the road is almost as difficult and uncertain now to me as to yourself. We must creep into the first hovel that comes in our way, or wait under the trees until the moon rises and the rain clears off."

At that moment I observed a light—a feeble glimmer, at some distance from us; it was stationary, and came most probably from some cottage window. We went towards it, and found a low range of buildings surrounding a farmyard; there was an open space beyond it, where the timber had been cleared and the land cultivated. The sign over the door, although we did not see it till next morning, bade us welcome to the Golden Pig; and the place was but a beerhouse of the humblest kind, but we rejoiced in it no less than if it had been a "company's" hotel. The principal room in the house served for kitchen, guest-chamber, and other common uses. There was a fire burning on the hearth, to which the haus-frau added some dry logs and branches as we entered, and we sat down by it. The doctor took off his coat and hung it up in the chimney-corner.

"See how it smokes," he said; "I might be said *uida suspendisse vestimenta*, as an offering to the genius of the house for our hospitable reception. I wish the genius may be propitiated by it for the sake of this good woman, who seems to have something very dismal upon her mind, judging by her sighs and exclamations."

The poor woman did indeed appear to be very unhappy; but she spread our table with the best provisions that she had, and wished us a good digestion, yet in a tone so miserable that it was more calculated to spoil our appetite than to improve it.

"What is the matter, dame?" the doctor asked her, kindly; "you seem to have something upon your mind."

"What is the matter?" she replied. "Ah, great things—I am in trouble; alas, my sirs! what a trouble is mine!"

"Tell me what it is about," said the doctor; "perhaps I may be of use to you."

"No one can be of use to me," she replied; "but kind words are pleasant. I am a widow. I lost my husband by an accident suddenly, three months ago or more. I have carried on this little farm and *schenks* since then by myself; but I shall have to leave it soon; they will take all my pigs, too, and everything I have, and I shall have no livelihood in my old age—Ach weh!"

After a pause she resumed. "My husband always paid his rent to the day; he never failed; we put it away in readiness for the steward, and never touched it for anything else, however badly we might want it. My poor dear man used to keep it tied up in a stocking in a hole behind the chimney. He was very close, and never told even me, his wedded wife, where it was hidden; but I found it out by accident one day, and after that he chose some other place, I know not where. Oh, that I could find it! And the steward was a rogue, and ran away with all the rents; and the last half-year's payment which my husband made is gone with the rest; and now they tell me I must pay it all again."

"Who tells you so?"

"The new steward—a hard man—a cruel man; and I am a stranger to him."

"And have you no receipt for the rent paid?"

"I cannot find it. My poor, dear man is gone, and cannot come back to tell me where he put it. And the money; that is lost also. I have searched everywhere, but in vain; and if they turn me out of this place, some one else, perhaps, will find it, and keep it for his own. Ach weh! Alas! alas!"

It was a hard case, certainly, and I felt very sorry for the poor widow. But what could we do? Her constant sighing, her frequent tears and ejaculations, added little to the cheerfulness of the evening; and as the rain continued to pour down outside also, we resolved to go to rest early, in the hope of starting again at daylight the next morning. In reply to the question of *bed*, the widow told us there was but one bed-chamber in the house—her own. We could have that. We climbed a step-ladder to inspect it. I am not very particular, but the doctor, I suppose, was less so; for while I hesitated, he said it would do very well, and prepared to take possession of it.

"The bed is large enough for two," he remarked, pointing to it, cheerfully.

It was with difficulty I persuaded him that I would rather lie before the fire in the room below upon some sacks which happened to be there; but, after a good deal of argument, it was agreed that I should do so. "The English were an eccentric people," he had heard, "and I must have my own way." The widow did her best to make me comfortable; she had a place for herself in a closet off the common room, to which she was accustomed to retire whenever her bed was wanted for a guest, which rarely happened, so she would be close at hand, she told me, if I should want anything. "But I hope," she added, with a doleful look, "I hope you will not be disturbed during the night."

"Disturbed!" I exclaimed; "how should I?"

"Ah, no! of course not. How, indeed?"

But I saw plainly there was something on her mind, and was resolved to have it out.

## CHAPTER II.

It was not without some difficulty that I persuaded my hostess to explain the meaning of her dark hints about being disturbed in the night. It was a subject

that she feared to speak about, although it was evident that she would gladly have taken me into her confidence if she had dared to do so. At length she told me, looking about her nervously, that some folks said—and, for her part, she believed it—that there were a certain kind of fairies—little men, or *Kobolds* (that was the name), which came sometimes in the night to houses where there was any trouble. They did no harm unless one meddled with them. She had heard strange noises lately in this room, which was just under where she generally slept, but did not come down to inquire into the cause, nor could she now have spent the night so near it unless I had been there also.

"If anything should come," she said, impressively, "don't notice it; don't speak; don't move. Watch it and follow it with your eyes; observe everything it does, but don't call out nor stir till it is gone."

She sat down by the fireside, shivering, evidently too much alarmed just then to leave the room, although her little bed-place was so near, and separated only by a screen.

"Hans, the miller," she said, "saw one of these people once; it used to come and sweep out the mill and oil the works at night, and do many a handy turn for him; and he used to leave a little milk in a wooden bowl, with a spoon beside it, on the table, and a chair placed ready; and every morning he found the bowl empty and the spoon in it, and nobody had been there but the cat, and of course she wouldn't use a spoon, you know—cats never do. So it was plain the mannikin came there; and besides, Hans watched for him once, and saw him. And I remember hearing of a traveller," she continued, "who came as you might to the mill to ask for a night's lodging in the pouring rain, and because there was no other place for him, they gave him some sacks to lie upon in the common room, as you are going to lie this night. The traveller had his supper, too, as you have had; but he was not satisfied with that, and in the night he got up and drank the milk which had been left upon the table for the—you know what I mean. And after he had lain down again, and was just dropping off to sleep, he saw the door open silently and the—what I told you—entered. It had a big head and broad shoulders and short legs—quite a dwarf, but strong as a bear. And it went about the room, sweeping here and dusting there, and looking into all the drawers and cupboards; and he saw it mend a table, which was broken, with some nails and a hammer, but the hammer never made the slightest sound, although he used it lustily; and I have seen the mended table myself, so it must be true. And when the—little gentleman had done everything, it went to the high chair, which was set ready for it, and climbed up and took the wooden spoon into its hand and wiped its mouth with a duster, and was just going to drink the milk, when it perceived the bowl was empty. It looked surprised at first, but dipped the spoon into the bowl three times and took up nothing, and then dashed it down upon the table in a fury. At last it fixed its eye upon the traveller, who was lying trembling upon the hearth, as you might lie, and down it jumped in an instant, seized him in its great, rough, bony hands; shook him as a cat would shake a mouse, then swung him round against the wall, dashed him upon the floor again, jumped upon him, and would perhaps have killed him, but just then a cock crew, most conveniently, and the little man, with a frightful grimace, rushed away

round the chimney-corner, and was never seen again. The poor traveller was terribly bruised, and though some people would have it it was all a dream, and he had had too much schnapps—because there was an empty bottle in his pocket—and had fallen about and hurt himself, yet he stuck to his own story. And who was likely to know best, I wonder! So if anything should come, just take no notice of it; and if it looks for something to eat," she continued, glancing towards the table, upon which was half a sausage and a slice of bread left, as if by accident; "let it take what it will. Ach himmel! who knows where help may come from? Good-night, my sir; sleep well." With these words the old woman retired slowly and reluctantly, looking round her timidly as she went, and I could hear her sighs and exclamations in the closet long after she had closed the door.

I don't pretend to say how much truth there may have been in the conjecture thrown out as to the condition of the traveller in the good wife's story, his bottle, and his dream; but I can assure the reader most positively, that the circumstance which I am now about to relate was no dream, and cannot be accounted for by any such hypothesis as that above mentioned. I had no flask with me, and had drunk only about a glass and a half of "*halb-bier*," and that was of a kind far more likely to affect the stomach than the head. There was a good fire burning on the hearth; and as the *uvida vestimenta* of my friend the *physic*, and my own overcoat, were still hanging up to dry, I put on two or three more logs, and sat for some time watching the flames leap up, and the changing shadows of the garments on the wall, there being no other light in the apartment. At length, growing sleepy, I adjusted my knapsack and the other sacks upon the hearthstone, and lay down.

I slept soundly for two or three hours. When I awoke the fire was still burning, though rather low. The rain had ceased, and the moon, then nearly at the full, shone in through the window, and lighted up everything in the room distinctly, especially at that end of it where I was lying. I took notice of this, and began to wonder what o'clock it might be. My watch was on the table, and I thought I would get up presently and look at it, and also stir the fire; but I felt drowsy, and disinclined to move, and presently the wooden clock in the room began to whirl and creak, and then struck twelve. Turning a little on my hard resting-place, my eye fell for the first time upon a strange figure sitting within a few feet of me in the chimney-corner; its elbow rested upon a small round table, and it seemed to be gazing thoughtfully into the fire; it was quite immovable, and I could hardly persuade myself that I had not mistaken some piece of furniture, a chair perhaps with a coat thrown over it, for a human form; but a more careful inspection satisfied me that such was not the case. I raised myself silently upon my elbow, and watched the figure steadily for a long time. The face was turned away, but it was apparently the form of an old man, dressed in the garb of a German peasant. On its head was a red night-cap; it had knee-breeches unfastened at the knees, and thick coarse stockings, but no shoes; the coat was long and wide in the skirts, and of some dark material. All this I could see distinctly, and I had plenty of time to make my observations, as neither the figure nor I myself moved for several minutes. I reflected that there certainly

had been no other person in the house at the time when it was locked up for the night, but the doctor, the old woman, and myself; and it was equally clear that the house-door had not been opened since then, or I must have been aware of it. What then could this motionless figure mean? Whence had it come? and how had it obtained entrance? I thought of what the old woman had said about "you know what," and remembered her timid glance round the room every time she spoke of it. Could she have anticipated this visitation? and was this really a Kobold, or something else uncanny?

While I was meditating thus, with my eyes steadily fixed upon the object of my speculations, and (I will admit it) of my vague and increasing alarm, it moved; it began to feel in its pocket, as if searching for something; each pocket of the coat was visited in turn, but each appeared to be empty; the only thing produced was an old tin tobacco-box; and that was evidently not the object sought for, for the figure laid it down upon the table with, as I thought, a gesture of perplexity and disappointment.

Presently the figure rose and walked slowly and carefully about the room, handling the chairs and tables as it passed them. I could now see its form more plainly, and my first impressions of it were confirmed. Once it stumbled against a wooden footstool, but did not take any notice of it, and after walking twice round the room disappeared silently in the recess where the step-ladder was, which led to the upper floor. I thought I would follow it, but before I could do so I heard a movement in the widow's closet, and the next moment the door was opened, and she herself appeared, falling forward into the room, with a gasping cry or scream. I ran to help her, and found that she had fainted, or was in a fit. I lighted a candle, brought some water, and did everything I could think of to revive her; then I remembered that there was a doctor in the house, and shouted to him. It was a long time before he heard me, but he appeared at last, and with his assistance the poor woman revived. As soon as she had recovered consciousness, she exclaimed, with a shudder—

"It was he—I saw him!"

"Saw whom?" I asked.

"My husband!"

She was greatly agitated, and could not be calmed or pacified.

"My husband!" she repeated; "I saw him, saw him, saw him!"

The doctor told her she had been dreaming.

"Dreaming!" she exclaimed; "but I was awake. I heard a noise; I got up and looked through the door, between the boards, and I saw him—saw him! This good sir saw him too. You were in the room with him," she continued, appealing to me, "and you must have seen him."

She then described the figure, its costume, height, and general appearance, exactly as I had observed it.

"It was my husband," she repeated, "in his best clothes; any one who knew him when he was alive would have recognised him; and without his shoes, too, just as he used to sit before the fire on a Sunday evening in that chair. It was he—I saw him—Ach weh! it was he if I should never speak another word!"

After some considerable time she grew more calm. "Ah, well!" she said, "time will show. A day or

two hence perhaps we shall know what this apparition means; it did not come for nothing. But the gentlemen have been disturbed; I am sorry for it; it is my affair, not theirs; I will go to my little room. I beg the gentlemen's pardon; they must not be troubled, but go to sleep again; only I will have my lamp lighted and my Bible, the large one off the drawers. Think not of me. I will pass the night waking, but in silence. I will disturb no one any more."

We begged her to come near the fire, and to sit in our company awhile, till she should have recovered from her alarm, but she refused. She had been too troublesome already, she said. The doctor persuaded her, however, to take a few drops of something good to compose her; and having done so, she went away to her little room and shut the door. The doctor murmured something about "his usual destiny—called up, of course;" and ascended yawning to his bed-chamber, and I was left alone.

I stood by the fire pondering over what had occurred, and looking from time to time over my shoulder with a creeping sensation, expecting to see the chair occupied, as before, by the silent and mysterious figure. Whenever I moved or made any noise, I fancied the sound was echoed or repeated behind me; but that, of course, was only imagination. At length I turned briskly round, resolved to shake off this morbid state of nervousness, and looked about me; and now my attention was riveted instantly upon an object which had hitherto escaped my notice. There, upon the little round table close to where I was standing, lay the tin tobacco-box which the phantom had taken from his pocket. I was quite certain that no such box had been there in the earlier part of the evening, and that it had been placed there, as I had seen with my own eyes, by the figure which the old woman had identified as the ghost of her husband. Was this the ghost of his tobacco-box, or was it a reality? I looked at it with a feeling almost of awe, and put out my hand two or three times before I could summon resolution to touch it. At last I did so. It was a very ordinary box, with the initials H. S. rudely engraved upon it. The late landlord's name was Heinrich Stoffel! This, then, had been his box, and here was tangible evidence of the strange visitation which I had witnessed. Had he come back from the grave on purpose to leave this box upon the table? It was empty; did he want it filled? Even that thought crossed my mind, for I was in a matter-of-fact humour, notwithstanding my nervousness; and I remembered the bread and sausage left by the widow for "anything" that might happen to come. The Kobold, too, had been particular about his milk—how about the tobacco? But no; graver thoughts returned quickly. Yet this box must have some meaning in it: the receipt for the rent—could it be in here? There might be a false bottom to the box! I examined it, and pushed and twisted it, but could discover nothing. I turned it over and over a dozen times, and searched carefully for some secret fastening, but in vain. The only thing I noticed was a kind of figure something like a gravestone, scratched as with the point of a penknife, upon the bottom of the box. The more I examined this the more I felt persuaded that it was no accidental scratch, but was intended to represent something. There was a mark across the middle, and at one side of this mark a sort of flourish like the letters J. S., as if another of the Stoffels

had placed his initials there, or it might be that these were numerals, instead of letters, intended to indicate the number 18. I had almost left off conjecturing what these marks could mean, when my eye fell upon the hearthstone at my feet, and it occurred to me that the outline of this stone was somewhat similar to that of the figure on the box; there was a crack across it, too, which corresponded with the irregular scratch above mentioned. This set me thinking once more. I compared the two outlines, and was confirmed in my impression as to their resemblance, but there was no mark to represent the J. S. or the 18, whichever it might be. The floor around the hearthstone was formed of narrow bricks placed on edge; I counted these, beginning at the crack in the stone, and found that the eighteenth was concealed by a large wicker basket containing firewood, which apparently was seldom moved. I moved it, however, and swept away the dust and dirt from underneath it. Again I counted the bricks, and a very short inspection of the eighteenth in order showed me that it was loose. I lifted it; dust and rubbish underneath; that too I removed, and was rewarded with the discovery of a small jar containing some papers and a bag of coin. I cannot describe my feelings, as, without lifting the jar from the place of its concealment, I replaced the brick, covered it again with the basket, and sat down before the fire to watch till morning.

Soon after daylight began to appear the doctor came down; but I said nothing to him, for I felt that this was a matter which concerned the widow only, and that the less it was talked about in the neighbourhood the better. He called up the old woman, spoke kindly to her about her indisposition, and departed, having, as he said, "sufferings" to visit, who would be wondering what had become of their "physic." When he was gone, I drew the widow to the fire-place, showed her the loosened brick in the pavement, took out the jar, and bade her examine its contents. She recognised the bag in a moment; it was one which she had made for her husband. In it, among other papers, the receipt for the rent was discovered, an IOU from a neighbour for a small debt, and three or four pieces of gold. I afterwards showed her the box, and explained by what steps I had been led to the discovery of the bag.

"Ach weh!" she exclaimed; "my poor dear man! it was his box; he always carried it about with him; I found it in his pocket—his best coat pocket, after he was dead, but it was empty, and I left it there. And he came back last night because I was in trouble to show me where he had hidden the bag. Oh, may he rest well in his grave henceforth! I shall have a house over my head now, as long as I live. I hope he will have nothing more to trouble him, and bring him here again. Oh, it's an awful thing to have the dead coming to and fro in this way. But he'll never come again, I dare say, now his mind's at rest."

Soon afterwards she called me upstairs into her chamber; there were her husband's coat and breeches, the same which I had seen worn by the apparition, lying upon the bed. "See," she said, "he went to his own box to get them out; he knew where to find them; he couldn't take them with him when he went away again, but he didn't stop to fold them up. I always used to do that for him, and . . . it's like old times."



"I left the house that day under a full persuasion that I had seen a ghost. But there was something grotesque in the idea of a spirit coming from the other world, going to his chest, and, with a marked sense of propriety, putting on his clothes before making his appearance in public, and then taking them off, and not stopping to fold them up and put them away. And as I walked on I could not help thinking whether the events of the past night were capable of any other and more natural interpretation. I came to the following conclusion. The doctor, after retiring to rest, felt cold; he had left the greater part of his garments down below before the fire; he got up and searched his chamber for some extra covering; the box in which the old man's clothes were kept was unlocked, and he drew them forth to lay upon his bed. During the night the old woman's story recurred to him in his dreams; he got up in his sleep (being perhaps a little under the influence of opium), which it was evident he carried with him, put on the old man's clothes as if they had been his own, and came downstairs. After a vain search in his pockets and about the room for something which he seemed to think had been mislaid, he went up to bed again, entirely unconscious of all that had occurred. The marks upon the tobacco-box were a kind of *memoria technica* which the old man had made for himself when he first deposited his treasure in the new hiding-place, and the production of the box itself was, of course, a mere accident arising out of the doctor's dream. The doctor was the "ghost." If this explanation is not satisfactory, I can think of no other. T. M. S.

#### OPEN SPACES AND RESTING-PLACES.

IN an admirable letter which appeared in the "Times," the Rev. Harry Jones, pleading for the establishment of an open garden in St. George's-in-the-East, pointed attention to a long disused churchyard planted with trees, and only separated by a gaol-like wall, "high, spiked, and strong," from an old Wesleyan burying-ground, also disused; and he suggested the pulling down of the middle wall of partition between the dead Churchmen and the dead Nonconformists, and the conversion of the area (something more than an acre) which they now occupy into a well-ordered garden. He looks forward to seeing, in place of the mouldering memorials of the dead, a cheerful resort for the living, laid out in flower-beds and lawns, and dotted with shadow-casting trees, which shall afford a grateful retreat from the hot and gritty streets to a population who for the most part are situated some two miles distant from the nearest spot available for the enjoyment of fresh air and recreation. Almost synchronous with the appeal of the Rev. Mr. Jones, there was published another and kindred appeal from Miss Octavia Hill, recommending, on grounds equally politic and humane, the purchase of the Swiss Cottage Fields, a tract of land lying north of Marylebone, one of the largest parishes in London—land which, if it be not soon secured, will be certainly covered with acres of villas, and lost to the public for ever. They are the nearest fields to the heart of the capital to be found anywhere. "There the may still grows; there thousands of buttercups crown the slopes with gold; there, best of all, as you ascend, the hill lifts you

out of London, and will always lift you out of it, for far away the view stretches over blue distances to the ridge where Windsor stands." These fields, Miss Hill tells us, "may be bought now, or they may be built on;" and she asks, "Which is it to be?" We heartily hope this question will be answered as Miss Hill would have it answered; meanwhile the answer should not belong delayed, because land in the outskirts of this great city increases in value even faster than do the finest vintages in the wine-vaults, and what is obtainable now on liberal terms may not be obtainable at all a year or two hence. Some thousands of pounds, we learn, have been already subscribed for the purchase of part of these fields, and there seems reason to hope that ere long the question of Miss Hill will be decided favourably, and Marylebone shall have its park.

These appeals, which we would heartily second, we shall venture to supplement with one of our own. What sufficient reason can any one adduce why Lincoln's Inn Fields should not be thrown open as a public breathing-ground? If a single acre is an object of importance in St. George's-in-the-East, and the Swiss Cottage Fields would be so great a boon to Marylebone, how important must it not be that the crowded denizens who inhabit the purlieus of Holborn, Clare Market, Fleet Street, and the Strand should be free to enjoy the advantages that would be afforded by the several acres of Lincoln's Inn's broad area. In this case there is nothing that stands in the way; all that is wanted is the concurrence of the lawyers, benchers, and others who inhabit the square. It was at their instigation exactly a hundred and forty years ago that this large space of ground, which up to 1735 had been the recreation-ground of the citizens, was enclosed. There was reason enough for enclosing it then, because it was the resort of roughs and rascals, and the almost nightly scenes of robbery, of mob-rioting, and brutalities of all sorts. But now that the people is no longer a mob, the necessity for their exclusion no longer exists. The Act of Parliament of 1735 should be repealed; the dwellers in the square should surrender their right to keep the public out of it; the care of the garden should be entrusted to a couple of wardens, and it should be thrown open to everybody. The advantage to the neighbourhood would be incalculable; the inconvenience to the residents would turn out to be *nil*, while if the square were crossed by diagonal pathways, the distance from Holborn to Clare Market, and by-and-by to the new Inns of Court, and also from Queen Street to the New Hall and Library, would be shortened more than a third, to the no small satisfaction of pedestrians. There are many other of the London squares which might be thrown open to the public, for the same reasons, and which would be thrown open were they situated in any other capital in Europe; but with us, so strong are the prejudices of class and the force of vested interests, that it is perhaps vain to expect to make head against them for years to come.

Allied to the subject of Open Spaces is that of Seats and Resting-Places. Looking to the thousands of strangers who are always perambulating London for pleasure, and to the tens of thousands of natives who are everlastingly traversing both city and suburbs, it is astonishing to note the almost utter absence of seats on which a weary wanderer may rest himself. Save in the parks, there is hardly one

to be found. You may walk for miles in any direction countryward, and wander about the whole day without a chance of sitting down to rest your weary limbs. We often see the poor penniless tramp from the country, footsore and staggering with fatigue, but we do not see him sitting down to rest. If we see him resting at all it is prostrate on the ground, simply because there is literally no place for him to sit. In the place of seats we too commonly find spikes. We pass long lines of handsome villas on the suburban high roads, and see the spaces of garden ground in front of them railed off with iron rails. The rails are inserted in stone slabs, and on these there is room enough for a weary tramp to sit, but lest he should be tempted to do so, a row of sharp spikes, some three inches high, and about as far asunder, are ranged ready to receive him. It was not always so. We can recall the London of fifty—nay, of nearly sixty—years ago, at which date not only were seats along the frequented thoroughfares generously provided, but also resting-places were constructed in convenient corners and recesses solely for the bearers of burdens, being so contrived that the loaded bearer could, unaided, shift his burden from his shoulders without stooping, and sit and rest beneath it until he had gathered strength to resume his route. The London porters, who, by the way, gave their name to the cool brown beverage they delight in, were much more numerous then than they are now; there was no parcels' delivery company, no railway vans, very little of intramural goods carriage, and the strong back of the porter was the general medium of delivery. No one then would have thought of treating a tired-out traveller to a seat on sharp spikes. But then, you see, the fathers and grandfathers of the existing race of Londoners were not half so respectable as their descendants.

### MEDICAL STUDENTS.

**T**HERE seems to be a wish in some quarters to dispense with the Introductory Addresses delivered at the opening of the session in the London Schools of Medicine. We should very much regret the abandoning of so useful a custom—at least, if the addresses continue to be of the manly and practical kind of which that of Mr. Fairlie Clarke at Charing Cross Hospital was an example. We give a few extracts which contain advice suitable for young men of other occupations besides the study of medicine:—“It is not too much to say that everything depends upon the use which you make of the hours which are under your own control. Temptation rarely comes in busy, working hours. It is in his leisure time that a man is made or marred. Make up your minds firmly to your line of conduct, and follow your own course with decision and resolution. It is oftentimes more really manly and courageous to dare to say No, than it is to fall in with the suggestions of those who may be older than yourselves in years or in academical standing.” Referring to the responsible and even solemn nature of the profession, he said:—“We seem to tread upon sacred ground while we accompany the hopeless sufferer to the very verge of this world, to that bourne from which no traveller returns, and this invests our profession with an interest and a solemnity entirely its own.” He specially urged the cultivation of a thoughtful and considerate

manner, saying that this was quite compatible with a keen interest in the study of disease, and would be likely to win the confidence of the patient. To the senior students Mr. Fairlie Clarke said:—“To you more than to any other group among us is the welfare of this medical school committed. I do not under-estimate the influence of your teachers, but our influence is only exercised occasionally, yours is exercised constantly. It is scarcely too much to say that what you are the younger students will be. Remember the weight that your example must of necessity have, and let no light word thoughtlessly spoken sully the purity of the young minds that are joining us for the first time to-day. Let no word or act of yours cast ridicule upon the principles which have been learnt at a mother's knee and fostered under a father's roof. Let nothing induce you to suppose that idleness or dissipation is manly. There is no true manliness but in the diligent discharge of duty. I often think as I come within sight of Charing Cross that the very situation of our hospital is a constant reminder to us to do our duty faithfully and in a high-minded way. We are here surrounded by monuments of national grandeur. We are near the Houses of Parliament, the chief offices of State, and the abodes of royalty. The improvements which are now in progress in this neighbourhood are beautifying it and making it more worthy of being the great centre from which the influence of England goes forth over the whole world. Often when I have been coming to my work here, I have bethought me of that bright morning in October, 1805, when the English fleet bore down upon the combined squadrons of France and Spain off Cape Trafalgar. It scarcely needs the inscription on the Nelson monument to remind us of the watchword which was then signalled from the masthead of the Victory, and which stimulated all to do their duty so gallantly. Or I have bethought me of Sir Charles Napier, the very soul of honour and rectitude, so independent in his bearing towards his equals, so free from all time-serving and tuft-hunting, so just and considerate to those who were under his command, so kind and humane to those who were in trouble or distress. Or I have bethought me of Havelock, the very ideal of a soldier, an officer and a Christian, doing his work diligently and cheerfully, notwithstanding straitened circumstances and professional disappointment. It was not the stimulus of early success, nor the favour of princes, nor any lower motive, which carried him through the disappointing years which formed so large a portion of his military career. It was nothing short of strong Christian principle which sustained him. The monuments of these great men have been erected in our immediate neighbourhood, not merely to do honour to individuals, but to keep alive in the hearts of each succeeding generation the virtues for which these heroes were distinguished. If there is any class of the community who are likely to be influenced by the recollection of their noble deeds, it is surely the young men of England before whom life is just opening. Duty, honour, and the fear of God were the mainsprings in the character of these three great men. If you, students of Charing Cross Hospital, are fired with the same principles, we need have no fears for the success of the session which opens to-day. It cannot fail to be happy and prosperous.” While wise and kindly advice like this is given, we shall be sorry to lose the Introductory Addresses at the Medical Schools.

## Varieties.

**THE TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE.**—The number of messages despatched by telegraph in 1874, not including newspaper telegrams, was more than 19,000,000, being ten per cent. more than in 1873. That the arrangements of the Head London Office have now reached a very high degree of efficiency is shown by the fact that on one occasion, when an important debate took place in Parliament, and there was an unusual number of interesting occurrences in different parts of the country, words sufficient to fill 220 columns of an ordinary daily newspaper were transmitted from the Central Station. There has been a large increase in the sum received as rental from private wires, it having risen from £47,000 to £53,000, or about twelve per cent. There is scarcely any kind of movement which does not give an impulse to the demand for telegraphic services. During the sitting of the Wesleyan Conference at the little Cornish town of Camborne, more than £350 was received there for telegrams, and the Thorpe accident occasioned the transmission of 900 ordinary telegrams through the Norwich office, and more than 5,200 newspaper press messages containing nearly 150,000 words.

**FLOATING FORTRESSES.**—If fortresses were, as I think they should be, built of iron, and floated, with small steam power for moving them about if necessary, an error in the choice of their position would be easily remedied; but when military engineers deliberately take the trouble and go to the expense of building these constructions "aground"—for a mid-water fortification is in just the same position as an ironclad Popoffka would be if she got aground—their errors in choice of position are irreparable, and the country and the national exchequer are permanent sufferers from their blunders. But why should maritime nations expend their money at all on naval fortresses that cannot move? I fancy if, in their great war with France and England, and a few other Powers, in 1854-6, the Russians could have steamed Fort St. Michael, say, round to Balaklava occasionally, the fate of the war might have been very different; but all the time nations employ two totally different sets of defenders, naval and military, with separate interests and separate professional traditions, we shall continue to see our maritime fortresses deprived of that most valuable property—the power of locomotion.—*E. J. Reed, M.P.*

**KENSINGTON SCHOOL OF SCIENCE AND ART.**—Prince Leopold, in his speech on delivering the prizes at the School of Science and Art, at Oxford, gave an interesting report of the progress and influence of the parent institution at South Kensington. "The history of the Kensington School of Science and Art, of which the Oxford school is a branch, is a conspicuous illustration of the truth of the words I have just read. Through the kindness of Mr. Alan Cole, I have been furnished with some interesting statistics relating to the development of this central school. The Science and Art Department was first established in 1852, when the number of Art schools was 20, and the number of students 7,117. In the year 1874, by which time Art night schools had been organised, there were 132 Art schools, attended by 24,138 students; 653 Art night schools, attended by 21,851 students; and 23,735 elementary day schools, at which drawing was taught to 290,425 children. There were also 46 training colleges, in which 3,475 students were taught drawing. There were, therefore, last year 3,204 places where instruction in drawing was given under the rules of the Science and Art Department, and these places were attended by 339,889 individuals. With regard to the Science classes, they were first established in the year 1860. In the following year there were 38 classes, attended by 650 students, and this year the number amounts to 1,299, and the number of students to 62,814. Nor is this all. There now exists at the central school at Kensington a National Art Training School, established in 1852, and a Science Training School, established within the last three years. At both of these schools teachers destined to carry on instruction in the provinces receive an adequate training. Then as to the practical outcome of the vast machinery, I have also been furnished with valuable information. It appears that within the last fifteen years it was very much the custom of manufacturers of furniture, woven fabrics, pottery, and other goods in which tasteful decoration is an important feature, to obtain the greater part of their designs from France. Now, however, French manufacturers imitate many of the English designs, and offer their wares as specially attractive because they are *'selon le*

*gout Anglais.*' English designers are, moreover, very largely employed in fields of labour formerly almost monopolised by foreigners. It must, I think, be allowed that the Kensington School of Science and Art has not laboured in vain, and that we are not far from proving—if, indeed, the proof be not already furnished—that, notwithstanding the stern nature of our climate, and the deadening effect, it is said, upon high authority, to have upon the powers of the imagination, English men and women are showing themselves well capable of producing works of an undoubtedly high imaginative order."

**TURKISH TYRANNY IN EUROPE.**—I saw yesterday a surgeon who has been attending a boy of thirteen, wantonly shot in broad daylight while gathering grapes, by a Mussulman youth of about the same age. The young assassin was carried in triumph around the neighbourhood by his companions, and, in reply to the complaint, an inquiry was instituted and a report made, which ended the affair, the culprit not being molested. The wounded lad will recover, though the ball passed through him from one hip to the other, and the missile was a military rifle shot. As a faint shade of the injustice, the authorities refuse now to pay the doctor's bill. A sample of the justice served out in Herzegovina, and which, we are so often told, leaves no reason for insurrection, must finish my letter. I saw one of the victims of it before I left Ragusa, just released from three years' imprisonment in irons, and I heard his story; but I have also heard confirmation and additional details from an authoritative source, not to be charged with Sclavie leanings. A certain young man from the neighbourhood of Trebinje had, in a quarrel, killed an Aga, and fled to Montenegro. His nearest male relations were, therefore, arrested, to the number of six, and thrown into prison, being tortured in various ways to compel confession of complicity, two being put in long wooden boxes, like coffins, and rolled downhill, others being stood upright with their heads in a hole in the floor of the prison, which allowed them to rest on their shoulders, having splinters of wood driven under their finger-nails (the boy I saw in Ragusa gave a minute account of the operation, sickening in its fidelity to detail). The father of the murderer died in prison, and one of the cousins was taken out of the prison here in Mostar, just five days before the Consular Commission arrived, and hanged before one of the mosques, to calm the excitement of the Bashibazouks, the ruffians who, to show their sense of such occasional luxuries, had only six days ago planned a general massacre of the Christians of Mostar, and were only dissuaded from their scheme by being assured by one of the more prudent Agas that such a feat would only result in the Austrian army taking possession of the country. This is the system on which Server Pasha is to base his reforms, and within which he hopes to find materials which will work harmoniously together for the consolidation of the Ottoman Government.—*Times' Correspondent in the Herzegovina.*

**MERCANTILE AFFAIRS IN THE UNITED STATES.**—The deplorable condition of mercantile affairs in the United States is strikingly illustrated by certain figures furnished by one of the mercantile agencies of New York. During the nine months ending September 30th last, there were in the whole of the United States 5,334 failures of mercantile houses, with liabilities amounting to £26,234,500. Of these failures, 546 were in New York City, with liabilities amounting to more than six millions sterling. In New York City and State together there were 1,022, with more than eight millions of liabilities. In Massachusetts there were 564 failures, with liabilities of more than three millions; in Pennsylvania 419 failures, with liabilities of nearly two and a half millions. In the fourteen Southern States there were 964 failures; in the fifteen Western States there were 1,763. During the same period of the first nine months of 1872, there were in the whole country only 3,050 failures, with liabilities of £14,158,800. In 1873 there were 3,887 failures, with £24,266,800. In 1874 the failures numbered 4,371, with £23,285,800; and now they are 5,334, with £26,234,500 of liabilities. The average number for four years has been 4,160; so that in the past nine months there has been an excess of 1,174 over the average, while the excess in liabilities is about £746,000. The worst of it is that there appears to be no prospect of an improvement in the situation.



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



HIRAM HANDHEAD'S TESTIMONY.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER IV.—THE PROPHET OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

**SCARCELY** was Delamere left alone, when the fiery mist of anger began to clear away from his brain. He sat down for a minute or two, and tried to persuade himself that he had only acted as became a gentleman under such provocation. But it would

not do; all the good and noble qualities of his old and trusty friend, all the loving-kindness that had been between them, came rushing back on his memory with a remorseful conviction that he had carried the quarrel too far.

Without any fixed intention, but vaguely hoping that Archdale might be yet in sight, he rose and walked out to the porch. The bright farewell of the Indian summer sun was gilding the distant heights and glowing on the quiet river; but there was no

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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receding figure on the path by that river side which led over the ford to the Plantation.

His daughter had not yet returned from gathering blue-berries in the Holyoke woods with her page, Philip. His men were all occupied on the high-lying stubble ground, winnowing the new wheat by favour of the soft west wind, for fanning machinery was not then known in New England. The maids were milking the cows in the meadow, and there was nobody about the house but himself and his trusty house-keeper, Hannah Armstrong, a plain, sensible-looking woman, who belonged to the Society of Friends, and had all the trustworthy qualities and soberness of mind and manner which so frequently characterise its members. She was well advanced in age, but her sturdy strength had not yet failed, nor was her dark hair tinged with grey, though she had seen strange and terrible things in her time—for Hannah had been the wife of a backwoodsman in Michigan; and as she sat there in her drab gown, white apron, and whiter cap, sewing, and singing in a low voice an old hymn at the best kitchen window, Delamere recollected the day of hard frontier fighting eighteen years before, in which he rescued her from the hands of an Indian chief, who had killed her husband and her three children, burned their cabin, and was carrying herself away captive to the western wilds.

Archdale was fighting by his side that day, and with the memory of it a strong impulse came over him to go at once to the Plantation and try to heal the breach that was made between him and his friend. It might have been done, for the first lapse in friendship is easily restored, and things might have gone differently with him and his; but what trifling neglect may tell on the mind and the life of man!

As Delamere turned from his long but unperceived look at Hannah, his eye was caught by a figure which few who saw it once would not recognise again.

Hard by the low hedge which fenced the lawn, on the side where a small stream wound its way to the river, was the stump of a large and ancient tree which had sent up shoots like young saplings, and with an arm round one of these, and a foot on the stump, while the other dangled in the air, stood a man whose body and limbs seemed at once so slender and so loosely hung, as to give him a reminding resemblance to a large spider. His head was beyond the common size, and, besides the remains of an old leather cap, was covered with matted and bristly hair of a dark sand colour; his face was equally large, and embellished by a straggling beard of the same hue, on which no razor had been exercised for some time; he had uncommon length of nose, eyes resembling those of a ferret, a wide mouth that appeared to be always speaking, and a complexion that defied both sun and wind to give it a deeper or more husky brown. His dress consisted of a red woollen shirt, a jacket made of the remnant of an Indian's buffalo robe, buckskin continuations that had seen hard service, leather leggings in the same estate, and rough shoes resembling the Indian moccasin.

The individual of this prepossessing appearance, had a name to match, for he was Hiram Hardhead, one of those eccentric characters that crop up in all times of public agitation, and echo in their own odd fashion the voices of their age and land. He styled himself the Prophet of the Green Mountain Boys, from an association corresponding to that of the Minute Men, but belonging to a lower stratum of society, and less advanced districts, for it consisted of

the young men inhabiting the clearings and shanties scattered along the sides of the Green Mountain, a range of high and then forest-clad hills on the western side of the Connecticut Valley, and some twenty-five miles from the Hoosac, or Holyoke chain, which forms its eastern boundary. The Green Mountains were Hiram's habitat, but he was seen and heard in all the adjacent country, as far as his antecedents were known. He had been a bee-hunter, a trapper, and a backwood-trader's man; but latterly Hiram discovered that his calling was to preach and prophecy, which he did without ceasing, but fortunately it was not on religion, but politics. If he had ever received any education, it was not a liberal one, yet Hiram was perfectly acquainted with the whole controversy between England and America, the character and policy of public men on both sides, and the views and motives of contending parties in his native province. He was known to be no coward, but the chief weapon of his warfare was that generally thought peculiar to the fair sex; for Hiram had a tongue of such power and volume, that once set on it left gainsayers no chance. He said he had got the inward light, or liberty, and could talk down any ten Tories, or Britishers either; moreover, Hiram was a far-out cousin of Hannah Armstrong. The good woman was by no means proud of the relationship. He had been born and brought up in the same sect, but was long ago cast out of its communion for his erratic ways, yet the prophet retained his early style of speech, which, together with backwood phrases and words of his own coining, made a remarkable mixture.

Stumps of trees and top rails of fences were his favourite places, as well for prophesying as for rest. Whatever caprice made him choose that station at the Elms, it was evidently for the latter purpose Hiram had produced from his ample breast-pocket the pipe and match, flint and steel—a smoker's complete outfit in those days—when Delamere caught sight of him; and all the squire's recent indignation against liberty-men blazed up anew.

"What business have you in my grounds, you idle, seditious fellow?" he shouted. "Begone this moment! I wonder you are not ashamed to show your face after tearing up the warrant from his Majesty's Custom House."

"I have come to prophesy against thee, thou brother of Herod and Pilate—thou confuscated fag-end of British iniquity!" cried Hiram, in a far louder shout, swinging round on the stump, and levelling his pipe at him, as if it had been a pistol. "The stink of thy pride has gone up into the nostrils of the Massachusetts people, like the unsavoury scent of a seven-year-old polecat at high noon in midsummer."

"For shame, Hiram Hardhead!" said Hannah Armstrong, looking out at her unboasted kinsman; "thou hast no right to speak so to friend Delamere on his own land. Go about thy business and learn better manners."

"I will also testify against thee, Hannah Armstrong, though thou art my cousin," responded Hiram; "yea, I will lift up my voice like a trumpet,"—he was certainly doing so by this time—"because thou dwellest in peace and pleasantness with that barking bloodhound of British tyranny. Thou guidest his house; thou holdest therein quilting and apple-bees; thou preparest for him buckwheat cakes and dough-nuts, bacon and beans, and such-

like confections, and settest them before him in the midst of his high jinks and rampagious rigs agin the rights and liberties o' the great American people, when thou shouldest rather lift up thy testimony and heave the dishes at him."

Delamere had first thought of going in for his pistols; but when Hannah undertook the combat, he thought it better to let the woman and her cousin settle it; and, with that wise intention, he was turning into the house, when his eye fell on a stout cane in the corner of the porch. The temptation to chastise Hiram's insolence on the spot proved too great for the poor squire's wisdom, and, catching up the cane, he rushed out with, "You unmannerly fellow, I'll teach you how to talk to your betters." The blow he aimed at the prophet over the low hedge would have been something to remember, but Delamere had not calculated on probabilities. By a dexterous stoop and a backward swing Hiram avoided his cane, and the squire, having over-reached himself in the attempt, lost his balance and came down, partly on the hedge and partly on the ground.

"Behold, thou art brought to the dust with a mighty down-come and a thunderin' kerwollup," cried Hiram, performing a sort of war-dance with one foot on the stump and the other in the air, but still keeping judiciously out of reach, "in the midst of thy high-flyin' randyness and tryin' to leather the righteous, wherefore thou art an emblem of the varsal overthrow and upturnin' of all Toryism in this land. Also from thee I will take up my parable concernin' that man George, in the rotten old country; his name is Whelps, and truly a cross-grained, ill-conditioned, pig-headed whelp he is."

Here the prophet was interrupted by a shout of, "By the powers, I'll give you a parable for onsultin' the squire, yer world's wondher!" and Denis Dargan, flourishing a flail, his favourite weapon, bore down upon him at the other side of the hedge. Hiram was not disposed to await the onset of the strong and active young man from the Emerald Isle; he took a spring to clear the stream, but fell headlong into it. Dargan's flail made the water splash yards high the next moment, and his loudly-expressed intention to break every bone in the prophet's skin, was escaped only in some degree by the latter scrambling out of the stream and flying at top speed towards the Holyoke woods, dripping like a drifting rain-cloud, and hotly pursued by his furious assailant.

It was proverbial that nobody could overtake Hiram Hardhead, the man was so perfectly constructed for running. Denis kept him in sight for some time, and cheered on the chase with, "Whoo there, the Balymacarrot boys, only let me get hould o' ye!" But on the high-wooded ground the prophet disappeared from his vision, and was finally lost among the thick-growing trees. "Nothing living could catch that creather; but bad luck to the matther it is, for he's his own any way," said Denis, after a long look round him. "Howsomever, he won't come back in a hurry. I got two or three wallops at him wid the flail."

"Vat you be a seenen arter, mine friend?" said a man's voice from the slope above; and Dargan saw, standing in the shadow of an old tree, a figure so short, stout, and sturdy, that it might have passed in uncertain light for one of his own logs set up to cry, for it was no other than Vanderslock, the Dutch lumber-man, whose life was passed, like others of his

trade, in the mountain forest solitudes, hewing down trees, stripping off their branches, and sending their trunks down the nearest stream that had communication with the seaward river on which stood a port or town, where they might be sawn into planks, or otherwise prepared for the use of the carpenter and builder. Vanderslock's trunk-hose and leather doublet would have been a study for a painter given to Dutch groups; so would his face, which was round and full as one of his native cheeses, and never wanting the ornament of a short pipe, for some people said he slept smoking; but it was not wanting either in an expression of mingled honesty and shrewdness, which made him true in trust and safe in action.

"I'm looking for that strange baist, Hiram Hardhead," said Denis, who in common with all the country round, was well acquainted with the lumber-man; "he's been playin' his pranks on the squire, screechin' abuse over his hedge, till I could hear it every word; and it would be ill my comin' to stand still and hear the like."

"So vould it, mine friend; you are the squire's pest man, set in great bower and drust;" and Vanderslock came down and stood confidentially by his side.

"More nor that," said Denis, "he tuck me into his sarvice three years ago, when I was an orphant boy, saved by a marcifal despinsary out of a shipwreck in Boston Bay, where my parents and two brothers was lost. And a good masther he has been to me iver since."

"He is von very big Dory," said the lumber-man.

"An' the more's the pity; I'm for liberty myself. Maybe, if it begins here, it will get the length of poor Ireland at last."

But Dargan's patriotic aspirations were cut short by the Dutchman saying in a hasty whisper, "Mine friend, did you see a man on a horse's back 'mid holsters, and a valise on him, hereabouts?"

"Not a bit of him I saw. Are ye afearred to be tuck unawares? Is it a private still ye keep up there?" said Denis, in a tone as low.

"No, no, mine friend, dere is notin' to still; only somebody tell me dere was a man of dat sort galloping about de voods. I only come down to look for mine frau's squirrel. Oh, mine friend," and the Dutchman sent a puff of smoke into Dargan's face with the force of the sigh he drew, "dere is no peace mid de fraus, if you don't give dem all der own villis and vays; dat vill be made clear to your understandment ven you get into vedenlock, vich indeed has much drians for de batience and vortitude of man."

"No doubt of it. Father O'Reily, over in Baly-macarrot, used to say the women were the 'Ould Boy himself,' but we couldn't do widout thim, which showed great undherstanding in him, seeing he was a priest, and had nobody but his niece about him, in course. Howsomever, I must go home. Good evenin', Misther Vanderslock; I hope ye'll soon catch yer lady's squirrel," and Denis turned away, singing—

"A fair maid once I courted,  
And, oh, but she was thrue."

But at some distance he looked back, where the puffs of the Dutchman's pipe could yet be seen, and added, "Well done, old broad breeches, ye have something afoot ye don't want me to know; but I'll make it out wid continwal watchin'."

## THE ISLAND OF JOHANNA.

THE Island of Hinzuani, or Johanna, little known to Europeans, but well remembered by those who have anchored in the blue waters beneath the deep shadow of its hills, has of late commanded attention in connection with the movement for the suppression of the East African slave trade; and often within the last few years have we heard the name of this distant, sunny island, the inhabitants being mentioned at intervals by Dr. Livingstone, by Mr. Stanley, and other recent travellers. We read of the "simple Johanna men" as having archly deceived travellers in childlike fashion. Again, we hear of the Arabs of Johanna as "a most interesting set, most favourably disposed to the English." The following notes are from one who was for nearly two years resident in the island.

Johanna is one of the Comoro Islands, in the Mozambique Channel, and is about the size of the Island of Madeira. The climate is considered more salubrious than that of the surrounding islands and coasts, inasmuch that in those burning regions it is regarded as a kind of sanatorium; and with good reason, for on the hills the air is very refreshing in comparison with that of Zanzibar, Mozambique, and other places near. Nevertheless, in Johanna we do not escape the terrible intermittent fevers belonging to those parts, nor is the island free from the torment of mosquitos, from rainy seasons, storms of wind, and other accompaniments of a tropical climate.

Johanna is much visited by European ships for provisions, the water being particularly good, and the small-horned bullocks of the island much in request, besides poultry, rice, sweet potatoes, etc. The Johannese find keen enjoyment in trading with the ship's crew, as is plainly shown by the eagerness with which they hasten to prepare their canoes and collect their merchandise the moment they descried, by help of telescopes, a ship like a speck on the horizon; and, be it observed, they are especially happy if they are able to call out, "The English flag!" As soon as the vessel has cast anchor, the canoes are seen paddling towards it, and the deck is quickly crowded with Arabs eager to trade with the new-comers, whom they tempt with golden-coloured and red bananas, unripe oranges of a rich dark green, clusters of pineapples, tamarinds in brown husks, huge cocoanuts in their green enclosures, and many articles of food; also bright-coloured fans, rough straw hats, and antique-looking rings, earrings and bracelets, all of silver, for which they take in exchange such things as Manchester prints, apparel of all kinds, needles, nails, looking-glasses, pistols, knives, etc. Few anchorages can be more strikingly picturesque than that of Johanna Bay, where a semicircle of the richest mountain scenery is reflected in a sea of sapphire blue. A few yards from this harbour stands a large white house, built of coral lime, approached by two broad flights of steps, on either side of which pomegranate trees are planted. Before the windows is a noble mango-tree. This house was formerly the English consulate, but is no longer required for that purpose. Within sight of ships at anchor in Johanna Bay is a small mosque, and close to it an archway leading

into the little city of Matsamudo, the capital of the island.

Between the amphitheatre of mountains and the sea-shore is one sacred piece of ground, held in reverence by the gentle and kind-hearted Arabs of Johanna—namely, the "strangers' cemetery," where Protestants and Roman Catholics repose together. On each resting-place is a mound of grey boulders, overshadowed and encircled by a hedge or colossal wreath of foliage, the verdure of which never fails. It is said that this ground was long ago consecrated by a Christian bishop, whose travels led him to pass by that way.

The population of Johanna, which has been estimated at 12,000, consists of Africans and Arabs, besides many Malays and Malagash, who constantly reside on the island. The Africans are in subjection to the Arabs, who have governed Johanna for more than two hundred years by means of a Sultan, whose power is checked by an aristocracy.

The following is the generally received tradition among the Johanna Arabs concerning the way in which their island was peopled. We tell it as narrated by Mahomet Aloui, one of the Johanna "nobles," who, when questioned on the subject some years ago, replied to this effect:—

"They say a Portuguese gentleman landed here with some slaves, and finding the island both lovely and fertile, set sail again to bring back with him some of his kindred and his best friends, leaving his slaves to do a certain quantity of work during his absence. On his return the slaves were not to be found; they had fled into the 'bush,' and it was impossible to collect them together again, for they hid from him and rebelled against his orders. He left in despair, the slaves remaining; and this was the beginning of the 'bushmen,' who are still a free people. The Arabs of Johanna arose thus:—An Arab gentleman visited this island accompanied by his wives. When he saw what a beautiful country it was to look upon, he said he would never leave it. He made friends with the bushmen gradually by showing them great kindness and sending them presents. Many of them left the bush and became slaves to him. He had a numerous family, and, moreover, sent messengers to fetch his relations and friends. Thus, besides the bushmen, the island was now peopled with Arabs and slaves. This Arab gentleman was our first Sultan, we believe; but we do not know his name."

The same Arab gave the following account of the way in which Sultan Selim, father of the present sultan (Abdallah) came into possession of the throne:—

"Sultan Aloui was quietly reigning over us, and we were contented; but his brother, Prince Solim, rose up against him and fought for the throne. He conquered, and Sultan Aloui was driven from the island. He sought redress from the English at Bombay, where he was treated with royal honours by the English Government. He was accompanied by his son, Mahomet Abdallah, by Saidi Dremen, the present grand vizier, and many others who espoused his cause. From Bombay he was referred

to the English authorities at Mauritius, and thither he went, as his son tells me, full of hope; but shortly after his arrival he died, and he lies buried at Mauritius. His adherents then returned to Johanna, and easily obtained a free pardon from Sultan Selim, whom they served loyally ever afterwards."

The Johannese are strict Mohammedans, priding themselves on implicit obedience to the laws of their religion. "In large countries," say they, "where the people grow rich and great, the good laws of Mahomet are often broken. In Constantinople, for instance, they drink wine, whereas we, in this small island, never forget the good laws of our prophet." It is true that no wine is taken; but the Johannese are always, except during the Ramadan fast of one month, under the influence of their favourite narcotic, betel-nut, without which, as they say, they "half-die." Five times a day the voice of the Muezzin is heard, calling "the faithful" to their prayers. The Muezzin is generally a blind man, chosen on account of his misfortune, because he is unable even from the heights of the minaret to see into the harems. These blind officials call out in a loud voice from all the minarets of the mosques, chanting such words as these: "God is great; I attest that there is no other God but God. I attest that Mohammed is the prophet of God. Come to prayers; come to the temple of salvation. God is great. There is no God but God." Instantly all conversation ceases, and visits are abruptly brought to an end by the simple speech, "I go to pray."

Then the Arabs are to be seen arranged, with their faces towards Mecca, in double rows, on the narrow terraces of the mosques. First they stand erect; then they kneel down, bowing their heads till they touch with the forehead the stones on which they kneel. Having repeated the allotted number of prayers, they spring down from the terrace, and immediately enter into most animated conversation. All the gossip of the town goes on after the evening devotions. At last they walk off in groups, and gradually disperse, disappearing through the blackened, ancient-looking archway which leads into the town.

The Johannese observe the Ramadan most rigidly, but are wont to complain towards evening that they "half-die with hunger and thirst," and they sigh piteously for betel-nut, watching impatiently for sunset, when they hasten home after their evening devotions at the mosque, and, as they declare, "feast all night," to strengthen themselves for the re-commencement of the fast at sunrise.

Matsamudo, the capital, is said to contain about 3000 residents. There are nine mosques in Matsamudo, one of which, just outside the city gate, is much favoured on account of the stream running at the foot of its terrace, in the waters of which the "faithful" can perform the ablutions commanded by their prophet before they approach the mosque. This mosque near the stream is very small, but is lofty in comparison with its size. The walls are spotlessly white, and the whole of the interior is so clean as to suggest the idea that it has never been entered. There are small cocoanut mats spread about the chuman floor, and several diminutive windows near the roof admitting a subdued light. Up the centre are four massive white stone pillars, standing separately at equal distances, and terminating at a considerable distance from the roof: the whole building is of an Eastern style of architecture, but severely

simple. The roof is pointed and constructed of beams of cocoanut wood. There are two doors, one at each end, and outside each are two massive stone baths filled with water. The town consists of several very narrow streets, darkened by high white houses, built of coral lime, the doors being made of some dark wood, sometimes carved and inlaid with bright colours. The windows are exceedingly small, and placed near the flat roof, so as to prevent the possibility of the ladies looking out, or the passers-by looking in. The streets are usually so silent as to give the impression of a sleeping city. There are no horses in the island, so there can be no noise of traffic. One meets occasionally stately-looking pedestrians, turbaned and robed in white, with scarves of rich colours, leisurely threading the streets of the shady little city; then, perhaps, we come upon a group of Arab gentlemen, playing at their favourite game of chess in the open air. From time to time one may hear from one of the house-tops a slave being summoned home; some such words as these being called out, on one high note, in a loud voice, which sounds far and wide through the clear air: "Musa! Musa! haste, haste, Musa! the master calls! Come! Haste! Musa! Musa!"

Then, again, may be observed an Arab breaking the silence by knocking repeatedly at one of the carved wooden doors, calling out and making much noise that all ladies may disappear before he is admitted. We have been told of an Arab lady who "cried plenty all day," because she was seen by one of her husband's friends as she ran across the reception-room.

The Johannese ladies are imprisoned all day; closely veiled and well attended by those appointed to guard them from the eyes of the curious. As we once heard it said, in broken English, by Prince Dremen, a cousin of the present Sultan: "Suppose one Arab man say to another Arab man, 'How does your wife go on?' That very bad; he plenty angry." These captive ladies steal out on bright moonlight nights, being piloted through the streets of the town by a company of slave girls and men, who hold a canopy over them, and call out as they walk, "Make way! A lady comes!" Any Arab gentleman who may be passing by, on hearing the above alarming announcement, immediately turns his face to the wall and waits, most honourably shutting his eyes until the veiled lady is out of sight. The women never appear at the mosques, but are supposed to pray at home. They are perfectly contented, and are dressed up like dolls. They are scarcely allowed to learn to read and write; for, as we once heard an Arab gentleman say, "If they could write letters, they might make friends without our knowledge, and if they could read they would grow plenty wise." But there are exceptions; two or three of the Johanna ladies can both read and write. One of these, named Fatima, was remarkable for her amiability of disposition: none of the dreaded dangers accrued from her power of writing; and although through her reading she may have "grown plenty wise," her husband, Prince Mahomet Abdallah, asserted that she was "the meekest woman in the island," adding, "I shall always pray my best friends to marry a woman who can read and write."

Shops are unknown in Johanna; but occasionally, after the arrival of a ship from Europe, Bombay, or Aden, it is rumoured throughout the town that one



of the princes, the grand vizier, or some such dignitary, "has a store at his house;" upon which all who have any money to spare crowd around the doors, where they find various bargains being made. The Arabs of Johanna, from the high-born chief who washes linen, to the slave who only paddles his small canoe, are all eager to barter, and, as they say, "make wise bargains." The Sultan has his "palace" at Matsamudo. Formerly the Sultan preferred dwelling at an older town, named Domoni. He has also small country residences, or "gardens," as they are called.

The Johanna men, so often mentioned as being hired to act as guides to travellers, must generally be chosen from among the bushmen, or sometimes the slaves.

We cannot think that slavery will much longer exist among the Johannese; for if once convinced of the wrong thus done to their fellow-creatures, it seems just possible they might relinquish this relic of barbarism. We read the other day of a church to be erected at Zanzibar on the spot where formerly there was a slave market. May we not hope such changes are in store for Johanna? Who can tell? In the memoir of Bishop Mackenzie, by Dean Goodwin (p. 303), we find Mr. Waller thus speaking of the Johanna people: "One of the young princes has become a staunch Christian, and report says the Sultan himself is mainly anxious to know English thoroughly that he may read the Bible. He says it is 'more better' than the 'other book,' meaning the Koran. Still, reading it for its poetry and searching it for its faith are two different things. Yet, with a people so eminently susceptible of the power of language, and really religiously inclined, I cannot help thinking very much might be done. I mentioned the subject of a missionary to several of them. Nothing could delight them more than to have some one who would teach them English; and the King promises a piece of land and his personal aid to any one who would come out for this purpose; but, as a good Mohammedan, he cannot ask point-blank for a missionary."

We will supplement this quotation by stating that, to our knowledge, the Sultan thus alluded to always showed himself most anxious to learn English, never refusing to "take a lesson and ask wisdom," as he expressed it. Often he would pay morning visits to European friends who were willing to instruct him in reading and writing English. As he entered the room he would say, "Teach me for one half-hour now, out of good English book," adding, as he drew from the crimson scarf around his waist the fibre of a cocoanut-leaf, "I give you Johanna pen; what for not teach me to write this morning?"

Johanna cannot boast of anything worthy the name of an army. If any were cruel enough to attack this defenceless island and its well-disposed inhabitants, some attempt might be made to defend their coral shores; but we heard it said by many of the Arabs there, that "one English man-of-war could smash the whole island in quick time."

As for navigation among them, although they have no regular sailors, there is always a captain at hand to manage their dhows, and a rough crew to unfurl the large sail, ply the oars, and hoist the Johanna flag of crimson bordered with white. How the laws are carried into effect does not appear; we certainly heard laws spoken of, and one solitary official mentioned, called the "Judge of Johanna,"

but the nature of his office seemed to be somewhat of a mystery to the Johannese themselves.

It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the exceeding simplicity of these people and the primitive character of their arrangements. Free from the conventionalities of civilisation, their lives glide on easily from day to day, apparently unburdened with care; and the sorrow of poverty is unknown to them, surrounded as they are by the riches of Nature.

We cannot bid farewell to Johanna without telling of the hospitality and exceeding kindness shown to strangers by the Arabs of that lovely island. Surely, all who have for any length of time resided among these people cannot fail to remember them with grateful affection.

M. G. M.

## THE HOME ASPECT OF MR. TENNYSON'S POEMS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION," ETC.

THAT there is a general appreciation of Mr. Tennyson's poetry throughout the English-speaking part of the world is a fact which, we suppose, no one really acquainted with the tone and temper of this generation—whatever his own likings or dislikings may be—will now deny.

This general appreciation may be authentic, or it may be conventional—that is to say, it may come of honest personal conviction, or of a following of the fashion, but in either case it is a real sentiment.

For if it is of honest personal conviction, there can be, of course, no doubt that this poet is a prophet in his day; and if it is to a great degree conventional, nevertheless, this very convention proves a condition of the public mind which must have a very close relation to real acceptance and devotion, worthy or unworthy, of the works, and to the person of him who is officially crowned with the bay in this country. For the public mind invariably, if it follows at all, follows in the wake of some *real* conviction, whether that conviction be a worthy one or no.

We are sure that the conviction in this case is a worthy one: but we are quite sure also that its general acceptance and prevalence is not as intelligent as it might be.

For example, we apprehend that out of a dozen persons not only willing to allow, but really convinced, that Tennyson is great and useful as an intellectual and moral power in this generation, more than half would be disposed to qualify their appreciation by an opinion, however expressed, that his poetry was of an esoteric sort, which had little concern with, and little immediate power over, the ordinary public mind in relation to home scenes, and home affections, and home-truths.

"In Memoriam," the "Princess," "Maud," and the "Idylls of the King," would be especially in the thought of this majority giving its judgment to this effect.

But we are inclined to believe that the poet would never have reached the royal position which he holds merely from the esoteric power of these poems—though we fully admit and intensely appreciate all that they have been, and are, and will be of pleasure and profit to the more cultivated—for we are sure that there is a large part of his writings not to be so narrowly characterised, which has contributed greatly to the result of this general appreciation.

Poems like the "Grandmother," Millais' illustration of which forms our frontispiece for this month, have exercised, and still possess, an extraordinary influence over the public mind: and the home aspect of the Laureate's poetry is one of more width and importance than most persons, who think that they give him his due in all regard and honour, are, or seem to be, aware of, if we may judge by their general tone of expression.

Our opinion to this effect may be illustrated as well from his earlier as from his later poems. We will give some instances, in the first place, from the volume which first secured to him his reputation and position among the poets.

One of the earliest of these pieces is a short poem, little more than half the length of a sonnet: and it is at once so simple and so full, that any mind of ordinary intelligence, after having read it over three or four times, in not many minutes, might find pleasant food for hours of reflection, to a result possibly much more interesting and useful than the reading throughout an afternoon of any one of the many novels which profess to illustrate ordinary domestic history. The wonder is that none of the writers of such tales, so far as we know, have made use of it as, so to speak, the "skeleton of their sermon," and so clothed and expanded it, that the nine lines have become at least three volumes. It is called "Circumstance," and it is short enough for quotation in full:—

"Two children in two neighbouring villages  
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas;  
Two strangers meeting at a festival;  
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;  
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;  
Two graves grass-green beside a grey church tower,  
Wash'd with still rains and daisy blossomed;  
Two children in one hamlet born and bred:  
So runs the round of life from hour to hour."

Not far off is the "Miller's Daughter;" and here again we have a poem, lying like a cut diamond, to be clearly seen and appreciated by every eye that will look, among a number of other gems whose intrinsic beauty and value can only be thoroughly understood by the initiated.

It is one of the many proofs that, however difficult to the general reader Mr. Tennyson's poems may be as a rule, demanding so often a cultivated and refined intelligence to secure for them a thoroughly intelligent acceptance, yet the "*odi profanum vulgus*" of the Roman poet is no motto of the Englishman.

How many hearts that know thankfully the happiness of home, as we think we Anglo-Saxons understand it best, have been touched and stirred by this poem and its final verses!

"Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,  
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;  
My other dearer life in it,  
Look thro' my very soul with thine.  
Unwatch'd with any shade of years,  
May these kind eyes for ever dwell:  
They have not shed a many tear,  
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well."

May that God bless thee, dear—who wrought  
Two spirits to one equal mind—  
With blessings beyond hope or thought,  
With blessings which no words can find."

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere" is a poem which,

although of another sort in one aspect, has its important bearing on certain home truths, and, without doubt, has had no little influence for good: though we are inclined to doubt whether every admirer of the following verses is aware that the reference of the third line is to Adam and Eve:—

"Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,  
From yon blue heavens above us bent  
The grand old gardener and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.  
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.  
Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,  
If time be heavy on your hands,  
Are there no beggars at your gate,  
Nor any poor about your lands?  
Oh! teach the orphan boy to read,  
Or teach the orphan girl to sew,  
Pray Heaven for a human heart,  
And let the foolish yeoman go."

The poem which follows this, "The May Queen," is one which has, perhaps, given as much simple pleasure, and been easily productive of as much good of the best kind, as anything that has been written anywhere in this century. The pretty village maiden, the devoted mother, the little pet-sister, the rustic lover, the delicious anticipations of next day's festival in a mind bright and pure, but so ignorant of the true realities of life and death, selfishly eager for enjoyment, and so exacting in its sweet, unconscious tyranny over mother and lover—all this is admirably portrayed in the first part. A poet less true to nature would have made the story in two parts only, and the last of these three would have been the second. But in real life, young men and maidens, because they happen to become consumptive, do not leap at once from their former condition of pure worldliness into one of unselfish devotion, and of a faith which, with a quiet joy, can look not at the things that are seen, but at the eternal things not seen. That kind of thing is to be found in books where actual truth is sacrificed to a vivid contrast, and where the tone is one rather of sentimentality than of genuine sentiment. And between sentimentality and genuine sentiment exceeding great is the difference, exceeding wide is the gulf. Thank God! the great change, the vivid contrast, the new knowledge of the new eternal life, is a reality in many and many a case of those who before illness have been unconverted; but in nine cases out of ten, this new condition of blessedness and good hope has had just such an interval as is represented by the half-sighing, half-discontented state of mind, partly pensive, partly dreary contemplation of death, portrayed to us by the poet in the second part. We have not space to enter into all the power and the beauty of the teaching of the conclusion, and it must suffice for us to quote the words put into her mouth in description of the ministrations of the parish clergyman:—

"He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin.  
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:  
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,  
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me."

We have chosen this poem of the "May Queen"

for special comment, because in this point of reality and truth to nature it is so well matched with that poem, the "Grandmother," to which our frontispiece belongs. How real it is from beginning to end! In the mind of the old woman of ninety, past and present mingle in pathetic confusion, and yet the old vigour still asserts itself, the old faults are indicated in occasional tone and expression, and the old nobleness and integrity are shown with the sunset glow upon them of the "Grace which is to be had," and of the Peace which is "the message of the Book."

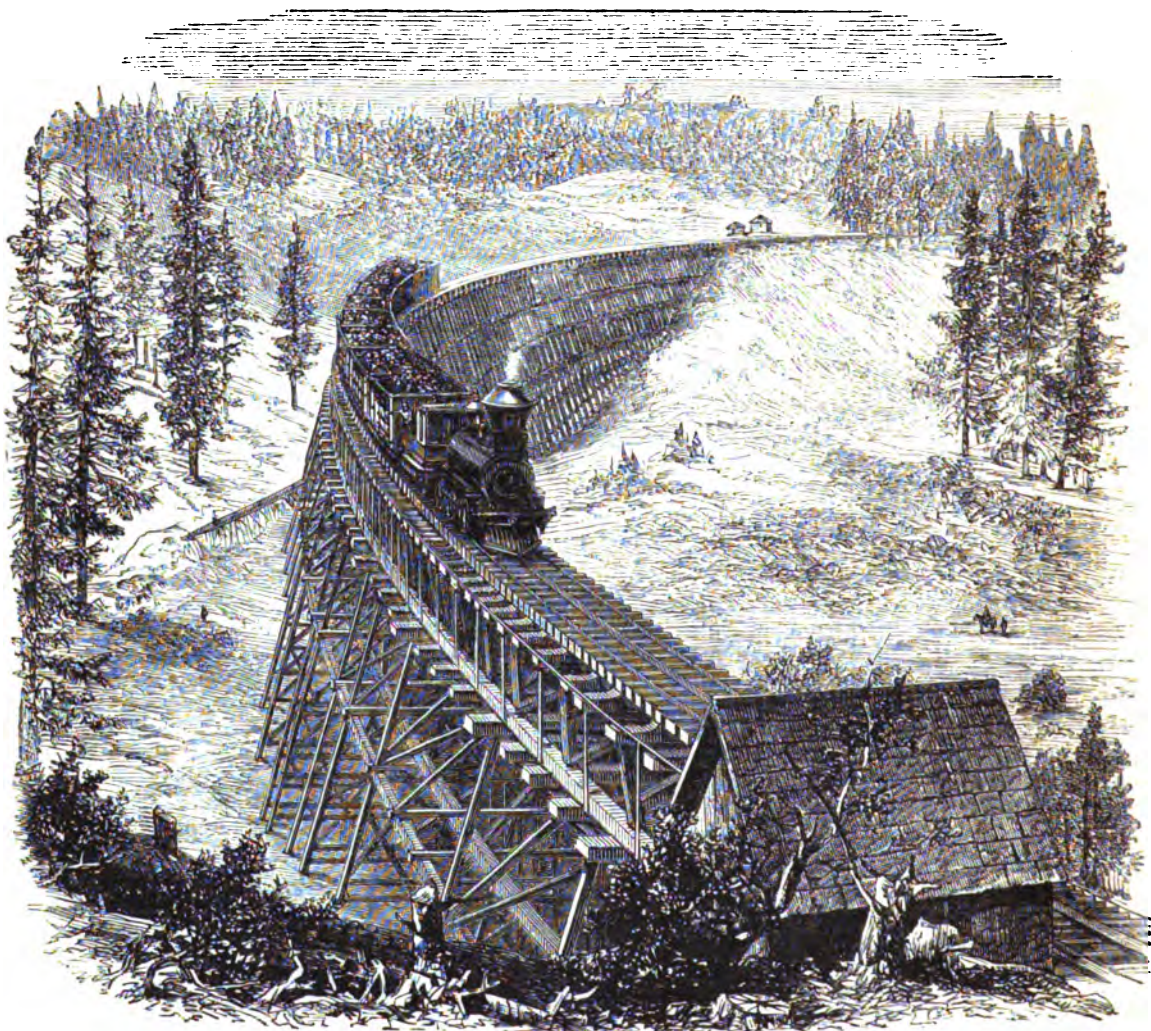
It must suffice for the present to instance, in conclusion of this article, several of the poems in the various volumes of the Laureate which illustrate the title under which we have written. They are the following—and the selection does not pretend to be anything like an exhaustive one:—"The Gardener's Daughter," "Dora," "The Two Voices,"

"The Lord of Burleigh," "Break, Break," in the first volume; "Enoch Arden," in the volume which contains the "Grandmother" and, besides those two poems, "Sea Dreams," and a lovely little fragment entitled, "Requiescat;" and in "Maud," "The Brook;" and in "The Princess," the song "Home they brought her warrior dead," and the following:—

"As through the land at eve we went,  
And plucked the ripened ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
O, we fell out, I know not why,  
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
O there above the little grave,  
We kissed again with tears."

### SOME OF THE WOODEN WONDERS OF AMERICA.



TRESTLE-BRIDGE ON THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

AMERICA has been called a wooden country, and with reason. From the Atlantic westward, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, vast forests confronted the early settlers. Not a patch of

corn could be planted till trees were felled. Civilisation literally hewed its way through barricades of timber. Timber lumbered the country as, in a few remaining localities, it does still. "Corduroy roads"



were but a systematic arrangement of "lumber" stems felled, and offering otherwise impassable obstructions. In the utilisation of this superabundant timber wooden towns arose, wooden bridges, roadways, piers, wharfs, ramparts, to an extent unknown in other countries. Imposing edifices, with architectural embellishments, are seen of wood. But of public works where wood is extensively employed, none are more astonishing than the bridges. To us, a "wooden bridge" is suggestive of a few rustic planks across a stream in some peaceful meadow. In America the ponderous train, freighted with hundreds of human beings, dashes across one wooden bridge after another, and miles and miles of tressel-



SECTION OF BRIDGE.

work. Bridges in all stages of development may be seen in America, from the simple planks placed parallel on heavy timbers stretched from bank to bank, to the elegant suspension bridge spanning rivers so broad, that in recalling them the Yankee may be pardoned for having compared our Thames at Richmond to a few yards of white ribbon among the gooseberry-bushes. Wooden bridges have taken a high rank in modern engineering; and for boldness in their design, combined with mechanical perfection and simplicity, America enjoys the precedence. As viaducts, too, over the swampy regions of lowlands, or across gulches and gorges in the mountains, whence you gaze down perpendicular depths, startling and terrifying to untrained nerves, the amazed traveller is borne along on airy-looking woodwork. Many perilous journeys on creaking timbers can the writer recall. Through the swamps and cane-brakes of the south, during the Secession War, and across broad estuaries—where many parts were out of repair for want of hands—slowly and cautiously the train crept along, and glad were we to get on firm ground again. Crossing the Alleghannies, at elevations of some 2,000 feet, are chasms of terrific grandeur, bridged over by only wood. Again, along the Pacific railways, the tressel bridges of later construction are among the most remarkable features of the route. The traveller who crosses

them for the first time, does so with a strange sensation of peril, as he looks down into the depths below, and seems to feel the great mass swaying beneath him. The accompanying sketch of one of them conveys a fair idea of several of them.

Spanning Dale Creek, a mountain stream near Sherman, is a tressel bridge, 650 feet from one rocky bluff to another. High, light, airy, and graceful as you look up 126 feet from the silvery stream, and like ornamental trellis-work, its strength is nevertheless enormous. Not a single portion of the framework used in these bridges is less than twelve inches, generally fifteen inches in diameter; and the posts and piles "corded" or banded together with iron plates, are simply countless, except to engineers, who sum them up by mathematical rule. Another tressel bridge is at a point which, from its gloomy and dangerous character, has been named in the forcible, if not poetical, vernacular of the west, Devil's Gate. This—about ten miles from the Great Salt Lake—is where the Weber River rushes with tremendous violence down a chasm of the Rocky Mountains. On the first opening of the line, the train passed over on a tressel bridge seventy-eight feet above the boiling current, and where the volume of water was great and rapid. A Government inspector thus reported of the spot:—"Should a train go down into this fearful gulf, all who escaped being crushed would inevitably be drowned." He described the bridge as a "double tressel, one resting on the other," the supporting timbers standing at an angle of about forty degrees, gradually narrowing from the base to the top. "The upper timbers, among other means adopted to prevent their giving way, are secured by large ropes tied around them, and fastened to projecting rocks above." The inspector of the line pronounced the structure "extremely dangerous," and an iron bridge indispensable. As he was detained twenty-four hours to have the tressels better secured by means of additional braces, and recorded the death of a mechanic, who had fallen in and been swept down the raging current, "rescue being impossible," it is to be hoped that the tressel bridge at Devil's Gate exists no longer.

Good tressel-work is expected to last from fifteen to twenty years, and for viaducts is reckoned much cheaper than embankments.

American engineers affirm that when renewals are necessary, the timber can be replaced at small cost, or filled in with earth embankments, by transporting materials along the line at less expense than in the first construction of the railway. A glance at a few figures enables us to appreciate the labour and expense of transporting timber in the construction of those western railways. A great deal of the wood used is pine from Puget's Sound, reckoned nearly equal to oak. Besides this there is pine on the mountains, and what is called "hardwood," or scrub-oak, valuable, but unattainable, except from great distances. For instance, at Denver (a place on the western boundary of the vast treeless plains which extend for nearly 600 miles beyond the Mississippi) pine-wood was procured at 20 dols. a cord, and scrub-oak at double that price. A cord contains 128 cubic feet of timber, and costs, where wood is plentiful, only from three to five dollars. From Denver to the nearest point on the Pacific Railroad, 200 miles north, timber was transported in wagons at an expense of about 75 dols. a cord, and purchased by the railroad agents at the enormous cost of 105 dols.



each cord; the scrub-oak for twice that price. Imagine giving from twenty to fifty pounds sterling for one small cartload of timber! "What could make it such a price?" you ask. Distance. Picture to yourselves the labour of conveying it from the slopes of the mountains, and the long trains of wagons, each drawn by from twelve to eighteen mules or oxen, toiling over rocky heights and pathless plains at the rate of ten miles a day. In one single year, and starting from one single town (Aitchinson, in Kansas), 4,480 of such wagons were in use to convey material for the railway. 7,310 mules and 29,720 oxen were required to draw these wagons, and 5,610 men to control and conduct them. 27,000 tons of freight were thus conveyed for the construction of the line. Not all *wood*, it is true, were the loads, but similar calculations might be made from Denver and other lumber markets. Omaha, Leavenworth, and other large towns in Kansas and Nebraska, tell us of similar thousands of wagons, men, and cattle engaged in moving to its destination half a million tons of freight that one year. The reader can, in some degree, judge of the consumption of timber when he learns that many parts of the eastern slope of the Nevada Mountains, which eight or ten years ago were clothed with dense forests of pine and juniper, are now cleared half way up, and in some places to their very summit. The toil of conveying timber down those rocky slopes, and over foaming cataracts, can be well imagined. Along the smiling valleys and grassy plains the labour is scarcely less. Rivers, whose channels shift with the season, are to be forded; mud and sand to the hubs of the wheels to be waded through. Many a tale of death could be told of foot-sore teamsters who, unacquainted with the fords of streams, such as the Platte River, have led their teams into its apparently firm bed, to sink for ever in treacherous sands, or, if to rescue their wagons at all, only by unloading, and attaching treble teams to haul them out.

The greatness of the engineering works of America corresponds with the vastness of her scenery. Her rivers, wide as they are, must be bridged over, and the plans adopted by the architects in wood, as well as in stone, iron, or all combined, vary with the nature of the localities. Suspension bridges of enormous proportions are taking the place of the old-fashioned drawbridges; and where immense width, but less shipping, demand bridges of a different character, experiments and combinations are countless. Wooden bridges with iron towers, iron bridges with wooden towers, piers of iron, wood, or masonry, and various kinds of truss bridges, known by the names of inventors, now meet you in all parts of America. Several suspension bridges with wooden towers, and spans of from 200 to 400 feet, exist. At Trenton, New Jersey, a curiously beautiful bridge of five spans is suspended by iron bar chains from curved, solid-built beams. Then there is the "Lattice-truss bridge," the "Pratt-truss system," "Long's plan," "Barr's plan," and Howe's; with blocks of "hard wood," and belts of iron through them, and braces and counter braces, and nuts, and screws, and bolts, and a variety of other things, comprehensible to the engineer only, and with which we will not fatigue the reader.

To enumerate a few out of the scores of wonderful bridges in the United States, and beginning with wooden ones, over the Alleghanny River at Pittsburg was a tressel bridge 1,172 feet long, and now replaced by one of iron, said to be "a model of elegance and

strength." At Quineoy, Illinois, there is a tressel bridge across the Mississippi, which, including the embankments, is nearly a mile in length.

The Portage Bridge, spanning the Genesee River, on the Buffalo and Hornellsville branch of the Erie Railway, and which was destroyed by fire last year, is said to have been the largest wooden viaduct in the world, and was also famous for the grandeur of its location. It spanned a gorge with perpendicular walls, through which the Genesee River leaps in three successive falls to the level of the valley below, and stood upon thirteen stone piers, set in the river-bed, sufficiently above high-water mark to be secure against freshets. Upon these piers it rose 234 feet. It was 800 feet long, cost 175,000 dollars, and was so ingeniously constructed that any single timber in it could be removed and replaced at pleasure without deranging others. Close to where it stood are the Horseshoe Falls, the Middle Falls, the Devil's Oven, and other objects of interest to the tourist. A train had just passed over it when the flames were discovered, and though every attempt was made to save it, the fire appeared in so many places that all efforts were in vain.

Over the Schuylkill at Philadelphia is another remarkable wooden bridge, with a span of 340 feet. Over the Ohio at Wheeling, a wooden bridge has a span of above 1,000 feet, and farther down, uniting the States of Ohio and Kentucky, at Cincinnati, is a suspension bridge whose total length is 2,250 feet, and 100 feet above high-water mark, with a centre span of 1,057 feet. The Hudson, the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, and other broad rivers in America, now boast of bridges, each claiming honour for some especial feature. At Omaha, the starting-point of the Pacific Railway, the trains from the east were at first shifted bodily on to huge flat-bottomed boats to cross the Missouri River; and the first railroad bridge built there was swept away by the overpowering "freshets" on the breaking up of the ice. "Never mind," cried the enterprising and undaunted engineers; "we will build it stronger next time." And so they have. It is of iron now. Only after such costly experiments as these can the force of American rivers be discovered. A flood is a mild term in which to describe the effects of a sudden thaw and the rush of waters, bearing with them earth, trees, blocks of ice, and *débris*, as if the world itself were passing away in one tumultuous torrent. For the rivers to rise ten, twenty, forty feet within a few hours is not unusual, and bridges must be built accordingly. Against "ice-floods" some of the bridges are guarded with "ploughshare-shaped ice-breakers," or their piers sheathed with plate-iron, as in the Susquehanna Bridge, whose piers are of solid granite masonry—eight of them on solid rock, and six, in consequence of the unstable bed of the river, on pile foundations. Even a massive railroad bridge, with piers of iron or of solid granite, may be reckoned among the *wooden wonders* of America, since so many of them rest on wooden piles. And this, to the uninitiated, seems most marvellous. We need not, however, be engineers to comprehend something of the process—interesting to all who can claim an acquaintance "across the ferry," and who cannot do this? Take, for example, a bridge now in progress over the East River, New York, and which is to eclipse all previously constructed bridges in astonishing engineering. Its centre span will be "the longest in the world"—viz., 1,268 feet, and

a tall vessel can sail beneath it. The piers of this magnificent structure rest on caissons made of pine from the forests of Georgia. Each box, or "caisson," is 168 feet long, 102 feet wide,  $9\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep, and 8 feet thick, and at the bottom 22 feet thick! Inside it has a

the river—and all the while masonry is being piled on the top of the box to force it down, while the occupants dig and burrow beneath. When sufficiently sunk and settled on the firm bed of the river, the buried workmen are released, and their late



BURNING OF PORTAGE BRIDGE.

number of partitions, each four feet thick, and outside it is covered all over with thick iron plates. Besides this, the edges of the box are "shoed" with cast iron, and the whole interior is lined with boiler plate, every joint being air-tight and "bolted" strongly to the box.

We will suppose one of these dainty boxes ready to be sunk, what next? First, it is to be inhabited for a time by workmen, who pass in and out by an aperture at the top, and to the various chambers formed by the partitions, through which are openings. And thus it begins to sink, workmen and all. Powerful machinery is employed—derricks and so forth—to shift this monstrous box to its destination, and to lower it into the water; and day after day, and night after night, the air is pumped into the imprisoned workmen, while they pump out the sand and gravel and water, and excavate deeper and deeper—perhaps one hundred feet into the bed of

habitation is filled in with concrete, which soon becomes as hard as the rock itself. This is the sort of wooden box on which rest a pier and a tower of a suspension bridge, and railway trains into the bargain.

Over the Hudson at Albany is another wonderful bridge, with twenty-one stone piers resting on spruce piles of from twelve to fourteen inches in diameter. But these wooden supports are not left, like solitary posts, to bear the wear and tear of rapid waters. Two and a half to three feet apart, each group of piles is encased in a strong box, or "crib," bound by ties of thick iron plates, and then filled with concrete. These cribs, or boxes, are from twenty-four to twenty-eight feet below low-water level, and the masonry rests upon them. The method of sinking piers for the iron suspension bridges is so interesting, that I think the reader will not weary with yet another description. The construction of the bridge at Omaha, to replace the wooden one washed away by the



spring floods, shows us what sort of bed is that of the Missouri River, as well as that of the Mississippi, the Platte, and several others, where rocks lie deep in the ever-shifting sandy bottoms. Imagine an iron "ring" ten feet long, an inch and three-quarters thick, and nine and a half feet in diameter. Scores of such "rings" were cast in Chicago, and conveyed across Illinois and Iowa to Omaha. The railroad suspension bridge there is half a mile long, and has eleven spans of 250 feet each, and of course twelve piers, each composed of from six to twelve of these iron rings. Twenty-four hours are spent in sinking one ring, and the operation is similar to that of sinking the wooden boxes for the East River bridge. By an air-tight cover, and atmospheric pressure from above, it is driven down until the top is on a level with the surface of the ground. Then, by means of machinery, the sand is driven out—men working inside of it as well—until it has firmly settled, when another ring is lowered upon it and "bolted on," and so on, until the lowest ring has reached the bed-rock of the river. Though suspension bridges are of very remote origin, those of iron date only from the latter part of the last century. In ancient Peru were suspension bridges on the Andes made of ropes and bark of trees. The Chinese boast of one 330 feet high, built A.D. 63. "Wire" ropes in use at the present day are of six or seven twists, each from two to three inches in diameter. 14,560 such wires are employed in the cables of the Niagara Suspension Bridge, where the trains run 245 feet above the boiling torrent. This wonderful bridge is also chiefly of wood, and what is still more remarkable, the whole of the timber-work has lately been replaced without at any one time detaining trains or traffic (there is a double track), or causing any stoppage whatever. It was opened in 1854, and began to be re-timbered in April 1873. All the girders under the railway track have been rebuilt, and 300,000 feet of seasoned timber have been used in its renovation. Repairs completed under such circumstances, and with the rush of trains and carriages overhead, are surpassed only by the American feat of moving houses from one street to another, or raising them bodily without disturbing either the furniture or the inhabitants. Even this, by the way, cannot be done without the agency of wood.

C. C. H.

## ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

### January.

**I**N whatever respect we regard the months of the year, they are equally full of interest: whether historically we review the course of political and social events as therein illustrated; or whether in our pursuit after scientific research we watch the rapid and continuous changes in nature, such, for example, as are seen by the botanist as he studies the growth and habits of plants, or by the entomologist as with careful observation he notes the characteristic peculiarities of the insect world; or again as are seen by the meteorologist and astronomer, as the former observes the fluctuations of the atmosphere, and the latter the motions of the heavenly bodies: in every case alike, each month is anticipated with feelings of

interest, as adding its quota to the store of general knowledge. This, too, is equally true in an antiquarian point of view, and so it is proposed to give a series of papers on the history of the months, noticing some of the many quaint and superstitious practices connected with them.

Our first month of the year, as every reader knows, derives its name from the Latin *Januarius*, so called by Numa, in honour of Janus, the two-faced god, who, according to mythology, looked both before and behind, and so was chosen to typify the New Year, which, standing on the confines of the past and the future, may be said to gaze alike on both. It was not until the last century that a general rule was adopted for beginning the year, it having varied at different times and places, commencing, for example, on Christmas Day, *i.e.*, the 25th of December; on the day of the Circumcision, *i.e.*, the 1st of January; on Lady Day, *i.e.*, the 25th of March, and on Easter Day. Independently, however, of the time of its commencement, the nativity of the New Year has always been a season of great merry-making, which is perhaps to be attributed, more than any other, to social reasons, it being, so to speak, a sort of second birthday, which most persons are glad to welcome with feelings of mingled gratitude and joy. Although still commemorated throughout the country, yet of late years, many of the customs connected with its observance have either fallen entirely into disuse, or are rapidly doing so, a thing much to be regretted. Indeed, in London, apart from the domestic gatherings which are held in most families, the return of the New Year is now only hailed by the ringing of church bells here and there, and the transmission of congratulatory cards, which have superseded in a great measure the visits and presents of olden times. In looking back on the history of the past, it is surprising to find how even a few years have completely altered and changed the aspect of our social manners. Formerly, too, at this season the rejoicings were not simply confined to private individuals, but, for several centuries, it was customary to present the sovereign with a New Year's gift, which oftentimes was of the most costly and expensive nature. Thus in the reign of Queen Elizabeth this practice was carried to such an extravagant height, that it is said her wardrobe and jewellery were in a great measure supported by these annual contributions. Although, therefore, this custom served, as far as the sovereigns were concerned, to testify the loyalty of their subjects, yet it was undoubtedly a great tax on the pockets of the middle and poorer classes; for, as Mr. Nichols in his "*Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*" shows, these presents were made not only by the great officers of State, peers and peeresses, bishops, knights, and their ladies, gentlemen and gentlewomen, physicians and apothecaries, but even by others of lower grade, down to her Majesty's dustman. At the period of the Commonwealth this custom, with but few exceptions, seems to have ceased almost entirely, only henceforth being carried on amongst relatives and friends; and of late years even too, the latter practice has much declined in this country. At Paris, however, it is not so, for it appears that, owing to the vigour with which presents are still interchanged on this day, it is called *Le jour d'Etrennes*. Indeed it has been estimated that the amount expended in that city upon *bouillons* and sweetmeats alone far exceeds £20,000.

In England, one of the favourite forms of New Year's gifts was gloves, and that, too, at a time when they were far more expensive and scarce than now-a-days. An amusing story is related of Sir Thomas More. As Lord Chancellor he decided a case in favour of a Mrs. Croaker, who, as a token of respectful gratitude, sent him on the following New Year's Day a pair of gloves containing forty pieces of gold money. Sir Thomas More, however, accepted the gloves but not the gold, replying in a note that "it would be against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's Gift, and I accept the gloves, their lining you will be pleased otherwise to bestow."

Pins, also, were a gift very popular among ladies, and must have been truly acceptable after the wooden skewers which had been in use until the close of the fifteenth century.

From the following passage in Bishop Hall's "Satires" (1598) it would seem that the usual gift of tenantry in the country to their landlords was a capon:—

"Yet must he haunt his greedy landlord's hall,  
With often presents at ech festivall;  
With crammed capons evry New Yeare's morne,  
Or with greene cheeses when his sheepe are shorne."

From a curious ms. in the British Museum, dated 1560, we learn that the boys of Eton School were accustomed on this day to play for little New Year's gifts before and after supper, and also to make verses, which they presented to the provost, masters, and to one another. New Year's gifts of verses, however, were not by any means peculiar to boys; and Mr. Ellis, in a note on Brand's "Popular Antiquities" (1849, vol. i. p. 16), has introduced one in Latin from the pen of the ingenious writer Buchanan, to the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. Formerly, too, the Poet-Laureate composed a special ode for New Year's Day, which we find was recited and sung to music in presence of the royal family assembled at St. James's.

Among the few customs that still linger on in some parts of the country may be mentioned the following one, chiefly noteworthy on account of its highly superstitious character. Great attention is paid to what is termed the "First Foot," that is, the person who is first to enter the house on the morning of the New Year. Thus, in Lancashire, should a female or a light-haired male be the earliest visitor, this event is regarded in no other light than quite a misfortune, as betokening ill luck for the whole twelve months. In order, therefore, to prevent so inauspicious a commencement of the year, various precautions are taken. Accordingly, very early indeed in the morning, many male persons with black or dark hair go from house to house, in order to take in the New Year, in return for which valuable service they often receive a good breakfast and a small gratuity in money. It not unfrequently, however, happens that the inmates of a house, afraid of being imposed upon by some practical joke or ill-natured person, absolutely refuse to open their door until quite satisfied that the visitor outside answers the conditions required for his entry to carry with it good luck and happiness.

Again, many families, to avoid all risk whatever, having invited some dark-haired relative or friend to spend the last evening of the Old Year with them,

request him, a few minutes before the hour of midnight, to leave the house and wait outside the door until the bright and joyous peels of the church bells, bursting merrily forth, have heralded in the New-born Year, when he is not only admitted, but welcomed with quite an ovation. "A friend of mine," says a correspondent of "Long Ago" (1873, vol. i. p. 9), "asked me, prior to New Year's Day, if I, being dark, would bring him in the New Year. At that time I was not acquainted with the custom, having lately removed from the county of Derby to that of Lancaster; but, on having the mode of carrying out the duties attaching to the occasion explained to me, promised to comply with my friend's wish. I was then asked to go in to supper on New Year's Eve. I went accordingly, and the evening was occupied in the usual way, by amusements of various kinds, until shortly before the hour of midnight arrived, when my friend's wife became a little nervous and excited, and requested me to go out of the house. I then went out, the door being securely barred behind me. I stayed until I heard the clocks strike 'the witching hour,' and until the bells altered their tones from the dolorous notes with which they 'ring out the Old Year' to the merry clangour with which they 'ring in the New.' I then went back, knocked at the door, and was asked from the inside, 'Who's there?' and, on announcing that it was myself, and no other, I was admitted and took in the New Year." \*

At one time this custom seems to have been very prevalent in Scotland, but latterly to have become very unpopular, owing to the excessive drunkenness which it unhappily occasioned. Indeed, it seems that seldom a year passed by without some scene of gross misconduct on the part of the merry-makers, until at last stringent measures were taken to put a stop altogether to these midnight festivities. Many quaint and superstitious practices, however, are still kept up, and far greater merriment exists than in England.

The first Monday after New Year's Day is called by the Scotch Handsel Monday, and this much resembles our Boxing-Day. Children anxiously look forward to it in the hope of receiving a present of some sort, and the dustmen, postmen, etc., go from house to house asking for their annual gifts.

Formerly, in some parts of England, the eve of Twelfth Day was observed as a great rustic festival, at which farmers were in the habit of wassailing, or making libations to, their orchards, as this ceremony was thought to insure a good and plentiful crop in the ensuing autumn. Thus, for example, in the southern villages of Devonshire, as soon as supper was over, the farmer, attended by his family and servants, went into the orchard with a large milk-pail of cider, and there encircling one of the best bearing apple-trees, drank three separate times the following toast:—

"Here's to thee, old apple-tree,  
Whence thou mayst bud,  
And whence thou mayst blow!  
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow!  
Hats full! caps full!  
Bushel, bushel, sacks full!  
And my pockets full, too! Huzza!"

\* This custom varies in different parts. It is considered in some places extremely lucky for a light-haired person to bring in the New Year.



After this they returned home, but on their arrival were sure to find every door shut and barred against them, which those within absolutely refused to open until some one had divined what was on the spit. However bad the weather might be they were still kept outside until the lucky guess had been hit upon. In some places this custom seems to have been prevalent also on Christmas Eve, and thus under this date we find Herrick alluding to it:—

“Wassail the trees, that they may beare  
You many a plum and many a pear;   
For more or less fruit they will bring,  
As you do give them wassailing.”

Twelfth Day, from its being looked upon as the last day of the Christmas holidays, is generally a time of very great merry-making, although the festive rites connected with this anniversary were, no doubt, originally intended to commemorate the visit of the Eastern magi to pay their homage to the infant Saviour. In the calendar of the Romish Church it is called the “Festival of Kings,” and the custom of electing kings by beans is thought by some to have originated in their memory. In France it was formerly customary for one of the courtiers to be chosen king, and to be waited upon by the monarch and his nobles in a grand entertainment. The Marquis de Dangeau tells us that Louis xiv, in 1698, refused to keep his Twelfth Night at Versailles, on account of the great number of ladies (four hundred and seven!) whom he considered he was *obliged* to ask.

In our own country a large cake was made for this occasion, in which was placed a bean, and whoever, upon its being divided, got the piece containing it, was elected king for the day, and called “King of the Bean.” Now-a-days this practice has almost, if not entirely, become obsolete, and Twelfth Night festivities consist for the most part of family and friendly gatherings, in which music and dancing form the prominent features.

At St. James’s Palace a curious custom is still observed on this day. After the reading of the sentence at the offertory, “Let your light so shine before men,” etc., while the organ plays, two members of her Majesty’s household, in the royal livery, descend from the royal pew and advance to the altar rails, preceded by the usher, where they present to one of the officiating clergymen a red bag, which is received in an offertory basin, and then placed on the communion-table. This bag or purse is understood to contain the Queen’s offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, in commemoration of the gifts of the magi to the infant Saviour.\*

The day after Twelfth Day was, by our forefathers, called St. Distaff’s Day, or Rock Day, because women resumed the rock or distaff. Plough Monday was the first Monday after Twelfth Day, and seems to have been so called because it was the first day after Christmas that husbandmen resumed the plough. In some parts of the country it was customary for them, dressed up in fantastic garbs, to draw their ploughs in procession, and to stop at the houses of the rich, where they performed a kind of pageant, in return for which they demanded a present of money. If, however, as not unfrequently happened, their request was not complied with, they at once punished the offender by ploughing up the

road in front of his house, and setting up the most hideous and deafening noise. Another curious custom formerly prevailed on this day. In the northern counties, if a ploughman came to the kitchen-hatch and could cry “Cock in the pot” before the maid could cry “Cock on the dunghill,” he was entitled to a cock for Shrove Tuesday.

The 13th of January is New Year’s Day according to the old style. In the year 1751 an Act was passed in England to change the style from the Julian to the Gregorian, and it was provided that the legal year 1752 should commence, not on the 25th of March, but on the 1st of January; and also that after the 3rd of September in that same year, the next day should be regarded as the 14th, eleven days by this means being dropped out. For some time after this event it appears that one of the favourite street cries was, “Who stole the eleven days?” this alteration in the calendar being very unpopular amongst the unlearned, who thought that in consequence of it they were deprived of eleven days of their life.

At All Souls’ College, Oxford, the 14th of this month was in times gone by celebrated as a great gala day in memory of a large mallard, or drake, said to have been discovered in a drain when the foundations of the college were being dug. Although this observance is no longer kept up, yet at one of the college gaudies a very old song is still sung, called “The Swapping Swapping Mallard.” Pointer, in his “Oxoniensis Academia,” was guilty of a grave offence by insinuating that this wonderful mallard was no other than a goose; but he soon met with support from Mr. Bilson, the chaplain of the said college, who issued a folio sheet, entitled “Proposals for printing by subscription the History of the Mallardians,” with the figure of a cat prefixed, said to have been found starved in the library of the college.

On St. Agnes’s Eve (January 20th) many kinds of divination were formerly practised by young women anxious to gain some knowledge of their future partners in wedlock. In the old comedy of “Cupid’s Whirligig” we find the alderman’s daughter, Nan, telling her friend how “she could find in her heart to pray nine times to the moone and fast three St. Agnes’s Eves, so that she might be sure to have him to her husband.” In “Poor Robin’s Almanack” for 1734 the following allusion is made to this custom:—

“Saint Agnes Day comes by and by,  
When pretty maidz do fast and try  
Their sweethearts in their dreams to see,  
Or know who shall their husbands be.  
But soon when married all is ore,  
And they desire to dream no more,  
Or, if they must have these extrems,  
Wish all their sufferings were but dreams.”

Ben Jonson, in his masque of “The Satyr,” refers to this superstition, but ascribes it to the wrong night (St. Anne’s, July 26th). Speaking of the fairy Queen Mab, his satyr says:—

“She can start our Franklins’ daughters  
In their sleep with shouts and laughter;  
And on sweet St. Anna’s night,  
Feed them with a promised sight,  
Some of husbands, some of lovers,  
Which an empty dream discovers.”

\* See the “Echo,” January 7th, 1880.

St. Vincent's Day (January 22nd) is not marked by the observance of any special custom, but only by an old admonition to observe whether the sun shine, as its doing so was believed to betoken a fine, dry year. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" says that a gentleman residing in Guernsey, whilst looking over some old family papers of the sixteenth century, by chance came across the following lines in old provincial French, from which it would appear that this day was anxiously looked forward to by the vintagers in consequence of the superstitious belief attached to it:—

"Prens garde au jour St. Vincent,  
Car, sy ce jour tu vois et sent  
Que le soleil soiet cler et biau,  
Nous érons du vin plus que l'eau."

In Cornwall, the first red-letter day in the "Tinner's Calendar" is the eve of Paul's tide, or as it is more commonly called by them, "Paul's Pitcher-day." On this occasion a very curious and quaint custom is practised, the origin of which is involved in almost complete obscurity. On St. Paul's Eve the tinner's take a water-pitcher, and, after setting it up in some spot agreed upon, commence throwing stones at it until they have completely knocked it to pieces. They then go to an ale-house in the neighbourhood, where they spend the evening in merriment, drinking freely out of a new pitcher bought in place of the old one.

In the "Shepherd's Almanack" for 1676, among the observations given on the month of January, occur the following:—"Some say that, if on the 12th of January the sun shine, it foreshadows much wind; others predict by St. Paul's Day, saying, if the sun shine, it betokens a good year; if it rain or snow, indifferent; if misty, it predicts great dearth; if it thunder, great winds and death of people that year."

Gay, however, in his "Trivia," alluding to the superstitions connected with this day, says:—

"Let no such vulgar tales debase thy mind,  
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind."

At one time the 30th of January was observed as the anniversary of the execution of King Charles I. In the year 1859 the special form of prayer which had been used on this day was by Act of Parliament removed from the Prayer-book. The "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1736 (vol. v. p. 105), under this date, relates that certain "young noblemen and gentlemen met at a tavern in Suffolk Street, Charing Cross, under the denomination of the 'Calves'-head Club,' dressed up a calf's head in a napkin, and, after some huzzas, threw it into a bonfire, and dipt napkins in their red wine and waved them out at window. The mob had strong beer given them, and for a time hallooed as well as the best, but, taking disgust at some healths proposed, grew so outrageous that they broke all the windows and forced themselves into the house; but the guards being sent for, prevented further mischief."

Hearne, also, tells us how, at All Souls' College, Oxford, on January 30th, 1706-7, some young men dined together at twelve o'clock, and amused themselves with cutting off the heads of a number of woodcocks, "in contempt of the memory of the blessed martyr." They tried to obtain calves'-heads, but the cook refused to cook them. ("Reliquiæ

Hearnianæ," vol. i. p. 121.) On the 2nd of March, 1772, Mr. Montague moved that the 30th of January should no longer be kept as a day of fasting and humiliation. On a division, there appeared for his motion 97, against it 125; it was therefore lost by a majority of 27.

The last day of this month was for very many years observed at Newark as a great raffling day for oranges in the market-place. In the year 1870, however, this old custom was no longer observed, in consequence of the enforcement of the law by which public raffling is strictly prohibited.

#### ANECDOTE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

THE following anecdote has been sent to us by one who has seen the letters and knew the writers. He thinks it shows the ruling vanity of Dickens; we think it shows rather the kindly and genial side of his nature, in taking the trouble to reply to people whom he supposed to be in the very humblest grade of life. At all events, the incident is authentic, and too good to be lost.

Having lately read the life of Charles Dickens, I was reminded of a circumstance, trifling in itself, but which showed that a man who professed and was allowed to have a perfect knowledge of human nature might sometimes be befooled, especially when a dose of flattery had been judiciously administered.

It happened that in 1842, when the great novelist was the lion of the day at Montreal, there lived there a young man fond of collecting autographs. He had a desire to procure one from Dickens. This was no easy matter, as multitudes bored him for his writing, and he had to refuse with some sternness, or wholly to ignore the application. The means he took to get it was original, and proved successful. Little expecting a reply, he wrote as follows:—

"Mr. Dickens, sur,

"Me and my wife's got a boy, and wee've a-heer tell a great deal about the beautiful books you've a-writ, and the good you've a-tryed to do for us pore folks. Now we has a-thote that it mite so be that you mite let we giv youre name to our boy. Us is no scollerds, but we hope that, as wages is good and learning is plenty, that he will some day read what you've a-rit. An' so, Sir, we askes you're pardin, and wishes you prosperity an' good luk. If so be as you rite, direc Andrew H——, Monreal Post Offis. So no more at present from you're humbel servints to commend,

"there X X

"marks.

ANDREW H——.

MARY H——."

This missive elicited a reply, at which the recipient was so elated, that he showed it to his mother, who strongly disapproved of the proceeding, and the consequence was that he handed the letter to me, of which the following is a copy:—

"Roscoe's Hotel, Montreal,

"Seventeenth May, 1842.

"Dear Sir,

"I am much indebted to you for your gratifying and welcome letter, and am proud to know that you have conferred my name on your child in recollection of my writings.

"That he may become all you wish him to be, and that he may in his time derive some entertain-

ment and instruction from my poor endeavours to beguile the leisure time of children of a larger growth, is my sincere and earnest wish. If I could ever learn that I had happily been the means of awakening within him any new love of his fellow-creatures, and desire to help and assist them with his sympathy, I should feel much pleasure from the knowledge.

"Believe me, faithfully yours,  
"CHARLES DICKENS."

The writer of the letter is, or lately was, the owner of a large plantation, in the Bengal Presidency, of 33,000 acres. This property he has intersected with upwards of sixty miles of road, planted with shade-trees, and has built several villages. "Andrew H——" has had the gratification of seeing his name mentioned in flattering terms by three successive lieutenant-governors. He gets credit for "the energy and enterprise displayed by him, and also for the popularity he has acquired among the natives." We have suppressed his name, as he is probably ashamed now of the unworthy trick played on Dickens in his early life.

## Varieties.

**SHIPS ON PUBLIC SERVICE AMENABLE ONLY TO THE LAWS OF THEIR OWN NATION.**—"When private individuals of one nation spread themselves through another, as business or caprice may direct, mingling indiscriminately with the inhabitants of that other, or when merchant vessels enter for the purpose of trade, it would be obviously inconvenient and dangerous to society, and would subject the laws to continual infraction and the Government to degradation, if such individuals as merchants did not owe temporary and local allegiance and were not amenable to the jurisdiction of the country. . . . But in all respects different is the situation of a public armed ship. She constitutes a part of the military force of her nation, acts under the immediate and direct command of her Sovereign, is employed by him on national objects. He has many and powerful motives for preventing these objects from being defeated by the interference of a foreign State. Such interference cannot take place without affecting his power and his dignity. The implied licence, therefore, under which such vessel enters a friendly port may reasonably be construed, and it seems to the Court ought to be construed, as containing an exemption from the jurisdiction of the Sovereign within whose territory she claims the rites of hospitality. Upon these principles, by the unanimous consent of nations, a foreigner is amenable to the laws of the place; but certainly in practice nations had not yet asserted their jurisdiction over the public armed ships of a foreign Sovereign entering a port open for their reception." This judgment was delivered by Chief Justice Marshall, of the United States Supreme Court, in 1812, and its reasonings and its conclusions have been adopted by every jurist deserving of the name who has written since that date.

**ART-STUDY NOT THE PRIME WISDOM.**—Mr. Gladstone, in his speech at the School of Art, Greenwich, happily defined the place of physical science and æsthetic culture in relation to the higher duties of life. "Whatever I may think of the pursuits of industry and science, and of the triumphs and glories of art, I do not mention any one of these things as the great specific for alleviating the sorrows of human life, and meeting the evils which deface the world. I believe firmly in science and art for their own purposes. I believe in their reality, their efficacy, and their value; but I believe they are efficacious and valuable for the purposes for which they were ordained, and not for purposes for which they were not ordained. If I am asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life with which to sustain him under trials and confront his affliction—I must point to something very different, to something which in a well-known hymn is called 'the old, old story.' It is this 'old, old story,' told in a good old book, with the teaching to be found there, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to

man, a gift carrying with it and imposing upon all alike the most solemn trusts and responsibility, arousing the fullest recollections of the past and the brightest hopes of the future. If we were here to-night to consider the main purpose for which we live, that is the topic on which we should have to dilate. But I am free to own that even those who have been most zealous for religion, and perhaps in consequence of their zeal for religion, have sometimes pushed that zeal to such a point that they have lapsed into not only the unnecessary, but I think the disturbing and injurious view of human nature in the dispensation under which we live—that, provided men are well instructed in the principles of the holy faith they profess, nothing else is worth attention in this life. I believe that is not perhaps a fatal, but certainly a serious and dangerous error, because it disassociates religion from the general course of thought and of life, from the necessities of man's condition, and from the opportunities offered to him by the faculties he possesses for self-improvement and development. The human nature in which we are cast was not endowed and equipped with all its marvellous faculties for nothing. The glory of the Creator in the external and inanimate world is not to be seen in some one object only here and there, but in every object; and the glory of the Creator in man, who is the crown of His creation, although it may be more clearly shown in certain faculties and capabilities of his nature than in others, yet is to be seen in them all; and it is the due, equable, proportionate, and effective development of that nature in all its capabilities which constitutes the true and full idea of the duty of man in the world in which he is sent to live. I venture upon this observation for myself lest, in speaking of the immense value which is to be attached to the subjects with which we are dealing to-night, it should be supposed I was setting them up as having some exclusive claim of allegiance upon you."

**WOMAN'S SPHERE.**—Professor Blackie, in a recent lecture, said:—"A woman is naturally as different from a man as a flower from a tree; she has more beauty and more fragrance, but less strength. She will be fitted for the rough and thorny work of the masculine professions when she has got a rough beard, a brazen front, and hard skin, but not sooner."

**INDIA AND INDIAN MISSIONS.**—The Bishop of Oxford, in a recent speech, thus referred to Indian missions:—"He firmly believed that one great reason why the whole work of Christian missions had sometimes languished was simply a want of knowledge. The kind of assertion which some foolish young fellow who had spent a little time there would sometimes make—that, so far as he could see, missions had done nothing for India—was too often taken for granted. "Dear me!" exclaimed his lordship, "what did he see of Christian missions or of anything else? He saw a tiger, perhaps, or a cantonment in which he was interested, but what opportunity had he of seeing the operations of missionaries and judging of their results? What did he know of spiritual work at home? What did he know of spiritual work in the next parish? He would be unable to give an account of Christian work in the immediate neighbourhood, to say nothing of a diocese. Such a man might be able to say something about his sport or about the last ball he attended, but how could he tell them of what was being done in men's hearts by the preaching of the Gospel? Therefore why should they take what he said for granted when he brought home a smart sentence about the value of missions in a vast empire like India? Why should they assume that he knew all about it?" Englishmen sadly needed a better acquaintance with the whole state of things in that vast empire; and when they did know more about it they would find that there were great capacities for conversion, and that eager inquiries were being made by large classes of natives as to the meaning, power, and evidence of the Christian religion. We occupied a position in relation to India never occupied by any other nation; and if we were only true to ourselves—if in our dealings with the people we were honest, earnest, and gentle—not arrogant and imperious—we might, by God's mercy, succeed in doing as great a work there as had ever been done since the Gospel was first preached. He saw in the visit of the Prince of Wales to India the possibility—it depended upon ourselves whether we used it or not—of a larger acquaintance with this part of the British empire."

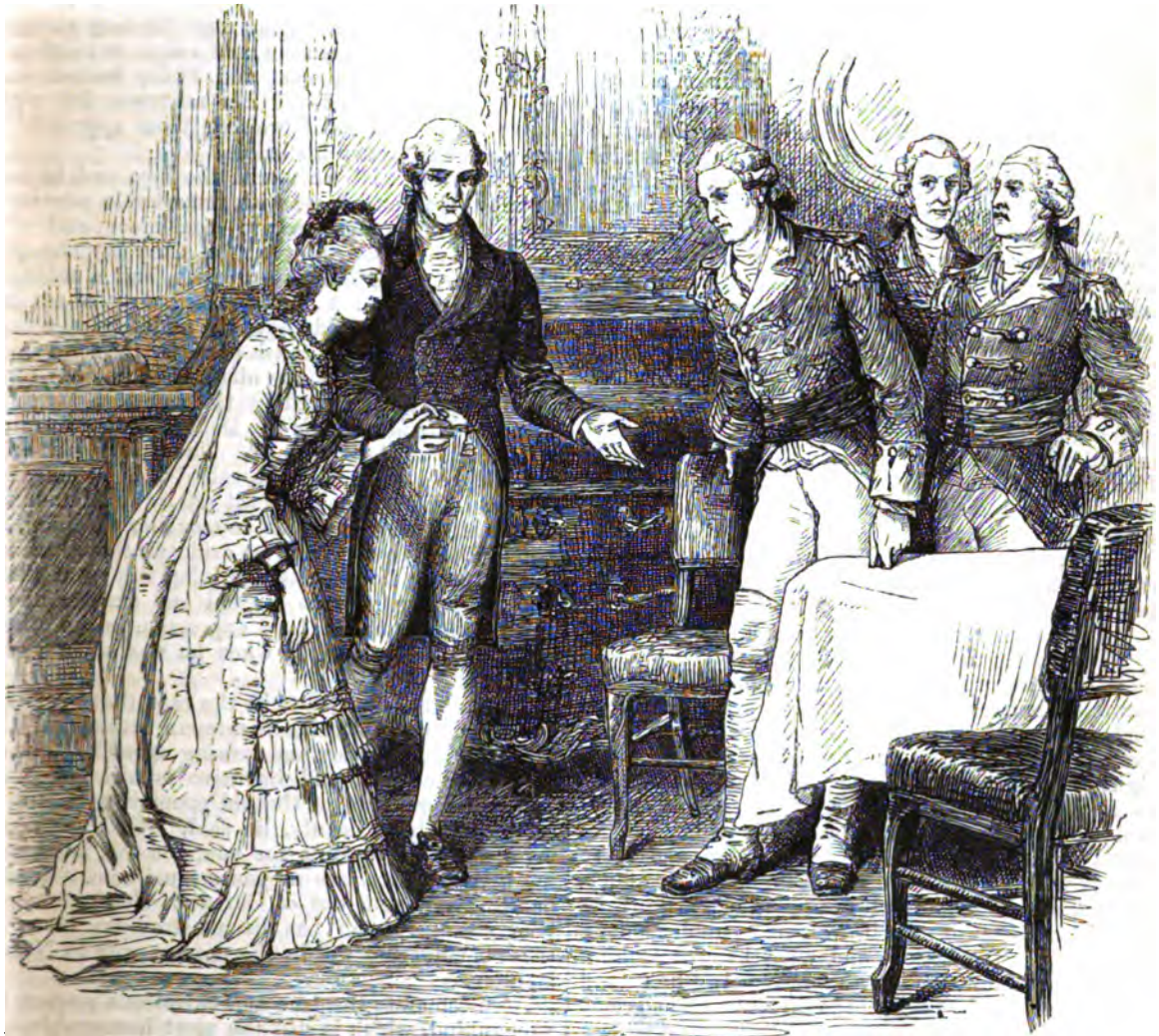
**PRICE OF LAND IN THE CITY OF LONDON.**—A plot of land at the corner of Threadneedle Street and Bishopsgate Street, London, an area of about 3,600 feet, has been recently let at a ground rent of £2,600 per annum, to receive a pile of buildings suitable for bankers, public companies, and merchants. This rent is at the rate of more than £31,000 per annum per acre. Capitalised at 25 years' purchase, we get £775,000 per acre as the value of land.—*Builder*.



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE KING'S OFFICERS ENTERTAINED BY MR. DELAMERE.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER V.—THE STRANGER FROM ENGLAND.

AS Dargan went singing down the wooded hillside by one path, the squire's daughter made her homeward way by another, less rough and steep, and leading by a more circuitous route to the Elms. She had no companion but her page, Philip, a bright-eyed negro boy of about thirteen, well grown for his

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years, and handsome for one of his African descent, having something of a Spanish cast in countenance and carriage, which proved him in some degree related to a European race; but Philip's origin was not exactly known. The captain of a West India ship had brought him to Boston in his early childhood, and contrived to forget and leave him behind—it was thought by design—at the inn where he had lodged; and Squire Delamere, happening to be in the provincial capital at the time, and hearing of the

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PRICE ONE PENNY.



child's destitute condition, with his wonted charity took him home, and placed him under the kindly rule of his daughter Constance. Under that rule Philip grew up to robust boyhood, and became Miss Delamere's page, an attendant most congenial to her active habits and the homely life of New England, where every lady was her own maid. She taught him his prayers, his manners, and his learning; in consequence Philip could read well, could speak good English, with scarcely an alloy of negro *patois*, and was liked by all the household as a good-natured, well-behaved, and very handy boy. It was true that he gave early promise of being a negro beau of the first degree; great was the brushing and much the pomatum bestowed upon his fleecy locks, to give them the appearance of a white gentleman's. He chose to be called Master Delamere by negro boys of inferior position, for Philip could properly claim no name but the Christian one—a case common enough with his coloured brethren—and no relation, friend, or owner ever appeared to claim him, so Delamere he was likely to remain, as neither the squire nor his daughter would grudge him that piece of gentility.

Never was knight's squire or lady's page in the days of chivalry more faithful and devoted than was Philip to his young mistress. He looked after her pony, he worked in her own private flower garden, he would have gone any distance to get new shrubs and roots for it, and wherever Constance went Philip went also. Like pages and squires of old, he stood high in his lady's confidence. The solitary girl, without brother or sister, naturally made no stranger of the faithful boy, and as the night of the gallows in full preparation for him would not have made Philip disclose one of her private affairs, he knew them all, and was deep in the interest of Sydney Archdale.

Lady and page were walking home together now, carrying a basket of blue-berries between them, and talking confidentially.

"Where did you see the horseman first, Philip?"

"Up among the pines beside the old bear-trap, miss, standing up in his stirrups and looking away through the trees. Caesar saw him too, and told me that, in his belief, he was a traveller who had come over the mountains by the open slopes that lie to the right of Vandarlock's clearing, but had lost his way in the wooded parts down here. He moved away, and we lost sight of him for a little while, but the sound of horse's hoofs made me look up, and there he was within a stone's throw of us, his horse standing still and he looking all about. I don't think he saw either Caesar or myself, we were so hidden among the bushes in the hollow, and what he was looking for I don't know, but in a minute or two he turned his horse and rode away in the direction he had come from."

"What was he like, Philip?"

"Like a man from England, miss—a government officer, or something of that sort. He rode a fine horse, and had everything handsome about him—he was handsome himself for that matter."

"Are you sure it was not Mr. Archdale's friend, the Quaker merchant, riding over the hills to see him?"

"I am sure he was no Quaker, miss; I would know that man anywhere."

"Why, Philip, have you seen him before?"

"I have not just seen him, but you'll laugh at me, Miss Constance—there's a dream I have sometimes

about a large house and a plantation—not like Mr. Archdale's place or the Elms—and a lady on horseback with a habit like your own, but she is not like you herself, and the gentleman that rides with her is the man I saw in the wood."

As the boy spoke, Constance recollected that years ago, when he was new at the Elms, Philip used to talk, with the faint and confused remembrance of early childhood, about living on a plantation where limes and sugar-canes grew, the horse his mother used to ride, and the man from England, who seemed an object of special terror to him.

"It is a singular dream, Philip," she said; "and still more singular that you should know the horseman from it."

They were turning out of the wood at this moment, and into the open road leading straight to the Elms. The mansion and estate were clearly to be seen from the spot, and Philip looked half frightened, so indeed did his mistress, for right before them, and as if waiting their approach, a horseman had drawn his bridle.

"There he is!" whispered the boy, and he had described man and horse with remarkable accuracy. The latter was a fine creature—coal black, and of a make that might have served for a cavalry charger. The former, though not in uniform, had a military style of dress and a distinguished air; he sat his horse well, and seemed above the middle size, a man of about thirty-five, English born, for the solid firmness of the old country was about him, but his complexion had been tinged by the sun of a brighter climate. His face was of the Delamere type but had no resemblance to the family. Those who saw only cut and colour would have called it handsome, for the features were good and set off by an abundance of almost black hair, which, in traveller's fashion, he wore without powder, and he evidently thought himself too young for the fast-declining wig; but there was something at once sensual and sinister about the mouth, and a cold, hard expression in the otherwise fine eyes, especially when he was silent or off his guard.

The latter happened to be the case that evening; he was deceived by the homespun attire and the basket of blue-berries, and turning upon Constance a gaze of that bold and intrusive admiration, with which the gallants of the old country were apt to regard low-born beauty, he said, "Good evening, my dear, I am waiting for you, you see, because I know that such a face as yours must own a tender heart. Will you, out of Christian charity, show a poor stranger, who has been astray for hours in these bewildering woods, the nearest way to Northampton?"

Accustomed to the true and chivalrous respect for womankind, which is still the most honourable and distinguishing trait of American society, the New England girl was too indignant to show him either anger or contempt, but as to her great satisfaction Denis Dargan emerged from the wood at the same moment, she said, quietly, "Denis, be good enough to show that gentleman his way to Northampton," and walked on without taking any further notice of his existence.

The traveller looked what in common parlance is called scared for an instant; but he was a man of too large experience to be long put out of countenance, and when Denis had finished telling him that he must ride down to the river and keep along its

bank till he came to the "foord or the ferry, and take which o' thim plased him best," he thanked the young man with patronising civility, and then said, looking towards the Elms, "To whom does that fine property belong?"

"To Squire Delamere, sir."

Dargan did not notice the strange expression that passed over the traveller's face as he spoke, the words seemed to have fallen upon him like a blow; but recovering himself instantly, he said, in a still more bland tone, "And who is that young lady who passed just now with the boy and the basket?"

"Miss Delamere, sir; she's all the children the squire has now, and the estate is to be her inheritance. I'm sure she deserves it, for a kinder lady never broke the world's bread, and any man may see she's a born beauty," said Denis.

"She is, indeed," and the traveller smiled; "I have never seen a lovelier face. Are you in the squire's service?"

"I am, sir; they call me his best man hereabouts;" Dargan never hid that light under a bushel.

"A good master, I suppose?" said the traveller.

"A betther never breathed the breath of life, it's proud I am to sarve him night and day," and Denis would have gone on sounding the squire's praise, but the traveller stopped him.

"That's right, my man; a good master deserves good service. But I must go, drink my health with this," and he handed Denis a dollar; "may be I will come back to this quarter some time, if it were only to get another sight of your young mistress;" and putting spurs to his horse, he galloped away.

"Troth," said Denis, surveying the silver, "that's a downright ginerosus gentleman, and isn't he tuck on wid Miss Constance; howsomever she's not tuck on wid him, by the way she passed by cowl and careless. She'll be thrue to young Archdale if lords and dukes come axin her; but I'll be bound the squire would rather have that gentleman for a son-in-law, for it's my opinion he's a king's officer;" and Denis turned homeward to report the adventure to his confidants at the Elms.

The soft, misty night was falling when Constance reached home. The household people were gathering in from field and farm-building, but her father was pacing the grounds alone, like one who could not rest. His misadventure with Hiram Hardhead, little as it related to the business, had altered his mind as regarded seeking a reconciliation with Archdale. It was another phase of Whiggish doings, an evidence of what loyal men might expect, if treason and sedition were allowed to be talked by the educated classes and acted by the ignorant. Moreover, Delamere had a secret consciousness that his own conduct in the transaction had been foolish, and the figure he cut was rather a ridiculous one. Would not Archdale laugh at him? Would not the whole country do the same? for Whigs and liberty men abounded in the valley of the Connecticut; but he would keep aloof from them all, and stand by his principles.

Then his daughter, what steps should he take to guard her from the wiles of Sydney Archdale? Time was when he had encouraged the idea of a match between the two, and thought his friend's son might stand to him in the stead of his own lost Gervase. The young man had not taken to sowing sedition then, but the case was altered now. He had told

Constance so already; he had plainly shown her the evil tendency of Sydney's ways. "That has turned her mind against him," said the simple squire to himself; "she never mentions his name of late; my girl knows a disloyal man will never make a faithful lover or husband, and she can get a better match any day. The warrant against him is just a matter of thankfulness, it will keep him out of this country, so he can have no opportunity to waylay and flatter her out of her senses, as a cunning villain like him would; and when I show her that article in 'Rivington's Gazette,' Constance will give the fellow up entirely."

Alas for that ever-recurring conflict of opinions and inclinations between the old generation and the new. Sometimes sad to see, the seed-time of bitter memories that will come when heads are grey and graves are green, sometimes working so silently and far beneath the surface as not to be observed, but evermore renewed by time and tide, as sure as the spring of the one approaches the leaf-fall of the other. It took the hidden form between Constance and her father. Delamere was deceived, as most fathers are; but it was from affection and not from fear. The master of the Elms, with all his arbitrary principles as regarded sovereign and subject, was in practice one to be beloved by all about him. As he had guessed at times, there was not a soul of his own opinions in the household, yet man, woman, and boy would have stood by him against any adversary, as promptly as his Quaker housekeeper and his Irish best man did against the prophet of the Green Mountain Boys. That love took a deeper root in his daughter's heart, and made her take an untruthful way that was foreign to her nature, rather than vex or grieve him. Constance would not mention Sydney's name now, though it was more than ever in her thoughts, for the young man was in danger; would not take his part, though she was proud of his recent doings; and would not express her views on the subject, though, like most New England girls of her age and station, she had pretty clear and decided ones, because they were contrary to those of her father. When he was silent and out of sorts at supper that evening, terror took hold of her lest her meeting with Sydney in the wood had been discovered. When he showed her the article in the "Gazette" next morning, and bade her read it, she promised to do so, but got out of the room as quickly as possible; and when he saw her again, and inquired if she did not think Sydney Archdale a very wicked young man, Constance, though sincerely ashamed of herself, evaded his question.

"I was sure you could not approve such doings, my girl," said the satisfied Delamere; "and yet I was sorry to see such an account of my old friend's son. I wish I had not seen it either, for it made me quarrel with Archdale; so, child, you must remember not to go near the house, nor let our people borrow anything; mind, I don't say against lending, and if Archdale speaks to you, don't turn away, or be dry with him, for old time's sake."

"Quarrelled with Mr. Archdale, father! I thought you would never do that." Constance knew what business had brought Sydney's father to the Elms, and the chasm which that quarrel must open between Sydney and herself.

"Once I thought so, too, but people of opposing principles cannot long agree. These times will split up many a friendship as well as ours; but there,

child, say no more about it, <sup>SOME</sup> things are better forgotten." And the squire turned away with a look so sad and heart-sore, that she could never again venture on returning to the subject.

That was not the only cause of trouble Constance had. For days her faithful Philip could get no sight of his correspondent, Cæsar, though he made many an ingenious excuse for going up to the Holyoke woods; indeed, the squire's turkeys and pigeons seemed to have taken a general turn for flying that way, and Philip's tame hare had to be sought for in the same direction. Still, no sight of Cæsar, and no intelligence of his master could be gained; and lady and page took terror to their hearts at last, for in farm-house and hamlet all along the valley, there was talk of strangers who had suddenly appeared in the neighbourhood, and whose business there was not exactly known. Some said they were revenue men looking after "Owlers," a name for carriers of contraband goods among the Green Mountain Boys; some that they were surveyors sent by a great man in England, who was going to buy all the waste land on that side of the province. Constance, of course, thought they were government spies in search of Sydney Archdale, but her fears on that point were unexpectedly set at rest.

She and Philip had ridden to Springfield, the nearest town of any importance, to make some purchases of her own at the stores, spend the evening and stay for the night with her maternal aunt, an old lady who had a pleasant house there, and was always partial to Constance. On their return in the afternoon of the following day, they found the Elms in a state of unusual bustle and excitement. A dinner of more than ordinary expense and elegance was in course of preparation; the best parlour was opened as on occasions of ceremony, and the cloth laid on its long and rich mahogany; the lady's drawing-room—as such state apartments were called in the colony from their first introduction, being supposed the special domain of the lady of the mansion—stood open also, and in its doorway stood Squire Delamere. He had rather a fancy for a fuss at times, and caught his daughter by the hand the moment she entered. "Constance, my girl, I am glad you are come; I have been looking out for you this hour, but there is time enough yet. Go at once to your own room, take off that vulgar homespun, and dress yourself in the best of your silks. A gentleman in his Majesty's service, who has come with a company of engineers to reconstruct Fort Frederick, which is to be garrisoned, and will, I trust, keep the Green Mountain Boys in order, called on me this morning with a letter of introduction from Governor Gage, and I have invited him and the other officers of the company to dine with me this evening, when of course my daughter must appear as becomes her rank; in short, child, we may have good company here often, and I hope to see you in that dairymaid's dress no more."

"Dost thou not think there will be vanity enough in the child's head, friend?" said Hannah Armstrong, who chanced to be within the room removing linen covers from the well-kept furniture.

"Vanity or not," cried Delamere, "I will have my daughter dressed like a lady, as her mother used to be, before this Whiggish nonsense got into our people's heads. Go, Constance, like a good girl, and let these gentlemen from the old country see what your father has to be proud of in his grey-haired days."

Constance went up to her room much astonished and somewhat relieved in mind. Those engineers and their followers were the strangers about whose business there had been so many contrary reports in the neighbourhood. They had not come to look for Sydney Archdale, but to rebuild Fort Frederick, a picturesque ruin on one of the Green Mountain heights, twenty-six miles north-west of the Elms. It had been erected in the time of the old French war as a defence to that side of the province, named in honour of George the III's father, Frederick Prince of Wales, and was considered a place of strength till one of Montcalm's officers reduced and ruined it.

In the years of peace which succeeded, Fort Frederick had been left to the owls and to the bats, a memorial of frontier warfare, and a landmark for travellers crossing those wilds and wooded hills, till the British Government found out that a military station was wanted among the Green Mountains. Governor Gage sent a newly-arrived English captain from New York to command the reconstructing company, and formally introduced him by letter to Squire Delamere, for whom it was the governor's policy of late to profess great respect and esteem, as the only loyal gentleman in the Connecticut Valley.

When Constance Delamere, by the paternal command, arrayed herself that evening in the purple brocade, point lace, and pearls of less self-denying days, it must be confessed that her toilette was a great deal more carefully made, and her mirror more frequently consulted, than usual. Before the interesting rites were quite completed, she caught the sound of horses' hoofs, and by a peep from her window saw six gentlemen in uniform alight at the door, and heard the cordial and kindly greeting with which her father received them.

Constance waited till the bustle of arrival had subsided, took a last look at the mirror, and then descended to the drawing-room. Nature had bestowed on her that rare degree of beauty and grace which sets off dress and lends a charm to ornament, and well might a flush of pride light up the squire's face, as, in the stately and ceremonious manner of his generation, he introduced his daughter to the chief of the company, Captain Devereux; but in the queued and powdered, gold laced, and epauletted gentleman who bowed before her with such admiring respect, Constance recognised the traveller of the Holyoke woods who had asked the way to Northampton.

## THE FLOODS IN FRANCE.

AS one of three delegates named by the Pyrenean "Société Ramond" to urge at the Sorbonne, at the end of last March, the claims of an observatory established near the summit of the Pic du Midi by the private initiative of that society, the present writer had his attention directed to the means of supplying due warning of coming storms and floods, and shared the disappointment which greeted the endeavour to obtain some slight encouragement and assistance from the French Government. He visited Agen, Toulouse, and the valley of the Ariège a few days after the terrific destruction and loss of life which suddenly overwhelmed those districts. In September, the subsequent floods of the south-east found him in the Eastern Pyrenees; and at the end of October he revisited the ruins of St. Cyprien and its neighbourhood, even more ghastly after the

partial clearing which had been effected. Impressions acquired in these circumstances, and supplemented by long familiarity with the Pyrenees, may enable him to add interest to a subject which has been already largely discussed in the English newspapers.

The supervision of the river system of a country is one of the clearest duties of its government. The "moving highways" that feed the culture and industry of widely separated districts cannot be wisely entrusted to local and exclusive care. A manufacturing locality must not be suffered to poison the upper waters of a fertilising stream. Rash experiments in hydraulics should not be permitted to imperil the existence of populous towns. The cutting of a canal, the elevation of a bank, the construction of a dam, may affect the safety and alter the value of wide districts or important centres that derive no advantage from the change. Alterations in the economy of streams can rarely be effected without danger, and the peril which is averted from one region is frequently diverted to another. Like the peasants of Etna, who turn the lava currents on their neighbours, the husbandmen of the Po have frequently attempted to pierce the high banks of the river on the side opposite to their fields. Less extreme cases of conflicting interests are common on all streams. Even if all the districts that bound a river could be trusted to work together for the general good, a long-armed government would still be requisite to ensure the welfare of the mountain sources of the stream. The destruction of forests, the clearing of moors, the draining of bogs, may seriously affect the economy of torrents, and even alter the climate of a district. New roads and railways may obstruct or divert the natural channels of surplus water. Such a change as the general introduction of drainage-pipes in fields may increase the danger of floods by producing the sudden concentration of the rain scattered over wide surfaces. The general tendency of civilisation is to diminish vegetation and drain the soil. The climate thus becomes more variable and the floods more sudden, while the wells are deprived of their gradual supplies, and the soil washed clear of its most valuable constituents. Fertile expanses have in this manner been changed to stony deserts in Spain. The most populous and civilised districts of ancient Asia are now marked by uninhabitable wastes. Centuries of anarchy in the European kingdoms, and ages of reckless despotism in the Eastern empires, have abused the advantages afforded by improvements of agriculture and the arts. The newest resources of modern science, and the latest results of political experience, are fully needed to meet the difficulties created by the perplexing complications of industrial progress.

The French Government, since the days of Richelieu, cannot be accused of sacrificing general to local interests. Centralisation has steadily proceeded, and was carried to extremes by the French Revolution. A Frenchman wishing to endow his birthplace with a school or church, must submit a plan of its form and site for official inspection in Paris, and await the decision, formed on maps and plans, of an authority who has probably never visited the spot. A wine importer must delay the unloading of his casks while two separate branches of the Excise perform the same gaugings of their contents, that the labours of a superintendent in Paris may be lightened by this mutual control. On the same principle, the cutting

of the mountain forests can only be effected in plots that may be clearly indicated on a map. Regular spaces are therefore completely cleared on the mountain sides, and become promptly exposed to the rush of rain that strips away the soil, and effectually prevents replanting. Even if the denuded soil is accidentally preserved, the young shoots of fresh plantations are long liable to be swept away. Deprived of the protecting boles of surrounding trees, the young saplings are exposed to avalanches, and unable to resist the formation of new water-courses, and the conditions under which the forests originally sprouted have been altered by the waste of protecting rocks and by local and general changes in climate. In some places, as at Bareges, the difficulty of replacing recklessly-cleared forests is so serious that artificial boles, in the form of upright iron stakes, are employed as an ineffectual protection to the houses and the newly-planted groves. Nothing can replace the original forests; their roots held the soil to the slopes; their shelter delayed the melting of large quantities of snow; their branches arrested the violence of winds; the mould and leaves accumulated beneath them absorbed the rain like a gigantic sponge; the moss, underwood, and broken branches checked the passage of surplus water and prevented the formation of destructive currents; and their leaves gradually exhaled in beneficent vapour the water which their roots had held back from dangerous accumulation in the streams. Sudden changes of temperature and weather, as well as sudden alternations of drought and flood, were thus averted by the agency of the forests. These may be easily preserved by the practice of rational and well-known rules of forestry. The older trees should be cut down at intervals, and no complete space should ever be cleared. This process would rather be a benefit than otherwise to the growth of the general mass. But such cuttings could not be neatly indicated on a map, and checked by a superintendent in a Paris bureau; they could only be guarded from abuse by the constant and minute supervision of a wise local government. Mere paid *employés* cannot be trusted without the check of superior inspection on the map. But the abolition of primogeniture and other ancient institutions that prevailed in the Pyrenees till the Revolution, has destroyed the influence of the leading families and the respect for immemorial usages. Such institutions, originating in the different social atmosphere of more primitive ages, can no more be replaced than the forests when once cleanly shorn away. The ancient valley-communities of the Pyrenees, of which the Republic of Andorra is a surviving specimen, were doubtless liable to many faults, but their imperfect superintendence of their forests and pastures has not been replaced for the better. The English habit of only gradually adapting old institutions to changed circumstances, would have proved a safer method than the radical and ambitious destructions and reconstructions which have characterised the modern polity of France and Spain. The Basque Provinces, which have preserved their ancient institutions, are the most flourishing districts of the Pyrenees. The old local government of Andorra has kept its territory still richly wooded, amidst a singularly denuded region. The encouragement of local initiative is as necessary as wise superintendence in all questions of general economy, and the central government of France, having taken all duties upon itself, is unable to support its burdens



The habit of trusting everything to it has prevented many obvious improvements that might have diminished the increasing danger from floods. Even four months after the inundations of last June a suburb of Toulouse again suffered, owing to the omission to repair a damaged palisade through habitual dependence on the central government; while in the neighbourhood of the Mediterranean, near Beziers, great losses have been occasioned by official delays in the execution of promised repairs.

While these general causes account for the violence of the floods in the region of the Garonne, the special destruction produced in the suburb of Toulouse called St. Cyprien may be attributed to preventable circumstances. In the first place, St. Cyprien is situated on the low bottom of the valley of the Garonne, at a few feet from the ordinary level of the river, while Toulouse, on the opposite bank, stands on the edge of an isolated patch of one of the ancient natural terraces of the valley, and the high and strong quays that skirt the Toulouse side of the river compel the waters when flooded to expend their entire effect upon the St. Cyprien side. Secondly, St. Cyprien occupies a triangular expanse, round two sides of which the river curves sharply, threatening to overflow it entirely when the waters rise. Thirdly, the central and most populous portion of the suburb is at a lower level than the raised bank of the river which skirts it. Fourthly, a very solid bridge connecting St. Cyprien with Toulouse at the apex of the triangular expanse, and two high weirs, one above and one below the bridge, hold back the waters and obstruct their flow, so as to assist in diverting them across the unfortunate suburb. Pent within the angle formed by the high quays of Toulouse, and obstructed by the solid bridge and the unyielding weirs, the surplus water gradually rose against the banks of St. Cyprien, till suddenly overtopping and breaking through them, it overspread the entire suburb, extended far over the lower valley-bottom behind it, and left the substantial, but already tottering bridge as the sole way of escape to the safe elevation of Toulouse. Lastly, by an unfortunate disposition of the streets, aided by the difference of level caused by the weirs and bridge, two deep and furious torrents were produced, one striking across the apex of the triangular suburb, a few yards from its junction with the bridge of escape, the other following a wide boulevard completely across the base of the triangle. Between these currents the most populous portion of St. Cyprien was completely isolated from all assistance or escape throughout the entire night of the 23rd to the 24th June. Bearing these circumstances in mind, the horrible nature of the catastrophe that occurred may be easily understood from the following brief summary of the successive stages of its development.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 22nd June, amidst incessant and torrential rain, the Garonne had risen nearly ten feet above its ordinary level at Toulouse. During the next twenty-four hours its level increased by eleven feet; and in the next fifteen hours it rose nearly ten feet, attaining, at 11 P.M. on the 23rd, a maximum height of more than thirty feet above its ordinary level. Early on the morning of the 23rd, the high quays of Toulouse were thronged by fifty thousand spectators, watching the almost visible rise of the enormous torrent, which was already strewn with planks, barrels, haystacks, furniture, and bodies of animals. Soon the mills and

factories situated on low banks of gravel above and below Toulouse, together with the adjoining houses of some five thousand workmen, were gradually invaded by the water, while thick clouds of steam and smoke announced the sudden extinction of the furnaces. But the gradual rise of the water through the feeding-canals of the mills having warned the inhabitants to escape, no loss of life accompanied the immense destruction of property in these quarters. At ten o'clock the enormous boats bearing wooden houses for washing and bathing, begin to break their mooring chains, and are successively swept under the stone bridge, seriously endangering it, and being finally hurled, like gigantic battering-rams, against the quays and factories farther down. The shock of one of these formidable projectiles knocks a great river-side factory to pieces like a house of cards. About midday a single pillar of a fine suspension-bridge below the stone Pont-Neuf is seen to deviate from the perpendicular, and a few minutes later the woodwork is hurled away, while the heavy chains, beating and dragging against the quays, endanger the safety of the neighbouring buildings. To save these the chains are cut by smiths, and, being whirled down the river, mow off the entire upper portion of a large factory partially submerged. Meanwhile, the twenty-five thousand inhabitants of St. Cyprien are far from realising the true nature of their peril. Deceived by the elevation of the artificially-raised avenues that border the river, they forget that the water, passing round the upper extremity of these ornamental works, may invade their streets from behind. The authorities are evidently no less ignorant of the probable course of the water, and expend their energies in completing the line of raised avenues by hastily-constructed dams, which merely render the subsequent influx of the obstructed torrent more sudden and fatal. While military wagons charged with earth and manure are hurrying to supply the sappers who pile barricades at the openings towards the river, the water, about three o'clock, flowing round the suburb, pours down upon it from behind. In ten minutes it rises to a height of three feet in the sort of cavity occupied by the densest portion of the houses. The inhabitants, still with no clear idea of the real perils of their position, and hesitating to confront the rapidly-descending water, take refuge in their houses. Too late the authorities despatch wagons to remove the people; in less than half an hour the last wagon that dares the flooded streets is overturned by the increasing water, the driver and the four horses being drowned. Forty wagons, ordered from the great barracks of Toulouse, reach the bridge when the suburb can only be entered in boats. Boats are at length sent for, and arrive when useless. A furious torrent, undermining the falling houses, already cuts off the only possible access from the bridge; the hastily-erected barricades yield before the increasing pressure, while garden-walls and other feeble obstacles soon open a free passage from behind; and the wide boulevard which traverses the base of the triangular suburb is excavated to a depth of ten feet, becoming an arm of the river. The Marquis of Hautpoul, aided by two watermen and a gendarme, launches a boat from the termination of the bridge; the boat is whirled past, upset, and the body of the marquis carried into the river, while his companions narrowly escape by clinging to projecting obstacles. A police agent, named Castel, induces a young

soldier to accompany him, and five times crosses the same current, bringing back two hundred and fifty people. The fifth time the boat is whirled off by the torrent, and those in it are saved on a low roof, surrounded by the rushing water. At the same moment their sole path of escape is threatened with instant destruction. The suspension-bridge above the Pont-Neuf suddenly yields, and the heavy masses of its woodwork bear down on this only remaining bridge, on which wagons, boats, and officials are waiting to afford assistance. A cry of *sautez qui peut* is raised, and all run for their lives, abandoning the suburb to its fate. Fortunately the floating masses of the bridge pass clearly under the arches of the Pont-Neuf, and assistance soon returns to the sufferers rescued by the heroism of Castel. But few other efforts succeed, and the night closes in, finally completing the impossibility of succour. Throughout that terrible night many thousand people, moving from roof to roof, heard twelve hundred houses crash down around them, while the shrieks of the crushed and drowning mingled with the plashing of the waters. Only across the river, the lamentations of friends and relatives returning from the workshops of Toulouse, and standing helpless through the night upon the quays, represented the agony of other thousands of the dense population of St. Cyprien. It was these hours of agony and terror, inflicted on twenty-five thousand persons, that formed the most appalling feature of the catastrophe at Toulouse. The two hundred and eight corpses discovered in the ruins, and the unknown number carried down the river, afford no adequate measure of the awful magnitude of the tragedy.

Although it is always easy to suggest remedies after a disaster has occurred, it may be fairly said that obvious, simple, and clearly necessary precautions should have averted the most terrible characteristics of the inundation at Toulouse. The local authorities ought certainly to have possessed clear statistics of the comparative levels of the banks and streets, enabling them to foresee the sudden influx and rapid rise of the water within the suburb, and to foretell the stages of the peril and the impracticability of assistance if delayed. With such statistics for reference during the long-continued rise of the river, the authorities might easily, with the administrative facilities of government in France, have compelled the evacuation of the suburb in the interval between the obvious threatening of the catastrophe and its actual occurrence. If hesitating to adopt such a measure, they might at least have foreseen the uselessness of wagons under the conditions that necessarily followed, and have prepared boats to remove the population before even such means were inapplicable. There can be no doubt that no such preparation existed, and that the powers of the authorities were expended in random barricading, that only served to mislead the inhabitants, and in vain attempts to supply means of escape when each means selected was already inadequate. The municipal authorities had doubtless waited for the initiative of the central government, and the central government had naturally overlooked the matter. Yet ample warning has been recorded in the history of Toulouse. From the most ancient accounts of the city, the low tract of St. Cyprien appears to have been little if at all inhabited. In the twelfth century it was already a suburb, but exposed to annual inundations, a fact still witnessed by a church dedicated

at that time to St. Nicolas, the especial patron of persons endangered by water. An Act of 1177 mentions the building of the church in consequence of a vow of the inhabitants, terrified by the exceptional violence of one of these floods. In 1220, 1250, 1430, 1523, 1536, 1589, and 1608, other disastrous inundations were recorded. In 1612 the capitouls, the ancient municipal magistrates of Toulouse, ordered the rebuilding of the houses damaged by preceding inundations, and constructed walls to protect the more important side of the river. Similar works were subsequently furnished to St. Cyprien, and the suburb increased in wealth and importance as they progressed. At the same time the quays of Toulouse encroached progressively upon the river, and the building of factories and dams upon the banks of gravel in its bed continually increased the obstructions to the safe passage of surplus water, diverting the pressure of floods more and more upon the increasing defences of St. Cyprien. In this fashion the peril of the suburb has augmented in proportion with its wealth, and the construction of really effectual dykes, in the present circumstances of the river, would tend to throw back the obstructed waters upon the city of Toulouse. Yet serious disasters recorded in 1673, 1675, 1712, 1727, 1772, 1827, and 1835, prove both the increase of the danger and the inadequate character of the protective works successively executed. The cutting of a canal behind the suburb, the replacement of the Pont-Neuf by a bridge of less obstructive proportions, the widening of the river at the narrow point occupied by the bridge, and the adaptation of movable sluices to the solid weirs, are the obvious remedies suggested. But the expense involved in such measures can be less easily met after the recent losses of the town. The cost of a canal sufficient to protect the suburb, has been calculated at £320,000, probably less than half the amount recently lost by those who would be protected by it. Meanwhile, the authorities have forbidden the employment of raw bricks and earth mortar in the lower portions of the houses. It must, however, be remembered that the expense of exceptionally solid building and other artificial safeguards may balance the comparative cheapness of site which attracts a population to the insecure situation of St. Cyprien. Both in that suburb and in all the neighbouring district, the poorer houses are mainly constructed of sun-dried bricks and earthy mortar, which rapidly soften when surrounded by water, and easily wear away when exposed to a rapid current. This circumstance, due to the scarcity of building-stone and lime-quarries in the neighbourhood, as well as to the increasing dearness of fuel for burning bricks, greatly increased the amount of destruction which would otherwise have been produced by the flooding of the Garonne.

Throughout the district which suffered most severely, the loss of life may be mainly attributed to prevailing ignorance of the levels of the valley, and consequent inability on the part of the authorities to afford any certain and definite warning to the inhabitants. The immense loss of cattle, and other movable property, might similarly have been diminished by due attention to the warnings of former inundations. But the most striking circumstance in the appearance of the ruins of St. Cyprien, Agen, and the numerous farms and villages destroyed between Agen and Foix, was the extraordinary worthlessness of their building materials, and the

unsubstantial character of their architecture. Entire villages had been reduced to heaps of bricks, and less exposed houses had softened and collapsed as though formed of raw clay or paper. In St. Cyprien the softening of the materials had continued under the influence of the water remaining in the cellars, so that the streets which had suffered the least required to be propped up by forests of slanting beams. The full effect of the inundation was therefore most apparent several months after its occurrence; and in October many extensive portions of St. Cyprien resembled the aspect of Pompeii. At Agen the loss of life, and of much property that might easily have been preserved, was owing to the unforeseen effect of a long railway embankment, which had held back the rising waters until its sudden rupture left no opportunity for preparation. One terrible catastrophe may, however, be attributed to causes in which negligence had no part; the village of Verdun, in one of the gorges of the Pyrenees, was overwhelmed through the bursting of a dam formed by a sudden landslip; fifty houses, and nearly a hundred inhabitants, were thus buried beneath an avalanche of whirling rocks and mud.

Returning to the more general causes of the floods in southern France, it must be remembered that the lofty range of the Pyrenees is a source of yearly danger. The sudden commencement of hot weather after a cold spring, or the occurrence of heavy falls of snow before the warm days of autumn have definitely concluded, may rapidly raise the levels of the rivers that curve across the great subjacent plains of Gascony and Languedoc. Heavy and warm rains occurring at the same time may augment the danger. Such circumstances produced the exceptional rise of the rivers in June, the greatest destruction having occurred below the junction of the Ariège and Garonne, each of which receives the drainage of an extensive section of the Pyrenees. The coincidence of heavy rains in the Cevennes may greatly increase the danger; and the exceptional rise of the Garonne at Agen was partly owing to this rare coincidence, the drainage of the Cevennes being added to that of the Pyrenees at the junction of the Tarn above Agen. Meteorological observatories on the mountain peaks, provided by government with every facility for transmitting official warnings that would ensure attention and preparation, might certainly avert the most irremediable effects of such coincidences and exceptional conditions. The observatory established on the Pic du Midi by the "Société Ramond," and which is the only one on the Pyrenees, might have furnished warnings of the condition of the snow, and valuable observations of the weather, taken from a point which is frequently above the clouds, and commands a view of the greater part of the Pyrenean chain. But want of government support has hitherto delayed the construction of a building at the exact summit of the peak; and want of funds, as well as of official facilities, has prevented the establishment of telegraphic communication. General De Mansouty, who devotes himself to purely voluntary observation on the peak, and whose life has been frequently in danger through the insufficiency of the shelter afforded by the efforts of the society, was, however, enabled to supply valuable warning to the inhabitants of the valley of the Adour. But to accomplish this, he remained during forty-eight hours alone at an elevation of 7,763 feet, and charged with the entire labour of constant observation, while his as-

sistant descended, at great risk, through soft snow and in frightful weather. More rapid communication, and means of transmitting later observations, would have rendered incalculable service. The government having now promised to provide a regular service for watching the rivers, the observatory of the Pic du Midi may receive encouragement; but it remains as yet a deserving object for the subscriptions of all interested in science.

A proposal to establish artificial dams fitted to retain the surplus waters in floods was urged in a letter in the "Moniteur" by the late Emperor Napoleon, after the inundation of Lyons in 1856. This scheme has been partially applied in the valley of the Rhone, and some of the natural lakes of the Pyrenees have been provided with tunnels, by which their waters are drawn off for irrigation in dry weather, leaving extra space for the retention of rain and melted snow. But besides presenting obvious dangers, the effectual carrying out of such a scheme in the region of the Pyrenees would involve expense out of all proportion to the risk of loss of property. The tracts chiefly exposed to inundation in the deep natural gutters cut by the descending drainage of the Pyrenees are not of sufficient value to warrant such expenditure.

The above explanation of the peculiar circumstances of a catastrophe that has been largely described in the newspapers leaves no room for any adequate notice of the innumerable instances of self-sacrificing heroism, and the immense development of sympathetic charity, which will be long remembered in connection with it. The amount subscribed to the Duchess of Magenta's fund amounted in October to £1,020,000, while the material loss suffered is calculated at nearly four millions sterling.

N.B.—Since writing the above, I find it announced in the Paris papers that the government have ordered an immediate survey of the levels of the entire valley of the Garonne. P. W. S. M.

### ELEPHANTS IN THE EAST.

WHEN the Prince of Wales was starting for India, it was announced in the press that a venerable elephant, which had carried Clive in a triumphal procession to Delhi, was being trained for his use. This newspaper paragraph was probably only a joke, though centenarian elephants might be recognised even by Mr. Thoms. The announcement, however, reminds us how important a part elephants play in the pageantry of the East.

History informs us that the Asiatic elephant, from the earliest ages of civilisation, has been brought under the dominion of man, and trained to swell the pomp of pageants in times of peace and war, as well as to be made a powerful auxiliary in contending forces on the battle-field. Although an animal of the most ungainly form, yet the housings and trappings with which the bearers of princes have been bedecked surpass, in gorgeous and costly apparel, anything worn by other domesticated animals. If we are to credit the accounts of ancient historians, elephants were exhibited in the arena at Rome, reposing on splendid couches, adorned with the richest tapestry. Tables of ivory and cedar-wood were placed before them, and on those their viands were presented in vessels of gold and silver. Something





PROCESSION OF THE TAZIAS DURING THE MOHURRUM IN BHOPAL



of this elephantine luxury is kept up in India at the present day, where these favoured animals are exceptionally well cared for. The greatest care is taken in their management and decoration. After their daily feeding, bathing, oiling, and rubbing, they are often painted about the ears and head with various colours, and their tusks surrounded with rings of gold and silver.

On his arrival at Baroda, the Prince of Wales was received at the railway station by the youthful Guikwar, accompanied by Sir Madhava Rao and his retinue, mounted on elephants. The howdahs of these animals were all more or less ornamented, according to the rank of the occupant. That in which the Prince left the station with his host was made of solid gold, and the elephants were gorgeously caparisoned and painted. A grand procession was then formed of elephants, escorting his Royal Highness, beneath tastefully decorated triumphal arches, to the British Residency.

Elephants perform conspicuous parts in the religious festivals and processions of Mohammedans, Hindoos, and other creeds in India. One of these ceremonious solemnities is shown in our illustration, where the leading elephant is represented with a miniature mosque upon its back, and another carrying a howdah in the form of a temple. They are clad in ornamental housings, and their tusks surrounded with gold or silver rings, while the sharp points have been cut off. The sombre gravity of these animals presents a striking contrast to the lively fanatical demonstrations of the Mohammedan devotees in the van. This is the procession of the *Tazzias*, during the festival of the Mohurram at Bhopaul, in the central provinces.\*

Besides figuring in the pomp and pageantry of Oriental princes in times of peace, the elephant has been a valuable auxiliary to contending armies during war. It is recorded by ancient historians that when Alexander the Great extended his conquests to the frontiers of India, he was opposed by native forces mounted on tame elephants, which they had trained to military discipline. The majestic elephant on which the Indian king Porus rode in his battle with Alexander, displayed the greatest courage during the fight, and the strongest attachment to his master after he was vanquished. When that monarch was exhausted with fatigue and covered with wounds, he obstinately refused to retire or yield himself a prisoner, while his faithful elephant stood by to protect him, obeying his directions. After all his companions had fled, and when the Grecian soldiers pressed hard upon him, the elephant still defended his master, and attacked those who approached him with firm and ardent courage, until compelled to succumb to the force of numbers.

The formidable appearance of these gigantic animals in warfare at first struck terror into the ranks of the Grecian invaders, who had no previous experience of such auxiliary forces, or indeed much knowledge regarding the elephant and his habits. However, they soon got over their fears on capturing animals of a less courageous disposition than the king's elephant. When the campaign was ended Alexander profited by the occasion to strengthen his

own victorious army by a contingent of elephants which were from that time introduced into ancient Greece.

From thence they were carried by the army of Pyrrhus into Italy, when he undertook his campaign against the Romans. At first they spread terror into the ranks of the enemy, as they had done among the invaders of India. But Roman discipline soon triumphed over Macedonian tactics, and, notwithstanding his military skill and gigantic cavalry, Pyrrhus suffered defeat. The Carthaginians also found them but weak aids against Roman valour. The successors of Alexander appear to have long continued the use of elephants in their armies. One of the brave Jewish brothers, the Maccabees, terminated his life in a patriotic manner, by piercing with a deadly wound an elephant from beneath in the army of one of these monarchs fighting against his countrymen, and suffered himself to be crushed to death by the falling mass. Elephants trained to war among the Greeks had turrets raised on their backs, from which troops of armed men annoyed the enemy, while a driver, sitting on the neck, directed the movements of the animal, and animated him to fight with his trunk. But when alarmed or wounded these huge creatures disdained all government, and spread confusion not less readily among their friends than through the ranks of the adverse army.

It will be inferred from these records of the introduction of elephants into European warfare, that this animal has been used for the same purpose from the remotest times in India. The East has been, and is still, the great theatre on which the strength, courage, sagacity, and generous qualities of this noble animal have been displayed. Most of the Indian princes have estimated their power and grandeur, in times both of peace and war, by the number of their elephants. Many of them are persuaded that so majestic a body must be animated by the soul of a king or a hero. Hence, in some provinces, a white elephant—which is a rare *albino*—is viewed with peculiar veneration as the living manes of a deceased prince.

Coming to modern times, when it became necessary for British forces to contend with the native armies, our generals have found the utility of elephants in carrying munitions of war and military stores into mountain districts almost inaccessible to ordinary conveyance. At first objections were made to their employment from the difficulty of subsistence, as it was supposed they could not live without a very large daily allowance of rice. This idea, which their keepers were interested in, ~~experience~~ set aside. The elephant is not only the most powerful and most useful, but one of the hardiest animals that can be employed with an army in those regions where railways have not yet penetrated. He carries a load equal to sixteen bullocks, and without risk or damage, on the march. He subsists on the leaves or small branches of trees, on the sugar-cane or plantain-tree; in short, he lives upon forage which horses and bullocks do not eat; any kind of grain will support him, and he will work as long without grain as any other animal. The loss of elephants, although they have their full share of hardship and fatigue, has been found less in proportion than that of cattle. Moreover, from being considered an expedient of necessity to supply the want of bullocks, they have been found the most essential class of animals in

\* During the Mohurram, *Tazzias*, or models made of ivory, ebony, sandal-wood, and other materials, from the precious metals to bamboo or paper, and supposed to represent the funeral chapel of Hussein, are exhibited in the streets, carried in procession, and generally deposited with funeral rites in the cemetery.

conveying baggage and stores for an Anglo-Indian army in hilly districts.

Many British officers have testified to the courage and usefulness during some memorable engagements. At the battle of Goojerat, in the Punjab, a body of elephants dragged into the centre of the lines 18 and 20-pounder field-pieces, which did great execution among the Sikhs. On another occasion, the same artillery officer informs us that he saw them dragging heavy guns into the mountainous district of Kangra, at the time quite unprovided with roads. "It was a sight to see the sagacious elephants," he says, "pushing the guns with their heads up the steepest declivities." Lord Napier, of Magdala, then a colonel of engineers, was with this expedition, and seeing the value of the elephants on this occasion, he determined to take some with him on his memorable Abyssinian campaign. What would not Sir Garnet Wolseley have given for a few elephants on his march to Coomassie! It is surprising that no attempt has been made to domesticate the elephant in West Africa.

Not only has the elephant been found courageous when "under fire," but patient when wounded. It is related of one which had received a shot from a cannon, that after being once or twice conducted to the hospital to have his wound dressed, he constantly attended of himself till it was healed. That the surgeon might operate, he readily extended himself on the ground, and bore with patience the application even of burning caustic to the wound. The acuteness of the pain would sometimes force from him a plaintive groan; but to the doctor who, by inflicting momentary torments, sought to accomplish his cure, he expressed liveliest emotions of gratitude. Gratitude is, indeed, represented by all who have had opportunities of observing its manners as the most eminent feature in the character of the domestic elephant.

## ENGLAND'S NATIONAL CURSE.

IN homely, but sometimes pithy, and always earnest strains, Mr. S. C. Hall has written a tale in verse\* on the subject of drunkenness. The book deals with intemperance in more detail than the author's former poem, "The Trial of Sir Jasper," and the text is strengthened by statistics and other "authorities," exhibiting the results of what the "Times" has justly designated "this nuisance and scandal, our national drunkenness." These footnotes tell how intoxicating drink is the chief source of pauperism, disease, vice, and crime. Statesmen, magistrates, judges, physicians, ministers, and even jailors and policemen, contribute their common testimony as to the evils of intemperance. "But for the offences," says Judge Coleridge, "brought on by the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, the courts of justice might nearly be shut up. I can keep no terms with a vice that fills our jails, that destroys the comfort of homes and the peace of families, and debases and brutalises the people of these islands." Chief Justice Bovill said, "Nine-tenths of the cases to be tried are caused by drink." It is the same in all parts of the kingdom. Baron Fitzgerald says, "Nineteen-twentieths of the crimes committed in Ireland may be

traced to drunkenness." The Governor of Canterbury Jail stated that, of 22,000 persons who passed through his jail in fifteen years, he had not known one who was a total abstainer from drink. Mr. Charlton, Mayor of Gateshead, said he had been thirty years on the Board of Guardians at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in the whole of that time he never knew a single total abstainer apply for relief.

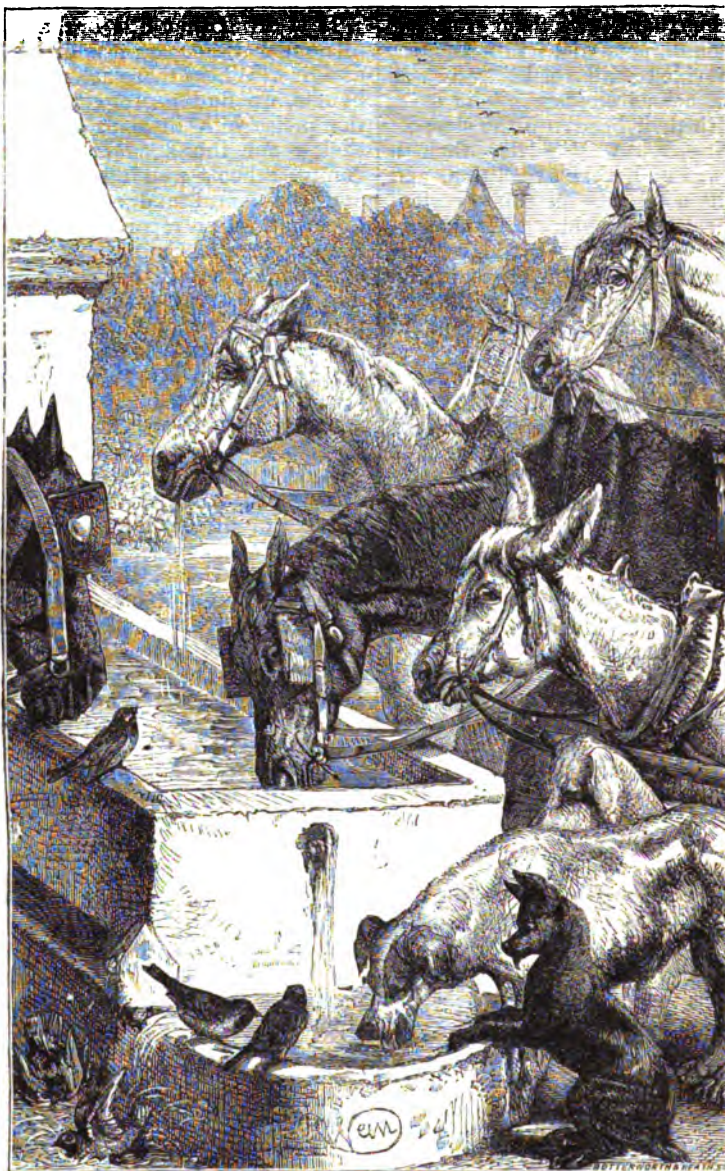
It is drink that fills our prisons; it is drink that fills our workhouses; it is drink that fills our lunatic asylums. Where there are no gin-palaces and public-houses, we find peace, comfort, health, prosperity; the police with little to do, the workhouse only a shelter for the aged and infirm, the jails almost empty, schools well attended, churches well filled, and the moral and social welfare of the people apparent. In a report issued by the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, it is said, "The clergy everywhere, but in our large towns especially, are discouraged, cast down, almost driven to despair, through the prevalence of the vice of drunkenness, and the temptations that are multiplied for its encouragement on every hand under the protection of law. It thwarts, defeats, and nullifies their Christian schemes and philanthropic efforts to such an extent that it is becoming a matter of grave question whether infidelity, religious indifference, and social demoralisation are not making head against us in defiance of all our churches and clergy, our Scripture readers, and our schools."

Can legislation do anything to stay this national plague? It can, if our legislators would give attention to the facts thus made public and well attested. Wherever the law has interfered to abate the nuisance, the beneficial results have been immediate. In some of the New England counties every liquor-shop has been closed, and as a consequence crime is rare, rates light, and the jails empty. A recent traveller (Mr. Hepworth Dixon), who confesses he went with prejudice against everything like a "Maine Liquor Law," thus describes the town of Johnsburg, Vermont: "No bar, no dram-shop, no saloon defiles the place. Nor is there, I am told, a single gaming hell, or house of ill-repute. The workman's paradise remains—a village in which every man accounts it his highest duty and his personal interest to observe the law." Prohibition has not yet been attempted in this country, but restriction has, and with good results. In Scotland, the closing of public-houses on Sunday has largely diminished police offences. The magistrates used to be overwhelmed with cases at the courts on Mondays, while now they are comparatively few. This has been testified by many—especially by Mr. Duncan Maclaren, formerly Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and now senior Member for that city. Some say that private drinking has increased, which is probable enough among confirmed drunkards, but the public temptations to intemperance and crime, with which alone the law has to deal, have been removed. The same restriction is earnestly sought by all patriotic men in Ireland, Roman Catholics and Protestants, Whigs and Tories, all sects and parties uniting in the desire to lessen intemperance. It is a scandal and disgrace that Parliament has not granted the wish of the Irish in this matter. The Bill was rejected last session by 220 votes against 129. But in the division there were 42 Irish votes for restriction and only 10 against; and of Scottish, 37 for and 4 against; while of English Members, 50 were for and 200 against

\* "An Old Story: a Temperance Tale in Verse." By S. C. Hall, F.R.S., Editor of the "Art Journal." Virtue & Co.

restriction. The English ought to allow the Irish Members to settle this question for themselves, and the strongest argument yet seen for Home Rule is that all parties in Ireland have united in favour of a measure tending to the peace and welfare of their country.

It is not expedient, even if it were possible, to introduce prohibitive legislation till public opinion is more strongly on the side of temperance. But in regard to the licensing of public-houses, and the facilities afforded for drunkenness, there is no reason for any delay in legislation. "The law," said Mr.



In places in England where restriction or prohibition has been adopted, without legislation, the effect has been most salutary. In a Northumbrian mining village (Leghill, with 2,000 inhabitants) there were only two public-houses, but even these were shut up, the people voting by six to one for prohibition. At Saltaire, Bessbrook, the Shaftesbury Park Estate in South London, and other places, there are no public-houses, and the advantage is seen in the health and good order of the community. Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill, or some equivalent measure, would secure the same beneficent results in every district where it could come into operation.

Gladstone, "ought to make it easy for men to do right, and difficult for them to do wrong." Instead of this, every facility is given by the law for the perpetuation and increase of drinking-places. "A multitude of public-houses within a stone's-throw of each other is unnecessary for any purposes of legitimate traffic, and ought to be at once stopped." Thus wrote the "Times" in a leading article commenting on a case of crime arising out of drunkenness. Two or three houses may be passed, but the number of places of temptation is too great for many a man of infirm will.

This matter ought not to be left solely in the hands

of amateur justices of the peace, and of "Brewster Sessions." There ought to be District, or County Boards, chosen by ratepayers, and having as *ex officio* members stipendiary magistrates, governors of jails, members of school boards, medical men, ministers, and others whose position and occupations make them aware of the evils of intemperance. The present system of licensing, often in defiance of the wishes of the respectable people of a neighbourhood, and often under influences that dare not be avowed, is a hindrance to social progress.

A large portion of the national revenue is at present obtained from the duties on intoxicating drinks, and it might be feared that restriction would diminish the revenue, and so require other imposts. But on the highest authority this is shown to be a mistaken notion. In 1874 the Chancellor of the Exchequer said:—"If the reduction of the revenue be due to the increasing habits of temperance and abstinence from the use of ardent spirits, he ventured to say that the amount of wealth such a change would produce would utterly throw into the shade the amount of revenue now derived from the spirit duty, and we should not only see with satisfaction a diminution of revenue from such a cause, but we should find in various ways that the Exchequer would not suffer from the loss that it might sustain in that direction." In fact, the national wealth would be increased to an incalculable extent, and no loss would be sustained except by the producers and sellers of what causes so much crime and pauperism in the nation.

Mr. S. C. Hall's temperance tale in verse consists chiefly of a series of sad, and sometimes tragic incidents, illustrating the woes and evils caused by drunkenness. There are some stories, however, of brighter ending, as of the father who beat his girl, a tender, gentle child, because she would not go out on Sabbath morning to fetch his drink. She had been taught at the Sunday-school to keep holy the Lord's day. The father went for his own beer, but while drinking it heard moans in the room above. Going to listen, he heard his girl earnestly praying that she might bear her trial, and that the merciful Saviour would change her father's heart. Twice, and a third time he went and heard the prayer—

"Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part,  
Do Thou, Lord Jesus, change my father's heart."

"His guardian angel, though unseen, was near;  
What whisper was it entered heart and ear?  
Heaven's ray was shining on the tear he wept!  
On the stair-head he also knelt to pray:  
Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part.  
Do Thou, Lord Jesus, change her father's heart.  
The prayer was heard: from that God-blessed day  
He drank no poison-drop; and never more  
Crossed he the threshold of the drunkard's door:  
The pledge he took, and well that pledge he kept.  
And dearly does the good man love to hear  
His little kneeling child's thanksgiving prayer,  
That fills the house and makes all sunshine there:  
'Thank Thee, O God! I bear my easy part;  
For Thou, Lord Jesus, changedst father's heart!'"

Twenty-six artists, including some of the first in genius and fame, J. E. Millais, R.A., Gustave Doré, Alma Tadema, Thomas Faed, R.A., James Sant, R.A., John Tenniel, Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A., George Cruikshank, Birket Foster, have generously contributed to

the illustration of Mr. Hall's book. Last, but not least, Harrison Weir gives a drinking scene, in which brutes appear of a more respectable kind than most of those whom drink has degraded below the bestial level.

## EGYPT AND ITS KHEDIVE.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, just before the recent purchase of shares in the Suez Canal by the British Government, described the character and works of the present Egyptian Khedive. His proposed object was to exalt the credit of Egyptian finance in contrast with that of Turkey. "The Khedive of Egypt is an enlightened man of the world, of untiring energy, totally free from bigotry, and guided by a great and admirable ambition to develop the resources of his country, to raise her from the low rank of an Oriental state, and to advance Egypt to the dignity of a civilised European power. With these noble views the Khedive has instituted reforms which no Oriental power has hitherto dared to originate. He has directly opposed the slave trade, he has overthrown the incubus of Consular jurisdiction and substituted an international tribunal. With unflagging zeal, he has pushed forward all modern improvements; vast engineering works have afforded facilities for transport and inland communication.

"The Suez Canal, the new harbour of Alexandria, 1,100 miles of railway, the Soudan telegraph, a fleet of steamers upon the White Nile that ply to the very heart of Africa, immense sugar estates, and plantations of cotton that will eventually extend throughout the fertile provinces of Soudan when the railway shall be completed—these are the works of Ismail, Khedive of Egypt, a ruler who from sunrise to midnight is engrossed with ideas of progress and development.

"The immense strides made by Egypt within the last fifteen years have of necessity been costly, but the outlay has been a commercial investment that, with the improvement of the country, should produce remunerative returns.

"No one is more keenly sensitive to his financial reputation than the Khedive of Egypt, and I feel convinced that in the present crisis his great ambition will be to exhibit a strong contrast between his administration and that of Constantinople.

"In all despotic countries where success or failure depends upon the individual character of the ruler, it is important that bondholders should form a correct opinion of their royal debtors. The Khedive of Egypt is unlike other rulers, as he combines the advantage of a practical commercial mind with the qualities of a statesman. Egypt is a purely agricultural country, capable of producing vast wealth, but at the time the Khedive succeeded to the rule the cultivation of cotton was in its infancy and the means of transport tedious and uncertain. The extraordinary change has been effected solely by the personal will and energy of one man, and Egypt is on the high road to an important future.

"It has been remarked that in the event of the Khedive's death the country might be thrown into confusion, but such a contingency has wisely been provided for by securing hereditary succession. The Princes, his sons, are enlightened young men, who have received a careful European education. His



Ministers are not those usually selected by an Oriental despot; such men as Nubar Pasha, Chérif Pasha, Riaz Pasha—able and well known for their probity and zeal—together with Ismail Pasha, the untiring Minister of Finance, are a sufficient guarantee that the future is not uncared for.

"From nine years' experience of Egypt I feel convinced that under a wise administration the country will rapidly increase in prosperity. In all private conversations with the Khedive, and in the instructions that I received from his Highness, there was only one spirit—he strove for the extension of agriculture and commerce, as the true means of advancing the civilisation of Egypt. The Khedive is far in advance of the Egyptian age; thus he has been induced to extra exertion to overcome the apathy natural to Orientals."

So far Sir Samuel Baker. The Khedive is no doubt a man of unusual energy and intelligence, and in advance of most of the Egyptians in what is called civilisation. But his rule is a harsh despotism over serfs. The whole revenue of the country is at the disposal of the ruler. The system of forced labour, by which the sugar factories and plantations of the Khedive, as well as the construction of railways and other public works, are almost entirely carried on, is far more oppressive than the *corvées* of the middle ages, for the villen only worked for his lord at certain fixed seasons, for a few days at a time, and close to his own hut and plot of ground.

Along with Sir Samuel Baker's flattering picture, let us put an extract from the "Last Letters from Egypt," by Lady Duff Gordon. She writes from Luxor in 1865:—

"From the Moudeeriat of Keneh only, 25,000 men are taken to work for sixty days without food or pay: each man must take his own basket, and each third man a hoe, not a basket. If you want to pay a substitute for a beloved or delicate son, it costs 1,000 piastres—600 at the lowest; 800, or even 1,000 in many cases: and about 300 to 400 for his food. From Luxor only, 220 men are gone, of whom a third will very likely die of exposure to the cold and misery (the weather is unusually cold). That is to say, that this little village, of at most 2,000 souls, male and female (we don't usually count women, from decorum), will pay in labour at least £1,320 in sixty days. We have also already had eleven camels seized to go up to the Soodan; a camel is worth from £18 to £40. Remember this is the second levy of 220 men within six months, each for sixty days, as well as the second seizure of camels; besides the conscription, which serves the same purpose, as the soldiers work on the Basha's works. The little district of Koos, including Luxor, has been mulcted of camels, food for them and drivers, to the amount of 6,000 purses last week—£18,000."

Two years later she writes: "The state of business here is curious. The last regulations have stopped all money-lending, and the prisons are full of 'Sheykhs el Beled,' whose villages can't pay the taxes. Most respectable men have offered me to go partners with them now in their wheat, which will be cut in six weeks, if only I would pay their present taxes; I to take half the crop and half the taxes, with interest out of their half—some such trifle as 30 per cent. per month. A Greek at Koos is doing this business, but, as he knows the people here, he accepts none but such as are vouched for by good 'Cadees,' and he will not lose a 'faddah'

(farthing). Our prison is full of men, and we send them their dinners in turns. The other day a woman went with the big wooden bowl on her head, full of what she had cooked for them, accompanied by her husband. A certain effendi, a new vakeel here, was there, and said, 'What dost thou ask here, thou —?' calling her by an opprobrious name. Her husband said, 'She is my wife, oh effindim!' whereupon he was beaten till he fainted, and then there was a lamentation; they carried him down past my house, with a crowd of women all shrieking like mad creatures, especially his wife, who yelled and beat her head and threw dust over it, 'more majorum,' as you may see in the tombs. Such are the humours of tax-gathering in this country."

Things have not greatly altered within the last ten years. It will thus be seen that the wealth of the nation (which means the wealth of the ruler, such as it is), has been obtained at the cost of the welfare of the people. Immense reforms will be necessary if the development of Egypt is to keep pace with its present requirements.

#### ANCIENT INDIAN RELICS.

MR. BUEL, the intelligent proprietor of a wayside hotel at East Hampton, a small village in Connecticut (chiefly resorted to as a holiday place for fishing in the lake there), has occupied himself for many years past in collecting the relics of ancient Indian stone manufacture disinterred or obtained from the soil or ponds of the adjacent district. His bar-room is a museum, hung round with miscellaneous specimens of these, and well deserves a visit. Among these curiosities I noticed and identified: 1st, Numerous specimens of the hoe or cultivator, of different sizes and thickness, in granite and greenstone, all shaped for attachment to a handle and for use as a mattock; 2nd, Chisels of hard rock a foot in length; 3rd, Pestles for pounding grain; 4th, Gouge-chisels; 5th, Drills; 6th, Fluted adzes; 7th, Picks; 8th, Sling-stones; 9th, Net-sinkers; 10th, Very numerous short chisels (celts); 11th, Scrapers; 12th, Sundry cutters; 13th, Soap-stone pots for cooking; 14th, Small pots with ochre in some of them (toilet apparatus); 15th, Spear heads; 16th, Arrow heads, mostly of flint, some hastily made as if under press of time, others most carefully and elegantly finished; 17th, A piece of slate with a rude outline of a buffalo carved on it. The forms of these implements presented nothing new, for I have seen such in European collections and in the illustrations of well-known books. The material is of the most part from the great boulder drift of the Connecticut Valley. A very few tools of foreign stone prove trading and exchange. Mr. Buel related to me that an old man of eighty-four told him that Uncas, a well-known chief of Niantic, communicated to him that the method of manufacturing flint used in his day, was by shaping it on a cushion, made by turning an otter skin inside-out, and stuffing it with moss, thus getting a kind of lapstone elastic yet hard.

The appearance and condition of this set of local antiquities denote very lengthened occupation and very gradual progressive improvement. Some of the specimens are evidently quite recent, others many centuries old, but none of them denote an age so remote as the Palæolithic age of Europe. I heard of instances of

the alleged discovery of Indian stone relics mingled with Mastodon remains. Of course this is not improbable, but in the various collections which I saw on the other side of the Atlantic, there did not happen to be any proof of it. I only saw evidences of a state of social life and of the arts existing among the American Indians, from some unknown period until recent days, corresponding in condition to the Neolithic age in Europe, i.e., the period immediately preceding our Historic age, and mingling with it.

S. R. P.

### MORE ANTEDILUVIAN MONSTERS.

WYOMING, the scene of the Indian tale so exquisitely told by Campbell in his "Gertrude of Wyoming," is now furnishing to the scientists stories more marvellous than the theme chosen by the poet. The geological class of Yale College, headed by their able zealous professor, Dr. Marsh, have discovered in the sands and clays of that district the remains of a group of creatures hitherto entirely unknown. The stratum in which they occur is about contemporaneous with the beds subjacent to the London clay of our own country, the Eocene tertiary formation. The magnitude of the "find" reminds us of the celebrated disinterment by the late Gideon Mantell of the Iguanodon remains from the Wealdon forest in Sussex, and which now form a subject of wonder in the fossil rooms at the British Museum.

The bones which I saw in the museum of Yale College at New Haven, Connecticut (shortly to be removed to the noble building furnished by a Peabody donation), are those of a tribe of creatures named *Dinoceras*, an animal as big as the elephant, without a trunk, and having three pairs of horns. The distinctive character of this huge unknown animal appears to be the possession of a remarkably small brain, lodged in a narrow skull surmounted or accompanied by a bony crest. It was a vegetable feeder and a ruminant. It combines certain features of the elephant, rhinoceros, and tapir. It was evidently well-fitted for habitation in the dense jungle of the period in which it lived. The type specimen has been named *Tinoceros anceps* by the discoverer. The adventurous raids of the muscular palæontologist into a wild country, still infested with hostile Indian tribes, furnish romantic tales of courage and risk displayed and encountered in the novel battle-fields of scientific research. They are related with great zest by Dr. Marsh. The campaigns of a few successive seasons have resulted in the addition to science of several species of this new gigantic mammal. It must have formed a peculiar and strange feature in the woods and marshes on the slopes of the great Rocky Mountains during the epoch of the Eocene.

The most remarkable circumstance, however, connected with this, is the discovery of other huge forms of life analogous, but not identical, in the same districts, in the next overlying strata, the *Miocene*, that is, the middle tertiary formation. The surface of the land, in the platform of life succeeding the epoch of the *Dinoceras*, was occupied by creatures allied but totally different to that form,—a family named the *Brontotheriidae*. The latter also equalled in size the elephant. They were horned, probably with six horns, like the *Dinoceras*, the hind ones large and branching. A short thick neck, short colossal legs, a long body, a slender tail, are features remind-

ing us of the rhinoceros, from which, however, as well as from every other known animal, it is generically distinct. In the middle tertiary period, tribes of this huge beast haunted the prairies and swamps of Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, and Colorado. Professor Marsh has described them scientifically in the American "Journal of Science," but to work out the details will occupy and delight the comparative anatomist for some years to come. Notwithstanding the analogy between the *Dinoceras* of the one epoch with the *Brontotheriidae* of the other, there is no actual gradation from one to the other. The similarities make the differences only the more remarkable. This great addition to our knowledge of antediluvian mammals may help us towards the discovery of the divine law of creation, but it does not aid the advocates of natural selection. The successive styles of osteological architecture thus displayed did not arise from evolution, but from divine purpose working on a plan, of which we are permitted to behold very numerous and remarkable illustrations, though not as yet able to scan the whole.

S. R. P.

### Varieties.

NAPOLEON'S STEPS TO EMPIRE.—Count Ségur, in his "Recollections of the Emperor and the Empire," narrates many scenes of dreadful carnage, proving the heartlessness and selfishness of Napoleon. Here is his account of the conflict at the bridge of Ebersburg, where 4,000 men had been sacrificed uselessly, the positions they carried having been already turned and made untenable:—"Never did a scene of carnage present to Napoleon a more revolting aspect! The first victims, the least unfortunate, had been wounded and drowned at the passage of the long bridges; the rest of them beyond, in the town, taken and retaken, and in a hollow way leading out of it, had been struck down by the plunging fire of the enemy, then finished with bayonet thrusts and burnt by the flames of the houses, finally crushed under our own artillery, which we had been forced to push to the front to bring the massacre to a close. When the Emperor came up, the place, the streets, and, above all, the hollow way, showed him the hideous spectacle of a muddy mass of blood and human flesh, burnt, crushed out of all sort of shape, smelling poisonously, and in which the feet of the horses sank horribly. They had to use shovels to clear away these shapeless remains of officers and soldiers mangled, crushed, consumed pell-mell, and to bury them."

LONDON, PAST AND PRESENT.—Considering the enormous, and in many parts demoralised, population of London, it is quite marvellous there should be so little personal insecurity. I have been in the habit for many years of going about all parts of the town and the environs, at all hours, without any precaution, and I never experienced on any occasion the slightest molestation; and I scarcely ever met in society any one whose own actual experience was different. It was not so formerly, as the following instances will serve to show. At Kensington, within the memory of man, on Sunday evenings a bell used to be rung at intervals to muster the people returning to town. As soon as a band was assembled sufficiently numerous to ensure mutual protection, it set off, and so on till all had passed. George the Fourth and the late Duke of York, when very young men, were stopped one night in a hackney coach, and robbed, on Hay Hill, Berkeley Square. To cross Hounslow Heath or Finchley Common, now both enclosed, after sunset, was a service of great danger. Those who ventured were always well armed, and some few had even ball-proof carriages. There is a house still standing, I believe, on Finchley Common, which in those days was the known place of rendezvous for highwaymen. Happily these things are now matters of history. The standard of wealth is no less changed than the standard of safety. Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, was once the street of fashionable shops—what Bond Street was till lately, and what Bond Street and Regent Street together are now. I remember hearing an old lady say that in her young days the crowd of handsome equipages in Tavistock Street was considered one of the sights of

London. I have had the curiosity to stride it. It is about one hundred and sixty yards long, and, before the footways were widened, would have admitted three carriages abreast. Within memory, the principal carriage approach to Old Drury Lane Theatre—the last but one before the present—was through that part of Drury Lane which is now a flagged foot passage, and called Drury Court, just opposite the New Church in the Strand. The ring in Hyde Park, so celebrated in old novels and plays, and so often the scene of duels, is still traceable round a clump of trees near the foot-barracks. It encloses an area of about ninety yards in diameter, and is about forty-five yards wide. Here used to assemble all the fashion of the day, now diffused round the whole park, besides what is taken off by the Regent's Park. At the rate the country is advancing in wealth, what will be the comparison at the end of the next half century, and what will be the burden of the national debt? I will add one more instance of change. A retired hackney coachman, giving an account of his life to a friend of mine, stated that his principal gains had been derived from cruising at late hours in particular quarters of the town to pick up drunken gentlemen. If they were able to tell their address, he conveyed them straight home; if not, he carried them to certain taverns, where the custom was to secure their property and put them to bed. In the morning he called to take them home, and was generally handsomely rewarded. He said there were other coachmen who pursued the same course, and they all considered it their policy to be strictly honest. The bell at Kensington, the glories of Tavistock Street, and the coachmen's cruises, may all be referred back a little more than seventy years, and afford indisputable and consoling proofs of improvement in security, wealth, and temperance. I like to look at the bright side of things.—From *"The Original,"* by Thomas Walker, 1835.

**BOILING CRABS ALIVE.**—This barbarous practice, being discussed in *"Land and Water,"* Mr. Frank Buckland says:—"My readers will agree with me that this live crab boiling is a most cruel process, and ought to be put a stop to. Imagine the horrible agony these poor crabs must suffer when, transferred from the cool water of the sea into a copper, they find the water gradually increasing in temperature, ultimately perishing by a death of agony. I have stated in my report what the remedy is; it is to run a sharp-pointed needle or awl into the head of the crab, and that kills him instantly, as I myself showed those present in the Town Hall of Yarmouth. For humanity's sake it should be made compulsory that crabs should be killed before they are boiled; a dead crab could not shoot his claws."

**AMERICAN PREPARATION TO RESIST POPERY.**—The importance which is being assumed by the Romish attacks on the Free School system in the United States, recalls the memorable words of President Grant last year, in what is said to be "the longest speech of his life." We give the report from the Philadelphia correspondent of the *"Times."* The Society of the Army of the Tennessee had been holding its annual meeting at Des Moines, Iowa, President Grant attending. The public so well know the President's peculiarity that it is usual on such occasions to call him out, so that he may say two or three words, bow, and retire; but on this occasion the audience missed their usual joke. There were two or three addresses delivered, and then came the customary shouts for the President. He rose and said that he had concluded for once to disappoint those who had called upon him by making a speech, and had jotted down a few things which he desired to say. This unexpected sally produced applause, and the President drew out his ms. from his pocket and proceeded to read it. After expressing his gratification at recalling the days when they had served together in the army, he said:—"We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privileges under the Government which we claim for ourselves; but, on the contrary, will welcome all those who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places and perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage. But we are not prepared to apologise for the past. To guard against a recurrence of such days, we must begin by guarding against every enemy that prevents the prosperity of free Republican institutions." The President continued that he did not bring partisan politics into that assemblage; but he thought it a fair subject for soldiers, in their deliberations, to consider what might be necessary to secure the prize for which they battled. He urged the cultivation of intelligence among the people in regard to political matters. If we were to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, he predicted that the dividing line would not be Mason and Dixon's line, but between patriotism and intelligence on one side, and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other. "In the

Centennial year (said he) the work of strengthening the structure commenced by our forefathers should be begun. Let us all labour for the security of free thought, free speech, a free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and equal rights and privileges for all men, irrespective of nationality, colour, or religion; encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar appropriated to them shall be applied to the support of any sectarian school; resolve that neither State nor nation shall support any institutions save those where every child in the land may get a common school education, unmixed with any atheistical, Pagan, or sectarian teachings; leave the matter of religious teaching to the family altar, and keep the Church and State for ever separate. With these safeguards," said the President in conclusion, "I believe the battles which created the Army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain." When he retired the applause was vociferous, and it was evident that the "Silent Man's" speech had made a profound impression. He certainly touched a chord which will find a response in the hearts of the vast majority of the people of the United States.

**POVERTY AND PAUPERISM.**—It is of the utmost importance accurately to distinguish between poverty and pauperism; for by confounding them, poverty is dishonoured and pauperism countenanced. Supply poverty with means and it vanishes, but pauperism is the more confirmed. Poverty is a sound vessel empty, but pauperism is not only empty, but cracked. Poverty is a natural appetite, merely wanting food—pauperism a ravenous atrophy, which no food can satisfy. Poverty strives to cure itself—pauperism to contaminate others. Poverty often stimulates to exertion—pauperism always paralyses. Poverty is sincere—pauperism is an arch-hypocrite. Poverty has naturally a proud spirit—pauperism a base one, now servile, now insolent. Poverty is silent and retiring—pauperism clamorous and imposing; the one grateful, the other the reverse. There is much that is alluring in poverty, but pauperism is altogether hateful. It is delightful to succour the one, and irksome to be taxed for the other. Poverty has the blessing of Heaven as well as those who relieve it—pauperism, on the contrary, has nothing in common with the Christian virtues.—*Thomas Walker.*

**AMERICAN TYPE OF HUMANITY.**—M. Figuiet, in his book on the races of mankind, quotes Dr. Carpenter, who thus describes the Yankee type of character:—"The genuine Yankee may be distinguished from the Englishman by the sharpness and angularity of his features. There is an excess of breadth between the rami of the lower jaw, giving to the lower form of the face a peculiar squareness, in contrast with the oval form in the Englishman, and which tends to assimilate the Anglo-American to the aborigines of the country." M. Figuiet carries the difference further. "The American," he says, "is of a more feverish, nervous, restless temperament, shrewder, and more unscrupulous in business dealings; a blind worshipper of democracy in theory, and, politically, in practice also; but, socially, rather given to bow down before aristocrats and the aristocratic usages, especially if they be foreign ones."

**PALESTINE SURVEY.**—Lieutenant Conder has given the following account of the operations of the Palestine Survey during the past season:—"The amount of country added to the survey of Palestine during the past year is 1,500 square miles, making a total of 8,500, and leaving about 1,400 square miles in Upper Galilee to be completed. One thousand square miles were surveyed in March, April, and the first week of May, including the greater part of the desert west of the Dead Sea, where Dr. Tristram's observations were confirmed, and the whole of Philistia, with the low-hill country round Beit Jibrin. The additions made to former maps in this part were more numerous and more important than in any other district; the number, indeed, of names and ruined sites fixed is about ten times that previously known. In the north of Palestine 180 square miles were added to the map, completing Lower Galilee; the triangulation has been carried to the peaks of the high range of Jebel Yermuk, and can thence be easily extended northwards. A line of level has been commenced between the Sea of Galilee and the Mediterranean, the expense to be defrayed by a special grant of £100 from the British Association. The survey was checked by the assault on the survey party by the fanatical Moslems of Safed, in which Lieutenant Conder and the second officer in command, Lieutenant Kitchener, were both wounded, as well as the majority of the other members of the party. These officers returned to England on the conclusion of the trial held at Acca in October. The party will be occupied during the winter in office work in London, and it is hoped will be able to take the field early next year, so as to complete the trigonometrical survey before the autumn of 1876."



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



OUTLAWED.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

CHAPTER VI.—THE SQUIRE'S GUEST.

THE captain had been introduced by Governor Gage as the nephew and heir-presumptive of Viscount Lavenham, K.C.B., and he gave Miss Delamere on that occasion her first lesson in the arts of high life, for had her face never come

within his vision till that moment, he could not have looked more unconscious of their meeting on the road, or of her recognition.

The rest of the company were duly presented; the squire's daughter was admired and complimented to his heart's content, and doubtless to her own (lives there a girl with vanity so dead! etc.); but Captain Devereux was the only distinguished figure among them. The remainder were four young men of the average military and commonplace type, such as may

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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be found in force at any mess-table, and one veteran, Lieutenant Gray, at least as old as the squire, and with nothing particularly striking about him, except that he looked, and was, a man of sense, and a frank and fearless soldier.

As her father's principal guest, and specially introduced to the family, it was natural that the gallant captain should be particularly attentive to the squire's daughter; and as Constance was not a girl to be met with every day, it was equally natural that the captain should be struck with her appearance. Struck, and attentive too, Captain Devereux was; from the moment of his introduction to Miss Delamere he constituted himself her *cavalière servante*; he conducted her to the dinner-table, took a seat by her side, of course, addressed his conversation to her entertainment chiefly, and paid those polite attentions to her wants and wishes which old custom prescribes as the most effectual means to win a lady's grace. Perhaps from the knowledge that they were his subordinates, the other officers left him master of the situation, which must have been dull for the young men, as there was nobody else in the form of woman present but Hannah Armstrong, who had presided over the family table in festival or in private for many a year; and a rare sight it was for them, in the midst of their gold lace and scarlet, to see the worthy housekeeper, drab homespun, Quaker cap and all, saying grace with as much self-possession and more earnest piety than many an army chaplain. The squire showed his approbation by letting things take their course, and conversing a good deal with the young officers and Lieutenant Gray. The latter had served in the old French war, and been present at most of the actions where the New England regiment, in which he and Archdale held commissions, was engaged; and some of his remarks brought back thoughts of old times to Delamere as they sat over the wine.

They did not sit long: the temperate habits of their Puritan ancestors still prevailed among the gentry of the land, and the captain, whose eyes and heart seemed to have followed Constance as she retired with the Quakeress, was the first to suggest an adjournment to the drawing-room. There he stood, wrapped in admiration, as it were, and at the same time turning the leaves of the music-book, or doing any other little service, while, at her father's request, she played on the harpsichord and sang a few of the songs then in fashion.

Of course they were all delighted, and so was the squire; at parting he told every man of the company, and especially Captain Devereux, how pleased he should be to see him often at his house, if he would be good enough to drop in just in a friendly way, for they were homely people at the Elms; and the captain was particularly impressive in his promise to avail himself of the invitation.

"What do you think of him, Constance?" said the somewhat elated father, as soon as they were alone. Constance did not well know what to think. Devereux's conversation had entertained and amused her; he had seen a good deal of the world, had lived in fashionable society, and got that surface gathering of clever remark, witty saying, and curious anecdote that always charms the young and untravelled.

Moreover, the captain could compliment and flatter as nobody did in the Connecticut Valley, for it was done by look, insinuation, and suggestion. What home-bred girl could be insensible to such

homage? But there was something about him that broke the charm and dissolved the spell. That cold, hard look in his eyes had corresponding thoughts and words that escaped him, it seemed, by accident; that vicious sinister expression in the lower part of his face was borne out by occasional remarks that he always explained away; and somehow, though she could mention no proof of nor reason for it, Constance had an impression that he stood in a sort of unaccountable fear of both her father and herself.

With these strange and indefinite thoughts contending in her mind, the girl could only answer, "Captain Devereux? He is a very fine gentleman."

"Yes; and I thought that was the very thing for you demoiselles. In my youth men could not be too fine for the ladies; but, really, Constance"—and Delamere looked inquiringly in her face—"if you don't think much of the captain, you must be strangely ungrateful, for I am sure he thinks a good deal of you."

Constance thought of the meeting on the Holyoke road, but she did not tell it, for the times had taught her prudence. It would be certain to bring down a lecture on the disgrace of a gentleman's daughter appearing in that vulgar homespun, to be taken for a low-bred country wench by every stranger who got a sight of her; so she said nothing, and the captain was allowed to drop for the time; but ever as the girl tried to unravel or understand the mingled impressions he had left on her mind, there rose before her, in strong and decisive contrast, the manly frankness and undoubted worth of Sydney Archdale.

Late in that night, when Delamere's company were gone, and he and all his household long retired to rest, when lights were out in all the neighbouring homes, at the hour when deep sleep falleth upon man, Squire Archdale sat alone in a small room of his own house, the rest of which lay as dark and silent as the dwellings around. Archdale called that room his sanctuary; to it he was wont to retire in times of domestic perturbation, "bee evenin's and house fixin' days;" for Mrs. Martha, his housekeeper, was a woman of the uncompromising regulation type, and those were apt to be heavy dispensations. It was situated on the ground floor and opened from the best parlour; but it had another door of glass, serving also for a window, and opening on a shrubbery which skirted that side of the mansion and sheltered the sanctuary alike from the winter's blast and the summer's sun. The old books in which Archdale delighted were arranged in convenient cases there; the portrait of his early-lost wife hung above the mantel-piece, and his family papers were stored in a cedar cabinet occupying one corner, and said to be the first of its kind made in the colony. A bright wood fire blazed on the hearth, for the nights were growing cold, and hoar frost was seen in the mornings; close by was a comfortable supper-table laid for two; but Archdale sat alone reading one of his old books, and occasionally looking up at a clock that clicked in the opposite corner.

Its hands were pointing ten minutes to two, when there was a light step outside and a tap at the glass door. The squire rose quickly, drew aside the thick curtains which allowed no light to be seen abroad, undid the bolt, and his son Sydney stepped in. The young man had got a careworn, out-of-heart look since the day when he sat beside Constance Delamere on the moss-grown root of the old tree, but he

smiled when his father clapped him on the back, as if he had been still wearing a pinafore, and said, "Welcome, my boy; I have waited for you, you see; sit down, and let us have supper together, for it may be some time till we sit at the same table again."

They sat down, and Archdale reverently said grace—he never omitted that good old custom of his father's days—and then the supper and the talk went on between them.

"You mean to go and see your old friends the Mohawks, Sydney?"

"Yes, father; I think it will be the safest course, since the men in power are taking such backward notes of my doings and keeping up so hot a hunt. Vanderslock and his force have got frightened; the poor souls have been kind, but I believe they would be glad to lose sight of me now, so I mean to take my hunting shirt and rifle, and thread my way through the woods and over the hills to the Mohawk country; I know it well, for I have gone that way before. Shingis, the old sachem, will make me welcome, I have no doubt; and I can live as well as any Mohawk till there is more work for active men in this country, which I think will not be long."

"I fear it will not, Sydney; my mind misgives me that nothing but open war can come between us and Britain."

"The sooner it comes the better, father."

"Don't say that, my boy; it will be a war of brothers; may they be pardoned who are urging it on; but it is our duty to maintain our liberty, and may He who alone is righteous defend the right."

"Amen, and that is our side; but, father, I must not stay long, for there is the first cock-crow."

"Well, Sydney, there is no danger yet, let us drink each other's health in this fine old port; it will keep the damp night air out of your heart, as Mrs. Martha says."

These drinking customs, rare now in New England, the colonists had inherited from the old country.

Archdale filled the glasses and they drained them, with hearty good wishes and a warm shake-hands across the table; the self-reliant, forward-going ways of the one, and the quiet wisdom of the other, had long made the squire and his son more like familiar friends than men of different generations are apt to be; but when that kindly ceremony was finished the senior said: "You got the letter I sent you by Vanderslock, and you saw the ill success of my mission to the Elms, Sydney?"

"I did; and I think Mr. Delamere has behaved very ill to you, father."

"He has; but never mind that, my boy. Gervase Delamere was a trusty and loving friend to me many a year before you young people came forward to embroil the old heads with your hasty tricks and courtships. That is spoken in jest, Sydney; Delamere and I might have had the same dispute if you had never been concerned; our times and opinions would have given the cause, and he is not the man I knew him once. Strange and heavy trials, though they make no change on the surface of a man's life, are apt to sap the foundations of the mind, so to speak, and make it lose the balance never to be recovered on this side of the sky. He has had such a one, therefore let us pass over all that happened that day between him and myself, except to consider from it our own duty to him and his. Sydney, that is the point on which I wished to speak

with you before we parted; for who that part know when they may meet again? You know what poor Delamere said about his daughter being beguiled and won away from him; Sydney, I can understand that better than you will till you have children of your own, and I ask you, for conscience, for honour, for true love's sake, to give up, I do not say all wishes, for that is impossible, but all endeavours to gain over Constance Delamere till you can gain her father too; promise me that, my only son, who never yet broke a pledge or promise, and I will bless you and let you go."

Sydney sat silent for a minute, and then said, as if thinking aloud, "She cares far more for her father than for me."

"She knows his love longer and better than yours, Sydney; that is a good reason why you should not try to part them. Delamere's daughter would be a worthy choice for the best man in New England, yet I wish you had never set your affections on her," said Archdale.

"I wish so too; but it is done, and cannot be undone. I can never love another woman as I love Constance Delamere. Whether she ever cared for me or not I can't tell; there is no making out some women," said Sydney; "but what you say is wise and right, father, and I give you my solemn promise that I will never again attempt to woo or win her without Mr. Delamere's consent."

"It is enough," and Archdale rose and laid his hand on the black clustering curls of the young head that bent in reverence beneath it. "The blessing of our Father in heaven rest upon you, my dear and only son; be with you in the wilderness and among the homes of savage men, and bring you back to my house and heart in peace!"

"The same blessing be with you, father, and fear nothing for me; I shall do very well among the Mohawks, and steal back sometimes to see you." That was all Sydney could say; at the door they kissed each other, and the young man sped away through the quiet night. His father stood listening to the sound of his steps till it was lost in distance, and then looked up to see the first faint whiteness of the dawn stealing over the Holyoke summits, where they rose above the Elms.

Nobody in that mansion knew how or when it happened—that a bunch of the wild flowers that linger latest in woodland dell and dingle, was thrown by some dexterous hand into the little balcony at Miss Delamere's bedroom window, where she was sure to see it first, among the favourite plants that were tended every day by her own hands.

Constance did see it with a welcome in her eyes and in her heart. Sydney Archdale used to send her such wild wood-gathered bouquets by her page Philip, with a note in the centre, carefully bound up and nestled among the flowers. There was a note in this one too, but how brief and cold it seemed compared with the many that had come in the same fashion—"Farewell, Constance; I cannot go without saying so, yet go I must, and it is best I should. May you be happy, whatever becomes of me!"

She read it over and over again; it was strangely worded; it was also vague, and told her nothing of his reasons or intentions. He had doubtless heard of the quarrel, perhaps took his own father's part against hers. The sense of justice Constance had would not allow her to blame him for that; but was

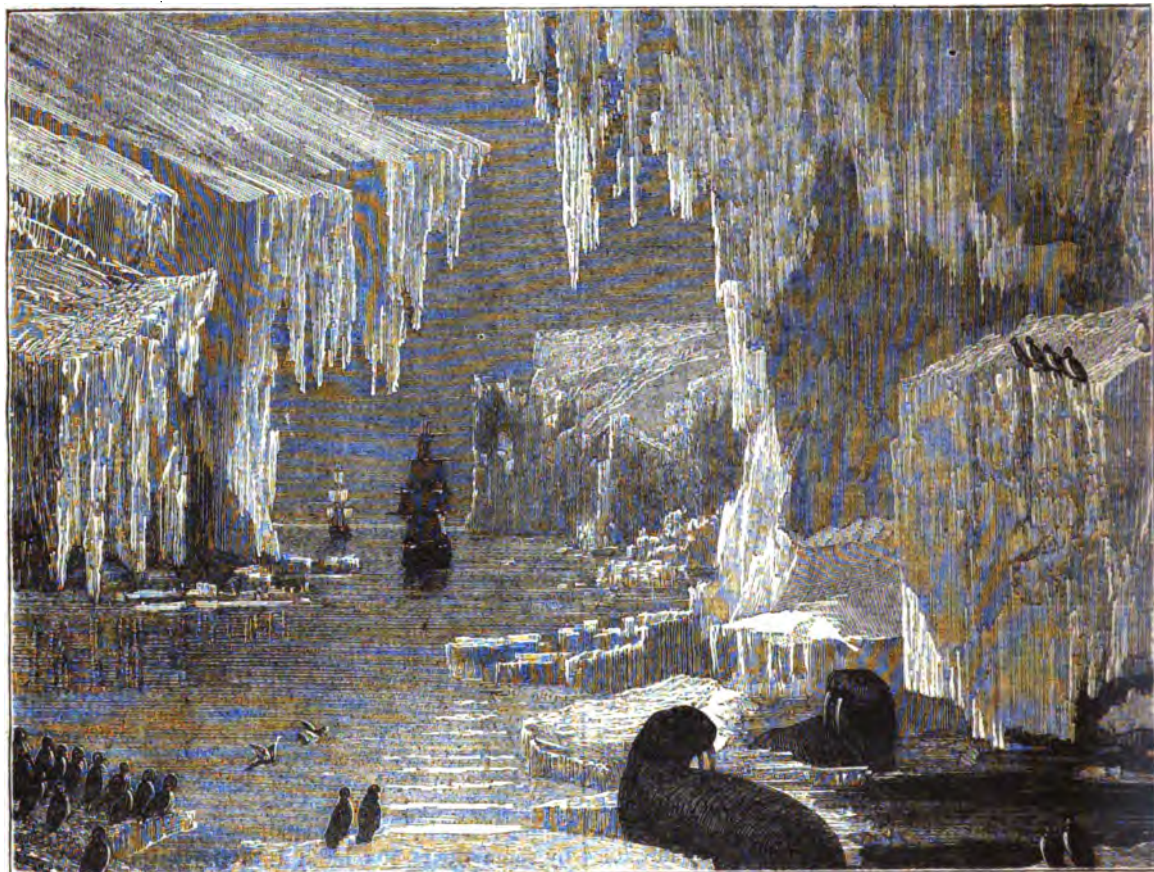
his love so easily chilled and changed? Mr. Delamere had said hard things of Sydney and the cause to which he was devoted; would that make him willing to give his daughter up after so many vows and professions? was Sydney's pride so much stronger than his affection for her? or had he found out at last that the prize was not worth the difficulties of the pursuit?

These were the questions the young girl asked herself in her half knowledge of what had passed, and the only answer she could find was that ancient

one, men were deceivers ever. Maybe it was her deserving for keeping trysts with him and listening to his tales and vows, when she should have been better engaged, and more to her father's liking. Well, she would be wiser for the future, and think of him no more. Constance burned the note, and was going to throw the flowers out of the window, but their wild beauty and the memories that came with it forbade her, so she put them in a vase, and looked at them night and morning as they faded, like her own fond dream, away.

## ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER, F.R.G.S.



I.—INTRODUCTORY.

**WHILST** we sit cosily round our firesides, thinking that it is very cold because snow is lying on the ground, two ships' companies, numbering one hundred and twenty souls, are enduring the privations and encountering the many perils of an Arctic winter. When mercury congeals and proof whisky freezes solid, then it is cold indeed. The very thought of such things makes one shiver. Yet this is the degree of frost that our countrymen in the far north are experiencing; while they cannot "heap on more wood" because "the wind is chill," for they must exercise a rigid, almost parsimonious economy, lest they may have to sustain another and yet another winter of equal or greater severity. If their ships still float, depend upon it, the top-masts are struck, the running rigging is removed, the decks are housed-

in, and the sides are banked-up with snow to keep them warm. Their day is all night, for the sun will be permanently invisible for months to come. A game of rounders on the ice by the light of the Aurora, and an occasional shot at a prowling bear, are almost their only "out-door" pleasures. Of "other" occupations and recreations there need be no lack, though we can hardly reckon amongst their pleasures the enjoyment of the Arctic delicacies, seal-meat, blubber, and whale-skin; and some, at least, of the one hundred and twenty are doubtless beginning to ask themselves very seriously what it was that tempted them to leave the comforts of home for an expedition fraught with so many perils and so much real privation.

The motives which have led men to brave the perils



of the Frigid Zone are not less numerous or varied than those which have moved explorers in other quarters of the globe. Some have gone from thirst for knowledge, and some from love of adventure, some in fulfilment of duty, and others from greed of gain. The second and third voyages of the high-minded Frobisher would not, in all probability, have been countenanced, had he not brought home from his first expedition a piece of stone "much like to a seacole in colour," which "glistened with a bright Marqueset of golde" after it had been exposed to fire. "The capitaine was specially directed by commission for the searching more of this golde ore than for the searching any further of the passage;" but the cupidity of his supporters found small satisfaction in the few grains of gold which were said to have been extracted from the many tons of ore that he subsequently brought home. The pursuit of the whale has taken thousands of persons into the Arctic regions, and not a few important discoveries have resulted from their voyages. But our knowledge of the north has, on the whole, been mainly obtained by men who have been not at all, or else only indirectly, concerned in commercial speculations.

Utilitarians inquire, as they have done always, "What is the good of these voyages?" and seem to consider that the question is unanswerable if they are not told beforehand what will be done or discovered. For my own part, I do not feel concerned to attempt to answer the question. To find out and to make known all that relates to the globe on which we live is a natural and a laudable object for ambition, and, let utilitarians say what they will, it is certain that, should the North Pole be ever reached, the deed will be hailed by the whole civilised world as a glorious achievement!

It is fitting, whilst our countrymen are away, that we should refresh our memories with the deeds of their predecessors, and should endeavour to form some idea of the nature of the work which they have undertaken, by studying the records of Arctic exploration; and this can best be done by examining the books which have been published upon voyages that have been made in the present century—not because these voyages are in themselves always more important or interesting than those which were performed ages ago, but because these modern voyages have been described with a fulness of detail which is generally wanting in the accounts that have been published of the earlier ones. Meagre as the relations are of the earliest Arctic voyages, enough exists to tell us that the men who performed them were not inferior in courage and daring to their successors; and, when it is remembered under what great disadvantages they worked, how small and frail were their ships, and how unable to sustain the shocks of heavy ice, and how insufficiently they were provisioned, and how imperfect were the instruments employed, the results of these expeditions must always seem remarkable in a high degree.

Considerations of space, and not want of appreciation of the worthies whose achievements have won for our country the proud title of "Mistress of the Seas," cause the line to be drawn between the voyages of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and so, though these pages will presently bristle with deeds of daring and exciting adventure, we shall be obliged to omit some stories that the world will never tire of hearing. Thus we cannot describe how on one wild, squally day, exactly three centuries ago, the

little five-and-twenty-ton ship of Frobisher was thrown on her beam-ends, so that the sea poured into her open hold, to the dismay of the crew, and how her "captayne, like himselfe, with valiant courage," leaped upon the flat sides of the bulwarks, hacked away the shrouds and cut away the mizen-mast, and saved his craft from going to the bottom; nor how, a few years later, the "Squirrel" actually foundered in the Atlantic, with Sir Humphrey Gilbert sitting astern, book in hand, crying, "Courage, my lads! we are as near to Heaven by sea as by land;" nor the sad story of the fate of Henry Hudson, who, after having made voyages which have won for him imperishable renown, was forced, together with his young son, by cruel hands, into a wretched boat, and left to die of hunger and cold amid the desolation of the vast bay which immortalises his name.

## II.—VOYAGES ROUND THE NORTH OF EUROPE AND THE SIBERIAN COAST.

BEFORE proceeding to relate the principal results of the Arctic voyages of the last sixty years, let us see what was the state of the map of the globe at the end of the eighteenth century. If we take a pair of compasses, and place one leg upon the North Pole, and with the other describe a circle having a radius of 690 miles, we shall find the space included within the circle is absolutely blank—that is to say, nothing whatever was known of the surface of the earth within a circle drawn around the North Pole, having a diameter of about 1,400 miles; and if the circle is extended so that its diameter is increased to 2,000 miles, the circumference will be found broken through by discoveries in four or five places only. The whole of the northern coast-line of Europe was known, and had been followed well-nigh a thousand years ago—if not earlier. The first pages of Hakluyt's famous work contains an account of a voyage round the north of Norway and Russia, which is generally considered to be an authentic relation of a voyage that was actually made, and a transcript of a portion of it will probably be acceptable to those who are unable to peruse the valuable pages in which the account originally appeared.\* It is entitled—

"THE VOYAGE OF OOTHER, MADE TO THE NORTH-EAST PARTS BEYOND NORWAY, REPORTED BY HIMSELF UNTO ALFRED THE FAMOUS KING OF ENGLAND, ABOUT THE YERE 890."

"Oother said, that the countrey wherein he dwelt was called Helgoland.† Oother tolde his lord King Alfred that he dwelt furthest north of any other Norman. He sayd that he dwelt towards the north part of the land toward the west coast; and affirmed that the land, notwithstanding that it stretcheth marvuelous farre towards the north, yet is all desert and not inhabited, unless it be very few places, here and there, where certeine Finnes dwell upon the coast, who live by hunting all the winter, and by fishing in summer. He said that upon a certeine time he fell into a fantasie and desire to prooue and know how farre that land stretched Northward, and whether there were any habitation of men North beyond the desert. Whereupon he tooke his voyage directly North along the coast, hauing upon his steere-board alwayes the desert land, and upon the leere-

\* "The Principal Navigations, Volages, Traffiges, and Discoveries of the English Nation. By Richard Hakluyt, Master of Artes, and sometime Student of Christ Church in Oxford." A good copy of this admirable work is now worth about £20, and its value is continually increasing.

† An island on the west coast of Norway, in about lat. 60°.



board the maine ocean; and continued his course for the space of 3 dayes. In which space he was come as far towards the North as commonly the whale hunters use to traueell. Whence he proceeded in his course still towards the North so farre as he was able to saile in other 3 dayes. At the end whereof he perceiued that the coast turned towards the East, or els the sea opened with a maine gulfe into the land, he knew not how farre. Well he wist and remembered, that he was faine to stay till he had a Western winde, and somewhat Northerly; and thence he sailed plaine East along the coast still so far as he was able in the space of 4 dayes. At the end of which time he was compelled againe to stay till he had a full Northerly winde, forsomuch as the coast bowed thence directly towards the South, or at least wise the sea opened into the land he could not tell how farre; so that he sailed thence along the coast continually full South, so farre as he could traueile in 5 dayes; and at the fifth dayes end he discovered a mightie river, which opened very farre into the land. At the entrie of which river he stayed his course, and in conclusion turned backe againe, for he durst not enter thereinto for feare of the inhabitants of the land: perceiuing that on the other side of the riuier the countrey was thorowly inhabited: which was the first peopled land that he had found since his departure from his owne dwelling: whereas continually throwt all his voyage, he had euermore on his steereboard a wilderness and desert countrey, except that in some places he saw a few fishers, fowlers, and hunters, which were all Fynnes: and all the way upon his leereboard was the maine ocean.\* . . . The principall purpose of his traueile this way, was to encrease the knowledge and discoverie of these coasts and countreyes, for the more commoditie of fishing of Morse whales,† which haue in their teeth bones of great price and excellencie: whereof he brought some at his returne unto the King. Their skinnes are also very good to make cables for shippes, and are so used. This kinde of whale is much less in quantitie than other kindes, hauing not in length above seuen elles. And as for the common kind of whales, the place of most and best hunting of them is in his owne countrey: whereof some be 48 elles of length and some 50, of which sort he affirmed that he himselfe was one of the five which in the space of 3 dayes killed threescore."‡ In short, the Norseman Oether sailed round the north of Norway and Lapland into the White Sea, and probably discovered the mouth of the River Dwina.

The first voyage known to have been made from England to the bottom of the White Sea was performed in 1553, at the instigation of some merchants of London, who formed themselves into a company to send out ships "for the search and discovery of the northern part of the world, to open a way and passage to new and unknown kingdoms." Sir Hugh Willoughby, who was in command of this expedition, discovered certain parts of Nova Zembla, "in 72 degrees," which was almost the closest approach to the Pole that had been made at that time. Within a twelvemonth afterwards, Willoughby, along with the whole of the crews of two of his ships, were found by some Russian fishermen frozen to death on the coast of Lapland, at the entrance to the White Sea. Richard Chancellor, who sailed at the same

time as Willoughby and under his command, at an early stage of the voyage got separated from the others, found his way safely to the mouth of the River Dwina, and travelled overland to Moscow, where he was received with much distinction in consideration of his discoveries. Chancellor thought that Moscow was even greater than London. "It is a wonder to see it. You shall meet in a morning seven or eight hundred sleds coming from or going thither; some carry corn, some fish. Some that fetch corn from thence dwell at the least 1,000 miles off, and all their carriage is on sleds."

Two or three years later, Steven Burrough, an Englishman who had served under Chancellor, got as far to the east as the strait which separates Nova Zembla from the mainland, and thus all but completed the discovery of the northern shores of Europe. They had doubtless been coasted by Russians or by others many years earlier, but the nature and trend of the coast was not known by the world at large. About this period rumours of the great Siberian River Ob, or Obi, and of lands beyond, began to reach Europe, and I will now briefly set before the reader the names of those who had the honour of discovering those shores and the remainder of the northern coast-line of Asia.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century several European nations, stimulated by the discoveries of Frobisher and other Englishmen who had been endeavouring to reach India by passing to the north of America—the passage commonly called the North-West Passage—conceived the idea that the object in view might be attained by passing round the north of Asia; in short, by making a *north-east* passage. This, of course, was pre-supposing that Asia was not joined to America, a fact which was not known until a century and a half later. In 1593 the Netherlands offered 25,000 florins to any person who should accomplish the voyage, and this offer led to the three celebrated expeditions of Barentz. On the first of these voyages, performed in 1594, Barentz did nothing towards the discovery of the coasts of Asia, and was arrested by ice on the shores of Nova Zembla; but Cornelius Nay, who started at the same time and with the same object, managed to force his way between Nova Zembla and the mainland, and nearly got as far as the mouth of the great gulf into which the River Obi falls. Barentz was not more successful on his second voyage, though he learned upon it, from the crews of some Russian vessels which he encountered, that ships of their country went every year from the White Sea to some distance eastward of the mouth of the Obi. The great River Jenesei was known to these people, so it is clear that even at this early period a large part of the northern coastline of Asia was habitually coasted or traversed, although no maps of it were in existence.†

Barentz started on a third voyage in 1596 (still with the aim of getting to India by rounding the north of Asia) with two ships, one under his own command and the other under Jan Rijp. The latter commander held the idea very firmly that they were most likely to succeed in their aim if they steered a course well to the north of all known land. Barentz

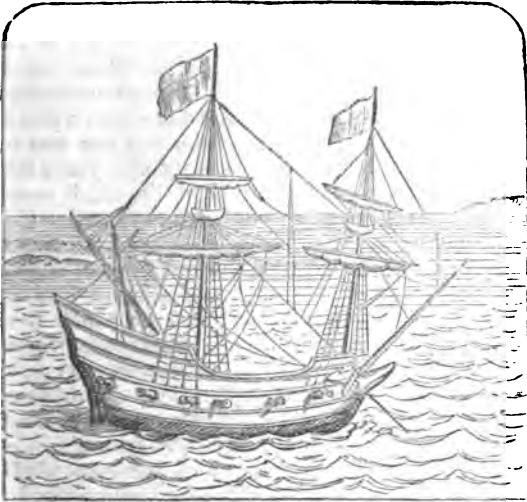
\* The seas to the west and to the north of Norway.

† Walrus.

‡ The original MS. of this voyage is preserved in the British Museum.

\* The Swedish Professor Nordenskiöld, whose name will occur several times in these papers, made in 1875 a voyage from Scandinavia to near the mouth of the Jenesei. His ship then came back, while he and some others proceeded by boat up the river, and eventually returned home overland through Siberia and Russia. It is seen above that there was no great novelty in this voyage, which has nevertheless received a considerable degree of attention.

differed from his comrade, but, rather than part from him, yielded. So at first they sailed north instead of east, and in due time discovered Bear (sometimes called Cherie) Island, which lies about half-way between Hammerfest and Spitzbergen. Still continuing to the north, on the 19th of June, in about latitude 80°, they discovered Spitzbergen itself. This was by far the closest approach to the Pole which is known to have been made at that period, and it is somewhat humiliating to reflect that in the 280 years which have elapsed since the third voyage of Barentz, the most successful commanders who have sailed to the Arctic regions, in splendid ships, powerfully manned, have scarcely been able to carry their vessels 120 miles to the north of the point which was attained by this handful of Dutchmen in the miserable little craft that is represented underneath.



After discovering Spitzbergen, the two commanders separated. Barentz sailed to the east, and on July 19th was again off the coast of Nova Zembla. Less successful than before, he could not prevent his ship from being beset. It was lifted, twisted, and thrown on its beam-ends. This happened on the 5th of September, and, as the year was so far advanced, the unhappy crew immediately perceived that they would have to winter on this desolate land. The ten months' enforced residence of Barentz and his crew on Nova Zembla in 1596-7 was one of the earliest successful winterings amongst the dreary scenery of the far north. These adventurous Dutchmen erected a commodious house of wood, for, although there were no trees upon the island, trunks and logs had drifted ashore, doubtless from the great Siberian rivers. The quaint illustrations to Gerrit De Veer's narrative\* show a substantial erection of squared logs, with the fire in the centre of the floor, having a huge pyramidal chimney over it, surmounted by a barrel, which served for the "crow's nest," or tower of observation. A large bench with divisions was used as a bedstead for the whole party, while their steam-bath was a wine-vat turned up on end, with a hole cut at the side. Caulked up so tightly as they were, the smoke rendered the atmosphere of their apartment well-nigh intolerable, and the English version speaks of great "swoounding and dazeling" in their heads. During the winter the Polar bears tried hard to break in, and even to enter by the

chimney. By the time that escape became possible, scurvy had so enfeebled them that they could hardly repair their boats; but Barentz stirred them up by showing that if they did not get away that season they "must dwell there as burgers of Nova Zembla" for ever. Their homeward boat voyage of 1,700 miles through unknown seas, filled with grinding, tempest-tossed ice, is one of the most remarkable that has ever been recorded. They started on June 14th, 1597, and on the 17th, says the narrator, "the ice came so frightfully upon us that it made our haire stare upright upon our heades, it was so fearful to behold." They had to haul their boats upon the ice, and Barentz, whose last hour was approaching, was laid upon it. The good old pilot still kept directing them, and examined the chart a few minutes before he died. "At last he laid away the card (chart), and spake unto me, 'Gerrit, give me something to drink.'" No sooner had he taken what was given to him than he expired.\*

The first Russian settlements on the Lena (which enters the Arctic Ocean at about the centre of the Siberian coast) were made in 1636, and very soon afterwards they discovered the large rivers, the Indigirka and the Kolima, and from the latter set about completing the exploration of the most eastern parts of the northern coast-line of Asia. In 1647 and subsequent years, a certain Cossack, named Deschnew, actually found his way round from the mouth of the River Kolima to the River Anadyr, partly by sea, and partly, it is supposed, by land, and was the first man who is known to have passed between the straits separating Asia from America which have since been named after the unfortunate Behring.

Thus the eastern half of the north of Asia was tolerably well explored more than two centuries ago, though the fact seems not to have been known at St. Petersburg until long afterwards, for Peter the Great, it is said, shortly before his death, took a considerable degree of interest in the question whether Asia was joined to or separated from America, and wished that the whole of the northern coast-line of his vast empire should be traced and definitely settled. He even drew up instructions himself for those who were appointed to do the work. But the Czar died, and his successor was content with sending Captain Behring from Okotsk to see if the two continents were divided or united. Even this was a great undertaking. Behring, his officers, crew, and the workmen who had to construct the ship at Okotsk, had to journey first of all from St. Petersburg across the entire breadth of Siberia—a distance of nearly 5,000 miles. On the 14th of July, 1728, his preparations were completed, and he sailed on his voyage. On the 15th of August, having arrived at lat. 67° 18', and finding the Asiatic coast trended to the west, he conceived that he had executed his mission, and had determined that the continents were *not* united. He did not, however, on this voyage, see any part of America. No wonder, then, that a few years later, in 1733, Peter the Great's grand project was revived for tracing the entire coast-line right round from

\* A peculiar interest is attached to this expedition, owing to the fact that Captain Carlsen, whilst circumnavigating Nova Zembla in 1871, found the house which had been built and inhabited by Barentz and his crew. Although nearly three centuries had elapsed since its abandonment, it was in good preservation, and inside it were the old clock, the drinking and cooking vessels, books, tools, and instruments, just as they had been left. Nothing could give a clearer idea of the loneliness of the Arctic regions. These interesting relics are now at the Hague.

Archangel to Kamchatka. The work was divided into three sections, for it was clearly too vast for any one party to undertake. The first extended from the White Sea to the mouth of the Jenesei; the second from the Jenesei to the River Lena; and the third from the Lena, by sea, to Kamchatka. Five years elapsed before the first section was traversed. The second section was more difficult than the first, and, in order that there might be a better chance of the exploration being performed, it was ordered to be undertaken by two parties moving in reverse directions, namely, from east to west and from west to east. The party which attempted to proceed from west to east failed utterly, and the expedition which went from the Lena towards the Jenesei also gave in without accomplishing its object, after two years of hard work. Its leader, Lieutenant Prontschischew, died *en route*, partly, it is said, from grief at its failure. The attempt was renewed later on under Lieutenant Laptiew, but he, like all before and all since, failed to double the great Asiatic promontory, which on English maps is called North-East Cape,\* and which is the most northern point either of Europe, Asia, or America.

The party under Laptiew's command eventually succeeded in passing from the Lena to the Jenesei, by partly travelling overland and partly by sea, but it is not known that any one has ever succeeded in going from the mouth of the one river to the other entirely by sea.

The expedition which was sent to explore the third, or most easterly, section of the coast, left Jakutsk (a place which is notable for enjoying a lower mean annual temperature than any other town on the face of the earth) in 1735, but by the approach of winter had not advanced far from the mouth of the Lena, and came to land to build huts for shelter. During the winter the whole of the party, amounting to forty-six persons, died of scurvy or from other causes. Two expeditions, made in 1736 and 1739, were not much more successful, and eventually the attempts were abandoned. By this time, however, nearly the whole of the Siberian coast was traced with respectable accuracy, and very little has since been done for its better exploration.

### III.—DISCOVERY OF THE ARCTIC SHORES OF NORTH AMERICA.

In 1740 Captain Behring was again sent on a voyage from Okotsk, and on this occasion discovered the enormous mountain, Mount St. Elias, which, by the most recent observations, appears to be 19,500 feet high.† After skirting the shores of America a short distance farther to the north, Behring returned towards Kamchatka, and came to signal grief on the Asiatic side. His crew had become so enfeebled that "two sailors who used to be at the rudder were obliged to be led in by two others who could hardly walk." They durst not set their sails, because there was no one strong enough to take in canvas in case of need. During a gale, his ship was pitched over a reef and wrecked on a rocky island, and many of the sick perished before they could be landed. Behring himself was utterly prostrated by scurvy, and died about a month after landing; indeed, "he may be said to have been buried alive, for the sand, rolling down continually from the side of the ditch in which he lay, covered his feet, and he at last would not

suffer it to be removed, and said that he felt some warmth from it, which otherwise he should want in the remaining parts of his body." A small portion of the crew alone escaped, and returned to Kamchatka.

On this occasion Behring explored the Pacific coast of America farther than it had been done before his time, but he did not nearly trace it up to Behring's Straits, nor was this done until the memorable voyage of Captain Cook, in 1778. Cook was instructed to ascertain the northern limits of the American continent, "the doing or attempting of which, it was hoped, would afford a chance of discovering a passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic," and his voyage was one of the most successful of all those which have been performed in the Arctic regions. After passing Mount Elias, Cook skirted the American continent, coasted the peninsula of Alaska, and continued northwards as far as Icy Cape, where his onward progress was arrested by ice. His discoveries extended over more than twelve degrees of latitude. He failed, however, to show that there was a passage between the Pacific and the Atlantic; nor was that great problem solved until seventy-five years later, after an immense expenditure of life and money. Captain Burney (one of Cook's officers) well said, in regard to this voyage, that it was undertaken from the direction which afforded the best hope of success; for on the farther side of America there was only *one* channel (Behring's Straits) through which it was possible that such a passage might be made, whereas on the eastern side of America, there were very numerous straits, the complete exploration of which could not be effected by twenty expeditions. It is now a matter of history that a north-west passage exists, and that the only expedition which has succeeded in passing from one sea to the other commenced its work by passing through Behring's Straits. At the end of the eighteenth century, the whole of the northern coast-line of North America from Icy Cape (Cook's farthest) to the northern shores of Hudson's Bay was unknown, with the exception of the mouths of the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers. This great extent of coast, as well as the vast archipelago lying still more to the north, has since been completely traced, and the whole of this exploration has been effected by British enterprise.

Captain Burney (from whom we have already quoted) wrote, in 1819: "Two centuries ago the northern coast-line of Asia was as little known to the people of Europe as the north of America is at present. By degrees the Russians spread along the sea-shore, until they became acquainted with all the attainable coast. The English and Anglo-American hunters are at present in the like manner spreading over the northern regions of America, and by their enterprise, if not anticipated by other expeditions, the whole north coast will probably come to be known ere the end of the present century."\* Less than forty years after Burney wrote, the work was done, and was mainly accomplished by British seamen, who carried, too, the Union Jack to a more northern point than has been attained by other nations. In recent years Swedes, Americans, Austrians, and Germans have also made important discoveries in the Arctic regions, but even now about a million square miles immediately round about the North Pole remain unexplored.

\* North-East Cape, or C. Chelyuskin, according to the latest observers, is in N. Lat. 77° 30', and is seven degrees north of any part of the American continent.

† According to Mr. Dall, of the U. S. Survey.

\* "A Chronological History of North-Eastern Voyages of Discovery." By Capt. J. Burney.





*(By permission of Goupil & Co.)*

**THE POSTMAN'S MISTAKE.**





## AMERICAN NATIONAL SONGS.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

AMERICA has, it is true, little to boast of in the way of national melodies, but one or two airs intimately associated with that country possess an interest that renders it worth while to put on record what is known about them. First, of "Yankee Doodle."

During the attacks upon the French outposts, in 1755, in America, Governor Shirley and General Jackson led the force directed against the enemy lying at Niagara and Frontenac. In the early part of June, whilst these troops were stationed on the banks of the Hudson, near Albany, the descendants of the "pilgrim fathers" flocked in from the eastern provinces. Never was seen such a motley assembly of men thronged together on such an occasion, unless an example may be found in the ragged regiment of Sir John Falstaff. It would have relaxed the gravity of an anchorite to have seen these men marching through the streets of that city (Albany), and taking their situations to the left of the British army; some with long coats, some with short coats, and others with no coats at all, with colours as varied as the rainbow; some with their hair cropped like the army of Cromwell, and others with wigs, the locks of which floated around their shoulders. It so happened that there was a certain Dr. Shuckburgh—wit, musician, and surgeon—and one evening after mess he produced a tune, which he earnestly commended, as a well-known piece of military music, to the officers of the militia. The joke succeeded, and "Yankee Doodle" was hailed by acclamation "their own march." Little did the author of the joke suppose that a tune, introduced for the purpose of ridicule, should be marked for such high destinies. In twenty years from that time the national march inspired the heroes of Bunker's Hill, and in less than thirty, Lord Cornwallis and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

There are no words to this tune in the United States of a national character; the tune is a march. The earliest words known there are this doggerel quatrain—

"Yankee Doodle came to town  
Upon a little pony,  
He stuck a feather in his hat,  
And called it Macaroni."

With the alteration of Nankee for Yankee, a string of similar verses is said to exist, which were supposed to allude to the coming of Oliver Cromwell (on a small horse) into Oxford, with his single plume, which he wore fastened in a sort of knot, which the adherents of the royal party called "a macaroni" out of derision. We must own to an entire want of faith in this story. The probability is that the tune is not much older than the time of its introduction into America. We know that it was popular in England at that time, having been printed in one of Thomson's country-dance books as "Kitty Fisher's Jig."

Kitty Fisher, as everybody knows, was a celebrated character in the middle of the last century. She was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds more than once, and ultimately married Squire Norris, of Bemmendon, in Kent. Lucy Lockit was also a well-known character in the gay world. She was not so fortunate as her friend in making a good marriage, nor in having her face handed down to posterity by the Court painter.

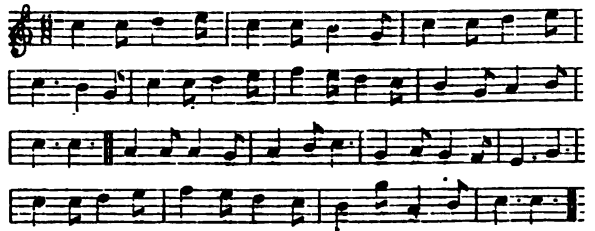
The well-known rhymes to this tune, still sung by children—

"Lucy Lockit lost her pocket,  
Kitty Fisher found it;  
Not a bit of money in it,  
Only binding round it,"

has some covert allusion, understood at the time, but now forgotten.

We give a copy of Thomson's version of the tune, which is written in triple time. It was afterwards altered to common time, as now known:—

### "KITTY FISHER'S JIG."



Towards the latter part of the eighteenth century, several broadsides, with music (songs printed on one side of the paper), appeared on the subject of "Yankee Doodle." We may instance the following: "D'Estaing Eclipsed, or Yankee Doodle's Defeat, by T. Poynton"; "Yankee Doodle, or the Negro's Farewell to America, the words and music by T. L."; "Yankee Doodle"—or as now christened by the Saints of New England, the "Lexington March."

"The British," says an American writer in Moore's "Encyclopædia of Music," "preceding the revolutionary war, when disposed to ridicule the simplicity of Yankee manners and hilarity, were accustomed to sing airs or songs set to words invented for the passing occasion, having for their object to satirise and sneer at the New Englanders. It is remembered that the English officers then among us, acting under civil and military appointments, often felt lordly over us colonists, and by countenancing such slurs, they sometimes expressed their superciliousness. When the battles of Concord and Lexington began the war, the English, when advancing in triumph, played along the road 'God save the King'; but when the Americans had made the retreat so disastrous to the invaders, these then struck up the scouted 'Yankee Doodle,' as if to say, 'See what wo simple Jonathans can do!'"

To the tune of "Yankee Doodle," Francis Hopkinson adapted the words of the song known as the

"Battle of the Kegs." He was a native of Philadelphia, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The circumstances upon which he founded this famous battle were these: David Bushnell had invented some articles of submarine machinery with which he intended to destroy the British vessels stationed in the Delaware. His plans, however, all failed. But in December, 1777, he charged a large number of kegs with gunpowder, and prepared them so that they would explode on coming in contact with the British ships. These were launched at night, but they never reached the intended destination, having been dispersed by the floating ice. They, however, exploded in the vicinity of the enemy, and aroused all the British troops and sailors in the neighbourhood, who kept up a continued discharge of cannon and small arms at every object in the river for hours; and this was the "Battle of the Kegs!"

One of the patriotic songs which sprang into existence during the American revolution is "The Liberty Song." It was written by Mrs. Mercy Warren, wife of General James Warren, of Plymouth, Mass., and was published at Boston in the year 1769. It was very popular throughout the colonies. Mrs. Warren also wrote several political pieces before the revolution, and afterwards a very interesting history of the principal events of the war. She died at Plymouth in 1814.

We give a portion of this song, which is set to the fine old melody, "Hearts of Oak":—

## THE LIBERTY SONG.

"Come join hand in hand, brave A - me - ri - cans 'all, And  
rouse your bold hearts at fair Li - ber - ty's call; No  
ty - ran - nous acts shall sup - press your just claim, Or  
stain with dis - hon - our A - me - ri - ca's name; In  
free - dom we're born, and in free - dom we'll live, Our  
pur - ses are read - y; stead - y, friends, stead - y! Not as  
slaves but as free - men our mo - ney we'll give.

Our worthy forefathers—let's give them a cheer—  
To climates unknown did courageously steer;  
Through oceans to deserts for freedom they came,  
And, dying, bequeathed us their freedom and fame.  
In freedom we're born, etc.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despised,  
So highly, so wisely, their birthrights they prized;  
We'll keep what they gave, we will piously keep,  
Nor frustrate their toils on the land and the deep.  
In freedom we're born, etc.

The tree their own hands had to Liberty reared  
They lived to behold growing strong and revered;  
With transport they cried, 'Now our wishes we gain,  
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain.'

In freedom we're born, etc.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all;  
By uniting we stand; by dividing we fall;  
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,  
For Heaven approves of each generous deed.  
In freedom we're born, etc.

All ages shall speak with amaze and applause  
Of the courage we'll show in support of our laws;  
To die we can bear, but to serve we disdain,  
For shame is to freemen more dreadful than pain.  
In freedom we're born, etc."

In 1770 a new version of this song was published in "Bickerstaff's Almanack." The old music was retained, but the words were new, and the title of the song changed to "The Massachusetts Song of Liberty."

The patriotic national song, "The Star-spangled Banner," was written by Francis S. Key, a well-known lawyer in the city of Baltimore. In September, 1814, he went on board the hostile British fleet, then in the waters of the Chesapeake, to negotiate the release of a friend. This negotiation was successful, but the British, being about to make a combined attack, by sea and land, on Baltimore, detained Key lest he should carry intelligence of their preparations to his countrymen. Being a non-combatant, he was not made a prisoner of war, but simply detained on board one of the English ships for a few days. He thus, with his friend, witnessed the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, the key of Baltimore, anxiously watching his country's flag all day floating over the fort, catching occasional glimpses of it through the night by the explosions of shells and rockets, and again delightedly saw it when the morning dawned still waving over its patriotic defenders. The song, in fact, is just a description of the scene and his feelings on the occasion. The two first stanzas, with the tune, run thus:—

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

"O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly  
light, What so proud - ly we hall'd at the twi - light's last  
gleam - ing! Whose broad stripes and bright stars, in the  
pe - ri - lous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so  
gal - lant - ly stream - ing! And the rock - ets' red  
glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the  
night that our flag was still there; O say, does that  
star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave O'er the  
land of the free and the home of the brave!

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dead silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
Its full glory reflected, now shines on the stream ;  
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O ! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Francis S. Key died in 1846. He was a distinguished civilian, and wrote many tasteful fugitive pieces, which have been collected together and published since his death. A fine moral vein pervades all his writings.

The air of "The Star-spangled Banner" is English, and is known as that of an old song, entitled "To Anacreon in Heaven." Its history is thus told by Mr. W. Chappell in that interesting miscellany, "Notes and Queries" (Jan. 18, 1873). "In the second half of the last century, a very jovial society, called 'The Anacreontic,' held its festive and musical meetings at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, 'a large and curious house, with good rooms and other convenience, fit for entertainments,' says Strype. It is now the Whittington Club; but in the last century it was frequented by such men as Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Dr. Percy, especially to sup there. A certain Ralph Tomlinson, Esq., was at that time the president of the Anacreontic Society, and he wrote the words of the song adopted by the club, while John Stafford Smith set them to music." The song was published by the composer, and "sold at his house, 7, Warwick Street, Spring Gardens," between the years 1770 and 1775.

Like most of the very popular songs, this was abundantly parodied. The following lines form the first verse of one of those, entitled—

"BRITANNIA.

"To Neptune enthroned, as he governed the sea,  
From my cliff-skirted isle I dispatched a petition,  
That he its protector and patron would be,  
When this charter arrived without let or condition :  
'Navigation and Trade, no more be afraid,  
The ocean is yours, I'll lend you my aid ;  
Besides, I'll instruct you, like me, to entwine  
The fruits of fair commerce round liberty's shrine."

This one found its way to America, and "The Star-spangled Banner" was written to it.

"Hail Columbia!" the most modern of the national songs of America, has no peculiar history, as far as we know. The air is a very indifferent one, and was evidently not composed for the words. The measure being different, it is necessary to repeat a line in each stanza to make them fit the music. Altogether, the "national anthem" of America is a lame affair, although we must admit that the words are spirited.

Thus it will be seen that our Transatlantic cousins are not ashamed of borrowing our fine old national tunes. Besides the "Hearts of Oak," which is their "Beat to Quarters," "See, the Conquering Hero comes" is in almost continued requisition, being found as applicable to the elected rowdy of a municipal ward as to a great general or President of the time being. American officers, too, both naval and military, march in to dinner to the well-known time-honoured air of "The Roast Beef of Old England."

The small States, into which the great Spanish dominions of South America are now divided, have in turn adopted the three last airs, probably from hearing them played on board United States' ships of war. A friend tells us that he has seen Mexican naval officers going to their mess of garbanzas and garlic, while their band, represented by one man, with pandean pipe and drum, played that ever-memorable—

"Officers, officers, come in to dine  
On a piece of roast beef and a bottle of wine,  
Plum-pudding and pie, and everything fine.  
O the roast beef of old England !  
And O the old English roast beef !"

## ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

### February.

OUR Saxon ancestors, according to Verstegan, called this month *Sprout-kale*, from the sprouting of the cabbage at this usually cold and inclement season. It also went by the name of *Salmonath*, which Bede explains by *Pancake Month*, because in the course of it cakes were offered up by the pagan Saxons to the sun. In consequence of the snow or rain which so often prevails in this month, our forefathers styled it "February fill-dyke," because, before the modern improvements in drainage, not only did the rivers overflow to a far greater extent than even now-a-days, but we are told how long leagues of land were frequently under water. Its present name, it is perhaps scarcely necessary to add, arose from the *Februa* or *Feralia* of the Romans, a festival observed annually in honour of the manes of deceased friends and relations.

This present year being leap year, February has twenty-nine days. By the statute "De anno et die Bissextili," 1237, it was enacted that the day increasing in the leap year, and the day next preceding, should be computed as one day; and by the Act regulating the style in 1751, it is declared that the years 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200, 2300, or any hundredth years, except the fourth, whereof the year 2000 should be the first, should not be esteemed leap years, and that the years 2000, 2400, 2800, and every other four hundredth year from the said year 2000, inclusive, should for the future be taken to be leap years. This, called the *Gregorian* regulation, by retrenching three days in every four hundred years, disposes for ever of the surplus *eleven* minutes in the Julian year, and reduces the nominal time as nearly as possible to the true course of the sun.—"The Anniversary Calendar." The Romans looked upon the Bissextile, or leap day, as unfortunate, and in the Middle Ages this superstition was extended to the whole year. The French are still in the habit of saying, when any misfortune happens, that the bissextus has fallen upon the business: "Le bissexté est tombé sur une telle affaire." In a curious work, entitled "Courtship, Love, and Matrimonic," printed in the year 1606, the privilege of ladies choosing husbands on this occasion is thus described:—"Albeit it is now become a part of the common law in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year dost return, the ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto

the men, which they doe either by wordes or lookes, as to them it seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of the clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offers of a ladye, or who dothe in anywise treate her proposal withe slight or contumely."

This month is not behind any of the others in the odd folk lore, and many superstitious practices observed in the course of it. Indeed, the poet Herrick tells us how, on the very first day of its commencement, Candlemas Eve, the Christmas decorations were pulled down, and not a branch, nor even a leaf, was allowed to remain :—

"Down with the rosemary, and so  
Down with the baies and misletoe;  
Down with the holly, ivie, all  
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas hall;  
That so the superstitious find  
No one least branch there left behind;  
For look, how many leaves there be  
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,  
So many goblins you shall see."

The same poet also relates how on this day the yule brand was kindled and burnt till sunset, when it was extinguished and laid by till the next return of the season, to be then brought out to *teend*, i.e., light the Christmas log :—

"Kindle the Christmas brand, and then  
Till sunset let it burn,  
Which quenched, then lay it up again,  
Till Christmas next return.

"Part must be kept, wherewith to teend  
The Christmas log next year,  
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend  
Can do no mischief there."

Candlemas Day probably derives its name from the ancient religious ceremonies observed by candle-light on this day, which is the Church's anniversary for the Purification of the Virgin. Some think it originated in the Roman festival of Februa, the mother of Mars, when it seems the people were accustomed to run about the streets bearing lighted torches. In the Church of Rome, the ceremony of blessing candles by the clergy is still retained, after which they are distributed among the people, by whom they are carried lighted in procession. In England, the custom of carrying Candlemas candles was discontinued in the second year of Edward VI, when it was repealed by an order in Council. Butler, it may be added, upon the authority of St. Bernard, states that the candle-bearing at this season has reference to Simeon's declaration in the Temple, when he took the infant Jesus in his arms, that he was "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of the people Israel."

At Horbury, in Yorkshire, a curious custom is observed, called "Candlemas Gills." To quote a local writer: "By virtue of this custom, every ratepayer is entitled to a gill of ale (half-a-pint), which may be had and drunk at the Fleece Inn, or be sent for and consumed at home. The trustees of the town pay the expense entailed by this custom." A correspondent of "Long Ago" (vol. ii. p. 81) says this custom originated about a hundred years ago, when Horbury Common lands were enclosed, and before that time every Horbury townsman had the privilege of pasturing, free of charge, cows, sheep,

etc., on the common. When the privilege was taken away from them, and certain portions of this land set apart as "town's property," and let to tenants bidding the highest rents for the same, out of that rental the lord of the manor or the Enclosure Commissioners ordered three-halfpence worth of ale to be given to each ratepayer on Candlemas Day.

In Scotland on this day it is or was a universal practice for children attending grammar schools to make a Candlemas present to their teachers, according to the extent of their income. The boy who gave most was styled King, and during his reign, which lasted as long as six weeks, he was not only entitled to demand an afternoon's play for the boys once a week, but even had the privilege of remitting punishment.

On the 3rd of February, every seven years, the wool-combers of our large manufacturing towns in the north are in the habit of holding a grand jubilee in honour of St. Blaize, who is their patron saint, because, as some suppose, his flesh, at the time of his martyrdom in the persecution of Licinius in the year 816, was cruelly torn and lacerated by iron combs. Formerly, when this saint's day was generally observed throughout England, many highly superstitious practices were performed. Reginald Scott, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft" (1665, p. 137), gives us a charm used in the Roman Catholic Church for extracting a thorn from the flesh, or a bone out of the throat. In case of the latter, the patient is to be held by the throat, and the following words pronounced: "Blaize, the martyr and servant of Jesus Christ, commands thee to pass up or down."

The next and, perhaps, special day of interest to many in this month is that on which the festival of St. Valentine is celebrated, although, it should be noticed, there is no recorded incident of his life that can have possibly given rise to the various jocular customs observed on his anniversary. As a writer has justly remarked, this "seems to have been a festival inherited from the Romans, but fathered upon St. Valentine, in the earlier ages of the Church, in order to Christianise it." Thus Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakespeare," relates how it was "the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februa, Februalis, and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the young men as chance directed."

During the early part of the present century the popularity of St. Valentine's Day has been generally on the decline, but within the last few years a greater degree of interest has again been shown in its observance. The manufacture and sale of them has become a great branch of trade, and much artistic merit is shown in the production of the more costly sorts. It appears that formerly the ridiculous caricatures now anonymously sent were unknown, but in their stead expensive presents were sent. It is a ceremony, says Browne, never omitted among the vulgar, to draw lots, which they term valentines, on the eve before St. Valentine's Day. The names of a select number of one sex are by an equal number of the other put into some vessel, and after that every one draws a name, which for the present is called their valentine. This sport was practised in the houses of the English gentry as early as the year



1476. When a lady thus drew a valentine, a gentleman so drawn would have been deemed most shabby if he did not accept the honour and responsibility, entailing upon him, as these did, the bestowal of a present upon her. The outlay in consequence, at the hands of princes and courtiers, was enormous. When the Duke of York was Miss Stewart's valentine, he gave her a jewel worth about eight hundred pounds; and in the year 1667, Lord Mandeville, being that lady's valentine, presented her, we are told, with a ring worth three hundred pounds. In the year 1668, Pepys, in his "Diary," has the following note: "This evening my wife did, with great pleasure, show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately, as my valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone set with diamonds. With this, and what she had, she reckons that she hath above one hundred and fifty pounds' worth of jewels of one kind or other; and I am glad of it."

In some places, says Hone, the lad's valentine is the first lass he sees in the morning who is not an inmate of the house; the lass's valentine is the first youth she sees. Gay alludes to this custom:—

"I early rose just at the break of day,  
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;  
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,  
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do);  
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,  
In spite of fortune, shall our true love be."

There is an old tradition that at this season of the year birds choose their mates, from whence, according to the opinions of some, arose the origin of choosing valentines. Thus Shakespeare, in his "Midsummer Night's Dream," says:—

"St. Valentine is past,  
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now!"

At Swaffham, and in other parts of Norfolk, valentines are sent on St. Valentine's Eve. As soon as it is dark, packages, we are told, may be seen carried about in a mysterious way, and as soon as the coast seems clear the parcel is laid on the door-step, the bell rung, and the bearer runs away. Inside, the house is all on the *qui vive*, and as soon as the bell is heard, all the little folks, and sometimes the old ones too, make a rush to the door, to ascertain for whom the parcel is meant. These are generally sent anonymously, and contain a few verses, which end as follows:—

"If you'll be mine, I'll be thine,  
And so good morrow, Valentine!"

It was also customary in this county and that of Northampton, for young people to catch their parents and each other, when they met for the first time on St. Valentine's morning. *Catching*, Miss Baker tells us, was no more than the exclamation, "Good morrow, Valentine;" and they who could repeat this before they were spoken to, were entitled to some little gratuity from their parents or some member of the family. Consequently, as may be imagined, there was great eagerness and excitement to rise early on this important occasion, which was the scene of much mirth and merriment.

The Monday before Shrove Tuesday was in bygone times known as "Collop Monday," because collups of dried or salted meat were eaten on this day. In some parts this day seems to have been observed as

the eve of Shrove Tuesday, and boys went about in troops from door to door, singing a doggerel, of which the following is a specimen:—

"Shrovetide is nigh at hand,  
And I am come a-shroving;  
Pray, dame, something,  
An apple or a dumpling,  
Or a piece of truckle cheese  
Of your own making,  
Or a piece of pancake."

Shrove Tuesday, which falls this year on the last day of February, derives its name from the circumstance that, so long as the Roman Catholic faith predominated in this country, every one was obliged to confess, and be shrove or shriven. In order that none might plead forgetfulness as an excuse for omitting the ceremony, at an early hour in the morning the great bell was rung in every parish; and in after times, says Soane ("Curiosities of Literature"), this ringing was still kept up in some places, though the cause of it ceased with the introduction of Protestantism, and it then got the name of the Pancake Bell. Thus in "Poor Robin's Almanack, 1684," we read—

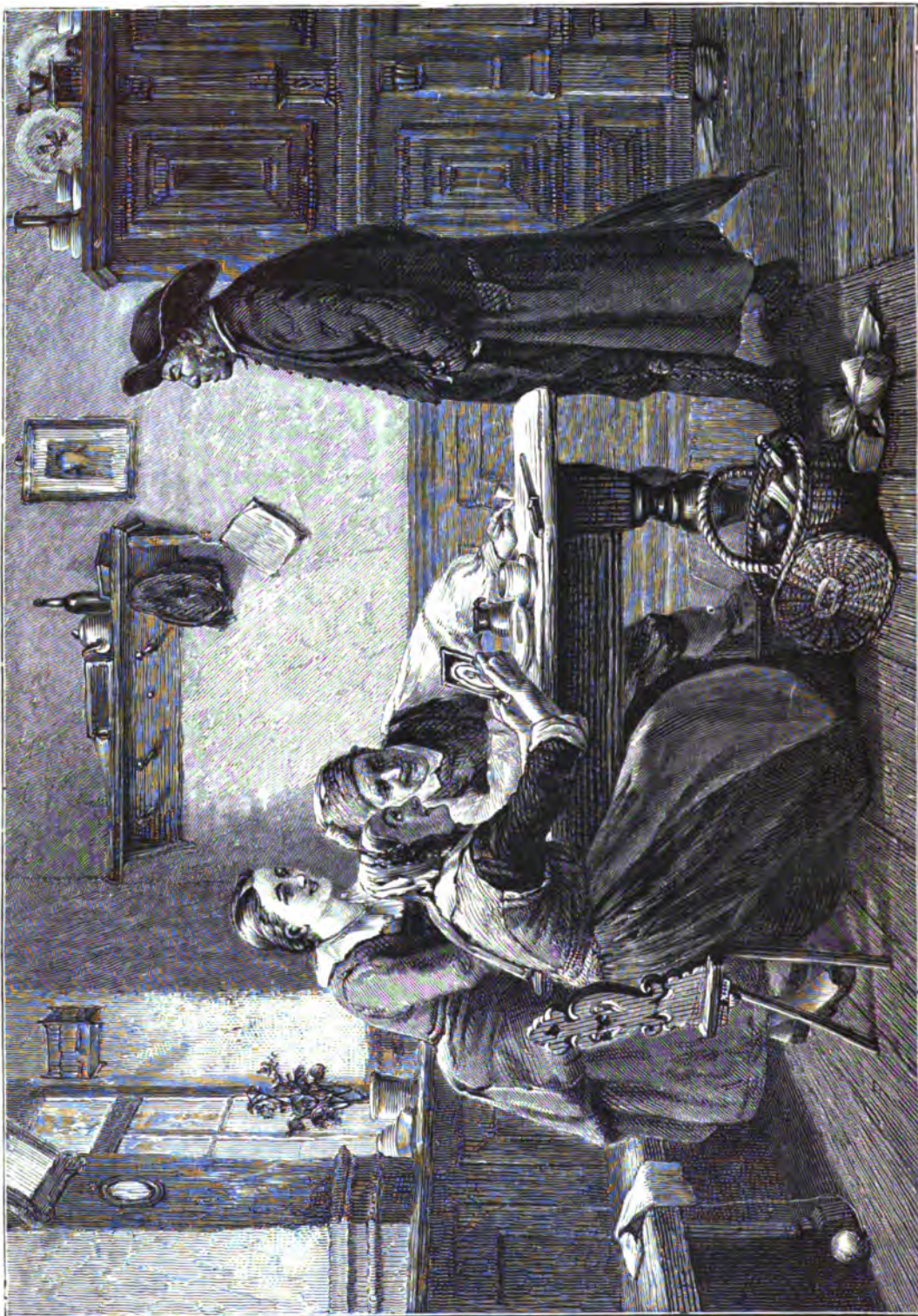
"But hark, I hear the pancake-bell,  
And fritters make a gallant smell."

In many parts of Northamptonshire the church bell is rung about noon as the signal for the housewife to prepare and get ready her pancakes. Brand, too, tells us how formerly, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the great bell of St. Nicholas' Church was rung at midday, when the shops were immediately shut up, offices closed, and business suspended for the remainder of the day.

Among the sports formerly practised at this season, cock-fighting and throwing at cocks appear to have prevailed almost everywhere, and at a very early period. Fitz-Stephens, who died in 1191, mentions cock-fighting as one of the amusements of the Londoners, together with the game of football. He says: "Yearly, at Shrovetide, the boys of every school bring fighting-cocks to their masters, and all the forenoon is spent at school to see these cocks fight together. After dinner, all the youth of the city goeth to play at the balls in the fields; the scholars of every study have their balls; the practisers also of the trades have everyone their balls in their hands." In many parts of Scotland schools had their cock-fights till the middle of the eighteenth century. Indeed, so late as the year 1790, the minister of Applecross, in Ross-shire, speaking of his parish, tells us that the schoolmaster's income was composed of 200 merks, with 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per quarter from each scholar, and the *cockfight dues*, which were equal to one quarter's payment for each scholar. In King Henry VII's time, it would seem that this diversion was even practised within the precincts of the Court. In a royal household account we find the following:—"March 2, 7 Hen. VII. Item to Master Bray for rewards to them that brought cokkes at Shrovetide, at Westm', XXs." Cock-fighting is now, happily, by law a misdemeanour, and therefore punishable.

At one time a custom was practised in the county of Huntingdon, called "Cock-running," which, though not quite so barbarous and cruel as cock-throwing, was not much inferior to it. A cock was





By Plattner.

A SPEAKING LIKENESS.

By Permission of the Berlin Photographie Company.



procured, and its wings were cut; the runners paid so much a-head, and, with their hands tied behind them, ran in pursuit of it, and whoever caught it in his mouth, and carried it to a certain goal, had the privilege of claiming the bird as his own. Formerly, too, it was customary in some parts to take such hens as had not laid eggs before Shrove Tuesday, and to thrash them to death, as being no longer of any use. It has been conjectured that the whipping of tops, the tossing of pancakes, and the battering of cocks with missiles, have allusion to the sufferings of some of the old martyrs. Erasmus could discover no other motive for the prevalence of the latter custom than insanity, caused through eating pancakes. "The English," says he, "eat a certain cake on Shrove Tuesday, upon which they run mad and kill their poor cocks." The day is now chiefly commemorated throughout the kingdom by the eating of pancakes. The origin of this custom is involved in much obscurity. Mr. Foxbrooke thinks it was taken from the heathen "Fornacalia," observed on the 18th of February, in memory of making bread, before ovens were invented, by the goddess Fornax. Gale, in his "Recreations," alluding to this subject, gives the following curious note:—"One Simon Eyre, a shoemaker, being chosen Lord Mayor of London, instituted a pancake feast on Shrove Tuesday for all the apprentices in London, and from that it became a custom. He ordered that upon the ringing of a bell in every parish the apprentices should leave off work and shut up their shops for that day, which being ever since yearly observed, is called Pancake Bell. In that year he built Leadenhall (1406)." He may have revived such a custom, but it has been already observed that cakes were offered in the pagan rites of February.

At Apaley Old Hall, in Nottinghamshire, formerly butter and lard, fire and frying-pans, were provided for all the poor families of Wollaston, Trowell, and Cossall who chose to come and eat their pancakes in this mansion. The only conditions attached to the feast were, that there should be no quarrelling, and that each wife and mother should fry for her own family, and that whenever the cake needed turning in the pan, this act should be performed by tossing it in the air and catching it again in the pan with the uncooked side downwards.

In some parts the children go about singing curious rhymes, begging at the same time either for materials to make pancakes, or else for halfpence. Thus at Basingstoke, and in the adjoining neighbourhood, they sing:—

"Knick a knock upon the block,  
Flour and lard is very dear,  
Please we come a shroving here.  
Your pan's hot, and my pan's cold,  
(Hunger makes us shrovers bold)  
Please to give poor shrovers something here."

## STOCK EXCHANGE.

BROKERS OF THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW.

THE city article of the "Times," in discussing the amount of money lost upon speculative loans (which it estimates at £77,000,000 within the last three years), had lately some remarks worthy of

being weighed by genuine investors and honest people of business.

The question to be answered is, who has lost all this money? Is it the British public, or gamblers, or who? It is not in some respects an easy question to answer, but certain general considerations present themselves that may help to some solution. In the first place, it is well to point out that all this money has not been in all cases actually lost, because in the case of several of the loans which have depreciated most the bonds were never all placed. The public not only declined to take them at the issue price, but at any price, and they remained on loan-concoctors' hands as so much waste paper. This was the case with the Paraguay Second Loan, with the Honduras Loans, with some Egyptian and Turkish issues, and with the loans of Peru, although the latter appear to have been held by syndicates, which have now been forced to sell at any price, and at enormous loss to themselves. In such cases, where daring financiers would appear to have taken on themselves definitely the responsibility of placing bonds, this failure to put them off on the public generally must have been a source of heavy loss to syndicates, but that is, outside Peruvian, Turkish, and Egyptian stocks, a very small proportion. In other cases the loans were simply not placed, the money was never obtained from anybody, and could not, therefore, be lost. Now it is very difficult to say what proportion of the seventy-seven millions of depreciation should be written off on this account. Thanks to the delusive system in vogue on our Stock Exchange of permitting the full amount of a loan to be quoted in the list, whether it has all been placed or not, one can never know the exact situation of any one loan. It may not be half issued, and contractors may be manipulating the market so as to pay out a few more bonds from account to account, or it may be all in the hands of jobbers and the public. This secretiveness is a most fruitful source of deception, and ought to be put an end to by compelling loan-issuers to make a statutory declaration quarterly as to the quantity of stock unallotted and the quantity sold to the public during the past three months.

Failing such a guide, we can only guess at the sums, but think it probable that from twelve to fifteen millions would prove about sufficient deduction. Let us say fifteen millions, inclusive of the amount lost by loan-issuers through taking loans "firm." This leaves sixty-two millions which we may set down as money lost from first to last by investors of one class or another. That is a very large sum to take out of the savings of the public in less than four years, and when all allowance is made for the strength of popular credulity or greed, it remains a sufficiently marvellous thing that it could have been so readily parted with. It would not have been obtained, we fear, but for the peculiar habits and usages to which modern speculation has given rise. The fashion of business has changed much since foreign loans and bubble companies became the popular mode of losing money.

The Stock Exchange is thronged with new brokers, who lay themselves out to carry on a system of dealing to which the older and more steady class of brokers and dealers have been and are strangers. Young men will go into the "House" now-a-days and deal in hundreds of thousands of stock in less time than it would take a man doing legitimate, old-fashioned business to deal in tens. These persons



are exactly the tools suited to those speculators and riggers of the market who plunder the public, now by getting people to buy on the rise, and again by frightening them out of what they have bought at a depreciated price. Without scruple, and solely for the sake of making a commission, many brokers of this class lend themselves to the gambles of loan-mongers, jobbers, outside speculators, and adventurers of all kinds, who by their more or less skilled play upon human passions, succeed in drawing millions of money from those who have earned it and saved it.

We should say that comparatively few members of the Stock Exchange have in the general course of things lost much of this money. One may have lost to his neighbour one day to gain again the next, but the grist which has kept the mill going has all come from the public at some time or other. It is a serious thing to contemplate the Stock Exchange of London thus, not as a centre where sound investing business is done, but a gambling arena, where the foolish outsider is as certain to lose his money as if he had trusted it to an advertising "book-maker." While dealers and brokers, aided by adventurers, who were either their tools, their decoys, or the reason of their existence, have been making fortunes out of these miserable products of perverted ingenuity, the public have been losing, and the quiet, unpretentious broker has been pushed aside and almost threatened with extinction unless he will consent to embark in the same career of speculation. It has become impossible for an honest man to guide or advise his clients as heretofore amid the whirligig that this state of affairs has produced, when, the next hour or the next day, his advice may be falsified by the course of the gambling. In the meantime, whatever the gamblers have lost between themselves has merely been some part of the general winnings from the public. Few outside the particular cliques and their machinery have suffered in any permanent fashion. The public have lost the money in all cases where they have been persuaded to subscribe for the bonds: only the syndicates have suffered when they had to keep the waste paper to themselves, and advance borrowed money on it beyond its value. Yet even then, ultimately, it is the hard-earned savings of those who have worked that will be found to have disappeared. We may safely say, then, that of this seventy-seven millions, over sixty has come directly out of the pockets of the public, and the rest indirectly, and the only consolation one can have is that the game seems nearly played out. Perhaps its last phases may see many of those who have always won hitherto come out losers.

## Varieties.

**EMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.**—The chief of the Bureau of Statistics, in the Treasury Department, reports that the returns from the several Customs' districts of the United States show the arrival of 295,530 passengers in the year ending the 30th of June, 1875. As 50,898 were citizens of the United States returning from abroad, and 17,134 were aliens not intending to remain in the United States, the number of alien immigrants was 227,498. Of this number 139,950 were males and 87,548 were females. The total number comprised 44,254 persons under 15 years of age, 154,621 persons who were 15 but under 40 years of age, and 28,623 persons who were 40 years of age and upwards. These immigrants included 2,426 persons engaged in professional occupations; 33,803 engaged in other

skilled occupations; 84,546 engaged in miscellaneous occupations; the occupations of 1,291 are not stated; and 105,432 are described as without occupation, both these two numbers being constituted mainly of women and children. The immigrants who belonged to the United Kingdom are stated at 85,861—namely, 47,283 males and 38,578 females. The list of nationalities describes England as supplying 24,497 males and 15,633 females; Wales, 270 males and 179 females; Scotland, 4,473 males and 2,837 females; Ireland, 18,029 males and 19,928 females; Channel Islands, 15. The list states that 47,769 of the immigrants were natives of Germany, 7,982 of Russia, 984 of Poland, 15 of Finland, 2 of Siberia. There were also among the year's immigrants 16,437 natives of China, 1,097 natives of Australia, 24,051 of British North America, 163 of the Sandwich Islands, 150 of Iceland. As many as 130,994 of the 227,498 immigrants are reported as arriving at New York; 34,580 at Huron, Michigan; 18,286 at San Francisco; 17,645 at Boston and Charlestown, Massachusetts. There were 122 deaths on the voyages.

**SLAVE-CRUISE ADVENTURE.**—The healthy and generous anti-slavery feeling which compelled the withdrawal of the "Admiralty Instructions" last autumn, is shared by most of the officers and all the men in the British Navy, as the following incident illustrates:—The launch of her Majesty's ship London was cruising off Pemba Island, when a slave dhow was observed becalmed seven miles distant. Robert Trigger, captain of the launch, thereupon determined to board her, and started off in a small boat with two blue jackets and an interpreter. After pulling two hours the slaver was caught. The three men sprang up her bows with cutlasses between their teeth, knocked down with their fists the captain and those who came to his aid, and before the crew had recovered from their surprise, had lashed the captain and two others hand and foot and put them overboard into their boat; the rest of the crew were intimidated. A breeze springing up, Trigger made sail and took the dhow, which was densely packed with slaves, alongside the London's launch. The dhow was taken to Zanzibar, and condemned, the British consul commending Trigger and his gallant comrades to the consideration of the Admiralty. The captain of the London, however, it is said, administered to the men a severe rebuke instead of praise. He had probably just received the Admiralty instructions.

**GEORGE I AND THE UNIVERSITIES OF OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.**—The library of Dr. John Moore, Bishop of Norwich, was purchased, after his death, by George I, as a present to the University of Cambridge. This gave origin to the famous epigram (attributed by some to Dr. Trapp, by others to Mr. Wharton, his successor in the Poetry Professorship), added to the circumstance of the ministry sending soldiers to Oxford, in consequence of some disturbance about that time. The Oxford epigram ran thus:—

"The King observing, with judicious eyes,  
The state of both his Universities,  
To one he sends a regiment; for why?  
That *learned* body wanted *loyalty*.  
To th' other books he gave, as well discerning  
How much that *loyal* body wanted *learning*."

Sir Thomas Browne, the physician of Norwich, wrote a reply, which extorted praise from Dr. Johnson himself in favour of a Cambridge man.

"The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,  
For Tories own no argument but force.  
With equal care, to Cambridge books he sent,  
For Whigs allow no force but argument."

**LONGEVITY OF VETERANS.**—The Massachusetts "Worcester Spy" says:—"The extraordinary longevity of the survivors of the war of 1812 is certainly a curious fact well worthy of notice. That was not a great war; not many troops were engaged, and no very large force mustered into the service of the United States, and the war came to an end almost sixty-one years ago. Yet the Commissioner of Pensions reports 15,875 survivors of that war on the rolls of the Pension Office. Very few, indeed, of these can be less than eighty years of age, and the number must be nearly if not quite ten per cent. of the whole force mustered for service. If the veterans of the late war of the rebellion prove so tenacious of life, nearly two hundred thousand of them will survive in the year 1928. We should be very glad to believe that all of them would live much longer than that, but we cannot expect it, for it is against the course of nature. It is hard to resist the conviction that a large share of the fifteen thousand veterans of 1812 are impostors."

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper*



A MYSTERIOUS DOCUMENT.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER VII.—THE NOBLE SUITOR.

**H**AD Captain Devereux kept every promise as faithfully as he did the one to avail himself of the squire's general invitation, he would certainly have escaped the guilt of broken vows. Almost every second day found him dropping in at the Elms on one account or other. His ingenuity in finding

excuses was remarkable, but the best and most frequent he had was to consult Delamere on subjects involved in the reconstruction of Fort Frederick. The squire prided himself on his knowledge of military engineering, particularly the art of fortification, of which he was an amateur, and had studied Vauban and other authorities. It was not in man—at least, it was not in Delamere—to be insensible to the flattering fact that a captain in his Majesty's service, and the nephew of an English peer, to whom

No. 1259.—FEBRUARY 12, 1876.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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an important work of the kind had been entrusted, should be coming at all hours of the twenty-four to request his opinion regarding plans and projects for strengthening the place. As a natural consequence, the captain grew in favour with him, was always made welcome and pressed to stay, while the other officers of the company, though occasionally invited to the Elms, were generally left out of sight and out of mind.

When they had reached this stage of intimacy, Devereux found another subject on which to consult the squire. He had shared a family dinner one day, and as the door closed on the retreat of Constance and Hannah, and the gentlemen were left alone, the captain drew a deep sigh and said, "Ah, Mr. Delamere, you are a happy man!"

"I don't know that," said the squire; "I have had my share of troubles and trials in this world, as most people have, I suppose."

"No doubt of it, my dear sir; but what I meant was that you are happy in having such a daughter," and the captain sighed again.

"Oh, Constance is a good girl, and rather handsome, I think;" Delamere was looking into his glass and endeavouring to take the matter coolly.

"Good!" cried the captain; "she is an angel; handsome—her beauty is beyond comparison! What a sensation it would create in the court circle or the fashionable world of London; but it is not in those scenes of gaiety and splendour that the whole amount of her worth could be known. No; it is in the home, which her presence would make beautiful and her smile fill with sunshine. Mr. Delamere, a man gets tired of tossing about the world without a home or a helpmate, as your good ministers say. That is my case. I have seen a good deal of high life—a good deal of government service, too; but there is nothing like domestic peace and affection when one has come to years of discretion. In short, I mean to settle as soon as possible; that is, if I can obtain the woman of my choice. With my connections one would have many a chance of pairing off to advantage, you know; but I could not, squire—I could not marry except I loved, as I do now, with my whole heart. You will excuse the unceremonious manner of a brother-in-arms—is your charming daughter engaged?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Delamere; "and I am sure Constance would do nothing of the kind unknown to me."

"I am certain she would not, and I, as a man of honour, could not think of addressing her without first consulting you. Be kind enough to tell me then in plain terms," and the captain's voice took a tone of tremulous anxiety, "may I ask—may I hope—for the honour of her hand?"

"Well," said the squire, considerably nonplussed for a suitable reply, "they say in New England that a man courts or fights best for himself. My Constance must be wooed and won like other fair ladies, I suppose. She is not a girl to go without offers, for besides the fortune of her face, which her looking-glass tells her of every day, Constance will inherit the Elms. I have no other heir, and fortunately the estate was not entailed when I lost my son; you have probably heard in what manner from Governor Gage."

"Oh, yes—yes; do not recall such sad—" As the captain spoke a weird groan sounded through the quiet and now darkened room, for the night was

falling, and he sprang from his chair with such a bound as almost to upset the table.

"Why, captain, I did not think you were so easily alarmed," said Delamere, as soon as pure astonishment would allow him to speak. "That is a peculiar sound though; it comes through a minute crevice in the frame of the window there when the wind happens to be turning," and he rose and rang for the candles.

"Ah, the wind does make strange sounds through crevices. I wonder you don't get that one filled up; it quite startled me, it was so like the cry of an owl. You must know I have a strange antipathy to that bird of night. They tell me I was frightened by one of them in my infancy at our family seat in Suffolk. But as you have mentioned Miss Delamere's prospects," and Devereux drew his chair nearer to that of the squire, "of course that is the very last thing I should consider, but I think it right to acquaint you with mine. As the eldest nephew of the present Viscount Lavenham, who has lived a bachelor, and is now an old one, I am heir to the family estate and title, but have not much else to count upon, except a reversionary interest in—let me see, I think it is twenty thousand pounds on the decease of two maiden aunts, both far advanced in years." Seated there in the full light of the wax candles, and looking so military, distinguished, and *débonnaire*, nobody would have thought him the man to be startled by a moan of the wind in the deepening twilight. "The dear old tabbies," he continued; "long may they enjoy their dividends! They never meant to be in the least hurry getting out of my way to the principal; they had quite a different plan of providing for me, which they used to propound when I was a youngster, spending my holidays with them. What do you think it was, squire?"

"Buying you a commission, I suppose?" said Delamere.

"Something much better. Only look at this, I brought it to show you as a curiosity, but the subject of our conversation banished every other from my mind," and Devereux produced from one of the capacious pockets in his broad-skirted coat of the period a roll of parchment, which he handed to the squire.

The latter opened it, and saw for the first time what he had heard his father, his grandfather, and their contemporaries of the Archdale family talk of, among their old tales and traditions of the settlement—namely, a grant of the lands now called the Elms and the Plantation, by his most gracious Majesty Charles II to Cecil Devereux, Viscount Lavenham. An ancient map appended showed the lands in their wilderness state on both sides of the Connecticut; but the grant had been actually renewed by George III.

"It is a curiosity," said Delamere, when he had read the document; "but of course of no effect. How strange it is that the king and his advisers should accept such a map made in 1662, and then at fault; for Archdale's great grandfather and mine were in possession of the estates, and had reclaimed and built upon them."

"My dear sir," said the captain, in his most persuasive tone, "kings and ministers have so many near-hand affairs to occupy their attention, that they are apt to lose the knowledge of things abroad. I don't know what induced my uncle to get the grant renewed; it strikes me Lord Granville did it before

he went out of office to please the poor old maidens; they always set apart the tract of land in America for my sole use and benefit. The parchment is certainly of no effect as regards you, Mr. Delamere—a man of sound principles and a loyal subject; but there are those whom it might concern if the British Government should come to a sharp reckoning with these provinces."

Delamere gave him an astonished stare. "It may be my dulness, but really I do not understand you."

"There will be a great change when you become dull, squire; but the fact is, we of the old country, who have connections in court and cabinet, get a knowledge of intended measures and arrangements of which the public do not yet dream. That happens to be the case with my family; we have always been intimate with the Granvilles; my mother was related to Lord North, and my uncle, the viscount, is one of his oldest friends. From these sources I have certain information of what no man but yourself, my dear Mr. Delamere, should hear from me," and the captain assumed the air of a man who had a solemn secret to impart.

"Should the plotters of treason in this country proceed to open insurrection, as it is expected they will in the course of next year, for the ministry are better acquainted with their secret councils than they imagine, the rebellion will be put down with a strong hand, and government will take the opportunity thus afforded to curtail the power and pretensions of large proprietors throughout the provinces, because the king himself considers them the most dangerous class of his American subjects. As his Majesty said in a private conversation with which he honoured my uncle in the royal gardens at Kew, 'their large estates and retinues have made them so insolent, that they fancy themselves independent of the crown; but we will change all that.' So they will, Mr. Delamere; depend upon it, charters and patents shall be done away with, as they were in Charles II's time, a little before that grant was made, I believe; titles and proprietary rights shall be strictly investigated, and some high heads shall be shorn of their grandeur. That George Washington, who makes such a fuss in Virginia, will find his wings clipped in Mount Vernon; the fellow has a demesne there that might serve the Prince of Wales. And that squire on the other side of the river, Mr. Delamere, I understand you have given up his acquaintance; let me congratulate you on having done so in time, for he is a more than suspected man; his son is known to be a downright rebel; forfeiture and confiscation always follow attainders of treason, and an ancient grant would of course take effect in favour of any faithful servant of the crown."

"I hope you are mistaken as regards Archdale," said the squire; "though I did give up his acquaintance on account of his son's doings and his own opinions, there was a time when I had not a better friend in the world; and I would do anything yet to prevent his coming to such loss and ruin."

"My dear sir, there is no mistake in the matter; I have seen compromising evidence in his own handwriting, and things must take their course. Neither myself nor any of my family would wish to entirely dispossess a man so situated, though, of course, our claim is worth considering; and a loyal gentleman like yourself might be able to secure a remnant of the Plantation for him—that is, if you had influential

connections in the old country. Have you any such, Mr. Delamere?" and the captain endeavoured to look disinterested.

"No; my connections are all on this side of the Atlantic—born Americans, every one," said Delamere.

"Ah, that is a little unfortunate—I mean, my dear sir, in view of the chances and changes which probable events are sure to bring. This parchment cannot directly affect your interest in the Elms; if it could, my own hands should thrust it in yonder fire"—the captain made a gesture worthy of any stage hero—"but should anything happen to cut short your life, which Providence prevent, yet if the like did happen, and your daughter were left young, solitary, and unprotected, myself at a distance on his Majesty's service, and, therefore, unable to take her part as I would do with my life, who can say what use might be made of a grant so recently renewed? No man could vouch for his relations in such a case; and, between ourselves, I would not vouch for mine."

"No man can well vouch for another; but this instrument could not affect the interests of my child any more than mine," said Delamere. "If I were called away, law and justice should still remain. Constance is my direct heiress, and we have relations in every province of New England, all honest and loyal men, who would maintain her right to her father's property."

"No doubt they would, and my fears are groundless; one is apt to have such fears on account of those in whom one is deeply interested. But, squire, this old curiosity—thing of the past, I may say—has led our talk away from the question nearest my heart; may I hope for the happiness of becoming your son-in-law?"

"If you can get my daughter's consent, captain, you shall have mine; from what I know of you, as well as what you have told me of your prospects and connections, I think Constance might make a worse match; but not for the King of England would I put any pressure on the inclinations of my only child. Success to your wooing is the best I can say; but you know the proverb, 'A faint heart never won a fair lady,'" and Delamere smiled encouragingly.

"I know it, my dear sir; and with your good will I fear nothing. Ah, how can I thank you for this kindness to a stranger!" but there was a look of disappointment in Devereux's eyes. "The best way to show my gratitude will be to prove myself worthy of it," and he wrapped up the parchment and returned it to his coat pocket, then glanced at the time-piece, and rose hastily, exclaiming, "Dear me, I did not think it was so late; how time flies in such conversation, squire! But I must go now, and get up early in the morning to see if that stupid engineer can understand your suggestions about the escarpment."

The hospitable Delamere pressed him in vain to stay a little longer, and intimated that Constance might come in to bid him good-night. She was assisting at one of Hannah's apple-bees that evening; those institutions were conducted with great quiet and propriety by the prudent Quakeress—but the captain responded, "Not for the world, my dear sir, would I disturb the young lady in the midst of her domestic duties;" and, after a most friendly leave-taking, he mounted his horse and rode away.

The bee was still in progress, and Delamere sat alone, thinking of all that had passed between him



and his visitor. The captain's proposal was not unexpected; his undisguised admiration of Constance, and the marked attentions he paid her, had prepared the squire for something of the kind. Neither was it unwelcome. Delamere had a true Tory's veneration for aristocratic rank; the lords of England stood next to the king, and must for ever stand above the commons in his system of things. Here was the prospect of a noble alliance, which would make his Constance a viscountess some day, with all the rights of privilege and precedence, and all the glory of the Lavenham coronet. "What a lucky chance that she has entirely given up Sydney Archdale," thought the simple squire; "no disengaged girl would think of refusing Devereux; if he is some years older, he will make the more discreet and steady husband." Then Delamere found himself wishing that the captain's family were better known in America, and that his past history could be learned from some acquaintance more familiar and less reticent than Governor Gage. But he had evidently a true love for Constance; he had begun by asking her father's consent—that was like a man of honour, and after the squire's own heart. He had spoken with good sense and propriety on every point, and stated his prospects and expectations with modesty and exactness; but there was one incident of the evening which did not please the squire so well, and that was the production of the lately renewed grant. The captain had said it was only a curiosity, and his own sense told him it must be null and void; but Devereux's insinuations regarding the use that might be made of it in case Constance was left fatherless and unprotected in the troubled times that seemed approaching, coupled with the explicit information he appeared to possess on government plans and intentions, gave the subject a weight and importance in his thoughts which Delamere could not well define.

A man better acquainted with society as it existed in the old capitals of Europe would have been warned, by the over-assumption and unaccountable perturbations of the noble suitor, that there was something remarkably wrong. But Delamere had spent his life on the skirts of the primeval forests, among a farming and pastoral people as honest and open-hearted as himself.

Whether the renewal of that grant was a complete forgery, or had been obtained by secret influence to serve the ends of the Lavenham family, could never be ascertained. Certain it was that official men in England were singularly misinformed regarding things in America—whether by their friends or enemies it were hard to say; but they committed strange mistakes in consequence; and it was equally certain that proceedings akin to those which the captain set forth, were believed to be contemplated by the king and his ministers.

Neither they nor their Tory friends on both sides of the Atlantic were capable of discerning the signs of the times. It was not the determined struggle out of which a nation was born that they expected, but a hasty insurrection of rash and inconsiderate men, to be easily crushed, and thus give fair occasion for the establishment of arbitrary power throughout the American provinces. Entertaining a similar view, Delamere accepted the statements of his intended son-in-law as a ministerial revelation. It was an alarming one for a native of the land; but the zealous partisan is never a patriot. The royal prerogative must be maintained, the Acts of Parliament

must be enforced. Why should not the promoters of treason pay the forfeits they had incurred? and then he thought of the captain's assertions regarding Archdale. Was it not his duty, for old friendship's sake, to warn him privately of the risk he was running? How many a generous impulse does petty ambition stifle! The squire's second thought was, that if he did so, it might lead to the old friendship's renewal, a thing to be avoided now, lest thereby Archdale's son might find an opportunity to wile away Constance from him and the brilliant match intended for her. Must he, then, leave Archdale to his fate? Here Delamere was startled from his dark brown study, for a light hand was laid on his shoulder, something savoury steamed under his nose, and, looking up, he saw Constance holding there a splendid specimen of the dough-nut order.

"I knew you were alone, father," said the laughing girl, "and I brought you this from our bee; it was myself that made it."

"You are always thinking of your old father, Constance," said the squire, taking up the little present and gazing on it with admiration. "There is a dough-nut fit for a prince. Won't I finish it when it is cool enough! Always thinking of your old father, and yet you will be leaving him some day for a fine young man with no grey on his head."

"No, father; I will never leave you for any man," cried Constance.

"What, not for one that wears a scarlet coat, and may be called my lord before he is much older? Constance, I will tell you a secret;" and Delamere threw his arm about her slender waist, whispered in her ear, "Captain Devereux has this evening asked you from me in marriage. What is the matter, my girl?" he continued, almost frightened, for his daughter's face had turned deadly pale.

"Nothing, father; only I don't want to marry the captain—I don't want to marry anybody, but stay with you all my days. Surely you would not send me away?" said poor Constance.

"No fear of that, my own daughter; you are all I have to care for in this world. But every girl means to marry, or ought to mean it, and where could you get a better match than Captain Devereux? He is a gentleman by birth," and Delamere proceeded to enlarge on the captain's expectations and connections—on the prospect his wife should have of being called Viscountess of Lavenham and your ladyship—of being presented at court and taking precedence of all untitled people in every assembly, public or private, of sporting arms on the panels of her carriage, and a coronet everywhere; but his daughter's look only grew more sad and troubled.

"Father," she said, at length, "I don't care for these things, and I don't like the captain."

"Why, my child?" demanded Delamere; and there Constance was puzzled, her impressions of Devereux remained the same as they were on that first evening of their acquaintance, but she could not translate them into words, for they were derived from the instinctive perceptions of the mind, and not from any outward cause or reason that could be quoted.

"Father, I don't know why, it may be foolish to say so, but I do not and never shall like him. You know I would do anything to please you; but, father dear, don't bid me marry Captain Devereux."

Her look of mingled terror and distress was too much for the kindly squire. He drew her closer to

his heart, and said, "Constance, I would not bid you to marry the King of England except you were willing; but as you don't know exactly why you dislike the captain, your mind may change—as ladies' minds often do. Your dear mother refused me twice and accepted me at the third asking. I don't think she ever regretted it; but we will say no more at present; there is time enough for you to consider the captain's case and come to a conclusion one way or other."

## EARLY CIVILISATION.

II.—ON THE SUPPOSED ANTIQUITY OF CIVILISATION IN EGYPT.

BY CANON RAWLINSON, M.A., CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

IN September, 1874, Professor Owen, speaking at the International Congress of Orientalists in London,\* declared that the space of "7,000 years was but a brief period to be allotted to the earliest, the oldest civilised and governed community," that of Egypt. In September, 1875, Sir John Hawkshaw, in his address to the British Association, at Bristol,† spoke, with more moderation, of the art of building in stone, as "having reached the greatest perfection in Egypt" (in the erection of the pyramid) "5,000 years ago." It is manifest that these statements are conflicting. The one would place the commencement of Egyptian civilisation about B.C. 5000; the other 1,500 years later. Even the latter estimate is, according to some writers, extravagant, being (as they think) about a thousand years in excess of the true date.

It is scarcely creditable to the professors of historical science, that it should be possible for scientific men to make assertions so widely at variance as these upon (seemingly) good authority. Yet it must be confessed that both Professor Owen and the learned president of the British Association based their statements upon calculations made by historians of name. Strange as it may seem to those who are accustomed to find, in Greek, and Roman, and Modern, and Jewish history, dates determined almost always within a twelvemonth or two, it is the fact that among the best writers on early Egyptian history the views prevalent as to the chronology differ by *hundreds and even thousands of years!*

This fact, taken by itself, is sufficient to prove that the matter is one in the highest degree uncertain, and therefore one upon which nobody has at the present time any right to dogmatise. Positive assertions are out of place upon such a subject, and when any statement is made with respect to it, candour requires that the speaker, or writer, should at the same time warn those whom he addresses, that the views which he adopts are controverted by persons as eminent as those who uphold them.

In the present paper we propose, first, to state fully the extent of the variation which exists in the views of first-rate Egyptologists on the subject of the Antiquity of Civilisation in Egypt; secondly, to explain the grounds upon which the different writers base their views, and so unfold the causes of the

variation; and thirdly, to endeavour to come to some conclusion upon the question, to which of the views probability, upon the whole, most inclines.

I. A general consent on the part of almost all authors attaches the commencement of Civilisation in Egypt to the name of a certain M'na, Mên, or Menes,\* who is believed to have been the first king. The Greek writers and the Egyptian monuments agree in assigning to Menes this position; and consequently we may regard the inquiry upon which we are entering as equivalent to another; viz., "At what time did King Menes ascend the Egyptian throne?" Now the earliest date which we find assigned by modern authors to this event is the year B.C. 5004. This is the date preferred by M. Mariette, "Director of the Service of Conservation of the Antiquities of Egypt," and founder, arranger, curator, and expositor of the Museum of Antiquities at Cairo. It has been adopted† in his "Manual of Ancient Oriental History," by M. Mariette's most distinguished follower, M. François Lenormant, and is now generally taught in the schools of France, where M. Lenormant's work has been accepted as an educational handbook.

Dr. Brugsch, Director of the Museum of Antiquities at Berlin, and the author of a valuable "History of Egypt," places (or at any rate placed in 1859) the accession of Menes in the year B.C. 4455, five centuries and a half later than the time assigned to it by MM. Lenormant and Mariette.‡

Dr. Lepsius, in his "Chronologie der Egypter," published in 1849, gave the date of Menes as B.C. 3892, while Baron Bunsen originally fixed his accession to the year B.C. 3623. Subsequent researches and calculations induced the latter writer to modify his earlier views, and, finally, he gave, in the last volume of his "Egypt,"§ as the first of Menes the year B.C. 3059.

Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, Head of the Numismatic Department in the British Museum, and a good hieroglyphic scholar, in his article on "Chronology," written for the "Dictionary of the Bible" in 1860, gave the date of B.C. 2717 as that to which his calculations led him,|| at the same time admitting the great uncertainty in which the whole subject of early Egyptian chronology was involved, and desiring that his numbers should be considered as merely approximate.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who, on the whole, must be regarded as the greatest of English Egyptologists, declared, in the year 1862, that he agreed in the main with Mr. R. Stuart Poole,¶ but, slightly modifying some of his numbers, produced, as the approximate date of the accession of Menes, the year B.C. 2691.\*\*

These views all claim to be the results of original research, and have been put forward by persons (more or less) acquainted with the Egyptian monuments, and (more or less) competent to translate and expound the hieroglyphical inscriptions. Before proceeding to explain how it comes to be possible that such different views can be taken, it will, perhaps, help the reader to appreciate the diversity if we

\* M'na is the native form of the word; Mên, that used by Herodotus (ii. 99); Menes is found in Manetho (ap. Euseb. "Chron. Can.," i. 20).

† See the "Manual de l'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. i., p. 321.

‡ "Histoire d'Egypte," p. 287.

§ "Egypt's Place in Universal History," vol. v., p. 63.

|| "Dictionary of the Bible," vol. i., p. 508.

¶ Rawlinson's "Herodotus," vol. ii., p. 287, 2nd edition.

\*\* Ibid., pp. 288-290.

\* See the "Times" of Sept. 21, 1874.

† Ibid., Aug. 20, 1875.

tabulate the views themselves, and express numerically their differences :—

few quotations in those of Josephus, by means of which a good idea may be formed of its general

DATE FOR ACCESSION OF MENES.

	B.C.	Later than Mariette.	Later than Brugsch.	Later than Lepsius.	Later than Bunsen.	Later than Stuart Poole.
Mariette and Lenormant	5004	—	—	—	—	—
Brugsch .....	4455	549	—	—	—	—
Lepsius.....	3802	1112	563	—	—	—
Bunsen (early view).....	3023	1331	832	209	—	—
Bunsen (later view).....	3059	1045	1396	833	—	—
Stuart Poole	2717	2237	1733	1175	342	—
G. Wilkinson	2091	2313	1764	1201	303	26

II. We have now to show how it has happened that these various writers, having all of them the same data, have been able to come to such very different conclusions, conclusions which, as will be seen, differ in the extremest case by a period of *above two thousand three hundred years*!

Now the first cause of such a great diversity is the fact that the Egyptians themselves were without the chronological idea. Not only had they no era, but it was not their habit to enter into computations of time, or to trouble themselves with anything beyond the consideration of the number of years that the existing "divinity" had sat upon the Egyptian throne. In some few cases, where another divinity, incarnate Apis, was believed to have been present with them, they went so far, in noting his arrival and departure, as to mention in one connection the regnal years of two kings; and from these notices—known as those of the *Apis Stole*\*—we sometimes obtain important results; but otherwise chronology is upon the Egyptian monuments almost non-existent. This is the unanimous confession of the Egyptologists. "The evidence of the monuments" in respect of the chronology, says Mr. R. Stuart Poole,† "is neither full nor explicit." "Chronology," says Baron Bunsen,‡ "cannot be elicited from them." "The greatest obstacle," says M. Mariette,§ "to the establishment of a regular Egyptian chronology is the circumstance that the Egyptians themselves *never had any chronology at all*."

In default of any general monumental scheme of Egyptian chronology, all attempts to construct such a scheme must have been abandoned had not a work been written by an Egyptian priest under the Ptolemies (ab. B.C., 280—250), of which certain abstracts have come down to us. Manetho, a priest of Sebennytus, composed in Greek, under Ptolemy Philadelphus, a history of Egypt, which he professed to have taken from the archives preserved in the Egyptian temples. This work is lost, but abstracts of it have reached us in the writings of Eusebius|| and Syncellus,¶ and a

character. It divided Egyptian history into three periods, which it called respectively the Old Empire, the Middle Empire, and the New Empire. To the first of these it assigned eleven dynasties; to the second, six dynasties; to the third, fourteen dynasties; in all, thirty-one dynasties. It assigned to each dynasty a certain number of years, and (without perhaps distinctly stating that it was so\*) produced the impression that the dynasties were consecutive, and formed a single continuous series. Had this been the case, the time which they had occupied would have been, according to Manetho's numbers, from 5,040 to 5,358 years,† and the commencement of the Old Empire would have fallen between B.C. 5372 and B.C. 5678.

Lists of kings, accompanied by regnal years, but unaccompanied by events, or accompanied only by very improbable events, as that one of them was carried off by a hippopotamus, and that under another the Nile flowed with honey for eleven days,‡ are not generally treated with much tenderness by modern historical critics, who are apt to consign the Assyrian and Median lists of Otesias,§ the Sicyonian, Argive, Athenian, and early Macedonian lists of Eusebius,|| the Corinthian list of Diodorus,¶ and the Alban list of Livy\*\* to the historical waste-paper basket. Manetho has been made an exception to the general rule, on account of the fact that his lists accord to a great extent with those on the Egyptian monuments, and appear beyond any reasonable doubt to have been drawn from them. His kings are thus admitted on all hands to be—for the most

\* See M. Mariette's work, entitled, "Renseignements sur les soixante-quatre Apis trouvés au Scérapéum," Paris, 1855.

† "Dictionary of the Bible," vol. i., p. 506, col. ii.

‡ "Egypt's Place in Universal History," vol. i., p. 32.

§ As quoted by M. Lenormant ("Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. i., p. 322.—"Le plus grand de tous les obstacles à l'établissement d'une chronologie Egyptienne régulière, c'est que les Egyptiens eux-mêmes n'ont jamais eu de chronologie.")

|| See Euseb., "Chron. Can.," i. 20.

¶ Syncell., "Chronographi," pp. 55—78.

\* It is not at all clear that Manetho himself represented all his dynasties as consecutive. Neither Eusebius nor Africanus appears to have been in possession of his work. So far as we can tell, all that they had before them was a *synopsis*, or abstract. The opinion of Eusebius was, distinctly, that many of the dynasties were contemporary. "If the quantity of time is in excess," he says, "we must remember that there were, perhaps, at one and the same time, several kings in Egypt; for we are told that the Thinites and Memphites reigned simultaneously, and likewise the Ethiopians and the Saites, and others also. Moreover, some seem to have reigned in one place, some in another, each dynasty being confined to its own canton; so that the several kings did not rule successively, but different kings reigned at the same time in different places."—"Chron. Can.," i. 20, sec. 3.

† Manetho's dynastic numbers, as given by Syncellus, professing to follow Eusebius, produce a minimum of 5,040 years; as reported in the Armenian Version of Eusebius, a minimum of 5,207 years; as reported by Eusebius from Africanus, they give 5,358 years.

‡ Manetho ap. Eusebius, "Chron. Can.," i. 20, sec. 4.

§ Ap. Syncell., "Chronographi," pp. 93—105; and ap. Diod. Sic., ii. 32—34.

|| "Chron. Can.," i. 25, 27, 30, and 37.

¶ Ap. Euseb., "Chron. Can.," i. 34.

\*\* Liv., i. 3. Compare Dionys. Hal. i., pp. 162—179; Ovid, "Met.," xiv. 600—623; Eusebius, "Chron. Can.," ii., pp. 329—332.

part, at any rate—real personages, veritable men who held the royal dignity at some time or other in some part of Egypt. The question which alone divides historical critics, and which produces the existing diversity of opinion with respect to the duration of Egyptian civilisation, is simply this—Were the dynasties of Manetho continuous, or were any of them contemporary? If the latter, what deduction are we to make from his numbers on account of contemporaneity?

One writer—and one only—has denied that any two of Manetho's thirty-one dynasties were contemporary. "There were undoubtedly," says M. Mariette, "dynasties in Egypt which reigned simultaneously; but *Manetho has rejected them*, and has admitted none but those reckoned legitimate; the secondary dynasties are no longer in his lists." And again, "There is superabundant monumental proof collected by Egyptologists to show that *all the royal races* enumerated by the priest of Sebennytus (Manetho) *occupied the throne one after the other.*"\*

All other Egyptologists are of a different opinion. All believe that Manetho has not wholly eliminated from his list contemporary dynasties, but has, on the contrary, included them occasionally. The differences between the various chronological schemes which we have already exhibited arise mainly from diversity of view as to the extent to which contemporary dynasties are admitted. M. Lenormant, in most respects the *alter ego* of M. Mariette, here, in this essential matter, deserts his master, and maintains that Manetho's eleventh dynasty was contemporary with his ninth and tenth, and his fourteenth dynasty contemporary with his thirteenth.† Dr. Brugsch makes the ninth and tenth dynasties contemporary with the eighth and eleventh; the fourteenth with the thirteenth; the seventeenth with the fifteenth, sixteenth, and part of the eighteenth; and the twenty-fifth with the end of the twenty-fourth and the beginning of the twenty-sixth.‡ Baron Bunsen advances a step beyond Dr. Brugsch; he places the second, fifth, ninth, tenth, fourteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth in the list of collateral dynasties, regarding them as parallel to the third, the sixth, the eighth, and the fifteenth.§ Finally, the English Egyptologists, Sir G. Wilkinson and Mr. R. Stuart Poole, carry out the principle of contemporaneity still further than Baron Bunsen. With them, the third dynasty is contemporary with the first; the second with the fourth and fifth; the ninth, tenth, and eleventh with the sixth; the twelfth and thirteenth (at Thebes), the fourteenth (at Xoïs); and the three Shepherd dynasties, the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth, with the seventh and eighth (at Memphis).||

Besides this main cause of difference in the chronological schemes, there is a second arising from the uncertainty of Manetho's numbers, which are variously reported by Eusebius and Africanus.¶ Eusebius gives the ninth dynasty 100 years, Africanus 409 years. Eusebius makes the three Shepherd

dynasties reign respectively, 250, 190, and 106 years; Africanus, 284, 518, and 151 years, the sum of the differences in this latter case being 410 years. There is no reconciling these differences; and historians choose, as they please, the longer or the shorter estimates.

III. We come now to the final question, Which view of Egyptian chronology is, on the whole, to be preferred? Are we, with M. Mariette and Professor Owen, to regard civilisation as having commenced in Egypt above 5,000 years before the birth of our Saviour; or are we, with Poole and Wilkinson, to shorten the term by at least twenty-three centuries, and place its commencement not before B.C. 2,700? Or, finally, ought we to pursue, here as elsewhere, the *juste milieu*, and give the preference on that account to the date of Lepsius, or to the earlier view of Bunsen? It might have been hoped that the monuments, studied carefully and without prejudice, would have given a decided answer to this question; but at present they appear not to have done so. While on the one hand M. Mariette stoutly asserts that they show none of Manetho's dynasties to have been contemporary,\* all other Egyptologists declare that they prove contemporaneity in several instances. Mr. R. Stuart Poole asserts positively† that "kings who unquestionably belong to different dynasties are shown by the monuments to be contemporary." Sir G. Wilkinson descends to particulars. "Useskef," he says, "of the second dynasty, is found together with Soris, or Shurê, and Menkera, of the fourth dynasty, and with Osirkef and Shafre of the fifth; while some of these again occur with Shufu and others of the fourth and fifth dynasties."‡ And again, "The ovals of the first four kings of the fifth dynasty have been found with those of the fourth dynasty;"§ and "other monuments prove that the eleventh dynasty reigned in the Thebaid at the same time" (as the sixth dynasty at Memphis);|| and "that the kings of the ninth were contemporaries of the eleventh, or earliest Theban dynasty is proved by the fact of Muntop II being mentioned on a stela together with the first Amun-m-he; and an Enentef, one of his predecessors, has been found with the third king of this eleventh dynasty, Muntop I."¶ It is marvellous that M. Mariette, writing several years after the publication of these statements, should, instead of controverting them, wholly ignore them and pass them by, as he does when he unblushingly declares: "Never have any of the savants who have set themselves to reduce Manetho's numbers succeeded in producing a single monument from which it results that two dynasties given by him as successive were in fact contemporary."\*\*

For ourselves we cannot doubt that the contemporaneity asserted, more or less, by all the Egyptologists except M. Mariette, is an established fact; but the extent to which it pervades Manetho's lists is, we admit, a matter of much uncertainty. Hitherto we have seen no disproof of the views taken by Mr. Stuart Poole and Sir G. Wilkinson, according to which—Manetho's dynastic numbers being accepted—

\* See the passages quoted above.

† "Dictionary of the Bible," vol. I., p. 507, col. I.

‡ Rawlinson's "Herodotus," vol. II. Appendix to Book II., ch. VIII., sec. 2.

§ Ibid., sec. 10; p. 292, second edition.

|| Ibid., sec. 11.

¶ Ibid., sec. 12.

\*\* "Jamais aucun des savants qui se sont efforcés de raccourcir les chiffres donnés par Manéthon n'est encore parvenu à produire un seul monument d'où il résultât que deux dynasties données comme successives dans ses listes aient été contemporaines." (Quoted in Lenormant's "Manuel," vol. I., p. 324.)

\* Quoted by Lenormant in his "Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. I., pp. 223-4.

† "Manuel de l'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. I., pp. 348, 358.

‡ "Histoire d'Égypte," pp. 47, 49, 72, 238.

§ "Egypt's Place in Universal History," vol. II., pp. 106, 208, 239; and vol. IV., pp. 490, 500, 510-512.

|| "Dictionary of the Bible," vol. I., p. 508; Rawlinson's "Herodotus," vol. II. Appendix to Book II., ch. VIII., secs. 7, 9, 12, 13, 16, and 17.

¶ Manetho's numbers are in comparatively few cases reported identically by Eusebius and Africanus. The difference in a single dynasty sometimes exceeds 300 years.



the date of Menés is brought down to about B.C. 2700. But we do not regard this date as in any sense established. There may have been more contemporaneity than even Mr. Poole and Sir G. Wilkinson suspect; and Manetho's dynastic numbers we regard as wholly uncertain. They are frequently wrong where we can test them,\* and they are evidently arrived at (as a general rule) by a mere addition of the numbers of the regnal years assigned to the several kings. But as association was largely practised in Egypt, such a mode of reckoning the years of a dynasty would be certain to produce a result greatly in excess of the truth. And further, we very much doubt whether Manetho, with the best intentions, had any materials for reconstructing the chronology of the Old or Middle Empires. The Shepherd conquest of Egypt threw everything into confusion, produced a complete shipwreck of Egyptian literature and civilisation.† The length of the Shepherd domination was unknown when Egypt, under the eighteenth dynasty, recovered itself, and was variously estimated at 260, 350, 811, and 953 years. In reality, Egyptian chronology only begins with the accession of the eighteenth dynasty, and even then is far from exact, the best critics varying in their dates for this event by nearly 200 years. We should be inclined to place it about B.C. 1500, or a little earlier. If the Shepherd period lasted about two centuries and a half, which is the view of Canon Cook,‡ the Old Empire would have come to an end about B.C. 1750. That there was such an empire is, we think, clearly established; and we have no doubt that the pyramids and various tombs now existing belonged to it. But its duration can only be *guessed*. We should be inclined, on the whole, to allow it from 500 to 700 years. The establishment of a settled monarchy in Egypt, and with it of civilisation, would then fall between B.C. 2450 and B.C. 2250.

This view appears to us to be more in accordance than any other with the general facts of oriental history and chronology.§ Its compatibility with the chronology of the Bible will be evident, if it be borne in mind that, according to the *Septuagint version*, the date of the deluge was certainly anterior to B.C. 3000.

### THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

THE old story of the princes in the Tower lays hold of the imagination of Englishmen with an irresistible tenacity, and awakens in a multitude of young minds an intense degree of plaintive sentiment. Like the nursery tale of the "Babes of the Wood," the legend has, with pity for the helpless victims, aroused indignation against the unnatural uncle, who slew his own kith and kin. And now

\* For instance, Manetho assigned to the twenty-sixth dynasty 150 (Africanus); or 168 (167) years (Eusebius); but M. Mariette is able from the monuments to determine positively that the term of its continuance was but 138 years (Lenormant, p. 321). Manetho gave the twenty-fifth dynasty a duration of forty (Africanus), or forty-four years (Eusebius). M. Mariette fixes its term at fifty years (ibid.).

† M. Lenormant says: "Nous assistons donc, sous la quinzième et seizième dynastie, à un nouveau naufrage de la civilisation Égyptienne." ("Manuel," vol. I., p. 360). And a little before—"Dire ce que durant ces quatre cents ans (!) l'Égypte eut à subir de bouleversements est impossible. Le seul fait qu'il soit permis de donner comme certain, c'est que pas un monument de cette époque déolée n'est venu jusqu'à nous." Elsewhere he speaks of Egyptian civilisation as "annihilated" (anéantie) by the Shepherd invasion (p. 363).

‡ See the "Speaker's Commentary," vol. I., p. 447. The arguments of this writer against a longer duration of the Shepherd dominion than "from two to three centuries," appear to us to have great weight.

§ This point will be treated in future papers.

that her Majesty's Tower is made more accessible than ever, and troops of sightseers, day after day, are led through the storied chambers of this unique national monument, the memory of the slain sons of Edward IV will be extended more widely than ever.

It will not be amiss, then, just now, to refer to the ancient legend on this notable subject, and to describe the grounds on which it rests, and the doubts respecting it which have been largely entertained. These are days when history undergoes a serious sifting. Current beliefs are subjected to unsparing criticism, and it becomes all educated persons thoroughly to understand the exact position of certain historical statements, which, though implicitly accepted by the many, are questioned and even rejected by the few.

First of all, let us briefly report the story as told by John Stow in his "Annals of England."

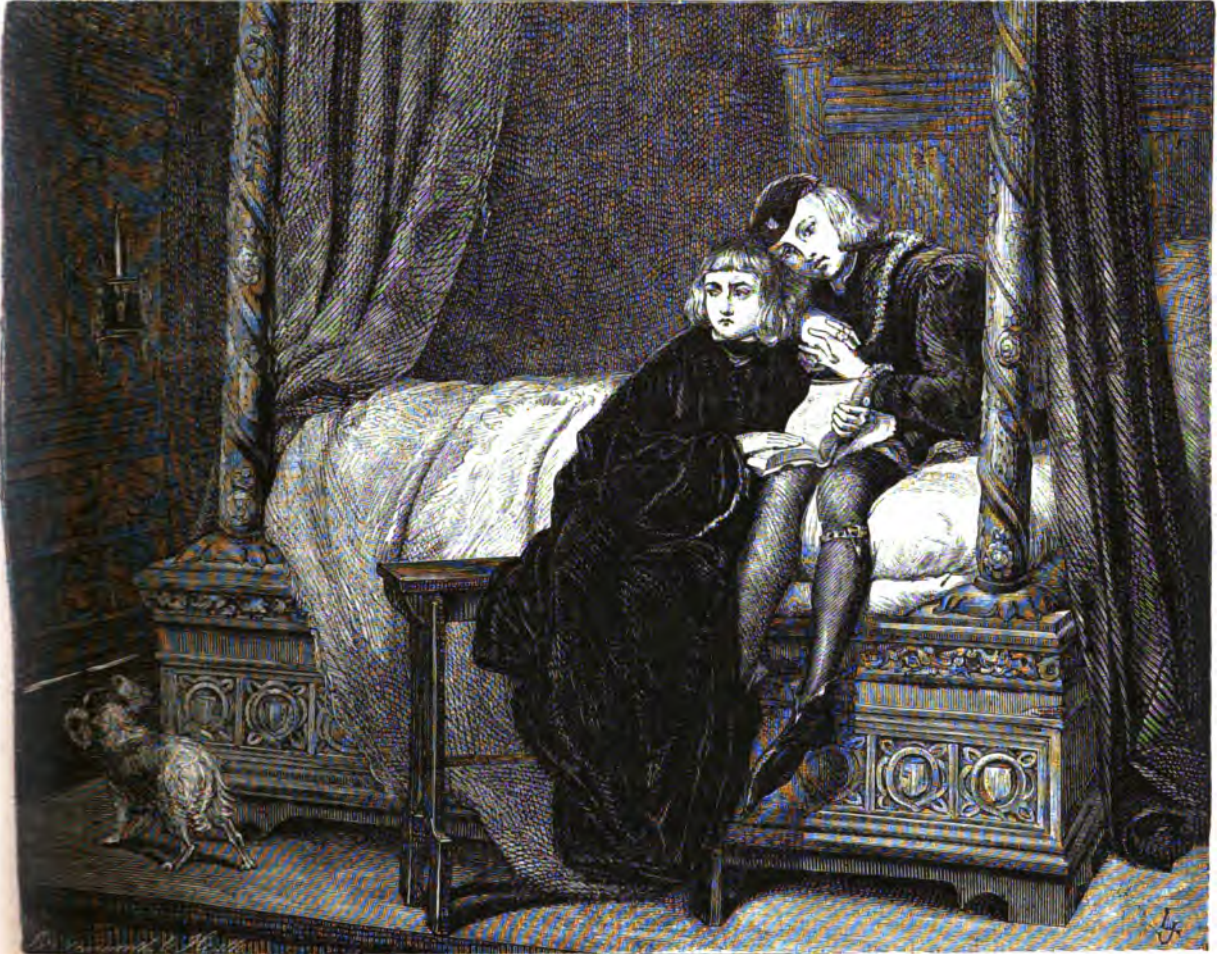
King Richard, whilst his nephews lived, could not feel that his throne was safe, he therefore planned to have them put to death. He sent to Sir Robert Brackenbury, Constable of the Tower, where the royal boys were lodged, to prompt him to the murderous deed, but in vain. A certain Sir James Tirell, however, undertook the murderous business, and, by the usurper's authority, obtained the keys of the princes' prison for one fatal night. "After the keys were received, Sir James," so runs the story, "appointed the night ensuing to destroy them, devising before and preparing the means. The prince, as soon as the protector left the name, and took himself as king, had it shown unto him that he should not reign, but his uncle should have the crown. At which words the prince, sore abashed, began to sigh, and said, 'Alas, I would my uncle would let me have my life yet, though I lose my kingdom.' Then he that told him the tale, used him with good words, and put him in the best comfort he could. But forthwith was the prince and his brother both shut up, and all other removed from them; only one, called Black Will, or William Slaughter, except, set to serve them and see them sure. After which time the prince never tied his points nor aught rought of himself; but with the young babe, his brother, lingered with thought and heaviness, till this traitorous death delivered them of that wretchedness: for Sir James Tirell devised that they should be murdered in their beds. To the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the four that kept them—a fellow fleshed in murder before time. To him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, strong knave."

Delaroché's picture represents the poor captive lads sitting on the bed, in the sad and mournful plight depicted in Stow's quaint narrative. Fit prelude to the after tragedy! "Then all the other," the chronicler proceeds to say, "being removed from them, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton, about midnight (the seely [innocent] children lying in their beds), came into the chamber, and suddenly lapped them up among the clothes, keeping down by force the feather bed and pillows hard into their mouths; that within a while, smothered and stifled,—their breath failing,—they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of heaven, leaving to their tormentors their bodies dead in the bed, which, after that the wretches perceived—first by the struggling with the pains of death, and after long lying still—to be thoroughly dead, they laid their bodies naked out upon the bed,

and fetched Sir James to see them; which, upon the sight of them, caused those murderers to bury them at the stairs' foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones."

Such is the story told by Stow, in his "Life and Reign of King Richard the Third," and he recites it on the authority of Sir Thomas More, who wrote a history of the princes' uncle. More was born in 1480, three years before the death of Edward IV, their father. More, in his youth, was a page in the household of Cardinal Morton, Bishop of Ely, who

executed is not certainly known." John Rastell, brother-in-law of Sir Thomas More, writing in 1529, remarks, "there were divers opinions of the way in which the princes were put to death." One was reported to have been smothered, the other to have had his throat cut; also it was rumoured that the corpses were put in a chest, and sunk in the sea. Rabyan cautiously relates: "The common fame went that King Richard had within the Tower put unto secret death the two sons of his brother." The contemporary "Chronicle of the Gray Friars of London"



*Delaroches.]*

*[By permission, from the Collection of Sir Richard Wallace.*

#### THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

knew as much about Richard and his doings as any man could in that age of lawless mystery, deception, intrigue, and falsehood. Lord Bacon, in his "Life of Henry VII," follows More, with some variations. Speed, in his "History of Great Britain," amplifies and dresses up, with a good deal of quaint rhetoric, the picturesque legend, as repeated by his predecessors. From these authors have been drawn all the renderings of those particular incidents which form the terrible tragedy of the Tower in the days of the third Richard. Other early writers on the subject are brief and reticent. One, Polydore Vergil, who commenced his history in 1505, says, "with what kind of death these sely (innocent) children were

simply records, "And the two sons of Edward were put to silence;" and the historian of Croyland observes, that "by what manner of violence they died was unknown."

At a very early period doubt and denial went much further. The history of Perkin Warbeck is one of the oddest episodes of the fifteenth century, and has puzzled a good many inquirers. The young man who now goes by that name was believed by many to be Richard Plantagenet, the younger of the two princes in the Tower. Such he professed himself to be, and was so recognised by Edward the Fourth's sister, Duchess of Burgundy, and by the sovereigns of France and Scotland. After a residence abroad, he

landed in Ireland, visited Scotland, and appeared in Cornwall. He was not without a considerable following among nobles, as well as common people. James IV of Scotland drew the sword on his behalf, denounced Henry VII as a false usurper, and declared Richard Plantagenet to be the true king. But all attempts on his behalf ended in defeat; and at length this bold assertor of royal claims was made prisoner, and confined in the Tower. At last he was hanged at Tyburn, on a confused charge of plotting with treasonable designs to escape out of the Tower with the Earl of Warwick.

No doubt the story of the young man is a very strange one, and it has been warmly endorsed and wildly embellished by James, the novelist historian, in his book entitled "Dark Scenes in History." Perkin Warbeck was said to be very much like Edward IV, and to be quite royal in his bearing. Of course the recognition of him by the Duchess of Burgundy and by the Kings of France and Scotland was strongly in his favour; but skill in the personation of another is a gift often possessed. The resemblance of the youth to Edward IV has been accounted for by supposing him an illegitimate son of that prince—no improbable supposition;—and the well-known intrigues of the French, Scotch, and Burgundian courts, in reference to English interests, render it not at all unlikely that they would favour the cause of a mere pretender for political purposes of their own. The story told by Perkin Warbeck is laden with heavy difficulties, and, as it seems to us, would have been deemed incredible but for the unpopularity of Henry VII. The case of the Tichborne claimant is here in point, and shows how, when self-interest, prejudice, and passion are awakened, the most absurd beliefs are greedily swallowed by many that we might suppose could never be easily imposed upon. The pretensions of Perkin Warbeck necessarily required the rejection of the story of the murder of the princes—at least, one of them; and it is difficult to say whether an antecedent belief of their murder led to the support of the pretender, or whether sympathy with the pretender led to the rejection of such statements as are preserved in More and Stow and Bacon.

One kind of evidence obviously desirable in reference to the question is the testimony of the mother of the boys, who was living at the time. It is true she might have been innocently deceived, or with selfish ends might have adopted the claimant; but to her no reference seems to have been made—certainly, he was not brought into her presence. What at first looks very surprising loses its wonderfulness when we remember the relation in which Henry of Richmond and the widow of Edward stood to each other; and the atmosphere of suspicion and intrigue breathed by all the royal and courtly actors of the period. Elizabeth Woodville, or Widville, was proud, ambitious, and little to be trusted—a sort of person to make personal enemies in spite of her beautiful face and golden tresses. By the way, in connection with her, let us say that we well remember being told by the late Mr. Jesse, Inspector of Parks and Palaces, that when her coffin was found at Windsor, together with coffins of her children, from one of them (that of the Princess Mary) there protruded a lock of pale gold, reminding one of her mother.

We may add that it is strange, too, that Warbeck was never confronted with Elizabeth of York, the Queen of Henry VII, and sister to the two princes of

whom it is recorded that "the love she bore her brothers and sisters was unheard of and almost incredible."

But when we have set aside the pretensions of Warbeck, we must not forget the fact that many did at the time question and disbelieve the romantic statements of historians and chroniclers respecting the two princes. We find in More the following passages:—"That the deaths and final fortunes of the two princes have nevertheless so far come in question, that some remained long in doubt whether they were in his day destroyed or no.

"These doubts arose from the uncertainty men were in whether Perkin Warbeck was the true Duke of York, for that also all things were so demeaned, that there was nothing so plain and openly proved but that yet men had it ever inwardly suspect."

And Bacon remarks: "Neither wanted there even at that time secret rumours and whisperings—which afterwards gathered strength and turned to great troubles—that the two young sons of King Edward IV, or one of them (which were said to be destroyed in the Tower), were not indeed murdered, but conveyed secretly away, and were yet living." Again, he says it was "whispered everywhere that at least one of the children of Edward IV was living."

It is further curious to find it noted in the margin of Speed's History (p. 958), that John Stow, notwithstanding what he relates in his Chronicle, "was often heard to maintain this opinion in seeming earnest, that the sons of King Edward IV had not been murdered under their usurping uncle Richard, but were escaped, and lived in obscurity beyond the seas."

The essay by Horace Walpole, entitled "Historic Doubts," sets forth, in a plausible manner, most of what can be said to unsettle belief in the old narratives of the children murdered in the Tower, and after pondering all his ingenious objections, and other difficulties suggested by further inquiry, an impression is left that much obscurity surrounds the popular affecting legend. But, however we may hesitate to accept all the particulars related in Stow, we do not see how we can set aside the belief that the two princes were murdered. Two of the most eminent legal authorities England ever produced—men accustomed to sift evidences—united in that belief, whilst they candidly stated the opinions of others to the contrary. The accused ruffians did in the reign of Henry VII confess themselves guilty; a fact which, after all the plausible reasoning employed to impugn the truth of their confession, strikes us as powerful evidence that they committed the crime. Moreover, for Richard to have left the princes living would have been to risk the overthrow of his own usurpation. The earlier historians, who shortly relate the matter, and speak of doubt and uncertainty in reference to particulars, do not themselves express any scepticism as to the main fact. If the princes were not murdered, what became of them? Even Warbeck's story leaves the fate of Edward Plantagenet a perfect mystery.

Finally, that which settles the matter in the estimation of most writers, is the discovery made in the Tower during the reign of Charles II. Nobody in Henry VII's time could say where the bodies were. That circumstance threw suspicion on the commonly received stories, and well accounts for much of the scepticism we have indicated. It was alleged that



there were two burials, and the priest said to have interred them was dead. Shakespeare puts into the lips of Tirell the words,

"The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,  
But where, to say the truth, I do not know."

Workmen, in making a new staircase in the time of Charles II, found under a staircase in the White Tower the bones of two youths, just answering to the ages of Edward and Richard Plantagenet. The bones were in the very place where they were said to be first interred, but the story of their being removed to another spot prevented any one searching

for them. The bones were examined, and the result was the identification of the remains with the murdered victims. They were conveyed to Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster, and there interred.

Visitors to the old citadel of London, then; whilst informed respecting the doubts which have arisen touching one of the stories heard in childhood, may, after reviewing proofs of the historical statements so often repeated, fairly come to the conclusion that, whatever of colouring, dark but doubtful, has been added to the story, the fact remains that the two sons of Edward IV did really perish in the Tower, victims to their uncle's ambition and inhumanity.

## CONCERNING SHOES AND SHOEMAKERS.

I.

THAT is "a pretty story"—as, indeed, good old Bishop Latimer calls it, quoting it from one of the old Fathers of the Church—of St. Anthony, that when he was living a very hard and severe life in the wilderness, there came to him one day a voice from heaven, saying, "Anthony, thou art not so perfect as a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria." Hearing this, Anthony forthwith rose, took his staff, and travelled to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler, who was greatly astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then spake Anthony to him, saying, "Come and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time." "Sir," said the cobbler, "as for me, good works have I none; my life is but simple and slender, seeing that I am but a poor cobbler. In the morning, when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have; after that I sit me down to my labour, where I spend the whole day in getting my living; and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness; wherefore, when I make any man a promise I keep it, and perform it truly; and thus I spend my time poorly with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, so far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God; and this is the sum of my simple life." Thus far good old Bishop Latimer. That which the voice from heaven enjoined Anthony to do, we purpose to do with the readers of some few of the following pages. We purpose to send them to the professors of that singularly honourable and quite remarkable craft of shoemaking—even cobblers—and the material upon which they have expended their ingenuity; for it is really very noticeable how illustrious some of the professors of the craft have been, and what a variety of interesting associations gather around those matters which people thoughtlessly tread under foot every day—even shoes.

And to begin, we still find ourselves among the old traditions of church history, which, in the language of Shakespeare in "Henry V"—

"Rouse us at the name of Crispian;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But they, by us, shall be remembered."

Our quotation from Shakespeare, as perhaps our readers will notice, is somewhat free, but not beyond

the mark, and it is suitable for our purpose. St. Crispin is the shoemaker's patron saint, and the battle of Agincourt was fought upon St. Crispin's day, October the 25th. It may be presumed, notwithstanding the equivocal character of Shakespeare's line, that he knew, in church legends, St. Crispin and St. Crispianus were reputed to be two brothers, of the third century, who departed from Rome with St. Denis to preach the gospel in France. Like St. Paul at Corinth, who worked at his occupation as a tent-maker while he was preaching in that city, they, not willing to be a burden upon others, worked at their occupation as shoemakers, and they made shoes *gratis* for the poor, the angels very kindly, it is said, supplying them with leather—which was very considerate of the angels. But at last they were denounced as Christians, and after being put to severe tortures, were beheaded at Soissons. The very names of these good saints give a suspicious air to the whole story. However, their repute and fame have been very extensive, especially in France, where many old engravings represent them as holding in one hand the martyr's palm, and in the other the shoemaker's awl or knife. Mrs. Jameson, in her book on "Sacred Art," speaks of old stained glass on which they were depicted working at their shoes, or distributing them to the poor. They, of course, also became famous in connection with the great shoemaker guilds of the middle ages, throughout France and Germany, and they engaged in their honour the immortal pencil and canvas of Guido. We, in these later days, boast of a humble working shoemaker who has never ascended, and will never attain to the honours of such canonisation, although, like the reputed martyrs of Soissons, he sought and succeeded in uniting to his craft divine labours of benevolence, which surely ought to confer upon his name something of earthly immortality—John Pounds, the lowly cobbler of Portsmouth, who, like Robert Raikes in a preceding age, first gave to the world the idea of ragged schools.

Other crafts may possibly make out for themselves a great eminence in the possession of noble names and singular incidents, but we do somewhat doubt if any can show such an illustrious line as the shoemakers. There is, in an old romance, introduced a prince of the name of Crispin, whom it represents as having been compelled to exercise the functions of this craft; and, very singularly, it has been sup-



posed often to be one which might be employed by persons of gentle birth, as the verse of an old song sings—

"Our shoes were sew'd with merry notes,  
And by our mirth expell'd all moan,  
Like nightingales, from whose sweet throats  
Most pleasant tunes are nightly blown;  
The gentle craft is fittest then  
For poor distressed gentlemen."

We believe the craft of the shoemaker is the only lowly profession which has attained to the more dignified designation of *the gentle craft*. A tolerably sized volume might be filled with the names and exploits of shoemakers—with their poems, or poems about them, with proverbs concerning them, and incidents with which they are lineally or collaterally connected. Not one of the least of these curious incidents is the tradition that the most illustrious of the royal blood of Spain, in Spain's illustrious day, flowed originally from the veins of a shoemaker of Veyros, a town in Portugal. The shoemaker's daughter, Inez, most remarkable for her beauty, became the mistress of Don John, the Governor of Veyros. The old shoemaker never forgave her. He cast her out from his house; but, although he would never see her more, to show that his severity was not a matter of passion, but of principle with him, he thought that he ought, after the fashion of his age, to expiate her fault, and so, thereafter, he would never lie on a bed, nor eat at a table, nor change his linen, nor cut hair nor beard; and he grew such a fright that he came to be known as *Barbaton*, or *Old Beardy*. The young lady herself also, perhaps smitten by grief for her father's sorrow, entered a nunnery, of which she became the abbess, leaving behind her a great reputation for virtue and holiness; her son, called Don Alphonso, to his honour, made a pilgrimage to Veyros to obtain the blessing of Old Beardy, his grandfather, which he could only with great difficulty secure. Old Beardy, however, did lay his hands upon the duke's head, and gave him his blessing; but the stubborn old shoemaker would hold no talk with him, and say no more. Shortly after, the old man died. A daughter of this young duke became the Queen of Castile, and the mother of the great Isabel, the grandmother of the emperor Charles v. We have always thought we saw something of that old shoemaker reproduced in that most unbeautiful of all Spanish princes, Philip II. In this pretty story of nobility and virtue running to waste, we have a singular illustration of the dignity of Spanish ancestry, and how princes may claim alliance with *the gentle craft*.

Shoemakers have played a great part from the pens and pages of novelists and poets. Of this we have striking instances in some of the pages of Lord Lytton, George M'Donald, Charles Dickens, and others; and it is remarkable that when writers like Hannah More and the author of the interesting little volume published fifty years since, called "*Leisure Hours*," wished to convey their pious and entertaining moralities, they took their illustrations from shoemakers and set them talking. Shoemakers have somehow been renowned for a sort of thoughtful and sombre loquacity, very often a hard-headed, and perhaps morose indisposition, to take to heart any of the cheerful views of faith or life, either for this world or the next. We shall see noble illustrations to the contrary, but it is often as if they were per-

petually beating out theories on their leather, or as if, incessantly looking down, they were prevented from taking note of more encouraging sights and scenes than their own state could afford.

In Shakespeare's opening scene to *Julius Caesar*, while he was describing what might have happened in a mob at Rome, he was no doubt giving a side glance at the manners of London in his day. Shoemakers have had a proverbial reputation for seizing every opportunity of escaping from the monotony of their employment, or mingling with any agitation of a restive multitude; but perhaps they have scarcely done so with the amiable forethought implied in the last lines of the following scene:—

*Flavius*.—Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;  
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day, without the sign  
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

*1st Citizen*.—Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Marullus*.—Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?  
What dost thou with they best apparel on?—  
You, sir; what trade are you?

*2nd Citizen*.—Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,  
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar*.—But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

*2nd Cit*.—A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe  
conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad  
soles.

*Flav*.—What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what  
trade?

*2nd Cit*.—Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me:  
Yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar*.—What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy  
fellow!

*2nd Cit*.—Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav*.—Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*2nd Cit*.—Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle  
with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters,  
but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes;  
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As  
proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have  
gone upon my handiwork.

*Flav*.—But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

*2nd Cit*.—Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself  
into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to  
see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

But to take up a more serious tone. It has truly been said, the shoemaker's craft seems ever to have been a noble craft for great minds—an unprepossessing craft enough, but it may be questioned whether any other can show such an array of great names of philosophers, patriots, poets, linguists, preachers, and mystics; and although we fear it may seem that our poetical quotations trip too rapidly upon the heels of each other, this is the place in which we must refer to Whittier's noble lines. They constitute him really—New England gentleman and farmer as he is—the laureate of shoemakers. We only quote three verses from his noble piece.

"The foremost still by day and night,  
On moated mound or heather,  
Where'er the need of trampled right  
Brought toiling men together;  
Where the free burghers from the wall  
Defied the mail-clad master,  
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet call,  
No craftsmen rallied faster.

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,  
 Ye need no idle scorner;  
 Free hands and hearts are still your pride,  
 And duty done, your honour.  
 Ye dare to trust for honest fame,  
 The jury Time empanels,  
 And leave to Truth each noble name  
 Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Hans Sach, are ringing yet,  
 In strong and hearty German;  
 And Bloomfield's lay and Gifford's wit,  
 And the rare good sense of Sherman;  
 Still from her books a mystic seer,  
 The soul of Boehmen preaches,  
 And England's priestcraft shakes to hear  
 Of Fox's leathern breeches."

The wonderful old city of Nuremburg teems with the memories of many men—princes and peers—in the healthy world of labour; but among them all none is more eminent than Hans Sach, the great lyrical shoemaker. Goethe greatly admired him; Thomas Carlyle speaks of him as a "gay, childlike, devout, solid character—a man neither to be despised nor patronised, but left standing on his own basis, as a singular product, and still legible symbol, and clear mirror of the time and country where he lived." He was the contemporary of Luther, and his hearty, ringing verses aided the great work of the reformation. He poured them out—devout hymns, satires, songs, tales, and allegories in verse—in a copious stream, and lived to a good old age. He saw them collected into three folio volumes. Germany is proud of them still, and his name is mentioned with honour in every history of German literature. Some of his hymns have a very fine devotional note, and few literary curiosities could be more interesting to us now than the reproduction of a fair illustration, in our language, of the mind of the old shoemaker of Nuremburg.

The shoemaker of Gorlitz, Jacob Boehmen, belongs to a later age. His works we must not characterise further than to say that their astonishing mystical tone has excited raptures of wonder and reverence from quite innumerable disciples. Charles I read them—probably introduced to him by Jeremy Taylor. He professed his entire astonishment at them, saying that "had they been the production of a scholar and a man of learning they would have been truly wonderful; but if, as he heard, they were the productions of a poor shoemaker, they furnished a proof that the Holy Ghost had still a habitation in the souls of men."

A kindred spirit, and of the same guild with Jacob Boehmen's, is that of George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends; but, eminent as he was, and worthy of all honour—his journal and life altogether one of the most marvellous pieces of biography—we shall here only thus mention his name in passing.

The order of shoemakers has been very remarkable for the possession of those men who have been gifted, in an eminent degree, with the faculties of poetry, and especially metaphysical thought.

It is many a long year ago since the bellman or cryer of some remote village in Cornwall went on his way announcing to the astonished inhabitants that "Samuel Drew, the author of the great work on the 'Mortality and Immortality of the Human Soul,' would preach that night in the Wesleyan chapel."

He a little mis-rendered the title, but perhaps those who set him upon his task in that day knew little more of the correct terms than the bellman. The title of the book was "The Immortality and the Immateriality of the Human Soul." It was written in the cottage of a Cornish shoemaker, at St. Austell; its author was quite a poor, but, as certainly, quite a respectable man; this book, which won for him the designation of the English Plato from the lips of Davies Gilbert, the president of the Royal Society of that day, and the offer of the first chair in mental science in the London University, was written in the intervals or at the close of the day's labour, with his children playing or crying about him in the same room—a singular proof of his continued tenacity of abstraction, when dealing with such remote recondite affairs. The life of Samuel Drew has a good many items of romantic interest. He was born and lived in Cornwall when it was the great region of wreckers and smugglers; but there can be nothing more romantic than this great man's account of his own course of study. We believe it was to Dr. Adam Clarke he wrote, "I have no study, I have no retirement; I write amidst the cries and cradles of my children, and frequently, when I review what I have written, I cultivate the art to blot." In his early days of mental cultivation he was perhaps not a great nor extensive reader, but a very careful and thoughtful one, and it is to his honour that while he was diligent in rousing the metaphysician within him by the study of Locke's great work on "The Understanding," he was equally sedulous in following the advice of poor Richard's Almanack. Like so many of his order, in his first days he was in great danger of becoming a vehement politician. He tells how he was saved from this disaster. His shop was filled with lazy loungers during the day, and he was not indisposed to slide away from his stall also for animating gossip in the house of some other vehement politician in the neighbourhood. This laid upon him the necessity of making up for lost time at night, when his shutters were closed. One night, while he was thus engaged, some shrill juvenile pipe, the mouthpiece of a herd of boys, was heard crying through his keyhole, "Shoemaker, shoemaker, work by night and run about all day!" "And did you follow the boy with your strap?" said the friend to whom he was telling the story. "No, no," said Mr. Drew; "had a pistol been fired in my ears I could not have been more dismayed; I dropped my work, saying, 'True, true, but you shall not say that of me again.' To me it was a word in season; it was as the voice of God, and I learned from it not to be idle when I ought to be working. From that time I turned over a new leaf." Thus we set before our readers the two sides of Samuel Drew's character. If he became a great philosopher, he did not neglect his family, or the life of labour to which he was called. When little more, however, than a rough Cornish lad, he went into a bookseller's shop in Truro to inquire if they had a copy of the "Phædo" of Plato. There was a singular incongruity between the unclassical appearance of the youth and the book about which he was inquiring. Some military officers were in the shop, and one of them, thinking it a fine opportunity for a joke, said, "Mr. — has not got Plato, my man, but here," presenting him with a child's spelling-book, "is what he thinks will be more likely to be serviceable, and as you do not seem

to be over-burdened with cash, I'll make you a present of it." Drew was not wanting in wit,—we do not know what his reply was, but the officer instantly retreated before it in confusion. Drew had degrees conferred upon him by many universities, but he never used any of them. He lived in London for many years, editing one of the most entertaining and advanced periodicals of his day, the "Imperial Magazine;" but he longed to return to his native little town of St. Austell to die, and there two beautiful marble monuments commemorate his worth, one raised by the Methodist society, of which he was a member, in the chapel; the other, a more costly monument, raised by the county, in the parish church. Apropos of Wesleyanism, we believe we are correct in saying that the most brilliant and illustrious genius it has produced by his combination of the faculties of preacher, metaphysician, and scholar, Richard Watson, was originally a shoemaker; and so also was that very inferior, but most remarkable man, Samuel Bradburn; it was he who preached the celebrated sermon on "Old Shoes and clouted," but that story may pass untold.

Robert Morrison, the mighty Chinese scholar, scarcely attained to the dignity of a shoemaker; he did not make leathern shoes, but wooden clogs in Newcastle. Going out as a missionary to China, he not only translated the whole Scriptures into the Chinese language, but his labours were immense in reducing the whole literature of China to method and symmetry; he was the pioneer to European intelligence in the knowledge of that most difficult of tongues, and did for it what Johnson did for the English language. He truly deserves the name of the Leviathan of the Chinese Language.

And it is very singular that while the London Missionary Society found, in a humble shoemaker, its agent for breaking open the hermetically-sealed lore of the Chinese empire, the Baptist Missionary Society found, in another shoemaker, its agent for the performance of the same work in our empire in the East. William Carey came from the great metropolis of English shoemakers, Northamptonshire. It is said that he was not mightily expert at his craft, but a pair of shoes made by him is, or was, long preserved at the Baptist Mission House. He was one of an order of stupendous missionary scholars, became professor of Sanscrit and Bengalee in the college at Fort William, in Calcutta, and he translated the New Testament into many of the languages of the East.

But the gentle craft has given to us also Biblical scholars who have remained to do their work at home—none more wonderful than the poor deaf parish-boy of Plymouth, John Kitto. His life is a noble one, and he was a beautiful, affectionate, and most grateful soul. He toiled through a world of work. His "Pictorial Bible," "Encyclopædia of Biblical Literature," and especially his eight charming volumes of "Daily Bible Illustrations," in which learning and simplicity of style go on so pleasantly hand in hand together, are monuments of labour pursued under the pressure of circumstances which to most men would have been eminently hopeless. There is a passage of personal experience in one of his "Bible Illustrations," so beautiful, that although these notices of eminent persons are very slight and fragmentary, we cannot forbear the pleasure of quoting it. Let the reader remember it is the comment the accomplished scholar and gentleman

makes upon a text he had marked thirty years before in his Bible in the workhouse: "Thirty years ago, before the Lord caused me to wander from my father's house, and from my native place, I put my mark upon this passage in Isaiah: 'I am the Lord; they shall not be ashamed that wait for me.' Of the many books I now possess, this Bible that bears this mark is the only one that belonged to me at that time. It now lies before me, and I find that although the hair which then was dark as night has meanwhile become as sable silvered, the ink which marked this text has grown into intensity of blackness, as the time advanced, corresponding with, and in fact recording, the growing intensity of the conviction that 'they shall not be ashamed who wait for Thee.' I believed it then, but I know it now, and I can write *probatum est*, with my whole heart, over against the symbol which that mark is to me of my ancient faith. 'They shall not be ashamed that wait for me.' Looking back through the long period which has passed since I set my mark to these words—a portion of human life which forms the best and brightest, as well as the most trying and conflicting in all men's experience—it is a joy to be able to say, 'I have waited for Thee, and have not been ashamed.' Under many perilous circumstances, in many most trying scenes, amid faintings within and fears without, and under tortures that rend the heart, and troubles that crush it down, I have waited for Thee, and lo! I stand this day as one not ashamed." Although his life was so strangely varied a career, and his works prosecuted through so much difficulty, Dr. Kitto was comparatively a young man when it came to a close.

#### CERTIFICATED OFFICERS OF HEALTH.

"PREVENTION better than Cure" is so trite, so true, so old an adage, that the wonder is that only lately, under the term "Preventive, or State Medicine," its importance as regards sanitary matters has been recognised, and that attempts to enforce its principles have been made. The consolidation of the Nuisances Removal Act, the Public Health Act, 1848, Sanitary Acts, 1866 and 1872, resulted in the Public Health Act of last session, and the recommendation of the appointment of well-trained and specially-qualified medical men for this department as "officers of health"—especially to large districts. Having sufficient salaries, they are debarred from private practice, and thus can act independently, and not allow the law to become a dead letter, as is too frequently the case where to so-called officers of health, not under the Government Act, small salaries are paid to do nothing, or next to nothing.

The first examination for the newly-established certificates in State Medicine took place at Cambridge, on October 6th, and four following days. The examination was divided into two parts—of which the candidates could either select I, or II, or both. Part I. comprised physics and chemistry—the principles of chemistry, and methods of analysis with especial reference to analyses (microscopical as well as chemical) of air and water. The laws of heat and the principles of pneumatics, hydrostatics, and hydraulics, with especial reference to ventilation, water-supply, drainage, construction of dwellings, and sanitary engineering in general. Part II. comprised the laws of the realm relating to public health

—sanitary statistics; origin, propagation, pathology, and prevention of epidemic and infectious diseases. Effects of over-crowding, vitiated air, impure water, and bad and insufficient food, unhealthy occupations and the diseases to which they give rise. Water-supply, and disposal of sewage and refuse. Nuisances injurious to health. Distribution of diseases within the United Kingdom, and effects of soil, season, and climate; besides which there were oral examinations; practical laboratory work and reporting on hospitals or unhealthy districts of the town.

In the report to the Senate of the Syndicate appointed to superintend this examination, it is stated that twenty-eight candidates entered, of whom twenty-six presented themselves for examination. Four offered themselves in Part I. only, of whom one was approved. The remaining twenty-two were examined in both parts, and nineteen of them were approved.

Two days were devoted to each part of the examination. In each part two papers of questions, each of which had been submitted to all four examiners, were set, to which written answers were required. In each part the candidates were also questioned orally by two of the examiners, and in each part the candidates were tested by practical work. Such a knowledge of sanitary science as has been shown by the successful candidates proves them to be entitled to some trustworthy voucher for their acquirements. The university certificate, granted after thorough examination, will serve to assist the judgment of those public bodies in which the choice of officers of health has been invested by the law.

## AN INDIAN FABLE WITHOUT A MORAL.

THE TRUE REASON WHY MR. SQUIRREL DID NOT GO OUT TO DINNER.



SAYS Mrs. Squirrel to Mr. Squirrel, "Where are you going to-day, my dear?

I've got such a nice little dinner of rice, and I really do wish you would stay, my dear."

SAYS Mr. Squirrel to Mrs. Squirrel, "I'm sure you're exceedingly kind, my love;

I should like to stay; but—as to to-day—well! I haven't quite made up my mind, my love."

SAYS Mrs. Squirrel to Mr. Squirrel, "Then do so for once in your life, my pet:

You always are out gadding about; stay at home and dine with your wife, my pet."

Says Mr. Squirrel to Mrs. Squirrel, "There's nothing on earth I'd like more, my sweet; But I've business to do, and I needn't tell you that I think it a terrible bore, my sweet."

"Business!" says she; "No, you need not tell me that business bores you, Mr. S., indeed:

Business! pooh! pooh! pray, when did you do any business? I wish I could guess, indeed."

"Now, really, my dear, you are angry, I fear; as if I had purposely planned it all:

But a Squirrel like me has business, you see, which I could not make you understand at all."

"Don't tell me! fiddle de dee! it's only you want to leave me behind;

You think I don't know, but I've seen you go with your tail brushed out like a C behind."

"Now, that's hardly fair to find fault with my hair; you are trying to try all my patience, love!

No one can be more quiet than me, but Squirrels must dress in their stations, love."

"Stations! oh, yes, very fine, Mr. S.! What station do you think that mine can be?

While I have to stay with the children all day, you are peacocking finer than fine can be."

"The motherly, kind, cheerful, feminine mind, seeks in home the most pleasing variety now:

It's the duty of males to trim up their tails, and then to plunge into society now."

"Society! eh, what society, pray? that's a thing that I very much want to know:

You will not take me for fear I should see some mischief or other you're on to now."

"Mrs. S., I must crave permission to waive all discussion while you're in this state of mind;

Such temper, you see, is quite foreign to me, though to you it appears to be native, mind!

I am now going out. On reflection, no doubt, you will fully acknowledge how wrong you've been:

Your conduct to-day, I am sorry to say, shows the humour in which it's too long you've been."

Mr. Squirrel turned round, but she made a bound, and she called him a horrible brute, she did:

She pushed him, I vow, from the very top bough, and she tumbled him down to the root, she did.

[Now Juggoo had put at that very tree-foot that gin they so often had started at;

Above and beneath it was furnished with teeth, and it snapped so, it made all your heart pit-pat.]

On reaching the ground he turned angrily round; but he yelled with terror and whipped right off,

For he heard the snap of that terrible trap; and his beautiful tail—it was snipped right off.

With the utmost care he brushed up the hair, earnestly hoping it would not show;

But it saddened his mind, as he looked behind—it was perfectly clear that he could not go.

J., Cawnpore.



## Varieties.

**FUGITIVE SLAVES.**—Of the revised Admiralty Circular, the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society says:—"The only parties this Circular will satisfy are slavers. It will confirm most thoroughly the impression, even now prevalent in slave states, that the English Government is not really in earnest in its efforts to destroy slavery. It will be for the English people to demand that a new Circular be issued, distinctly affirming that, whether on the high seas or in territorial waters, the fugitive slave becomes free as soon as he gains the deck of a British ship. Let slave states see to it that their slaves do not get on board. If they fail to do so, the fugitive has won his freedom." A ship of the British navy is a bit of "old England," and of it, as of the land of freedom to which it belongs, the lines of the poet apply:—

"Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free;  
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,  
And let it circulate through every vein  
Of all your empire; that, when Britain's power  
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too."

**SUEZ CANAL.**—The Canal was opened in December, 1869, in presence of many representatives of foreign Powers, but the political importance given to the event gave great offence at Constantinople, and the Khedive was compelled to send a long letter to the Sultan deprecating his displeasure. The traffic on the canal has steadily increased from the opening. The number of vessels which passed through in 1872 was 1,680; in 1873 it was 1,173; in 1874 it was 1,264. The tonnage, which was 1,439,000 in 1872, was 2,085,000 in 1873, and 2,424,000 in 1874. This is an increase in 1873 over 1872 of 45 per cent., and in 1874 over 1873 of about 15 per cent. In nothing have predictions been so falsified as the working expenditure of the company. In the year 1873 the receipts were £991,000, and the expenditure £225,000, leaving £766,000 as net revenue. The cost of working was thus 23 per cent., which is much lower than was calculated when the canal was opened, the maintenance of the works proving less costly than was expected. In 1874 the gross receipts were £1,056,000, and the expenditure £248,000, the working expenses being 25 per cent. Port Said has not been choked up by a deposit of Nile mud; the canal has not been filled by the sand blown into it from the desert, and the water in it has not been carried off by evaporation—all which misfortunes it was confidently asserted, six years ago, were certain to happen.

**GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.**—The first number of the new periodical, "Whitaker's Journal," contained a characteristic letter from Mr. George Cruikshank. It is entitled, "How I put a stop to hanging":—

"DEAR WHITAKER,—About the year 1817 or 1818 there were one pound Bank of England notes in circulation, and, unfortunately, there were forged one pound bank notes in circulation also; and the punishment for passing these forged notes was in some cases transportation for life, and in others DEATH.

"At that time I resided in Dorset Street, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, and had occasion to go early one morning to a house near the Bank of England, and in returning home between eight and nine o'clock down Ludgate Hill, and seeing a number of persons looking up the Old Bailey, I looked that way myself, and saw several human beings hanging on the gibbet opposite Newgate prison, and to my horror two of these were WOMEN; and, upon inquiring what these women had been hung for, was informed that it was for passing forged one pound notes. The fact that a poor woman could be put to death for such a minor offence had a great effect upon me, and I at that moment determined, if possible, to put a stop to this shocking destruction of life for merely obtaining a few shillings by fraud; and well knowing the habits of the low class of society in London, I felt quite sure that in very many cases the rascals who forged the notes induced these poor ignorant women to go into the gin-shops to "get something to drink," and thus pass the notes and hand them the change.

"My residence was a short distance from Ludgate Hill, and after witnessing this tragic scene I went home, and in ten

minutes designed and made a sketch of this 'Bank note not to be imitated.' About half-an-hour after this was done, William Hone came into my room and saw the sketch lying upon my table; he was much struck with it, and said: 'What are you going to do with this, George?' 'To publish it,' I replied. Then he said: 'Will you let me have it?' To his request I consented, made an etching of it, and it was published. Mr. Hone then resided on Ludgate Hill, not many yards from the spot where I had seen the people hanging on the gibbet, and when it appeared in his shop-windows it created a great sensation, and the people gathered round his house in such numbers that the Lord Mayor had to send the City police (of that day) to disperse the crowd. The Bank Directors held a meeting immediately upon the subject, and AFTER THAT they issued no more one pound notes, and so there was no more hanging for passing FORGED one pound notes; not only that, but ultimately no hanging even for forgery. AFTER THIS Sir Robert Peel got a bill passed in Parliament for the 'Resumption of cash payments.' AFTER THIS he revised the penal code, and AFTER THAT there was not any more hanging or punishment of DEATH for minor offences.

"In a work that I am preparing for publication I intend to give a copy of 'The Bank Note,' as I consider it the most important design and etching that I ever made in my life; for it has saved the lives of thousands of my fellow-creatures; and for having been able to do this Christian act I am indeed most sincerely thankful, and am, dear Friend, yours truly,

"GEORGE CRUIKSHANK."

**LONDON ALE AND PORTER.**—The "Sanitary Record" states that 119 separate analyses of samples of ale and porter sold over the counter by publicans in various parts of London, show such a percentage of alcohol that it is obvious that a person who drinks two quarts of fourpenny ale or porter consumes more alcohol than is contained in half a pint of brandy or whisky. This will, no doubt, astonish a good many people who are apt to think a couple of quarts of ale a day quite a moderate allowance, and when they find intoxication from beer among the lower classes so common are apt to attribute it to some mysterious adulteration of beer and ale. We have excellent reason for stating that the main adulteration of ale and porter practised in London is the addition of sugar or treacle and water, and the lamentable frequency of intoxication is mainly due to excess of quantity rather than to defect of quality in beer. This statement of the "Sanitary Record" has been contradicted by other analysts, who reduce the average of alcohol in the London popular drinks by at least one-half. They leave enough, however, to account for the prevalent "beeriness" of the average "British workman" of the period. The temperance cause certainly is making some progress. A hundred years ago, when Benjamin Franklin worked as pressman at Watts' printing-office, he was the only water-drinker in the whole establishment. The "American aquatic," as they called him, could lift double the weight and do double the work of any of Watts' men at that day, but not one of them followed his good example.

**RAISING SUNKEN VESSELS.**—Mr. W. B. Caulfield claims to have used air-bags successfully in 1863 in raising three vessels—viz., the Prince Consort, steamer, at Aberdeen, the brig Ridesdale and her Majesty's brig Partridge, in Southampton Water. "In 1864," says Mr. Caulfield, "I also raised with the same bags the brig Dauntless, sunk in 25 ft. of water, and another bark (name forgotten) sunk off Ventnor—after which my connection with the apparatus ceased. I had no other opportunity of using these air-bags, except in the five cases mentioned, but in each of these the mode of application was variously modified to meet its peculiar conditions, and in all with complete success. In material and construction our bags differ but little from the Russian. But they were of smaller size, lighter fabric, more easily handled, and extremely portable, a lifting power of forty tons when folded up being compressible into a hogshead for transport. Their mode of inflation was, moreover, more simple and certain than the Russian (recommended for raising the Vanguard), requiring no safety-valves in rising to the surface, and their cost in proportion to lifting power not more than half."

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



CAPTAIN DEVEREUX CONTINUES HIS ATTENTIONS TO CONSTANCE DELAMERE.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE CAPTAIN'S PROGRESS.

DELAMERE had no doubt that the ultimate finding would be in the captain's favour; he thought the prospect of a title and a coronet must weigh with his daughter as it did with himself, and therefore left the business to time and Devereux's wooing abilities. The captain appeared to be of

the same opinion, and now began the siege in due form; his attentions were more marked, his compliments more direct, his visits to the Elms more frequent, and undisguisedly those of a lover.

Who can win the heart that will not be taken? Constance was polite to her father's new friend—ready to sing and play for his entertainment when the squire wished it; she shared his company and converse on all occasions when it was necessary that the daughter of the house should be present; but no

Spanish maiden, under the eyes of a watchful duenna, could be more coldly circumspect in her conduct towards him. The girl had a good deal of self-command for her years; she did not see his love-making glances; she did not hear his tender insinuations; sighs and languishing looks were fairly lost upon her, and she contrived never to be for three minutes alone with Captain Devereux.

"Where there's a will there's a way," says the proverb, and the reverse is equally true with ladies of all ages—where there is not a will there is not a way, nor any possibility of making one, as the nephew of Lord Lavenham found. It was in the father's good graces he advanced, not in those of the daughter.

Older in constitution and in habits than he was in years, Devereux was a more suitable companion for the squire than for his young heiress. He had lost the dexterity of youth in the witching arts of love, if he ever had the like; and whatever the captain's experience might have been, it was not in courting ladies hard to woo and win. His ill-success appeared to drive him to his wife's end at times, though either pride or policy prevented him from owning it. Delamere was surprised and occasionally annoyed at it too, and that troubled poor Constance. But it was not the only cause of trouble which the captain's wooing brought to the household of the Elms.

The work in which Devereux was engaged was obnoxious to the whole country, and more especially to the dwellers on the Green Mountains. Fort Frederick had been serviceable in its day, but that was with the past. The land had rest from her ancient enemies now, and the only purpose of its rebuilding must be to overawe and curb the popular discontent with government measures. The most judicious officer would have found it a difficult affair to manage, but Lord Lavenham's nephew was the right man to make bad worse. He began by giving himself airs of superiority, as a high-born man from the old country and an officer in his Majesty's service—the readiest way to offend the independent New Englanders. He proceeded to spread verbal manifestoes against Whigs, Liberty Men, and Green Mountain Boys, generally winding up with what he intended when the fortress was rebuilt and himself in command of the garrison.

The consequences were such as might have been expected; the country people set their faces against him and his company. Not one of them could find quarters in farm-house or cottage, but had to build shanties and cabins for themselves; no native mechanic or labourer would lend a hand to their work for any wages; no farmer would lend wagon, horse, or ox to bring building materials for any price. When they attempted to purchase provisions in farm-house or dairy, the men ordered them out of the premises, while the sturdy women armed themselves with fire-irons, kitchen utensils, and the like, and chased them for their lives.

Instead of being warned by these experiences of the mountain people's metal, Devereux exerted himself to make reprisals. He applied for warrants against the women who had chased his men, but the latter could not or would not identify their fair assailants for fear of being laughed at; and the country justices advised him to let the Green Mountain ladies alone, for their hands and their tongues were equally ready.

He made forays on the farms to impress wagons

and animals for his Majesty's service, and paid for them afterwards at government prices; but somehow the owners got timely intimation, the wagons were not to be found at all; boys mounted on the bare backs of horses were seen driving others before them at a pace which left men unaccustomed to the wild country utterly at fault. The oxen were said to be grazing in the woodland pastures; some of the proprietors offered Captain Devereux a rope-noose to go and catch them, at the same time remarking that their oxen were all of the buffalo breed, and "uncommon spry with their horns at strangers;" and finally, one sturdy farmer gathered a few of his neighbours, informed the captain that he had no authority to seize horse or wagon there, and commanded him to quit his farm directly. Devereux talked of using fire-arms, but neither officers nor men of his company cared to come into collision with the hardy inhabitants of the Green Mountains—accustomed to hunt the bear and bison, and crack shots every man—so the captain had to beat an ignominious retreat, talking of the Mutiny Act and court-martial all the way. The boys hooted him as he passed, and he threatened to arrest and punish them, but one of their fathers sent him word that he had a cowhide ready for his Majesty's officer in case a finger was laid on his child. He brought mechanics and labourers from the distant towns, but his peremptory, overbearing manner so disgusted them that they deserted the work and made common cause with the country people. Fortress building under such circumstances was simply impossible; indeed, the little that was done shared the fortunes of Penelope's web, for the Green Mountain Boys destroyed over-night all that had been accomplished in the day. When sentinels were placed to watch against those destructives, they either got frightened or took the opportunity to desert, and could never be caught again. Finally, the service became so wearisome and useless that desertion became a common case, and very few of the company remained, except the disheartened and discontented officers.

Captain Devereux had enhanced his own defeat and incurred the general hatred, but unfortunately the odium did not fall on him alone. Squire Delamere's political principles had always been unpopular with his neighbours, and now the squire became unpopular also. He had quarrelled with Squire Archdale, his best friend, and the friend of liberty too. He had associated himself and his family with the unscrupulous instrument of an oppressive government. It was no secret that he meant to bestow his heiress, and the large estate she would inherit from him, on the detested stranger on account of his high birth and connections in the old country, though she had been sought in vain by Sydney Archdale, her equal in every respect, and now regarded as a banished patriot. There was scarcely a man on the banks of the Connecticut who did not consider himself called upon to resent such open opposition to his country's cause, and the ladies unanimously included in the proscription poor innocent Constance, who dreamt of Sydney Archdale every night, and would have given a cheap bargain of the captain to any bidder.

Did they not see her flaunting in brocade and lace when all the respectable women of the land were clad in homespun and busying themselves spinning flax and wool to assist their family's wardrobe?



There was nothing in that girl's head but pride and vanity; she would marry anybody to be called "my lady," and some of the advanced spinsters predicted that she would come to no good, and be seen in her true colours yet.

They little knew how trying it was for her to see old and once friendly neighbours frown on her father and herself as they passed by, or not recognise their existence at all. How hard it was to find old acquaintances, to whose family festivities they used to ride so merrily through the summer evening, or the clear, cold winter night, and who came in the same fashion to the Elms, refusing her father's invitations, some in reproachful terms, and some with cold excuses.

In hot Virginia or the Carolinas, a few duels would have been the natural result, but the Puritan spirit which still prevailed in New England forbade "affaires of honour" as infractions of the sixth Commandment; so things took a quieter and more persistent course.

Delamere had considerable pride and greater obstinacy; moreover, the converse of Lord Lavenham's nephew had blown up his Toryism to a perfect blaze. He took no notice of the general indignation, except to defy it, and show the Whiggish neighbourhood that it could not frighten him.

He rode out ostentatiously with the captain, and insisted on his daughter riding too, in all the pomp of British-fashion, with liveried servants behind the party. When some serious old friends attempted to argue the point with him, he retorted with charges of sedition and treason on them and the whole country. When the minister of the old meeting-house in Hadley prayed that George III and his counsellors might be brought to repent, and turn from their unjust dealings with the American provinces, the squire rose from the pew which his great-grandfather had erected, caught Constance by the arm, and hurried out, exclaiming that he would not hear rebellion encouraged in the house of the Lord.

Probably no other man could have proceeded to such lengths with equal impunity; but Delamere's charities to the poor, and kindly doings to people of all classes, were not to be forgotten, and the comments on his conduct at many a fireside were wound up rather in sorrow than in anger.

His relations, who were all of his own principles, but moderate and prudent men, remonstrated with him, some by word and some by letter from the distant provinces where they were settled, but all in vain. The squire of the Elms had reached that point of wrong-headedness from which he was not to

be moved; it was a liability of his mental constitution, and made him impatient with even the gentle expostulations of his loving daughter. "Dear father," she would say at times, when venturing to advise him against some contemplated exhibition of his loyalty, "these doings will make the whole country your enemies."

"What, Constance," Delamere would cry, "are you a soldier's daughter and afraid of a pack of bragging Whigs? They will all be quiet enough when the king's troops arrive in Boston Harbour, aye, and glad to dance at your wedding the day you become Mrs. Captain Devereux and soon to become my Lady Lavenham, I hope."

"I wish we had never seen Captain Devereux," said poor Constance one day when a sudden fit of sincerity overcame her habitual deference to her father.

"Now, girl, you will make me angry with you! What possible objection can you have to the captain?—a perfect gentleman by birth and breeding—a distinguished officer, or he would not be appointed to such an important charge as the rebuilding of Fort Frederick—and so devotedly attached to you! I must say, Constance, your perverse ingratitude perfectly surprises me!" said the squire. "You will not meet with such a lover every day. He can scarcely look at anything else when you are present. What is your opinion, Hannah?"—Mrs. Armstrong happened to enter the room at that moment—"Did you ever see a man caught, brought into bondage, enslaved, I may say, by any woman, as Captain Devereux is by my girl here?"

"Friend," said the Quakeress, "I am no judge of that matter, having left the days of courtship far behind me; but I know that the same Devereux is a stranger to thee, for he was not brought up in thy neighbourhood, and thou knowest nothing of his bygone years, or in what manner they have been spent. I also know that his coming to this land, and especially to this house, hath brought much confusion and little comfort. I have a great concern on my mind regarding the same, but I have laid it before the Lord. Do thou likewise, friend Delamere, and, casting away all thine own conceits and devices, seek His direction how to deal with this man whom thou hast not proved."

Delamere made no reply; he did not relish Hannah's exhortation, though he could not dispute its wisdom and piety; but had the squire been invested with the wizard's invisible-making mantle, and stationed at a corner of the log hut occupied by Lieutenant Gray, some days after, he would have heard his own son-in-law elect more fully discussed.

## A TRIP TO PALMYRA AND THE DESERT.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WRIGHT, B.A., OF DAMASCUS.

II.

WE now (May 28th, 1874) sent our baggage animals and all impedimenta to Karyetein by the direct route, while we turned out of the way with a slender escort to visit the wonderful hot baths on a distant mountain. We rode the first hour through high-walled gardens and flat fields to Hawarin, a city famed in local tradition for its seven splendid churches. We were taken by surprise by the extent

of the ruins of this place, and we had not allowed ourselves time to explore it as thoroughly as its importance deserved. I saw three large buildings, and the foundation of a fourth, called churches by the people. The largest and most perfect of these was a rectangular building, thirty paces long by twenty-five broad, and thirty feet high. The internal arrangements of the building consisted of a central



hall, and three rooms on each side opening into the hall. The stones in the walls were large, but they seemed to have been rifled from other structures. From the numerous foundations of houses, many of them of massive public buildings, there can be no doubt that Hawarín marks the site of an important city, but the fragmentary Greek inscriptions which I found in my hurried search gave no key to the name of the place.

From Hawarín we rode across a flat plain four hours to Gunthur. All the district showed signs of ancient cultivation, and were the people protected from the Bedawin and the Turks, the flats would once more wave with golden grain. Little patches were cultivated here and there, but not of sufficient importance to tempt the hereditary robbers. Water, the great desideratum for cultivation, was abundant, though all the fountains and channels were choked up. At the water we found straggling flocks of pin-tailed grouse; and throughout the desert, wherever we found water, we found grouse and snipe.

At Gunthur we found, as usual, a few wretched huts on the site of an important town. The houses are cone-topped, and at a distance look like corn-stacks in a farm-yard, but the illusion is dispelled when one enters the square, which is full of dung, in which a dozen of naked children and a score of mangy dogs are disporting. The huts were built round a court so as to form a rampart against the Bedawin, but there were breaches which left the place unprotected, and about twelve days after we passed, the Giath and 'Amour Bedawin came through the place, and swept it clean of the results of the late harvest. At one corner of the court there is the foundation of a very solid temple, twenty paces by fourteen, with two or three courses of the huge stones still in their places. Another larger, more ornate, and more modern structure lies in ruins in the field a few hundred yards to the north-east. The peasants who were gathering in their grain told us that the flats about the village were often covered with water during the winter, and that the place was much frequented by geese, bustards, and wild boar. Grouse swarmed about the water, and there were some spur-winged plover in a meadow.

From Gunthur we started for Solomon's Baths, which we saw on the mountain, under the guidance of a kindly old African, who had lived long in that neighbourhood a slave under many masters, and who was full of the traditions of the baths, and of Lady Belkis, the wife of Solomon, for whom the baths were erected. In five minutes we passed a fine spring slightly tepid and sulphurous. In half-an-hour we reached the base of a low mountain, and after ascending this mountain diagonally for about half-an-hour, we came to considerable ruins on its eastern summit. The only inhabitants of the ruins were a fox, a hare, and a covey of partridges. The exact position of the place, which is called "Abu Rebâh," is due north of Karyetein, a distance of three and a quarter hours, or about ten miles as the crow flies. Having made a general tour of the neighbourhood in quest of partridges, our guide conducted us to the wonderful bath. He first pointed out to us, in the roof of a vault, an opening about a foot in diameter, the edges of which were soot-stained, and through which issued a hot vapour. Descending from the roof, which was on a level with the foundations about, we passed through a low entrance into an arched vault eight or ten feet

square. The walls and roof of the vault were scribbled over with Greek by the Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons of two thousand years ago. The literature was of the same serious character as that seen in many of the railway and other waiting-rooms at home. From this outer vault there was an opening twenty inches high into another similar vault, and through the opening there came hot puffs of sulphurous vapour. I crept through this hole, but I was instantly driven back by the intense heat. My servant then rushed in boldly, but he rushed out quite as quick, almost suffocated, and covered with perspiration from head to foot. After this we explored more cautiously the inner vault. In the centre of the floor there was an opening about the same size, and exactly under that we saw in the roof. Steam came hissing from the hole as from the funnel of a ship, and we could hear a hissing and gurgling sound under the vault, as from water boiling over into the fire out of a great cauldron. We threw stones into the furnace, and heard them descending to a great depth; but a piece of paper thrown in was instantly shot out by the current of the vapour. Previous to our visit, Omer Bey, a Hungarian officer, had let down a brazen vessel into the orifice by a rope, but the vessel was snatched from the rope by the *Jann* left by King Solomon to keep the water boiling. Our faithful guide lost his good opinion of us when we suggested that perhaps the fire had burned it off. Indeed, he ever afterwards looked upon us with that suspicion which is the reward of all who are foolish enough to think differently from their neighbours.

West of the bath, in the ravine, there is a large reservoir, the roof of which is supported on five rows of arches resting on buttresses of solid masonry. All traces of water are gone, but the cement on the walls remains white and firm, and is scrawled over with thousands of hieroglyphics, which are doubtless the *wasm*, or tribe-marks, of the Bedawin.

Judging from the foundations of the ruins, the houses appear to have been very small, and they were doubtless used as lodging-houses for invalids and others visiting the baths, for the only attraction to such a barren knoll was its heated vapour. This bath must have been once an important *sanitarium*, and it has still a very high reputation for its healing powers. It is still considered infallible in rheumatic complaints and in the case of barrenness, and is much resorted to in the present day. Men are said to be carried to the bath confirmed invalids, and after spending a night in the vault, return home on their own feet.

In descending the mountain from the bath we started several very small whitish hares, and saw many holes of foxes and jackals. The ground was strewn with rock crystals, which glanced like diamonds in the sunlight. A low range of hills screened Karyetein from our view, but we steered our course by a peak which we knew was in a line with the village. In the bright atmosphere the distance seemed as nothing, yet it was a most weary ride across a level plain, which was all seamed with footpaths, some of which may have been trod by Abraham and his emigrants. We passed several abandoned Bedawy encampments, but we saw no living thing in a ride of over three hours, except a few hares and bustards, and an occasional eagle hastening overhead to its prey. On reaching Karyetein, however, we learned that we must have passed

under the very noses of the plundering Bedawin who were hovering about our path in the mountains. My teacher, whom I had sent on with the baggage in the morning, had announced our approach in Karyetein, and a most cordial welcome was given us. The civil and military chiefs of the place turned out in their best to do us honour, and the people were profuse in their thanks for the school which we were going to establish among them.

The supposition that Karyetein is the Hazar-enan of Scripture (Numbers xxxiv. 9, 10) is probably correct, but the identification of the place with the Greek town Koradaea is a mistake. Two Greek inscriptions (one on a long stone now over the gateway of a Moslem house, and the other on the pedestal of a column in the sheikh's court) give the name of the place as Nazala. The discovery of this name gave rise to a fresh examination of the Peutinger Itinerary, when it was found that the name reprinted "Nehala" was "Nazala" in the original. The name "Karyetein" is dual, and simply means "two towns," and one can see both the old and the new town. About a mile south-west of the present town, near the foot of a low mountain, there is a splendid fountain called "Ras el 'Ain." Around this fountain was built the old town, Hazar-enan ("the enclosure of fountains"). Close by the fountain—or fountains, for there are a number of them—there is a large artificial mound on which are the massive foundations of a temple. The building was twenty-one paces long and sixteen broad, and some of the stones of the foundation were eight feet long. On one of the largest stones there is a well-cut trident. A short distance north-east of the mound there is the base of a square building about forty-eight paces each way. The lower story of this building was vaulted, and the stones remain in their places, as they were too heavy to be removed to the new town, which is chiefly built of mud. It is not improbable that the inhabitants of the Fountain Village moved to a distance from the fountain to enjoy a quiet life, such fountains being the scene of constant strife. At the fountain were flocks of grouse and a few snipe, and I got a very small bittern, which, through the zeal of my companion, is now in the museum of the Protestant Syrian College, Beyrout, and may prove to be a new specimen. The ground was full of pottery, and, among other relics of antiquity, I picked up on the Tell two fine flint knives. We need not, however, rush into theories about the stone, bronze, and iron ages, for a famous sheikh of the Bedawin, to whom I showed my treasures, assured me that such knives were still used by his people.

Karyetein contains about three hundred houses, and one-fifth of the inhabitants are Christians, chiefly Syrian Jacobites. The schoolmaster, for whom all had been petitioning and importuning, had arrived, and only one man in the place (the Christian priest) opposed the opening of the school. As in all places where a missionary opens a school in Syria he opens at least two, sometimes all the sects open schools in self-defence. The opposing priest, under pressure of circumstances, opened a school himself, but as the work was not quite in his line, besides being hard, our teacher had all the pupils to himself in a few days, and Moslems and Christians learned to read the story of Christ's love and passion sitting side by side. We hope also to induce the Bedawin to send their children to this school in the centre of the

desert, but several blood feuds have first to be settled before such a thing is possible.

The people of Karyetein are a fine-looking race of men—especially the princelings of the ruling family. They hunt and hawk, and are as good horsemen as the Bedawin, and better shots. They resemble the Bedawin, but have much more bone and sinew. Their independence has been developed thoroughly by resisting the encroachments of the Turks and the Bedawin, but of late a Turkish garrison has been placed among them, and their acquiescence has been secured by giving them appointments of command and trust.

The civil and military chiefs are very great people in Karyetein, and we had to attend carefully to all the punctillios of receiving and returning visits. Long negotiations in the matter of guide and guards had to be conducted with as much diplomacy as might have sufficed for the cession of a duchy. It was at last arranged that we were to have an equal number of civil and military guards—that is, regular soldiers and irregular mounted police. The guide was a difficult question to decide, for each of the authorities had one to recommend—the only one who knew the path to 'Ain el-Wu'ul—and as it was understood that the *protégé* was to share his fee with his master, the dragoman was placed in a delicate situation. All things having been arranged, we struck our tents, and started from Karyetein on the 30th of May, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Our object was to break the journey at 'Ain el-Wu'ul ("fountain of the Ibexes"), a reputed fountain in the mountains to the right, half way to Palmyra from Karyetein. The existence of this fountain was kept a secret so that people might employ camels to carry water, as they had to go through at one march, and our innovation was looked upon with great disfavour. Gazawy compromised the matter by taking a few water-carriers at a very high charge. Our cavalcade struck out across the river at the mill, wobbled about through ploughed fields, and at last turned Palmyra-ward into the desert.

We had now assumed the dimensions and character of an invading army. We were not stealing through the desert under cover of the darkness, but forcing our way where we pleased, and at our leisure. "Brandy Bob," a captain in the infantry, was commander-in-chief of our military escort. He rode a vicious mule, with only a halter, and without stirrups, carried a single-barreled fowling-piece, about eight feet long, and a bottle of brandy in each pocket, *à la Gilpin*. He had a habit of lighting abruptly, but that may have been the mule's fault, or the brandy's. His soldiers were all mounted in the same uncereemonious manner as himself. Our irregular police were a very irregular set indeed. Nominally in government service, they are ready to take a turn at throat-cutting for anybody who may employ them, and they are the free lance or government banditti of the desert. If there is a prospect of plunder they will join a Bedawy raid, and by their arms, such as they are, contribute to the victory. On my first tour to Palmyra my irregular escort robbed every individual we saw in the desert. Remonstrance on my part was of no avail, as they replied that they had only agreed to take me safe to Palmyra, not to abstain from taking anything Allah placed in their way. On the whole we had such a guard as might have been safely trusted to make short work of any party weaker than themselves.

Faris, our gipsy guide, deserves a passing notice. He was a light, little man, with crimped hair, sallow complexion, coal-black eyes, which were always on one, and a stealthy, silent step, as if he were afraid of waking some one only slightly asleep. He always seemed drawing up his feet from behind, but he never let them get before him, lest they should let out some secret. His mare was of the same gipsy cast, a marled grey; her neck was hollowed down like a camel's where one expected a curve, and her under lip hung down and exposed the teeth, while her nose and upper lip were drawn back, and had a curious huffed appearance. Her legs were bent the wrong way, and her joints were in the wrong place, and she was so lean, and wizened, and dry, that she seemed to go nodding and dozing along without life or feeling. They were an uncanny-looking pair, and I could not look at them without an uneasy feeling.

With "Brandy Bob" and Gipsy at our head we swept along the desert in splendid style. In front were two little mountains, offsets from the range on the right. That to the left was called Khuderiyeh, and that on the right Bâradî, and we made straight for the opening between them. We passed several gazelle-traps, near Karyetein. Little walls converge to a field from a great distance, increasing in height as they approach the field. The field is walled round, leaving gaps at intervals, outside of which there are deep pits. The gazelles, led on by curiosity and guided by the little walls, march up into the field, and when they are startled, they rush out wildly in a panic at the breaches, and tumble into the pits. Sometimes forty or fifty are taken out of a pit alive at one time.

The desert was tolerably smooth as far as the little mountains, when it became more broken and cut up, chiefly by the action of mountain torrents. The Arabs reported that in the mountain range to the right there were the remains of a great reservoir which once supplied water to Kasr el Hiyar, the half-way station in the direct route between Karyetein and Palmyra. That evening we had the finest sunset I have ever seen in the desert. The western horizon seemed literally in a blaze. Soon the light blue veil of the mountains became tinted with violet and indigo, and finally settled into leaden death, and the wind came up cold as a Siberian winter. We held on our course bravely till midnight, when our column became very unsteady, and began to wriggle about promiscuously over the desert. The cold was intense, and the bottle passed between our leaders more frequently than was consistent with their responsible position, or than was expedient for safe and steady guiding. Suddenly we turned to the right, and marched straight against the mountain, which we had been approaching at an acute angle. We knew the fountain was in the range to the right, but thought it must be at least two hours farther on. Gipsy, however, spurned interference, and assumed all responsibility.

We soon got into a maze of rocks, and after half an hour's scrambling through them and over them, we came right against the precipitous side of the mountain. Gipsy went boldly at the mountain, with few words, when, suddenly, down he came on his head on a heap of stones, and the old horse turned and made a vignette over him. He lay in a bundle, motionless, where he fell, and when I asked him what was the matter, he hiccupped out, "It's a hare," as if he had got off to catch it.

"Brandy Bob's" bottle had done its work, and the guide was hopelessly drunk. Then commenced a scene never to be forgotten. No one knew exactly where we were, or where the well was; but we spread out across the rugged base of the mountain after midnight to look for a well of which we had only heard a report. Our horses staggered over precipices and scrambled out of ravines in the most marvellous manner. Baggage animals followed wildly after the cavaliers, stumbling and rolling over rocks; the whole looked like a steeplechase or a wild stampede, everything magnified by the black shadows; and there was an appalling expenditure of profane language. We explored desperately for about an hour, which seemed an age; but as the moon was hurrying behind the mountain, and as we were only getting more hopelessly lost, we encamped for the night on a bare plateau at the base of the mountain. The cold was as intense as had been the heat of the day; but we were soon in that happy land where the perplexities of the day are forgotten. The night, however, has perplexities as real and as distressing as those of the day while they last, and so I dreamt of stumbling frantically and in imminent danger over precipices, until a little Bedawy girl pulled the door of my tent aside, and the sun, hot as a furnace, shone in upon me.

The little maiden we called the "Princess," and perhaps no princess, except in an eastern tale, ever was the bearer of more joyful news or more acceptable gifts. She announced the lost fountain, and she bore in one hand a brazen vessel full of fresh milk, and with the other she led a snow-white lamb. I remembered how African explorers, when hopelessly exhausted, had been ministered to by savage women, and I sighed for the pen of an African explorer, that I might celebrate this ministering angel of the desert and the fountain. Our little angel was not of the white and shining kind; she was dark olive, and her only garment was a blue calico shirt, close fitting at the neck, and extending far down the leg. A blue fillet wound round the head left the hair free to stand up and enjoy the mountain breeze, and beneath the fillet it fell in uncombed plaits around her shoulders. These plaits were prolonged by bits of strings made of camel's hair down to below the waist. Doubtless a revolution has since taken place in the disposition of Bedawy locks in the desert, for my companion presented the princess with an ivory comb, a work of art which caused in the encampment no little speculation on its use. But we must not be diverted from describing our princess, whose piercing, timid black eyes shone brightly in deep, sooty sockets, and whose feet, which spurned the flint, gave a fine example of what Disraeli calls "the high Syrian instep."

The princess was accompanied by two princes, clothed from head to foot in the skins of the wa'al and gazelle. They seemed like ordinary Bedawin—small, spare, dark men, with deep-set, restless eyes, and noses of the Seymitar type. They belonged, however, to the Suleib Arabs, a unique tribe in the desert. At a remote period this tribe was degraded from exercising the larger prerogatives of Bedawin of the higher aristocracy. They do not make war on the weak, nor rob, except in a pilfering way, nor intermarry with any of the other tribes. Many wild stories relate the causes of their degradation, but that most common among the other Bedawin is, that they ran away from the siege of Kerbela, leaving their

friends to be butchered, "and the curse of Allāh still lies heavy upon them." As a part of their punishment, they were placed on the same footing with women, as unworthy to ride horses, and so they never ride anything but donkeys; but the Suleib donkeys (known as Bagdad donkeys) are the finest in the world, and will bring from twenty to forty pounds in Damascus. These Arabs, unlike the other Ishmaelites of the desert, have their hand against no man, and no man's hand is against them. They live by the chase, and by the milk and wool of their flocks; and when they sell a donkey its price supplies them with all they need from the outer world. On the declivities of 'Ain el wu'ul, are still to be found wu'ul, or ibexes, which they hunt with great skill. Clothed in the skin of the wa'al, they follow them from rock to rock, on all fours, until they shoot them at short range, and sometimes their disguise is so complete that they even catch the gazelle and wa'al alive with their hands. These Suleib Arabs take no part in forays; as one of them said to me, "Allāh has made enough for us all, and if we plunder one another there will not be enough for us all." They will sit on the ground impartial spectators of a battle, and when the fight is over they will nurse the wounded of both sides, like the Knights of the Geneva Cross. When one tribe is pursuing another they will entertain with equal hospitality both the pursued and pursuer, but nothing can wring from them any information as to the direction the fugitives have taken. These Arabs are to be found about the wells throughout the whole desert, and they are always of the same peaceful and hospitable character.

Our visitors informed us that the fountain was about a mile farther on among the mountains, and so, as soon as we had eaten their offerings, we moved our camp forward to the foot of the ravine below the fountain. We pitched on the site of a military camp where Omer Bey had stationed his soldiers when he wished to reduce the desert to subjection. We should have had no difficulty in finding the fountain. From the pass between the two little mountains we should have followed a beaten path, leading gently to the right to the lowest break in the mountain, about three hours ahead. On our return we rode from the fountain to Karyetein in ten and a half hours, so no one need ever again spend money in water-carriers on the road to Palmyra. We ascended to the fountain through a gorge, the stones in the bottom of which were as slippery as ice. Every tribe that crosses the plain between Palmyra and Karyetein, is obliged to pass up this gorge for water, and through the wear of ages the stones have become so polished that scarcely one of our animals went up to the water without a fall. The stones, however, were so smooth that none were injured by falling.

We found the fountain at the head of the gorge. It is a deep tank about twelve feet square, faced round with rough stones, and the water was about ten feet lower than the surface of the platform in which the tank was sunk, so that it had to be brought up and placed in hollow stones for the animals to drink. The stones about the tank were squared but not chiselled; and though we saw foundations of buildings, we could find no inscription. From between the high shoulders of the gorge we had a good view of the broadest part of the plain, and the Kasr el Hiyar lay exactly north-east of the fountain, about six or eight miles distant. The water in the tank

was very green, but one ceases to be fastidious about the quality of the water in the desert. Two cheerful little maidens were filling skins with the green fluid, and fourteen skins were lying about filled and festering in the sun. A number of camels were squatting at the troughs, waiting for some one to bring them water, and little flocks of goats were pouring over the cliffs and converging to the fountain. The little stagnant pond had attracted a great number of living things. Partridges scolded us from the rocks on every side for interfering with their beverage; and myriads of linnets of all kinds and colours settled on the tall thistles and awaited our departure; and eagles, and vultures, and red-beaked choughs soared over us at every altitude. A little way over from the fountain was the Suleib encampment. It consisted of about a dozen tents, or rather a dozen long pieces of black hair-cloth, fastened down with stones at the side next the wind, and at the other side propped up with bits of sticks and tied down with strings. Beneath the awnings thus formed women squatted, horribly tattooed and filthy looking; and one miserable creature who was sick lay on skins, with a skin filled with water for her pillow. The dirt of the tent was scarcely removed beyond the tent strings, and the odour, at least to us, was far from agreeable. Some of our irregular police were sitting in the tents, feasting on a half-roasted sheep that had been slain for them. We saw none of the famous Suleib donkeys, and we learned with regret that a plague had swept many of them away, and that they had been obliged to sell a great many of them during the Syrian famine. A few black and wretched substitutes stood nodding about the tents. On our return to the fountain from Palmyra we found no trace of the Suleib, but three men were found dying of thirst at the fountain. They had made their way to the place, but were too weak to reach the water.

I was especially interested in the Suleib Arabs, as I thought they would not be afraid to send their children to one of our schools, in a border village, such as Karyetein, and I thought that, as they had no blood feuds or enemies among the Bedawin, they might be employed to carry instruction and the light of the gospel to the other wanderers of the desert. They, however, strongly objected to their children quitting the ways of their fathers; and I found, on consulting a Bedawy chief, that the blue-blooded Bedawin held the Suleib in such contempt that they would not on any account allow their children to be taught by them. "We would let our children learn from Nasara (Christians), or Jews even, but that they should be taught by these low-souled, womanish Bedawin—ask forgiveness from God for such a thought!"

#### DUCK ISLAND, ST. JAMES'S PARK.

WHAT would the ornamental waters in our public parks be without the ducks and Duck Island! The scene from the shore across to Duck Island, that shaded sanctuary of maternal cares and pleasures, whence flocks of mouse-coloured cygnets and yellow ducklings launch forth in summer-time for a cruise, is one which never satiates the eye. Tall reeds and rushes fringe the margin, but there are not wanting easy landing-places for the web-footed



creatures to whom walking is difficult. Drooping willows, with long, narrow leaves, screen the spot from the garish world; and here and there clumps of the beautiful pampas-grass and giant cow-parsnip vary the vegetation. In its dim recesses is a jungle of grasses, rushes, and twiggy shrubs; and here, at midday and at night, the ducks find a safe retreat, until returning children, with biscuits and cakes, lure them again to the mainland shore.

But what are these so-called ducks, these numerous and widely-differing water-fowl, most of which are quite strange to us? Some have very gorgeous colours, some have a crest on their heads, and some utter most uncouth cries. How came they here? for most of them are unknown to us off the park waters, although we might perchance find some stuffed and mounted specimens in the British Museum. Whose are they? and have they a keeper? Do they live here all the year, or are they simply summer sojourners? Such are some of the questions which suggest themselves to a visitor to St. James's Park, looking over to Duck Island at a little squadron which has just set sail from beneath the pendulous willows, and is leaving an arrow-shaped track behind.

Let us first see what the "ducks" really are, and then learn where they come from. Surely there must be an interesting history of so varied an outdoor menagerie as this.

The water-fowl of St. James's Park, which are a more varied collection than those found in the ornamental waters of our public parks generally, are an assemblage of swans, geese, and true ducks, from regions ranging from the Arctic to the intertropical zones and the southern hemisphere. If we follow these birds to their native homes, we shall find that they bring into St. James's Park all the romantic interest of wild regions known to most of us only through books of travel and adventure. Many of them range from Northern Asia, Iceland, and Labrador, to the Bahama Islands, North Africa, and the China and Indian Seas. Birds from Kamchatka and Australia are before us, some transporting us in imagination to the great marshes of the northern hemisphere, the fur countries, and the isles of the Arctic Sea: others take us to the vast muddy flats of African rivers and lakes, where storks and pelicans abound. Here, too, are our more familiar British wild-fowl, from the Hebrides southwards to the flats and broads of our coasts and inland waters. The marine ducks and the fresh-water ducks are alike before us on these St. James's Park waters, to rejoice our eyes and awaken our minds to scenes of Nature which most of us will perhaps never look upon.

Sailing placidly across from Duck Island to a group of children with biscuits comes the black swan, the *rara avis* of antiquity. The black swan has become acclimatised in England, and annually rears her brood of cygnets. Watch the bird, and you will agree that if it is smaller than our native white swan, it is not a whit less graceful. Our white swan is a bird of high latitudes and is found in the Polar seas. We can hardly have watched either the black or white species in the parks without noticing the remarkable power they have of submerging the head beneath the water for a considerable time in search of food at the bottom.

The Chinese goose is another strange bird in the parks, which at once arrests attention. It has a

curious projection on the higher part of the orange coloured beak, which looks at first sight like a mal formation. Everybody asks the name of this bird with the curious beak-profile, but as the water-fowl are not labelled, like the trees and shrubs around us, the answer is not so easily got. But for this odd-looking beak the Chinese goose might almost be mistaken for its British relative, as it has perfectly white plumage.

A couple of Egyptian geese are also here on the grassy banks, bringing other scenes before our mind's eye, such as Sir Samuel Baker has recently familiarised us with in his pictures of the country of the hippopotamus. They are large birds, with oval-shaped bodies and handsome mottled brown plumage, the upper part of a rich reddish brown, and the cheeks reddish white. They are great favourites with the visitors.

Another far-travelling species now comes upon the scene. This is the white-fronted goose, abundant in Lapland and the Arctic Sea. Here we look upon the companion of the Esquimaux, the white Polar bear, and the blue Arctic fox. Let us note well so interesting a guest that we may know him again. The white forehead, surrounded by a dusky band, the pink bill and orange legs, the upper plumage mostly ash-brown, and the under plumage in front brownish white with patches and bars of black, are some of this bird's general characteristics. Our domestic goose is said to be derived from this white-fronted species.

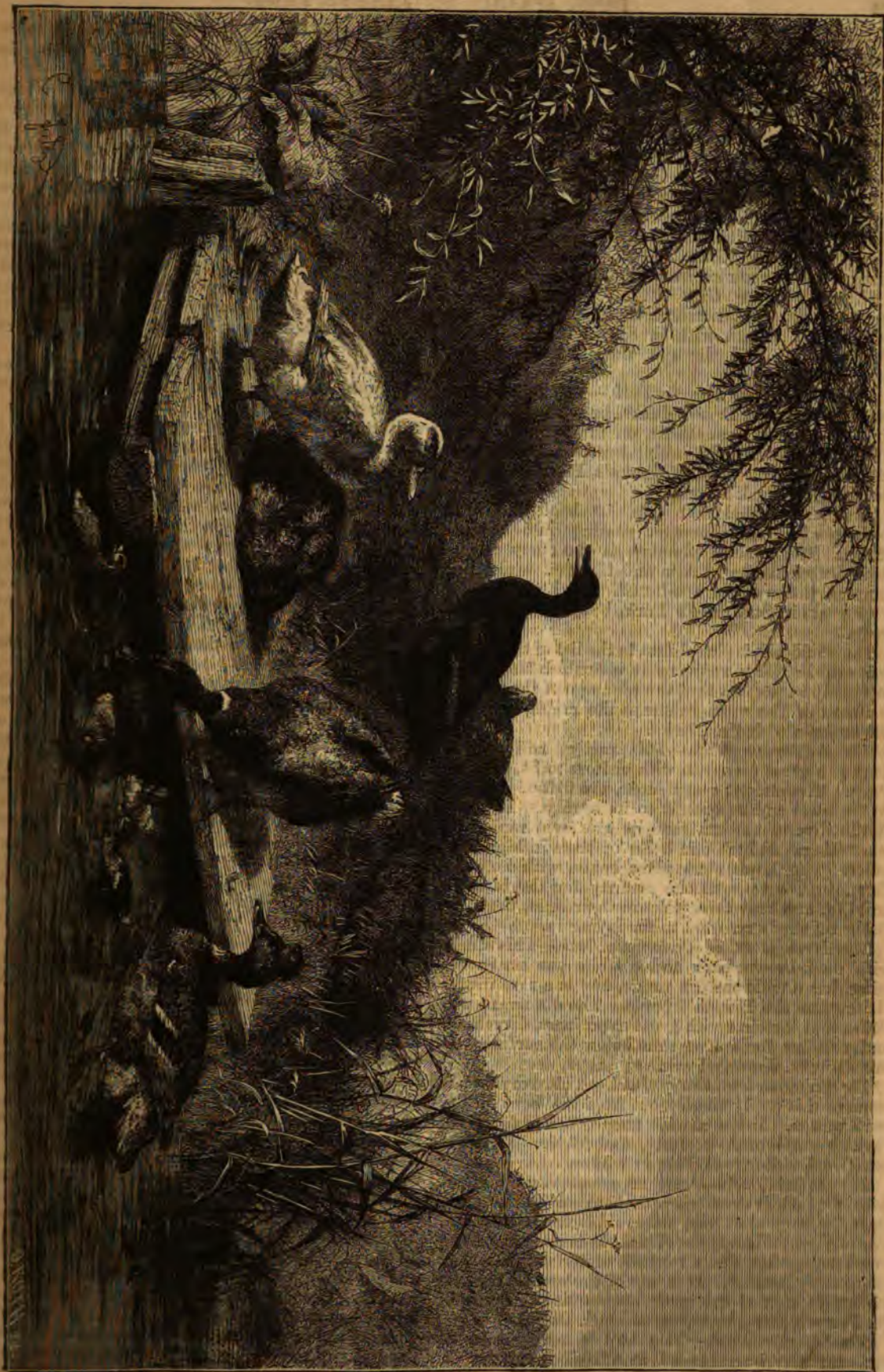
Still they come, labouring up the crumb-strewn slope, these interesting members of our feathered migrants. Within a few yards of us we see the very beautiful Bernicle goose, common in the western islands of Scotland and the White Sea. The Brent goose (a decidedly marine bird), which retires to the Arctic regions at the breeding season, and is at other seasons the most abundant of all the geese which frequent our shores; and the Bean goose, with orange bill and legs, next to the Brent the commonest of all our wild geese, and far more numerous in Scotland than in England. On these same waters, too, we shall find a pair of brown Chinese geese.

All these geese, the Arctic and the British alike, with the exception of the Brent, breed on Duck Island, St. James's Park.

What vast and various tracts of sea and land these migratory species look down upon as they speed along from high to lower latitudes, cleaving the air in wedge-like array, at the rate of fifty and sixty miles an hour; what lakes, rivers, cities, and hamlets; what wilds and cultivated lands; at one season rejoicing the inhabitants of the frigid zones with the signs of returning summer; at another revisiting the temperate climes of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America! What journeys by night, too, as well as by day, apparently without any beacon to guide them!

The geese, we observe—and the fact may be noticed on any village common as well as in the parks—spend most of their time out of the water. Unlike the ducks, they are terrestrial rather than aquatic birds. Their food is chiefly grass. They walk more readily on land than the ducks, having the legs placed more centrally under the body.

The park ducks are no less interesting as strangers and migrants than the park geese. They are not all strangers to us; some of them are mixed breeds of



DUCK LIFE.



the common species. But most of them are pure breeds—British migrants and imported “foreigners.” There is an extraordinary variety of these rarer water-fowl in St. James's Park, and their plumage is delightful to look upon.

First there are the British migrant ducks. Let us give these the preference before noticing the exotic species.

*The Pintail Duck.*—This, which is in form the most elegant of all the ducks—carrying its head and neck like the swan—visits nearly all parts of the northern hemisphere. It visits British shores in severe winters. It is common in Lapland.

*The Gadwall, or Grey Duck.*—This rare species breeds in the great northern marshes of both hemispheres. It is met with in Siberia, India, Persia, North Africa, and through the United States to South Carolina.

*The Sheldrake, or Burrow Duck.*—The largest and handsomest of the British ducks, but, being a marine bird, difficult to domesticate on inland waters. It often makes its nest in rabbit burrows, or in a hole made by itself. The St. James's Park specimens breed on the Duck Island.

The ruddy sheldrake has its head and neck clothed with buff plumage, passing into orange-brown. The general plumage is of a rusty yellow. It is better known in Asia and the east of Europe than on the western sea-board. It has lived for some years in St. James's Park, but does not breed there.

The sheldrake is placed first in the list of the ducks, because, in many respects, it resembles the geese, especially in the fact that the plumage of the females is almost of the same colour as the males, which is not the case with true ducks.

*The Golden-eye Duck.*—This pretty, active little duck is a great favourite with visitors to St. James's Park. The male is conspicuous, the tuft of feathers on the head adding greatly to its beauty. It is one of the divers, and its motions are most rapid and interesting. It builds in holes of trees in high latitudes. The Laplanders place boxes, with holes in them, in the trees of the country for the birds to build in, and they thus procure their eggs, the cotes being regularly resorted to for laying in.

*The Ferruginous, or Castaneous Duck.*—This duck, with dark-brown back and a white bar across the wing, has a wide eastern range, and is a rare winter visitant to the British islands. The observant will notice that it swims with great expertness, dives well, and remains for a long time below the surface. It breeds in St. James's Park.

*The Red-crested Whistling Duck.*—This very handsome bird is easily singled out from the bevy on the park waters. It has a wide range, being found in various parts of Asia, Italy, and Africa. It is an occasional visitor to Britain in winter.

*The Tufted Duck.*—Another conspicuous species, with dependent crest (more noticeable in the male than the female) of very narrow black feathers and bill of deep bluish lead-colour. It is another of the northern species, and a regular winter visitor to our lakes and sea-coast. It is one of the prettiest of the diving ducks, and has made itself quite at home in St. James's Park, breeding on Duck Island.

*The Shoveller Duck.*—This bird is rarely seen at sea, and may be regarded as a fresh-water species. It is met with in the eastern and other parts of England, but is nowhere abundant. It has been observed

on the shores of the Mediterranean and in some of the warm parts of India. In Holland it is abundant. It breeds in St. James's Park.

*The Widgeon, or Whow Duck.*—Flocks of widgeon come to our shores in autumn, and the species are among the best known of the ducks that frequent our shores. The widgeon is widely distributed in the high latitudes of Europe and Asia, and goes northward in the spring to breed, returning in autumn. Its note is a whistling or whowing cry.

*The Teal.*—This is the smallest among the British ducks. It is a decidedly British species, with a wide northern range. It has two notes, one a kind of quack; the other, uttered only by the male during winter, has been compared to the whistle of the plover. The teal breeds on Duck Island, St. James's Park.

*The Pochard, or Dun Bird.*—Another bird of wide geographical range, and a well-known winter visitant in the south of Europe. It is a skilful diver, as visitors to the park waters may soon observe for themselves. It rarely breeds in this country, but the St. James's Park colony rear their broods every year.

Such are some of the wide-ranging feathered migrants of the northern hemisphere—from Eastern Asia to Iceland, the Polar Sea, and Labrador on the one hand, to the Mediterranean on the other—which may be seen inhabiting Duck Island, St. James's Park. So instructive a lesson in ornithology as this may well entertain us, and lead us to further observation when we again go to “feed the ducks.” But let us now turn from the European to the exotic water-fowl.

Mandarin ducks from China, the Bahama duck from South Africa, the Summer, or Carolina duck, from the United States, the Buenos Ayres duck, are exotic species which may be seen at St. James's Park. A more magnificently-clothed species than the grand Mandarin, or Chinese teal, especially when the male is in fall plumage, is not to be conceived. These birds have the habit of perching, and may be seen at times on the branches of the willows overhanging the lake. The male is gorgeous in purple, green, white, and chestnut; the female is soberly apparelled in brown and grey. Between May and August the male throws off his fine crest, wing-fans, and brilliant colours, and assumes a dress as sober as his mate's. The Mandarin seldom breeds in this country, but we believe several broods have been reared in the Zoological Gardens. The Bahama duck has extremely beautiful plumage, and is a great favourite among the exotic water-fowl, but it has not yet domesticated itself on Duck Island to the extent of founding a family there. The Summer, or Carolina duck, a pleasing little creature, takes more readily to strange quarters, and rears a family every year at St. James's Park.

There are between thirty and forty varieties of water-fowl to be seen on the St. James's Park lake. Let us now see how they came there, whose they are, why they stay there, and who looks after them.

This interesting feathered community was founded by the Ornithological Society in the year 1836. The nucleus of the present collection of ducks was gradually established, consisting of captured, imported, and bred specimens. A hard life awaited the new occupants of the park waters, which are now so uniformly appreciated and protected by the visitors. The stranger species, with conspicuous crests, were most unmercifully harried by the rougher frequenters of

the park, and they were actually destroyed in large numbers, being perseveringly pelted with stones by men, women, and children alike. It was some time before the poor birds got favour in the eyes of this class of visitors. Now, however, the infliction of wilful injury is of the rarest occurrence.

It is now some years since the St. James's Park collection was handed over from the Ornithological Society to the custody of the park authorities—the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. The Ornithological Society no longer exists, and the Zoological Society confines itself to importing and breeding rare birds simply for its own collections. Duck Island, St. James's Park, is, however, still in the charge of the keeper who was installed there in the earliest years of the Ornithological Society's efforts to stock the lake. He occupies the little Swiss cottage which was built for him in 1841, when the society began its work of acclimatising the water-fowl in real earnest, constructing steam-hatching apparatus, and feeding-places and decoys on the island.

The duties of the keeper are these. He must see that ample space and nesting materials are provided on Duck Island for the separate family life of birds of distinct habits, and in many cases of decided antipathies to each other. The swans, for instance, require a large space; they are very quarrelsome, and unless there is plenty of covert for the smaller water-fowl, it is impossible to keep and breed them on the same spot. To domesticate strange and valuable species being the main object, the keeper is careful that the vegetation shall afford sedges, grasses, and twigs for nests.

Having made due provision for the breeding season, the keeper's cares begin. In some seasons thousands of eggs are found in the nests of Duck Island. Invading fowl from other waters—sometimes wild moorhen—will suddenly settle down in the island, disturb the sitting birds, and trample on eggs which were the keeper's most special care. Thus the hopes of a whole year are perhaps blighted, and the black swans or Egyptian geese might be cut off in the winter without leaving any lineage behind them.

The art of domesticating the fledgelings soon begins. Old and young alike are regularly fed with grain, and the strongest of all ties is thus formed with the keeper. In due time the new brood are caught and "pinioned," i.e., their wings are cut to prevent their flight from the park, an operation which has to be renewed regularly, in spite of the attractions of daily rations.

In the summer season, when the birds live an entirely out-of-doors life, and are left very much to the mercy of the public, their number is carefully checked each day with the recorded list. The various friends the ducks have formed among the park police and the public speedily lead to the detection of any accident or loss by flight. The hybrids, or mixed breeds, take long flights all over the park, and occasionally are seen flying off to the Serpentine waters in Hyde Park; but these species are but of little value in the eyes of the keeper, and not worth the trouble of pinioning. Singularly enough, all the birds get very wary and suspicious towards dusk, when it is impossible to get near them.

As winter approaches, and the limited resources of Duck Island have to be considered by the keeper, the surplus broods are thinned, and only the neces-

sary stock are received into hospitable quarters. Indeed, during the breeding season, only a small proportion of the eggs have been hatched in excess of present needs. These are found useful in supplying the desiderata on other park waters. When chill October comes the net is spread on the island, and the new broods are driven in. Those which are to be preserved are pinioned afresh. Inasmuch as almost all the birds are of species belonging to high latitudes, the climate of our winter is in itself more congenial to them than our summers; but the limits of their range are probably more severely felt, especially when the water becomes frozen. An additional temptation to flight occurs through the occasional visits of wild birds of the same species, flocks of which will sometimes settle down for a few days in the St. James's Park and Serpentine waters. It can easily be imagined how these wild visitors awaken in the park ducks all the latent instincts of their lineage. But the keeper is careful to keep the ice broken in the parts most frequented by his birds—a most necessary precaution—as well as to feed them with grain (mostly Indian corn) when the island and the waters no longer yield the accustomed supply. So is the colony preserved until spring returns once more.

Such is duck life on Duck Island, St. James's Park. By these means the water-fowl are kept as an ornament to our parks and a delight to the visitors. We have seen now what the so-called ducks are, whence they come, to whom they belong, and the nature of their sojourn with us. How instructive are the lessons in geographical ornithology we may get by going to feed the ducks! How happy, too, the change from the times when our feathered guests were sport for stone-throwing roughs to the times when they are cherished and protected by the visitors! Pleasant is the picture on a summer's evening when the lake is alive with graceful, sportive, and trustful water-fowl; pleasanter still to learn what we can of their native homes—from Arctic seas to Australian shores. Perhaps, in our future visits to the parks, we shall observe more closely the friendly birds which bring, as it were, into our familiar holiday resorts the romantic scenes of distant lands.

H. W.

## CONCERNING SHOES AND SHOEMAKERS.

### II.

SUCH names as those we have mentioned belong to the order of sacred workers; but shoemakers have their representatives in other departments of letters. One of the chief of these is the mighty but merciless critic, William Gifford, one of the first, and certainly one of the most accomplished, editors of the "Quarterly Review," and the author of the "Baviad" and the "Mœviad." He was born in circumstances as lowly as any of his brother professors of the mysteries of coddwining, but there came a time—nor was he very far advanced in life when it came—when his voice and verdict were imperial in the world of criticism. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker at the age of fifteen; he had but one book in the world—a treatise on algebra; he determined to master its problems, but he had neither paper, pen, ink, slate, nor pencil. Mathematics, however, he was determined to conquer. He sat up night



after night at his studies, and he used to beat out small pieces of leather to a smooth surface, on which he contrived to work his problems. His master was not mathematical; he thought the pursuits of his apprentice were a waste of time and leather; he severely chastised him, and bade him "attend to his cobbling." It is not for this paper to describe how he attained to eminence. His satiric powers, always employed on the side of virtue and religion, even evoked an apostrophe from Lord Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

"Why slumbers Gifford? once was asked in vain,  
Why slumbers Gifford? let me ask again;  
Are there no follies for his pen to purge?  
Are there no fools whose backs deserve his scourge?  
Are there no sins for Satire's Bard to greet?  
Stalks not gigantic vice in every street?  
Arouse thee, Gifford! Be thy province claimed,  
Make bad men better, or, at least, ashamed."

Gifford never married, but the tenderness and elegance of his nature are—shall we not say *immortalised* by his epitaph on one who was for more than twenty years his housekeeper and servant? We venture to think the verses show the real heart of the noble shoemaker even beyond any of his greater performances. We wonder if they are obliterated from the tombstone on which they were placed, in the burying-ground of Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street?

*"To the Memory of Ann Davis."*

"Though here unknown, dear Ann, thy ashes rest,  
Still lives thy memory in one grateful breast,  
That traced thy course through many a painful year,  
And marked thy humble hope,—thy pious fear.  
Oh, when this frame, which yet, while life remained,  
Thy duteous love with trembling hand sustained,  
Dissolves (as soon it must), may that blest Power  
Who beamed on *thine*, illumine my parting hour!  
So shall I greet thee where no ills annoy,  
And what was sown in grief is reaped in joy,  
Where worth, obscured below, bursts into day,  
And those are paid whom earth can never pay!"

And so we are among the poets. And in this connection the shoemakers boast more names than we can dream of doing justice to. There are the two Bloomfields, Nathaniel and Robert, especially Robert, who, although principally known by his delineations of rural scenery, and fields, and farm-house life, was a shoemaker. Few epigrams are more happy than that in which Henry Kirke White celebrates the fame of Robert.

"Bloomfield, thy happy omen'd name  
Ensures continuance to thy fame;  
Both sense and truth this verdict give,  
While fields shall bloom, thy name shall live!"

But there are many names not unworthy of mention—the children of the stall—who have not attained to the notoriety of their more eminent brethren. We have two volumes bearing the name of Joseph Blackett, born at Tunstall, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, where his father was a day labourer. At eleven years of age he was sent to London to be bound apprentice to his brother, who was a ladies' shoemaker. Joseph Blackett died young. Miss

Millbank, afterwards Lady Byron, seems to have greatly admired him. She erected a monument over his grave, with an inscription from one of his own poems.

"Shut from the light, 'mid awful gloom,  
Let clay-cold honour rest in state;  
And from the decorated tomb  
Receive the tribute of the great.  
Let me, when bade with life to part,  
And in my narrow mansion sleep,  
Receive a tribute from the heart,  
Nor bribe one sordid eye to weep."

John Bennett was a shoemaker, and also parish clerk of Woodstock. We have seen some volumes of fugitive verses published by him in 1774. He was no poet, but perhaps had a happy facility for rhyming, and possibly enough of genius to secure for him the friendship of Thomas Warton, to whom his first volume was dedicated, and which, judging from the number of countesses and earls, and such persons of distinction—most likely obtained by Warton—among his subscribers, must have been of some profit to him. He was probably a deserving man, and his motives for publication appear to have been amiable, although his celebration of such subjects as "Bowley's Ale," and his "Lines to the Rose and Crown," do not belong to the fittest order of subjects; but then, as some extenuation, we may remember that Ben Jonson celebrated in verse the "Nights with Shakespeare at the Mermaid." However, it is probable that John Bennett would not have received any notice from us in this paper but for his celebration of shoemakers in verse. In his first volume he vindicates his rhyme thus:—

"A shoemaker, d'ye say?

I do: what then?

A shoemaker and a poet?

True again.

Where's the wonder! if you look around  
You'll find some poets—cobblers most profound!  
With borrowed thesia, versify and patch it,  
And spoil both upper leather, sole, and latchet;  
By which 'tis so transform'd, so different grown,  
That th' owner does not know it for his own.

A shoemaker and a poet?

Good again.

Arn't shoemakers the same as other men?  
No doubt; but men are born of different cast,  
'Let not the cobbler go beyond his last!'—  
Lest, like that critic who to fame aspired,  
He lose the honours which he has acquired;  
For while he criticised upon the shoe,  
He gained applause, as learned critics do;  
But when he took upon him to impart  
His curious observations on the art  
Th' ingenious statuary had display'd  
Where all but life and motion was essay'd,  
No wonder why the well-known censure past,  
'Let not the cobbler go beyond his last.'  
But will much learning make dull blockheads wise?  
Poets are often cobblers in disguise,  
And give the world such patches of each other,  
That Dulness nods to Dulness, 'Thou'rt my brother';  
Yet claim connection with Apollo's court,  
As if th' inspiring Graces there resort."

And surely we must not forget, while we are recalling to our memory the names of those illustrious shoemakers who have done something significant in

our literature, that of Thomas Olivers, the famous Welsh cobbler, the friend of John Wesley, and one of the choir of singing apostles in the early days of the great Methodist movement. He is the author of that most magnificent hymn, of which James Montgomery says, "There is not in our language a lyric of more majestic style, more elevated thought, or more glowing imagery" :—

"The God of Abram praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above;  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of Love!"

In fact, of this great hymn it has been very truly said that it is such a Hebrew melody as leaves the efforts of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron far behind. Mr. Christophers, in his interesting book on "Hymn Writers," says: In the course of conversation a few years ago, the son of an old minister said, "I remember my father telling me that he was once standing in the aisle of City Road Chapel during a conference in Wesley's time, when Thomas Olivers came down to him, and, unfolding a manuscript, said, 'Look at this; I have rendered it from the Hebrew, giving it, as far as I could, a Christian character, and I have called upon Leoni, the Jew, who has given to me a synagogue melody to suit it; here is the tune, and it is to be called *Leoni*.'" This is the first we hear of the famous hymn. Another well-known hymn has been attributed to Olivers ;—

"Lo! He comes, with clouds descending!"

There can be no doubt that Charles Wesley caught the sentiment and inspiration of that hymn from the long poem of Thomas Olivers in which that line actually occurs; but, probably, the more natural cause of the association of the inspired shoemaker's name with the hymn arises from the fact that he was the author of that plaintive tune called "Helmaley," to which it is usually sung. Master at once of the rhythm of verse and the notes of song, an indefatigable and useful preacher, and a stout controversialist, Thomas Olivers was indeed one of the order of wonderful shoemakers, and his life is one of the astonishing romances of religious biography.

### III.

SINGULAR pieces of heraldry have been adopted in great popular movements and revolutions, but one of the most singular was that in the dark ages, in one of the great revolts of the very lowly and poor in Germany—the "Bundschuh, or the Clouted Shoon." The story is one of the most romantic; it was the pathetic insignia of the shoeless, or the down-trodden hosts in those wild forests in those far-off times; it became quite a mark and sign of terror beneath the leadership of Joss Fritz. There was great difficulty even in getting it painted—but it was painted, and on silk—a peasant kneeling before the cross, with the sign of the clouted shoon, and the inscription, "Oh Lord, assist the righteous!" And concerning that epithet, "The Clouted Shoon," or, to quote its Scriptural expression, "Old shoes and clouted," a number of stories rise to the memory, the mention of which we will omit here, only putting together the two significant texts—that while the progress of the people through the wilderness is summed up in that suggestive description of the weariness of the way, that they went with "old shoes and clouted," the promise to the believer is in that fine one, "Thy shoes shall be as iron and brass."

Very different is it, however, in these days, when science is brought to bear upon the shoe. We have before us a most singular book on "The Foot and its Covering," comprising a full translation of Dr. Camper's work on "The Best Form of Shoe." It is by a learned shoemaker, one James Dowie; a study of the human foot and its covering from a shoemaker's point of view, who adopts as his text, with a slight variation, an old Latin proverb, "*Ridendo calceos corrigit*" ("Jesting, to improve your footgear, I intend.")

The great John Locke did not disdain to devote some portion of his attention even to this department of "the human understanding," and gave certain directions as to the kind of shoes most fitted to secure the health of children; but Mr. Dowie goes into the business at once with the delicacy of an anatomist and the enthusiasm of a patriot, and discusses again from a shoemaker's point of view the importance of attending to the foot covering of our soldiers as one of the grand means by which we may maintain a proper military standing among the nations. He quotes Sir George Ballingall, lecturer on military surgery in the Edinburgh University, who said that "it was much to be regretted that the medical officers of the army were not consulted respecting the soldiers' clothing and boots, the greater part of which is ill-adapted to the soldiers' requirements—especially his boots." And Mr. Dowie says: "General Sir Thomas Wiltshire told me he lost a considerable number of his men in the Afghan war by their becoming footsore, and consequently unable to keep up with the main body, when the enemy from the heights picked them off with the greatest ease; and this lameness and its consequences he attributes to the rigid-soled regulation boots of the public service." Mr. Dowie is strong in this matter also against the wicked encroachments of fashion. We must quote from him one little characteristic paragraph:—"Fashion may have her votaries and her influence, but the age in which we live is daily becoming more and more utilitarian in character, and there cannot be a doubt but the present system, if system it can be called, of sacrificing the usefulness of the human foot is doomed, and that even fashion herself, in spite of all the prejudices of the past, is about to pack up her old traps with a view to starting afresh on sounder principles in the shoeing of man." Mr. Dowie's book was written in 1861, and therefore he did not see what modern fashion is capable of in the restoration of Louis Quinze boots, with their ridiculous high heels, to the feet of our ladies. "There is an old toast," continues Mr. Dowie, "with which all are, no doubt, familiar—

'Here's to our friends! As for our foes,  
May they have short shoes, and corns on their toes!'

The plain English of which is embodied in what a prime minister once told me, in reply to something that fell from my lips, perhaps too much in favour of St. Crispin. 'Shoemakers should be all treated like pirates—put to death without trial or mercy, as they had inflicted more suffering on mankind than any class he knew.' The above nobleman (it was Lord Palmerston, who was a great patron of Mr. Dowie's) is well known for the precision with which he hits the nail on the head; and, however reluctantly we may say it, there can be no doubt but a *hobnail* is here driven into St. Crispin's heel that must be removed before he can stand at ease."

Although Lord Palmerston may not literally have dealt with bad shoemakers in the grim manner suggested in this conversation with Mr. Dowie, there are many instances in which those capable of venting their wrath in a severe kind of punishment have not hesitated to do so. There is a story of Don Carlos, the son of the infamous and brutal Philip II of Spain, how on one occasion his bootmaker, having brought him home a pair of boots which were too small, by the prince's order they were cut in pieces, cooked, and forced down the unhappy wretch's throat, to the imminent risk of his life. This don was a descendant of that shoemaker of Veyros whose story we told in the first paper. Of Dr. Francia, the terrible Dictator of Paraguay, it is told, that when a shoemaker did a singularly bad piece of work, he delivered him over to a soldier to be trotted for an hour underneath the gallows, with the assurance that the next time he did so bad a piece of work he should figure, not beneath but upon that unpleasant stage.

And while we are upon this half droll and half utilitarian line of remark, we are reminded of a paper, which would have suited Mr. Dowie's taste well, in an old volume of the "London Magazine and Review" for 1825, entitled, "The Street Companion; or, The Young Man's Guide and the Old Man's Comfort in the Choice of Shoes." We presume, from the satiric tone of the whole paper, that it is in mere satire its author says: "The glorious conqueror of Waterloo has also deigned to exhibit to me (it was in his own dressing-room—awful moment!) the first specimen of that admirable invention, which is due to his Grace's ingenuity, the high, or top shoe, commonly called the Wellington boot. The classical nature of his Grace's mind is as apparent in this circumstance as in his victories. The Wellington boot, re-invented by the hero of Waterloo, was a favourite winter shoe of the Roman rustic; and Juvenal's words are as applicable to the nineteenth century as to the first: *Quem non pudet alto per glaciem perone tegi*—He will not do anything forbidden who is not ashamed, through ice, to wear a rustic top-boot; for the *perone*, says Ainsworth, was a sort of high shoe, or boot, made of raw leather, worn by country people as a defence against snow and cold." Whether the Iron Duke's knowledge of the classics was so great as is implied in this cunning quotation of the satirist, may be doubted, but there can be no doubt of the happiness of the quotation.

## WEATHER PROVERBS.

### February.

**T**HOUGH not the wettest month in the year, February is usually marked by falls of snow or rain, and has well earned the title of "fill dyke" given it by Tusser. In old times it was considered more desirable to see snow than rain during this month, and fine weather was held to be most prejudicial.

"February fill dyke, be it black or be it white,  
But if it be white it's the better to like."

"If February give much snow,  
A fine summer it doth foreshow."

"The Welshman had rather see his dam on the bier,  
Than to see a fair Februer."

"All the months in the year  
Curse a fair Februer."

"When gnats dance in February the husbandman becomes  
a beggar."

The proverbs relating to special days in this month are particularly numerous, showing the great importance attached in bygone days to the weather of the early part of the year. February 3rd, which answers to January 22nd o.s., St. Vincent's Day, is the first day of which we have to take notice:—

"Remember on St. Vincent's Day,  
If that the sun his beams display,  
Be sure to mark his transient beam,  
Which through the casement sheds a gleam;  
For 'tis a token bright and clear  
Of prosperous weather all the year."

The same characteristic of sunshine should mark the 6th, which is "old" St. Paul's Day:—

"If Saint Paul's Day be faire and cleare  
It doth betide a happy yeare,  
But if by chance it then should rain,  
It will make deare all kinds of graine;  
And if ye clouds make dark ye skie,  
Then neate and fowles this year shall die;  
If blustering winds do blow aloft,  
Then wars shall trouble ye realm full oft."

Two passages in prose from Willsford's "Nature's Secrets" and the "Shepherd's Almanack" of 1676 prognosticate the same, but as they are simply paraphrases of the lines above, it is useless quoting them. As St. Vincent's Day and St. Paul's Day belonged to January in every way in the old style, these proverbs do not really contradict those which look for wet in February. The amount of weather wisdom which gathers round Candlemas Day [February 14th, n.s.] is surprising, there being more proverbs relating to that day than to any other in the whole year. If this day enjoys bright and sunny weather, winter will continue for a long time: the stormier the day the better for the farmer:—

"Foul weather is no news;  
Hail, rain, and snow,  
Are now expected, and  
Esteemed no woe.  
Nay, 'tis an omen bad,  
The yeomen say,  
If Phœbus shows his face  
The second [14th] day."

—County Almanack, 1676.

"If Candlemas Day be fair and clear,  
There'll be twa winters in the year."

"As far as the sun shines in on Candlemas Day  
So far the snow will blow in afore old May."

"The hind had as lief see his wife on the bier,  
As that Candlemas Day should be pleasant and clear."

"When Candlemas Day is come and gone,  
The snow lies on a hot stone."

In Aberdeenshire and the North of Scotland the rhyme is:—

"If Candlemas Day be dry and fair,  
The half of the winter's to come and mair.  
If Candlemas Day be wet and foul,  
The half of the winter is gone at Yule."

"If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,  
Winter will have another flight;  
But if Candlemas Day bring clouds and rain,  
Winter is gone and won't come again."

"After Candlemas Day the frost will be more keen,  
If the sun then shines bright, than before it has been."

"When the wind's in the east on Candlemas Day,  
There it will stick till the second of May."

There are several other sayings to the same purpose, but to quote all would take up too much space. It will be sufficient to point out that the experience of the French agrees with our own, for they say—

"A la Chandeleur,  
Grand froid, grand neige!  
S'il fait beau l'ours sort de sa tanière,  
Fait trois tours,  
Et rentre pour quarante jours."

And the Germans attribute similar sagacity to the badger. Proverbs connected with moveable days are clearly the result of superstition, and cannot possibly possess any practical value. Still, it may be well to note them, if for mere curiosity; and as Shrove Tuesday falls this year on the last day of February, two proverbs connected with it will be a fitting conclusion to the list for February:—

"Thunder on Shrove Tuesday foretelleth wind, store of fruit,  
and plenty."

"So much as the sun shines on Shrove Tuesday, the like will  
shine on every day in Lent."

In the "Shepherd's Almanack" for 1676 we find the following: "Some say thunder on Shrove Tuesday foretelleth wind, store of fruit, and plenty. Others affirm that so much as the sun shineth that day, the like will shine every day in Lent." The author, too, of the "Book of Knowledge," 1703, says: "On Shrove Tuesday, whosoever doth plant or sow, it shall remain always green." And Brand, quoting from a *ms. miscellany*, dated 1691, says that if the wind blows on this night, it betokens "a death amongst them that are learned, and much fish shall die in the following summer."

## Varieties.

**O'BRIEN, THE GIANT.**—I have been reading the account of the great giant O'Brien, and the discussion as to whether the bones of this huge man rest peacefully in his grave, or are standing in the attitude of Mr. Pitt in the Hunterian Museum. Five-and-thirty years ago I was pupil to Mr. Richard Smith, the senior surgeon of the Bristol Infirmary. Mr. Smith at that time was the oldest hospital surgeon in England, and by long marks the merriest, and during his long tenure of office (fifty years, I think) had collected the finest provincial pathological museum in the country, and he is still well remembered in his native town as a skilful surgeon, anatomist, antiquary, and local historian. Mr. Smith knew Patrick Collier O'Brien well, and not long before he died, about the year 1843, he told me the following story. I will give it you as nearly as I can in Mr. Smith's own words:—"They tell you in London that they have

got the skeleton of O'Brien in the College Museum, but they have not. They have got O'Byrne, a smaller man. Why, O'Brien was 8ft. 2in. If anybody could have got out his body it would have been myself. He was buried, sir, in the porch of the Roman Catholic Church in Trenchard Street. He had a great horror of being dissected, but I was determined to have him, and took a house (or intended to take a house) on the other side of the street, that we might dig a tunnel under the road, and remove him quietly. But we found he was buried in a grave sunk deep in the red rock, and the stone over him secured by strong iron bars, so that we could not run a mine to him without blasting with gunpowder, so we gave the plan up. And there he lies; and if anybody ever tells you that they have got him in London, you tell them that he would have been in Richard Smith's museum if in any museum at all." He also told me the early history of O'Brien, stating that a gentleman had seen a great raw youth blubbing in a public-house, which he could not leave, as he had not the means of paying his score; that he learned that the youth had arrived from Ireland to be exhibited as a giant, had quarrelled with his exhibitor, and was left penniless; that the gentleman took compassion on him, paid his debts, persuaded him to set up on his own account; that he did so in the public-house in Temple Street, long known afterwards by the sign, the Giant's Castle; that when he retired from public life he proved himself a quiet, simple, inoffensive man, as all over-big fellows are; that he used to walk about in the evenings when the darkness favoured his escape from notice; that he went almost nightly to the theatre, when he sat in the farthest back row in the boxes. The Giant's Castle I well remember; it is pulled down now, as everything else interesting in dear, dirty old Bristol has been pulled down to make room for improvements. The days I refer to were the old days when the study of anatomy was followed up by stealth in more ways than one, and the pickaxe and shovel were as much a part of an enterprising medical student's instrument list as his box of scalpels. Body-snatching was then, too, frequent, and Mr. Smith, in his young days, had the honour of being fired at by a militiaman from a barrack window overlooking a churchyard, under the impression that he was a ghost hovering over a newly-made grave. So the idea of driving an "adit" under a street road to get at a body would not have been thought so outrageous a thing then as it would be now. Moreover, all collectors have been, are now, and ever will be, thieves (make a note of this, please), and if it had been practicable at any price, Patrick Collier O'Brien would be now standing erect in the museum of that most cheery, kind-hearted surgeon and determined collector, Richard Smith.—*George Pycroft, in "Land and Water."*

**GLADSTONE OUT OF OFFICE.**—The following, written by Professor Blackie, appeared in the "Scotsman":—

"TO THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE OUT OF OFFICE.

"As when a steed that nobly won the race  
Retires, and wisely sooths his smoking flanks,  
So thou didst step from high-commanding place,  
Well pleased to hide thy laurels in the ranks.  
But not thy rest is deedless, nor thine ear  
Lies laxy on a languid-rotting tide;  
And, for thy hand is bound, thy thought the more  
Shoots high and low, and ranges far and wide.  
Not of one thread thy web; rich Nature made  
Thy substance up of most contrasted things,  
Prepared, as need might be, for either trade,  
To preach with prophets or to rule with kings;  
Even as she rears sometimes a growth of power,  
That is both hardy tree and dainty flower."

**SHIPS AT SEA.**—A correspondent of the "Times" gives some useful hints as to safety of passengers as well as security of property. Fires at sea are not unfrequently caused by the sailors "broaching the cargo":—"I can speak practically on the subject, having had upwards of twenty-four years' experience as a commander of sailing vessels of various sizes, from 500 to 1,100 tons, during which period I several times conveyed emigrants to the Australian colonies (fortunately without accident), the first occasion being in the year 1840. I am also interested in the matter, from being now an underwriter at Lloyd's, and connected with shipping both as an owner and as a merchant. In ships carrying cargo only, the source of mischief complained of might easily be prevented if the captain and officers simply did their duty. Accidents by fire to such ships are usually caused by the igniting of some combustible material taken on board without the knowledge of the officers. This could not easily be done if the chief officer himself were to



uperintend the taking in of the cargo, keeping account of everything put on board, while the second officer looked after the stowing, as was the custom some time ago. Instead of this, the plan now in vogue is for the broker to send a clerk to take in the cargo, while a stevedore and men hired by him are employed to stow it; the consequence of which is that in nine cases out of ten the chief or second officer scarcely knows what is in the ship, or where any particular article is stowed. It is often the case that on the arrival of these vessels at their destinations the cargo is found to have been plundered, and the robbery is as often committed by the stevedore's men or by the lightermen as by the crew. In ships carrying passengers (but not under the Act), and especially where they are berthed below, it is almost impossible to prevent plunder if either the seamen or the passengers are so inclined. Stores are generally served out from the hold, and seamen or passengers are employed to break out and serve them; hence they soon discover where spirits, beer, etc., are stowed, and quickly find an opportunity for plundering. In the case of emigrant ships, however, where so many lives are at stake, the Governments importing the emigrants might, if they chose, have the matter entirely under their control by stipulating with the owners of the ships employed that no spirits or liquors of any sort, eatables, oil, pitch, tar, resin, or other combustible articles, should be taken on freight. The Governments would, no doubt, with such terms, have to pay considerably more per head for the conveyance of each emigrant, but by this means the chance of accidents by fire would be lessened in no small degree. A great deal depends, also, upon the vigilance of the officers. If, instead of going their rounds of inspection at stated known times, they were to turn up now and again when least expected, passengers inclined to break through rules would be more afraid of being caught, and, therefore, less likely to commit such misdemeanours as have been spoken of. By adopting the plan mentioned of looking in upon them unawares, I have more than once found men smoking in bed, and the severest punishment I was allowed to inflict for such a dangerous breach of discipline was to stop a part of their rations, a regulation upon which the authorities on shore looked with some jealousy. I am afraid I have already trespassed too much on your valuable space, but I would remark, in conclusion, that, in my opinion, legislation is very much wanted for our seamen as well as for our ships. At present, out of a crew of, say, sixteen A.B.'s, not one-third of them could be trusted to heave the lead, while many would be found unfit to steer."

**MR. MOODY'S BIBLE.**—This is an interesting book. It was given to him by a friend, and bears on the fly-leaf the words—"D. L. Moody. Dublin, December, 1872. 'God is love.' W. Fay." The Bible is an 8vo volume, with flexible back, morocco covers, and turned edges. Though given to Mr. Moody in the last month of 1872, it appears as if it might have seen ten years' service. Some of the leaves are worn through with handling, but nearly every page gives another and more positive proof of the study Mr. Moody has given the book. In the Old Testament many portions are annotated on nearly every page. Especially is this true of those parts treating of the history of the Israelites, the chosen people of God. But in the New Testament, open the book wherever one may, the pages are marked and annotated in black, red, and blue ink to a wonderful extent. Sometimes certain words are underscored; again a whole verse is enclosed in black lines, with mysterious numbers or a single letter of the alphabet marked opposite; all around the margins and at the chapter heads are comments on certain passages—an idea embodied in two or three words, with the more important word underscored. Turning to the texts of the sermons Mr. Moody has preached in Brooklyn, one finds the burden of his theme often embodied in one of these marginal notes. There is scarcely a page in the New Testament where a dozen such annotations could not be counted; while in some instances every space in the margin is filled, and hardly a sentence has escaped the evangelist's pen.—*New York Tribune.*

**HEATHEN CHILDREN IN ENGLAND.**—The neglected condition of many of the young in towns—"City Arabs," as they are called—has been much discussed, and largely remedied. But it appears from the letter of "A West Country Parson" in the "Times" that children in agricultural districts are often equally neglected:—"While engaged in parochial visiting I happened to meet a boy, aged eleven years, who is working for a respectable farmer in my parish. To this boy, in the course of conversation, I put the following questions, and from him received these startling replies:—Have you ever been to school?—No. Can you read or write?—No. Have you ever been to a place of worship?—No. Do you ever say any prayers?—No. Do

you know who Jesus Christ was?—No. Have you ever heard of God?—No. Do you know what would become of you after death?—No. Have you a father and mother?—Yes. Do they ever go to a place of worship?—No. What do you do on Sundays?—Look after the cattle and such like. Now, here was a boy, bright and intelligent-looking, and, as I heard, of a thoroughly good disposition, whose mind with respect to mental and spiritual knowledge is absolutely a blank. Of any moral obligation he knows nothing. He eats and drinks, and looks after the cattle and such like, and is 'happy as a sandboy'; and yet when questioned he expressed a desire to know something of those things on which I had been speaking to him. You would call the boy a heathen. Poor little fellow, he is worse than a heathen. Heathens worship something, and know something; he neither knows nor worships anything. Let it be observed that this boy being under twelve years of age, the farmer who employs him in agricultural labour is knowingly breaking the law day after day, and who is to stop him? He snaps his fingers at the Act of Parliament, for he knows perfectly well that there is nobody in the parish who dares inform against him. His landlord will not trouble him; and as for the parson, he had better not meddle; and I do not think the parson had better meddle, for should I do so I should at once make a bitter enemy of every farmer in the parish, including the squire; and thus any influence for good I may at present have with them would at once be nullified and turned into violent opposition. In the meanwhile, this boy and others like him are to be allowed to grow up in the state of brutish ignorance I have described—and why? Because having an Act of Parliament framed expressly for remedying evils of this kind, there is no machinery whatever for putting it in force. I may remark that my parish is not by any means an out-of-the-way parish. The boy works within a mile of the parish church at which his master generally attends, and within two miles of a thriving seaport town. Moreover, all around him are school boards in full vigour of life, but none of which are able to touch cases of this kind, for we have no compulsory powers of attendance, nor have we any paid inspectors to see that the Agricultural Children Act is carried out."

**FLOODS IN THE THAMES VALLEY.**—At the time of the great floods of last November Mr. Robert Rawlinson, C.E., gave advice, which will be too probably neglected till the next disastrous floods come. We reprint a portion of his letter. The warning may be needed at any season of the year. In 1874 the greatest damage was done by the high tides of March. "There is probably more wealth on the banks of the Thames than on any other river in the world (and compared with some it is a mere rivulet), but look at the present state of the Thames—through past and continued neglect, it is now, when flooded, one vast pestiferous swamp. In Holland and in our Fen districts the inhabitants prevent flooding and even keep out the seas. The estuary of the Thames has been embanked from a time prehistoric, and yet the upper and richer portions of the valley are allowed to be disgracefully flooded. The river has at last been embanked through the metropolis. The valley above will no doubt some day also be dealt with. We are told by those who do not understand the question that floods are more common and more violent now than formerly—that land draining shoots the surface water down more rapidly. Land drains do nothing of the sort; but, if anything, for a time retard the discharge of flood water, just in proportion as the drained land absorbs the first rain. Floods are the effect of continuous rain—so continued that water flows off water, and the undrained surfaces and the drained surfaces then act alike—the subsoil must be saturated up to the surface, so that the continued heavy rain must flow down to choke the neglected and abused rivers and flood the valleys. 'Make reservoirs' is advice in one form. Make reservoirs, certainly, so far as may be necessary for domestic uses and for trade purposes; but making reservoirs will go a short way to preventing damage from rain-storm river floods. To prevent flooding there must be a free course provided for all excessive falls of rain, or mischief will ensue. A stream which is apparently dried up for months in a year can, in a few days, become a roaring and destructive torrent. And every great impounding reservoir has, in proportion to its gathering ground, a flood-water channel or by-wash. The several tablelands of England require arterial draining; the main lines of rivers also require to have their beds deepened, impediments removed, and their bordering alluvial flats embanked. The water which covers the swamped areas on each side of the Thames above London is only a fractional part of the flood volume, and in many cases very moderate embanking would prevent this disgraceful and unwholesome flooding."

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND,"—*Couper.*



THE HUNTER'S PRESENT.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER IX.—THE LIEUTENANT'S REVELATIONS.

THE lieutenant's hut stood in a hollow of the mountain side, partially sheltered by a thicket of evergreen shrubs, but open to the sun, which was shining in at its open door, bright and warm, as it shines in the fine winter days of New England, when the sky is clear and the frost has

been keen over-night. The leafless woods around were all in a glitter, for every bough was hung with icy gems that took a thousand colours as they caught the rays of light; the rough ground was in a glitter too, for every mountain plant and deep-rooted stump had got its share of brilliance, and the roofs of the cabins built round the ill-prospering works of Fort Frederick, where every sheltered spot could be found for them, had a glistening coat of the winter's wearing. Most of these cabins were tenantless, but from



some the smoke was rising through the aperture in the roof which served for a chimney. It was streaming up from the lieutenant's habitation, but he sat in the warm sunshine on a log beside his door, in an undress, shabby and weather-worn, with his arm in a sling, and whistling "Lord Antrim's March," though he looked considerably out of sorts and cheer. His hut stood alone, and at some distance from the rest; but a mountain path led past it, and along that path, at a rattling pace, came a young hunter, who might have been taken for an Indian at the first glance, for he wore the hunting-shirt, the girt-up blanket, and the long leggings of the red man, but his face and figure belonged to the European race. Both were singularly handsome; over his right shoulder he carried a rifle of the best construction then known—for it was on the flint-and-steel principle—and over the left a game bag, so well filled that dark glossy wings and tail feathers protruded from its opening.

The old soldier's face took a foraging look at the sight of it, and as the young hunter approached he said, "Good day, friend; I wish your luck had been mine this morning."

"Good day," said the hunter, pausing in his rapid march; "but have you got no luck of your own to spare?"

"Well, when a man cannot go a-shooting on account of a sprained arm, from a fall over one of those treacherous stumps in the dark, and dare not go to any farm-house to buy a chicken or so, for fear of the gentle ladies of these parts falling on him with poker, shovel, and tongs, I think he can scarcely be called lucky on the whole," said the lieutenant.

"Scarcely, indeed; but I am sorry to see a gentleman and a soldier so situated; do me the favour, sir, to choose anything that may suit you here;" and the hunter lowered his game bag, and opened it to show the contents.

"You are very good, sir, but a certain class should not be choosers, they say; anything you are kind enough to give me will be very acceptable under the circumstances," said the lieutenant.

"Well, suppose we say this fat turkey?" said the hunter, taking out a noble specimen of the Indian cock, as the first French colonists called it, and placing it on the log by the lieutenant's side.

"Really, sir, it is too much to take from you; but I have not had a good dinner for a twelvemonth, and I shall never forget your generosity in my time of need. If there were anything stronger than water within my reach, I should drink your health on the spot; do sit down and rest awhile." And the lieutenant made room on the log.

"That can be had, sir, if you will do me the honour." And the hunter produced from a wallet concealed by his blanket coat, a goodly flask and two cups of beechwood, one of which he proceeded to fill and hand to the ingenuous old officer.

"I don't generally drink in the morning, but I will on this occasion. Your name, sir, if you please; I like to drink a gentleman's health in due form. My own is Gray, Charles Edward by christening. My mother insisted on that, because her family were all Jacobites. I am not sure that they don't call George III the Elector of Hanover to this day."

"Families will have their ways," said the young man. "My name is Hunter—Westwood Hunter—at your service."

"A good name for these parts," said the lieu-

tenant; and the new acquaintances drank to each other out of the beechwood cups with all the complimentary formalities of the time—a time in which these drinking customs were the great curse of all society, as they are too much still.

"I must say, sir, you understand what good liquor is." And the old officer smacked his lips before he had half emptied the cup.

"Do me the favour to accept the flask; I can get another as well filled where I am going," said Westwood Hunter, as he placed his second present beside his first.

"No, no, sir—you are too generous, I cannot deprive you of such a valuable travelling companion." Here the lieutenant suddenly changed his strain, as a negro, with a bundle of dry sticks on his shoulder, emerged from the neighbouring wood. "Look, Pompey!" he cried, taking up the turkey and flourishing it in the air; "here is a treat we have not met with before in this inhospitable place. Go, my man, and make it ready for dinner, but mind you keep well within doors, for if they catch the scent they will be down upon it like a pack of wolves on a spent deer, and not leave a bone for us to pick; there are four young fellows that could eat a bison between them. You will stay and dine with me on your own present, my boy;" and he clapped Hunter on the shoulder. "Pompey is a splendid cook. You'll stay—say you will."

"I cannot, sir; don't press me. It would not be kind, for I have to meet a friend whom I may not see for some time again, far down in the low country beside the Connecticut; but I will sit here and rest awhile with your good leave, and then go on my journey," said Hunter.

"Well, my boy, I should be sorry to do anything unkind by you after your civility to me, but you will come this way again, I hope; maybe I will find something to make a fitting acknowledgment for your fat turkey and good liquor; as I was saying, you understand that subject, which cannot be said of most young men—they know little except about girls' faces. I'll warrant you are up to that matter, too; here is success to your wooing, my boy."

"Were you not up to it in your own time, lieutenant?" said his young companion.

"That I was. I courted a lady said to be the finest woman in Portsmouth; she was acknowledged belle of all the ladies at our garrison balls. But she jilted me, my boy—she jilted me. I couldn't blame her either," said the lieutenant; "there were seven sisters to provide for, with not a farthing of fortune, and every one plainer than another except herself. A rich army contractor came up to the scratch, and I was only a poor subaltern."

It is curious to notice how elderly men, even those of, grave and busy life, sometimes like to tell of the tender hopes, and the disappointments, of their younger days. That elderly soldiers, with idler life and fewer ideas, dwell on such topics is less surprising. Of Lieutenant Gray's prattle to his young friend we have told more than enough, were it not that it prepares the reader for some incidents in the sequel of the story.

"But you might have got promotion," suggested Hunter.

"Promotion!" and the old officer laughed ironically; "that shows how much you know about our country, my gay young man. If a man happens to have relations or connections among the tip-tops he will get promotion sure enough, but without that he

might as well expect guineas to be rained from the skies to him. Here is your humble servant, for example. My father was a merchant in London, thrifty and well-to-do. He wanted to make one of his sons a gentleman, and put the rest into business. I wanted to be a soldier, so he bought me a lieutenant's commission, and it is in my pocket yet. I have served the king nearly thirty years; I have been in as many actions in both Europe and America. It does not become a soldier to speak in his own praise, but I have had many an honourable mention by my superior officers. And what was the result? Why, at least a score of young coxcombs, with titled kin, stepping over my head, and some of them only young in the service, like our precious Captain Devereux."

"Nobody hereabouts seems to like the captain," said Hunter.

"Nobody could, for he is a fool—of the worst sort too; a fool that can talk. He has picked up saws and sentences in all directions. To hear him lay down the law on any subject one would imagine he knew everything under the sun and above it. It strikes an honest man dumb to hear him holding out on religion and morals after the rigs he has run."

"Has he led a bad life, then?" inquired Hunter.

"As bad as man could lead short of a quick march to the gallows," said Gray. "He was a trouble and disgrace to his family from his first use of the razor—maybe before it, for that matter; and it is not easy disgracing 'honourables,' which they are every one. His father was the younger brother of Lord Lavenham, you see, and lived on government sinecures all his days. He married an earl's sister, who had no chance of a better match because her fortune was little and her beauty less. This promising boy (Cecil Talbot Devereux is his name, I understand) was the youngest of five, and the only son. The four sisters are all old maids now, and the whole lot live at the family seat in Suffolk, a tumble-down old place, which it would take thousands to repair. They give out that Cecil is heir to the Lavenham estate, and a valuable inheritance it is! The lands are so deeply mortgaged that no amount of interest would induce one of the Jews to lend a farthing on a *post obit* from that quarter; and besides, nobody can certify that there is not a Scotch marriage contracted by the old viscount when in Edinburgh. It is also rumoured that two sons by this marriage are in the army."

"The one boy in a family is commonly spoiled, they say; and if the old folks at home spoiled Master Devereux, they have reaped abundant fruit of it. At Cambridge he got into debt too deep for his noble relatives to pay, and there were two or three charges of swindling his fellow-students besides. He avoided writs and prosecutions by flying to the Continent, where he remained for some years, moving from one town to another, and living by card-sharping and other disreputable means. At length, when the debts were somehow compromised, and the swindlings smoothed over, Cecil came back, and his friends got him into the Treasury. I don't know what he did there—they never let out the misdoings of young men related to lords—but he was dismissed within the year. Then his friends got him shipped to Jamaica, as manager of an estate belonging to the Earl of Arran, who is distantly related to his mother, but there were keen Scotch eyes upon him. He was found out appropriating cash—that is the correct phrase, I think—and sent adrift once more. How-

ever, he contrived to strike up with a widow at Spanish Town; she was a quadroon, with nearly as much of Spain as of Africa in her composition, but a remarkably handsome woman. An old negro, free and rich, had married her, and on his death, which happened but a few years after, left her a good jointure and one little boy, the heir of his property."

"The Honourable Cecil courted and married the widow, got hold of her jointure, got hold of the boy's inheritance; for one of the executors under his father's will was never known to be sober, and the other was in gaol for debt. Soon after, the boy was missing one day, and supposed to be kidnapped—there is a good deal of that work done with coloured children in the West Indian islands—but many thought that Devereux had a hand in the affair; and the boy has never been heard of since. His inheritance could not be sold without proof of his death, which in some respects was fortunate, for it remains to this day a dilapidated, neglected place, but still worth claiming if the negro's son should ever turn up again. Devereux spent all he could raise upon it in extravagant dissipation, spent the quadroon's jointure in the same manner, and neglected herself till the poor soul took to bad ways, and upset the little brain she had."

"When all was gone, her vile husband deserted her, and went to Barbados; but from that island he was obliged to fly for uttering forged cheques. The hunt for him was hot over all the West Indies, but the bird was not taken, and where he found refuge was never known. His family, to their great relief, I suppose, lost sight of him for years. Some tourists said they had seen him wandering about the Continent. And the most curious part of the tale was that the poor crack-brained woman disappeared from Jamaica when the search for him died away; and the said tourists believed they had seen her in his company."

"Be that as it will, Cecil Talbot Devereux turned up at last. The servants whispered that he had come home one night rather late, and in such a shabby condition that the four maiden sisters, mother and all, went off in strong hysterics at the sight; but they got over it, poor ladies, and kept him hidden somewhere till new clothes and other requisites were got ready, and then the viscount's heir showed himself, as grand as ever, and full of fine talk about his travels in Spanish America."

"It is probable that he was there in the latter part of his eclipse, for his negro servant, Paul, nearly as great a rascal as himself, let it out to Pompey, that he had placed his quadroon wife in a convent among the mountains of Peru, where it seems they kept a lunatic asylum—not an uncommon case, I believe, in Catholic countries. At any rate, he came home single and free, and with the possibility of a better career, it is to be hoped. His noble friend got the forgery business whitewashed the better for the lapse of time; got a captain's commission for him, and after the necessary drilling, sent him to cunning, time-gaining old Gage in New York. That is the man for getting up in the world. I remember when he was not much grander than myself; now he is a general and a governor, and married into one of the best families in the country. Connections again, my boy. Gage is related to the Devereuxs, and the Devereuxs are related to the ministers, so the family scapegrace, who could not be put in a creditable position at home, is sent out to be provided for in



Massachusetts, and Gage gets up an appointment for him to superintend the rebuilding of Fort Frederick. The old fox is perfectly aware that the captain might as well be sent to rebuild the Tower of Babel. He knows as much of engineering and fortification as he does of Japanese, and is as fit to manage the country people as a wild buffalo; but, then, that is the make-believe part of the business. The real one is a certain Squire Delamere, living in a fine estate of his own, called the Elms, down yonder, beside the Connecticut, and his daughter, who is to inherit it after him. Believe me, she is the handsomest girl I ever saw, except the one who turned her back on me and took the army contractor. Heigho! they are thinking of their children matchmaking now, and I am here, an old fellow whom no woman would take, for want of means to keep an officer's lady. Well, as I was saying, Devereux's real business is to court the heiress, and come in for the estate in due time. It seems the Lavenham family had some kind of a claim on it out of date and out of mind, but they have an eye on the chance you see, trust them for that. They say the captain had no mind to try it at first, but since he has seen the girl and the estate, he is dead on them both, which is not to be wondered at; but, Mr. Hunter, it goes against my conscience to see a half-married, ill-conditioned, ill-conducted knave like him getting hold of such a fine girl in the days of her youth and innocence."

"Do you think he will succeed, then?" The young man's look was bent on the ground.

"I fear he will," said the lieutenant. "Delamere is a fine, generous fellow, but he has a good bit of the simpleton in him—just the man for Devereux to talk over; and I fancy the notion of his daughter being called 'your ladyship' some day has got into his head. There would be no use in telling him what sort of a son-in-law he is likely to have; the man is as obstinate as a hundred pigs when he happens to be bent on a thing. Devereux would swear it was the blackest of calumny, and you know it doesn't suit to speak against one's superior officer, especially when he is related to a lord."

"And the young lady," inquired Hunter, still contemplating his mother earth; "is she as much taken with the prospect of a title as her father?"

The lieutenant did not notice the eager, anxious tone in which that question was asked, but he answered quickly, "Not a bit of her; she has got twice her father's sense, and I think can smell a rat, young as she is. In short, I wouldn't mind surely affirming that for all his fawning and flattering, she hates the sight of Devereux; but by all accounts she is a good girl, and won't go against her father in anything; so I am afraid she may be persuaded to marry the crafty villain at last; and the more's the pity."

"It is," said Hunter, as he rose and took up his rifle. "Good day, sir; and many thanks for your curious tale; it lets a young fellow like me know something of the world; but of course I repeat nothing of the kind."

"No doubt of your discretion, my boy; I never saw a man of the woods wanting in that. Good day; and sorry I am that you can stay no longer. But you won't forget to come again this way," said the lieutenant.

"Be sure I will, if it were only to see you and hear how the captain's business gets on;" and, warmly returning his sturdy shake-hands, the young

man set forward at a pace which soon took him out of the old officer's sight.

"A first-rate fellow," soliloquised the latter. "I'll warrant he is a son of liberty, or a Minute Man; it is best to have no hand in their politics; he has given me a good dinner, and something to wash it down, so good luck go with him. Wise folks they are in England to think of taming a country full of boys like that; and old Gage writing to them that when the British lion roars the Americans will become lambs; no, indeed, they will find their mistake soon;" and he went in to look after Pompey and the turkey.

### THE PROFESSIONS IN LONDON.

THERE can scarcely be a more practical measure of the advance which a people has made in its progress towards a complete civilisation, than is afforded by the number and prosperity of the professors of the humane and liberal arts among them. The noble savage running wild in the woods was under no obligation to professional men; he had no lawyer to fleece him or to prevent him from being fleeced; no doctors to cure him or to kill him; no music-masters to teach him the gamut; no Terpsichorean sage to educate his bare toes, and induct him into the mysterious mazes of the waltz or polka. If he was ill, he had to get well, or get worse and die, as it might happen. If he broke a limb he remained a cripple for life; and when pestilence assailed his tribe it "mowed them down," and they perished miserably because there was none to help. The first professors, there can be little doubt, were those of the art of healing, seeing that sickness and wounds must have been the first grievous calamities of suffering humanity. That this was so there is sufficient evidence in ancient records, for we read of "learned leeches," and "physicians skilled to heal," as existing in times when, beyond the hateful art of war, none of the arts were known, at least as they are known now, and have been known and practised for centuries. When the bonds of society became closely knit together—when property had become to be held sacred, and vested interests were respected, then the clever, the cunning, the unscrupulous, and the industrious grew rich; wealth, the parent of so much else, was the parent of luxury, and luxury in course of time took so many and various forms, and became so exacting in its demands, that the business of satisfying its claims was found to be among the most remunerative that persons of special talent could engage in. But if the demands of luxury gave birth to many of the professions, the necessities of industry have originated at least as many more. It is all very well to say, as some have said, that Science and Industry walk hand in hand—they do not; probably they would if they could; but Science is a head and shoulders too tall to be a yoke-fellow with Industry, who would fail to keep pace with him at all but for the interference of a middleman, who is generally found to be a professor of some sort, and who translates the dicta of the man of science into the language of the workshop, and thus practically brings the two together for the general benefit. Any one who will take the trouble to overhaul the details of our manifold manufactures, will see how thoroughly this is the case; and if he be a man of cosmopolitan tendencies, he will be gratified in observing how com-

pletely all grades of intellect are woven, as it were, into one social web.

We propose, in the present paper, to make, as briefly as may be, an enumeration of the principal professions practised in London, and to mark in each case the proportion they bear to the entire population.

As the professors of the healing art are, beyond question, of the greatest antiquity, we will begin with them. There are 1,500 Surgeons in London (the mass of them known as general medical practitioners), which gives one to each 2,300 inhabitants. Physicians number in all nearly 600, which gives one to every 6,000 inhabitants—reckoning the entire population of the metropolis at three millions and a half. Dentists number some 450, or one to every 7,700 inhabitants. Of Chiropodists there are 21, or one to about each 169,000 inhabitants. Of Aurists there are but 3, or one to each 1,170,000. The Oculists are 5 in all, or one to each 700,000 inhabitants. The reader may perhaps draw some sage inferences from this brief list. He will see that in proportion to the population the medical practitioners are alarmingly too few, and he may wonder how it comes to pass that a round number of them are without a remunerative practice. The reason is that medical advice and medicine are afforded gratis in London every day to thousands of applicants who are in a condition to pay for it. In country towns the proportion of medical men to population is much larger than in the capital, simply because advice and medicine are not to be had for the asking by persons able to pay for them. Again, it is observable that, relatively to the need for them, the Dentists are far more numerous than the general practitioners—the explanation being, that Dentists *never* work gratuitously—the beggars, who care less for their teeth than for what they put between them, not honouring them with their patronage. The same remark applies to the other professors in this list, with the exception of the Oculists who render aid to the poor at the Ophthalmic Hospital.

Subordinated to the medical profession are the Chemists and Druggists, of whom there are in the metropolis about 1,000, or one to every 3,500 of the population. In addition to these, however, there are about 200 Manufacturing Chemists and about 40 Analytical Chemists. Of the shopkeeping Chemists, we may remark that in districts where the poor abound, they are to a large extent the medical practitioners of the neighbourhood, giving their advice gratis, and charging only for their medicines. The old faith in herbs and in their curative power, which was so general a few generations back, has not died out; and there are in London some 50 Herbalists, or one to 70,000 of the inhabitants—a proportion very small indeed compared with that which exists in the northern counties, where the vegetable professors are held in more general estimation. Of Veterinary Surgeons, London boasts about 120, or one to each 29,000 of the people, which figures, we may be sure, quite fail to represent the facts as to the treatment of equine disease—the horse being subjected to far more empirical handling than falls to the lot of his rider. The Surgical Instrument Makers—the indispensable allies of the professors—number in all about 100, which would afford one to every 15 members of the medical staff of the capital—figures again which might mislead us if we failed to take into account that the Surgical Instrument

Makers of London supply not only the metropolis, but the provinces in good part, the colonies, and many of the most celebrated operators of the Continent. The makers of Artificial Eyes and Limbs, who do their best to put the finishing touch to the work of the surgeons, are 17 only, or one to about 200,000 of the inhabitants.

Let us glance now at the Legal Profession. The Barristers in London number not less than 2,400, or one to every 1,450 inhabitants. How many of them figure in the law courts we cannot pretend to say. What appears to be the case is, that a very modest percentage of them attain to eminence in their profession. Of Attorneys and Solicitors, the number is somewhat over 4,000, or one to about 900 inhabitants. This is, however, but an imperfect summary of the legal profession. The law is such a comprehensive and complex business—it has so many inlets, offshoots, and tributaries, so to speak, that it is quite impossible within the limits of a paper like this to furnish even a sketch of its fair proportions. Besides the Barristers, Attorneys, and Solicitors, there are Special Pleaders, Conveyancers, Notaries, Proctors, and officials attached to the various courts and legal institutions, with regard to whom we have no definite information. Taken all together, the number of professionals in London attached to the legal profession cannot be much short of 6,000. Reckoning their earnings at £1,000 a year each, we have six millions of money as the annual cost of law charges—an amount which seems in some measure to justify the assertion sometimes made by foreigners that the English are pre-eminently a litigious race. Of Shorthand Writers, many of whom are employed in the law courts, and not a few of whom have studied for the profession, the number is supposed to be about 100, or one to 35,000 inhabitants; but this would include, we imagine, only those thoroughly skilled in the art, which is one of which it is easy to acquire a smattering, but exceedingly difficult to master completely. It should be remembered also that there are a large number of Reporters whose names are not registered in any list.

Artists who practise in London number about 500, or one to 7,000 of the population, a number that seems but small when we recall the numerous exhibitors in the various galleries open to view every season; but, in fact, many London artists prefer, for obvious reasons, to reside a few miles out of town. Of Sculptors, London boasts 140, or one to 25,000 inhabitants. Photographers are about 350 in number, or one to 10,000 inhabitants. Of Wood-engravers there are about 170, or nearly one to 20,000 inhabitants; and this class of artists is constantly on the increase owing to the large and continued demand for illustrated works.

Turning to the subject of education, we find the number of Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses, who are the proprietors of private schools, to be about 1,200, or one to 2,900 inhabitants—a number absurdly inefficient at first view, but hardly so when we recollect that it does not include public schools, board schools, national schools, or ragged schools, and when we bear in mind the fact that a vast proportion of the London youth of both sexes are educated at provincial schools. Of professors of foreign and dead Languages the number is about 100, or one in 35,000 inhabitants. Of professors and teachers of Music the number is 350, or one to 10,000 inhabitants. In carrying out their harmonious designs, the musical

professors are aided by 280 pianoforte makers, 50 organ-builders, 12 flute makers, 10 fiddle makers, 3 harp makers, and some score of makers of various other instruments, amongst whom figures one guitar maker.

The London Accountants number in all 480, or one to 7,300 inhabitants. Of Actuaries there are about 60, or one to 58,000 inhabitants. Of Architects there are 910, or one to 3,800 inhabitants. Surveyors number 240, or one to 14,500 inhabitants. The Civil Engineers are 520, or one to 6,700 inhabitants.

Of all the London professionals the Phrenologists would appear to have the least encouragement, for there are only three of them, or not so many as one to each million of the population.

Though the list of London professionals given above may be taken as tolerably accurate, so far as it goes, it need not be regarded as in any way complete. We have no other authority for it than that of the London Directory, and it is obvious that many professors, especially men widely celebrated, would not be entered as such in that hugest of volumes. "Men of letters" and "gentlemen of the press" are rarely registered under these titles. But still, the omissions would be comparatively few in number, and would consist of a class who come but little in contact with the mass of the population. In what has been set down the reader has material for forming some idea of the practical value of the various professions that minister to man's necessities, or to his pleasures, his whims, or his wayward fancies. If he have passed middle life, and his memory serves him, he may find food for reflection in observing that professions, like everything else, are subject to mutation and decline—that some which were once flourishing have altogether vanished from the community, or have dwindled to insignificance; while others, of which our forefathers had not the remotest conception, are numerous and thriving. Some of these, it is very certain, will decay and fall out of the list in their turn, and new ones arise in the coming generations.

#### METTRAY AND DE METZ.

THE Touraine, or that portion of the beautiful valley of the Loire which surrounds Tours, is one of the most interesting districts of France. It is, together with the immediately adjacent country, peculiarly associated with many of the most notable events and personages recorded in French history, from the days of Charles Martel to those of Joan of Arc, and, later still, to those of M. Gambetta and the temporary removal of the government from Paris to Tours, during the German siege of the capital in 1871. The old castles of the Touraine are more numerous and stately than those of most other provinces. They include the château of Blois, where the infamous Catharine de Medici died, and where her son, Henry III, murdered the two Dukes of Guise, his deadly foes; the castle of Amboise, where Francis I and other Valois sovereigns held their court, and where young Mary Queen of Scots and her boy-husband were compelled to witness the massacre of hundreds of Protestants by Catharine de Medici and the Guises; the wonderful château of Chenonceaux, built on arches over the River Cher, and still as perfect as when Diana of Poitiers and Mary of Scotland graced it as their residence.

These and other castles, as those of Chambord, Chaumont, Loches, and Plessis les Tours, with their royal occupants, have made the Touraine very famous in French history.

But in the present century, perhaps none of these renowned centres of past notoriety have attracted so much attention towards the Touraine as the little township forming the agricultural colony and reformatory of Mettray, a short distance from the city of Tours. It consists of about twenty chalets, or homes, arranged in convenient order, and interspersed with trees and avenues, and having a church in the centre. Each home is adapted for forty youths and one or more care-takers; so that the establishment altogether consists of nearly eight hundred boys, forming about twenty large families, who unite in the culture of an extensive farm, and also when assembled for public worship and for military drill; but who are otherwise worked, lodged, and fed in their respective homes, under their own "house-father."

One of the houses, more prettily surrounded with flowers and ornamental shrubs than any of the others, is allotted to a number of the younger criminal and deserted children under the age of ten years. The other houses, which are named respectively after persons or places, as Paris, Tours, Orleans, Poitiers, Benjamin Delessert, and so forth, contain groups of older boys, all of whom have been placed under arrest for leading criminal or vagrant lives, and are committed to Mettray as a place of reformation and detention.

One of the most characteristic features of the establishment is the military discipline and training which prevails throughout, causing it to resemble in many ways, and, indeed, too nearly, a barrack for juvenile soldiers. The times of rising in the morning, of retiring at night, of going to work, and of returning to meals, are announced by the sound of the bugle. At the bugle note each lad jumps out of his hammock in the dormitory, kneels in prayer, and marches in silence with his comrades into the yard for his ablutions. Again, at the bugle sound at night, all take their stand by their hammocks; then, at a further signal, they unroll and hook them to the posts, again kneel in prayer, undress in order, and arrange themselves for sleep.

During the daytime the youths are actively occupied in farm work, gardening, and looking after the cattle and poultry. Some of their number are also practised in the occupations of carpentry, smith-work, tailoring, shoemaking, farriery, stone-cutting, painting, and baking. A loft is devoted to instructing some of them, also, in a knowledge of the sails, masts, and rigging of ships, the instructor being a practised old sailor, and his object lesson a beautiful model of a three-masted ship, presented to the "colony" by the French Minister of Marine. On Sundays and church holidays work is for the most part suspended.

The youths receive elementary instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, mental calculation, geometry, drawing, and history. Much attention is devoted to the study of music, both instrumental and vocal. The "colony" possesses a good military band, and many of the youths are expert and skilful musicians. On Sundays and holidays they march in procession to the sound of their own music. They also often enjoy concerts amongst themselves. This training is found serviceable to the considerable

proportion of Mettray youths who afterwards enter the French army.

The observance of religious duties and the attendance of regular worship are made prominent objects of attention. For it was a fundamental principle with M. De Metz, the founder, that religious instruction and practice constitute the essential element of all moral regeneration. He heartily endorsed the maxim of a modern writer, applicable both to young delinquents and to adults: "Without religion prisons may indeed be reformed, but never the prisoners themselves." Another eminent Frenchman, M. De Tocqueville, has declared that "No human power is comparable to religion in its efficacy to reform criminals; and it is upon religion mainly that the future of penitentiary reform must depend." We may lament that a purer form of religion is not in use at Mettray, but the founder no doubt acted up to his light.

A strict discipline is maintained at Mettray. The punishments inflicted are private remonstrance, public reprimands, confinement during recreation hours, withdrawal of privileges and prizes, a dietary of bread and water, and imprisonment in a cell, light or dark, according to the nature of the offence. In connection with petty thefts, an opportunity for reconsideration is afforded each offender by the erection, in an easily accessible but private spot, of a large box inscribed, "For things lost." When any object is missing, no further inquiry is made if, within a day or two, it is found to be placed in this box, whence it can be promptly and quietly restored to its rightful owner. The "colony" possesses a banner, or flag, like that of an army regiment. This is, from time to time, entrusted to the care of the lads in the house whose inmates have received the smallest number of punishments. This mark of trust and honour is highly appreciated, and tends to increase the collective good influence of the members of each household. Thus, at times, when a lad is about to do a wrong act, his companions are bound to exclaim, "Don't do that, or you will prevent us from getting the flag!" On the occasions when the flag is formally entrusted to any particular household, its members take the first rank in a long procession, which, with the music of the band accompanying, files in military order through the extensive walks and avenues of the estate.

The two chief elements of the remarkable reformatory success which has characterised Mettray, are, first, the adoption of the family system, and secondly, the exercise of a permanent kindly oversight over all the youths, even after their dispersion to distant parts of France. M. De Metz had observed that all large institutions have a necessary tendency to produce evils by reason of the congregation of numbers. Hence large prisons, large asylums, large schools, large almshouses, all manifest special dangers and disadvantages in proportion to the number of their inmates massed together. He therefore determined that at Mettray no family should consist of more than forty youths, and that each forty should have a kind and judicious "father," or care-taker, responsible for that particular household, and devoting himself to its every want in a spirit of paternal and sympathetic earnestness.

Nor was this paternal care to cease when the youths left the "colony." It was to follow them wherever their future lot might be cast. Those former inmates who reside in the neighbourhood are

welcomed to rejoin their comrades every Sunday and holiday, on which occasions they dine at the old spot again. If they are taken ill, the Mettray infirmary is again open for their reception and care. Some years ago an ex-colonist, whilst working in the fields a few miles from Mettray, met with a serious accident. He begged that he might be at once conveyed to his old "home" there. Feeling life ebbing away, he exclaimed to the driver of the vehicle, "Drive faster, or I shall not live to get there." Soon after he reached the beloved spot, the poor fellow died. He said, "I am giving you a great deal of trouble; but I couldn't bear the thought of dying amongst strangers." In one of the schoolrooms there is the portrait of a Zouave of the Guard, wearing on his breast the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Underneath the portrait are his words: "I send the first hundred francs resulting from my Cross, to the colony, the mother of my adoption." A large volume would not suffice to contain the many letters received from former "colonists" conveying lively expressions of their deep gratitude to M. De Metz, and to his colleagues, the "fathers" of the "homes."

The oversight of the discharged lads is divided into two departments—that for Paris and that for the provinces. The care of all the youths who have taken up their abode in Paris after leaving Mettray, was, for eighteen years, undertaken gratuitously by the late M. Verdier, an estimable and highly respectable member of the French Bar. Since his decease, this useful office has devolved upon M. Demoreuil, previously one of the "house-fathers" at Mettray.

The general oversight of the "colonists" scattered throughout France, numbering about 3,000 altogether, is chiefly exercised from Mettray itself, partly by correspondence with district agents, and partly by tours of inspection and visitation. Many were the arduous and expensive journeys thus undertaken by the excellent M. De Metz, in looking after the dispersed members of his flock. Like a faithful and good shepherd, he traversed long distances, on many occasions, in this good work of fatherly sympathy and benevolent solicitude. All this care has had its rich reward. Previous to the establishment of Mettray the number of relapses into crime, amongst this class, was forty-nine per cent.; amongst the Mettray youths it is only four per cent.

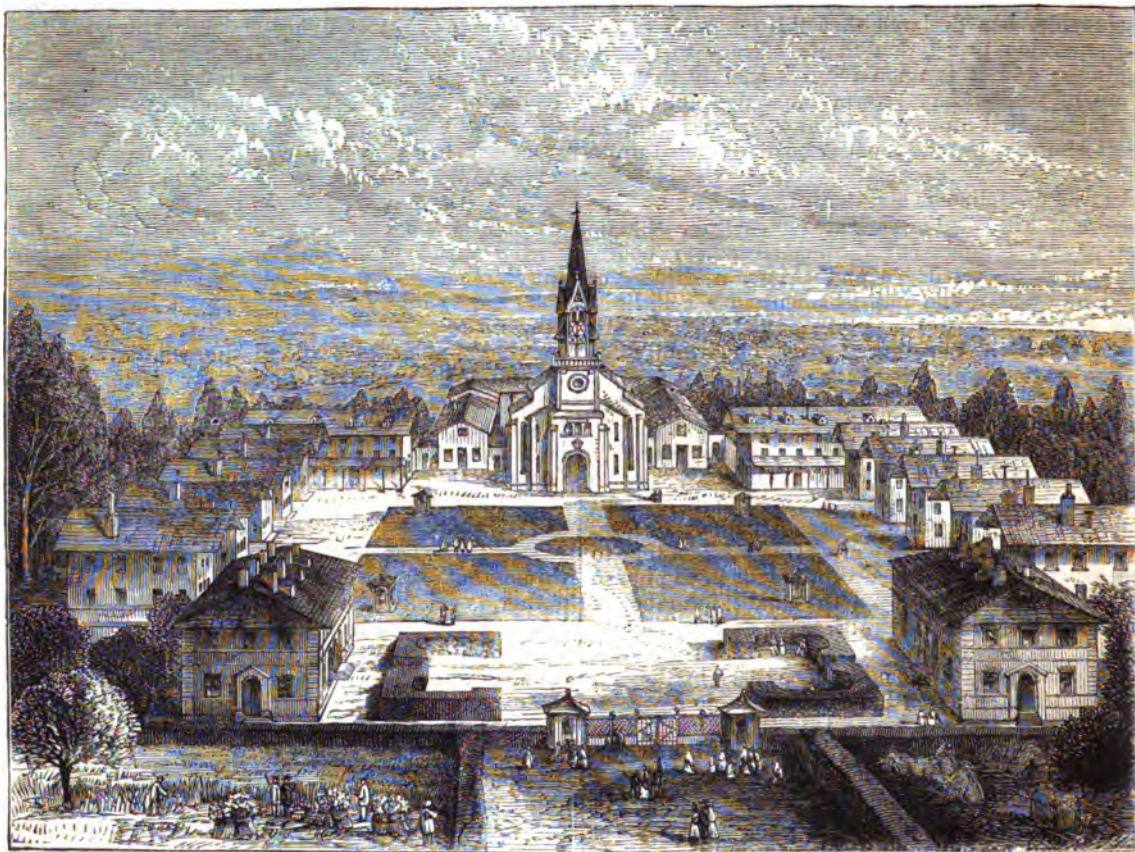
Since the foundation of the colony, 4,500 youths have been received into it. Of these, about 850 were the children of criminals; about 1,400 were the offspring of parents never married; 580 were the children of second marriages; and about 850 were orphans. Half of the "colonists" become agricultural labourers; one-fourth become mechanics and general workmen; the remaining fourth join the army and navy of France.

Although Mettray is unwallled and open to the country, yet it is a remarkable fact that only one youth has run away out of the thousands sent to the establishment. When the institution was projected, the neighbouring farmers and householders manifested great opposition and alarm, being terrified lest the class of lads for whom it was designed should escape by wholesale and commit all manner of robberies, outrages, and incendiaries in the vicinity. But the actual results of the establishment have been most strikingly the reverse of what was apprehended. Instead of turning out incendiaries, the young colonists have formed a well-disciplined



fire brigade, through whose exertions many a neighbouring dwelling has been saved from the flames. In cases of flood and inundation, their services have been equally useful in the vicinity. In 1856, when an alarming rise of the waters of the Loire took place, the city of Tours was in imminent danger of inundation. But several hundred of the lads of Mettray were marched down to the city, and by dint of arduous labour day and night, with shovels and pickaxes, managed so effectually to raise ramparts

continued to experience the kindness of liberal patrons. Foremost amongst these may be mentioned M. Drouyn de Lhuys, formerly Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Emperor Napoleon III, of whom he was a most intimate friend and devoted adherent. During the past year M. De Lhuys has made a munificent gift of 20,000 francs (£800) to the institution, towards the expenses of establishing, in connection with the colony, a laboratory of agricultural chemistry, for the benefit not merely of



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against the flood, that the town was saved from a disastrous overflow. After the danger was averted, the municipal authorities presented two gold medals to the youths, and to the director of their operations on the occasion, M. Blanchard, who has subsequently succeeded M. De Metz as head of the establishment. The medal for the youths, as a body, was inscribed:—"To the colony of Mettray the city of Tours thus manifests its gratitude.—Inundation of 1856."

The establishment is now regarded with the kindest interest by the whole neighbourhood, far and wide, throughout which it is recognised as a most useful and admirable institution—an honour and credit to all France, and especially to its own vicinity.

The French Government pays £10 per annum (250 francs) for each boy sent to Mettray. But the actual cost is £18 10s. per head. The average annual value of each lad's labour is £1 10s. Hence a balance of £7 each has to be made up by the voluntary subscriptions of the benevolent.

Since the death of M. De Metz the institution has

the lads there, but of farmers, students, and others in the neighbourhood.

The land belonging to the colony at and around Mettray consists of 530 acres. In addition to this, 330 acres are rented, making 860 acres altogether under cultivation, or more than one square mile and a quarter.

It may be appropriate here to mention that at a short distance from Mettray there is another philanthropic establishment, which also owes its existence to the exertions of M. De Metz. It is named *La Maison Paternelle*, or the *Paternal Home*. Its object is to furnish an institution for the temporary training and discipline of the insubordinate sons of respectable parents. This class of youths may, in accordance with the laws of France, be placed under arrest for awhile, either in a prison or in some such institution as that founded by M. De Metz. It was a youth of this description who, on being expelled for his misconduct from a college, remarked to the principal: "All the better! I shall now have a per-

petual holiday!" It is for such youths that the "Paternal Home" furnishes a discipline at once kind but firm. But they are subjected to a treatment very different from that of the young "colonists." Whereas the latter work together in companies, the boys at the "Paternal Home" are, at any rate for a time, kept entirely apart from each other, and subjected to a "cellular" life, with the object of com-

in gymnastics, riding, music, and drawing. But a rigorous system of temporary separation from all other youths is maintained, until a really tractable and repentant disposition becomes manifest. And in M. De Metz's view, nothing was so efficacious in this direction as a sufficient continuance of cellular treatment, combined with diligent study, private exercise or labour, and the religious counsels of a minister of



M. DE METZ.

elling them to reflect upon their past conduct, and of separating them from the excitements and corrupt influences of other disorderly companionship. As an instance of this separation, it may be mentioned that two untractable youths, brothers, were both at the "Home" for a considerable time simultaneously, but each was not aware of the other's presence there until a long period afterwards. Teachers visit each youth daily in his cell, and see that he is well employed in study and work. After awhile, as an improved disposition becomes manifest, various ameliorations of the cell treatment are permitted, as pictures, flowers, and birds. His instructors frequently converse with each lad, and he is permitted to work at a plot of ground specially allotted to him. By degrees he is allowed to exercise himself

religion. Of course, the duration of this discipline varies with different lads, but about two months is usually found long enough to effect an important and beneficial change in the boys brought under this system of treatment. They are then permitted to return to their relatives. The usual number of lads in the "Paternal Home" is about forty. Since its foundation, in 1855, about twelve hundred have been received within its walls, and subjected to its wholesome discipline. Thus many hundreds of disobedient and troublesome lads, who seemed to baffle all other attempts at control, have been materially benefited and subdued by M. De Metz's wise plan of actively employed but compulsory isolation for a period long enough to produce reflection, and to initiate habits of sober study and exertion.



Having now taken a brief survey of Mettray and its inmates, a few particulars concerning its illustrious founder may interest our readers. M. De Metz, born in 1794, was a gentleman of aristocratic family, an inheritor of wealth and influential position. His natural talents were cultivated by an excellent education, and he devoted the earlier portion of his life to the eager study of art, antiquities, and horticulture. He made valuable collections of coins, rare books, curiosities, and pictures. By travel in various lands, by intercourse with persons in all grades of society, and by careful reading and observation, he further increased his qualifications for public usefulness. In 1821 he received the appointment of Presiding Magistrate (Judge) of the Tribunal of the Seine. He rose by successive steps to other judicial honours, becoming, in turn, President of the Court of Correctional Police of Paris, Councillor of the Royal Court, and Judge of the Court of Appeal.

It was whilst presiding from day to day over the Paris police-courts that his attention became drawn, with deepening earnestness, to the miserable and pitiable condition of multitudes of the youths of that great metropolis. He saw that so long as these remained in their wretched circumstances of ignorance and privation there was no possibility of their being effectually rescued from crime. On one particular occasion eight little boys, several of whom were orphans, were arraigned before him for some offence. In consideration of their utterly neglected condition, the kind-hearted magistrate thought it would be a mercy to sentence them to a considerable term of imprisonment, in order, as he imagined, to keep them out of harm's way. But his heart was moved when, after sentence, he beheld the little creatures lifted down off the form on which they had been placed to render them visible to the court, and led away to gaol by the officers. Their memory haunted him for days, and after several weeks he paid a visit to the prison whither they had been sent, to inquire how they were getting on. To his surprise and horror he found that, owing to the evil influences and corrupting examples of the other criminals, both juvenile and adults, with whom the little boys had been associated, they had already become manifestly depraved and hardened. This discovery, in connection with subsequent examinations into the state of prisons, awakened M. De Metz to a conviction of the truth that congregate imprisonment intensifies and increases criminality instead of diminishing it.\* Hence, feeling that imprisonment in the Paris gaols was a further cruelty, he adopted the course of only passing nominal sentences, or the shortest terms allowed by law, upon the juvenile offenders there-after brought before his tribunal.

But this course soon led to complaints against him being lodged with the higher authorities. Being called to account, he explained his reasons to the Minister of Justice, who could not blame his generous motives, but nevertheless promoted him to a higher judgeship, where he no longer had to take official cognisance of the offences of juvenile criminals.

But the wretched condition of so many of these poor youths had taken permanent hold of his heart.

\* The chief convict prisons of England and Ireland, as Chatham, Portland, Portsmouth, Woking, Dartmoor, and Spike Island (near Cork), are still conducted on this pernicious congregate or gang system. Great moral corruption and frequent acts of violence are the necessary result of this practice.

Amid his new duties, amid his wealth, amid his elegant, artistic tastes, amid his social popularity, M. De Metz (like the Apostle Paul at Troas) seemed to hear the voices of the children of Paris constantly exclaiming in his ears, "Come over and help us! Come over and help us!" At length the persistency and growing force of these impressions appeared to constitute an imperative call to devote himself entirely to their cause. Accordingly, M. De Metz first resigned his lucrative and honourable judicial appointments. Then, after making a suitable pecuniary provision for his wife and daughters, he prepared also to devote most of his property to the design contemplated by him. But, like a wise and prudent man, before committing himself to any irrevocable step, he determined to visit various countries, with a view to study their respective prison systems, and especially their modes of treating juvenile offenders. With this object he traversed Germany, Holland, Great Britain, the United States of America, and other lands. During these journeys he made the acquaintance of many philanthropic persons, with whom he afterwards maintained mutually useful communications.

It was at the little village of Horn, in the valley of the Elbe, in Germany, that M. De Metz now paid a visit to an institution which gave him the idea, the principle, and the plan afterwards developed into the colony of Mettray. At Horn he found an establishment of forty-eight boys, placed in four houses, each containing twelve lads, under the care of a "house-father," each house being separated from the other by a garden or orchard. In this excellent institution, founded by Wichern, the originator of the somewhat similar "Rauhe-haus," near Hamburg, the fundamental principles were individual religious influence, agricultural labour, and the family system. Writing of Horn, M. De Metz remarks: "The division of bodies of youths into families seems to be the fundamental principle of successful reformatory influence."

On returning to France from his long journey of observation, he resolved to found an institution for at least 300 youths on this family system. His views excited deep interest in the mind of one of his intimate friends, the Baron Breteignières de Courteilles, formerly an officer of the Guards under Charles x. This nobleman offered one hundred acres of rich land near Tours, and a further donation of £1,000 towards the foundation of the colony. This splendid offer was of course accepted, and was the means of at once making the institution of Mettray an accomplished fact in the year 1839. From that time forward both these excellent men, M. De Metz and M. de Courteilles, withdrew themselves almost entirely from the refined and noble society in which they had been accustomed to move as honoured members, and henceforth devoted themselves most assiduously, and in harmonious joint action, to the care and oversight of hundreds of the most neglected and degraded lads in France. Many other persons contributed funds and general assistance, but the brunt of the real labour of maintaining the institution devolved upon these two really noble men.

And thus they continued to labour, side by side, until, in 1852, M. De Courteilles died at his post, and M. De Metz was left to carry on the good work, till he also passed away from the scene of his honourable exertions on November 2, 1873. The death of M. De Courteilles was a remarkable one. Although

for some time previously he had been very weak, yet he would not relinquish his voluntary duties. Hearing that one of the lads of the colony was about to undergo a surgical operation, he insisted upon taking his place at his side in the infirmary. The lad was put under the action of chloroform, and thus became insensible to pain. But tears trickled down his cheeks nevertheless, and these tears, reminding M. De Courteilles of a favourite passage in the sermons of the eloquent Père Lacordaire, he then and there sent for the book and read aloud to those present words to the effect: "Take the case of a man who has passed through every stage of crime. Well, there may come a day even to him when, without visible cause, his hitherto hardened heart may experience a pang of regret; that pang penetrating that heart, shall, through the channels which God has formed, communicate itself to the eye, whence there shall fall a tear, which, flowing down the cheeks, shall be the sign of repentance which, through Christ, marks the cleansing and saving of that soul."

Scarcely had this passage of the great French preacher passed the lips of M. De Courteilles than his voice faltered, the book fell from his hands, and he appeared overcome by some sudden emotion. Pressing his hand over the region of his heart, he lifted his eyes upwards as though in assured hope of his Saviour's heavenly grace, and in a few minutes this excellent man had passed away. He was buried in the humble cemetery at Mettray, where he had particularly desired to be laid; for the last words of his will expressed his resolve never to be separated from his dear lads. It concluded with the sentence: "I have wished to live and to die with them, that with them also I may be raised again at the last day."

Thenceforward, for more than twenty years, the arduous, but to him pleasant burden of the direction of Mettray, devolved upon M. De Metz, and to the work he devoted himself, spirit, mind, and body. He cared not for mere worldly applause; but his fame was spread abroad in every land, and the best men of all lands honoured him greatly. On one occasion he received, through the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., a special invitation from Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to spend a week with them at Windsor Castle. The high honour of this royal invitation was of course not declined, and to the end of his life M. De Metz often spoke, with the deepest interest, of that memorable week. He frequently used to inquire of English visitors how their Queen was, and whether the young princes were following in the footsteps of their excellent father. He once remarked of the Prince Consort to a friend: "He was truly princely and noble-hearted, benevolent, patient, and practical, and, like myself, fond of the poor, and of fine engravings."

M. De Metz succeeded in infusing a deep attachment to himself and to Mettray into the hearts of his large band of protégés. On two critical occasions in French history, during the Revolution of 1848, and again during the events of the German invasion and the Commune in 1871-72, violent men sought to entice away the Mettray youths from the restraints of their well-ordered discipline. But the lads were proof against these snares, and continued faithful and firm in their allegiance to the institution and its founder.

And they often imitated his beneficence as they were able to follow his example. For instance, one

severe winter twenty of the lads voluntarily sent their little hoard of fruits and vegetables, the proceeds of their own patches of garden, for the maintenance of a starving family in the neighbourhood.

M. De Metz spent thirty-four years of his life in the service of Mettray and its lads. And they were happy years. He did not regret the sacrifice of high office and social position in the French capital. He once remarked: "When God shall call me to Himself, I shall have no claim upon Him for recompense. He has required me, as with ready money, in present happiness."

But it was a mournful day for Mettray, and indeed for France, when that call from God really came to M. De Metz, to take him away from all those he loved so well, and by whom, in turn, he was so deeply beloved. His death took place at Paris. His body was buried in the family vault at Dourdan. But he bequeathed his heart to Mettray, where it now rests, enclosed in an urn, beside the remains of his dear friend and colleague M. De Courteilles. One monument commemorates the devoted lives and services of both these good men. On May 3rd, 1874, a large gathering of influential and philanthropic persons assembled at Mettray to unveil two fine busts of these co-founders of the colony, whose lineaments, in marble, will thus be handed down to the coming generations of those who will not have had the happiness of personally knowing these excellent men in their lifetime.

It only remains to add that Mettray has furnished a model for many institutions of a more or less similar kind in other countries. Most reformatory schools in Great Britain and America have at least adopted one of M. De Metz's principles: "To improve men by means of labour upon the land, and to improve the land by the labour of men." One of the best known of English reformatories on this agricultural basis is that of Redhill, near Reigate, where three hundred youths are employed in cultivating the land. They are lodged in five houses, about sixty youths in each—too many, by the way. Another very successful farm-school for lads, of a similar description, has long been established at Hardwicke, near Gloucester. And indeed there are quite a number of such institutions now scattered over the kingdom. Some of the "district schools" for pauper children are also acting out some of the Mettray principles. Special mention may be made of the school at Quath, near Bridgnorth, Shropshire, where eighty boys and fifty girls of the poorest class are trained in the active duties of farm labour and domestic work. The boys cultivate the land and have the care of the cows and pigs. The girls are taught baking, laundry work, washing, ironing, cooking, milking, knitting, and so forth.

It is, however, well to remark that, in most of the English reformatories and district pauper schools, the distinctive principle of the *family* system of Mettray has been too much overlooked. Even forty is too large a number of children to be lodged in one building. *The German limit of from twelve to twenty is far better.* But in some of the English "district schools" many hundred boys or girls are massed together, often to their great moral and physical detriment. Mr. Andrew Doyle, one of the most experienced Poor Law inspectors in England, has published a pamphlet in which he quotes, with approval, M. De Metz's maxim: "The family is the great moralising agent of mankind." And he re-



commends guardians of the poor to establish farms for juvenile paupers, on which the inmates shall be lodged in cheap but comfortable cottages, *not containing more than twelve youths each.* This principle of individualisation has, with much advantage, been carried still further in the case of many young orphan pauper girls who have been boarded out, singly or in couples, in carefully selected cottage homes. The subsequent career of such girls has been found to be far more uniformly virtuous and useful than in the case of those trained in masses in large union or "district" schools.

It is to be hoped that this family system of training poor children in small groups, as distinguished from large and mutually corrupting masses, may continue to extend throughout all countries. And as it does so, its success must always be, in considerable degree, associated with the two names of Wichern of Germany and De Metz of France.

## CONCERNING SHOES AND SHOEMAKERS.

IV.

OUR readers have no doubt often heard of cobblers among kings, without perhaps being able to recall any instances of this incongruous companionship. Such instances, however, there are. That great emperor, Charles v, was a jovial kind of man; he had a great deal of the Fleming in his nature, and he was fond of his States of the Netherlands, and felt it a relaxation of state when he could spend some time in Brussels. He had also a good deal of the cunning of the princes of that day in his desire to move among the people in their lowly enjoyments, and to hear what they said of himself. One night he chose to fancy that one of his boots wanted mending, and he also chose to look after its repair himself. It was in his most favourite city of Brussels. He went down to the house of a cobbler—we have no doubt, if the truth were known, this cobbler was one of those fervent and moving spirits of which the various guilds of the middle ages possessed so many, and who were often men with whom emperors and princes found it as well to be on good terms—but unfortunately, this particular night on which the monarch set forth was St. Crispin's Eve, and the cobbler was with a cluster of jovial acquaintances in an inn hard by. Thither, nothing loth, repaired the emperor, showed his boot to the cobbler, and told him he wanted a cast of his handiwork, offering him at the same time extra pay, as the need was pressing. "What, friend," said the fellow, "do you know no better than to ask one of our craft to work on St. Crispin's Day? Were it Charles himself I would not do a stitch; but here we are as merry as the emperor can be; sit down and drink with us to St. Crispin. You are welcome, and we will stand charges." There are plenty of instances to show that Charles was not indisposed to accept such invitations, and he was soon in the spirit of the meeting. By-and-by said the cobbler, "You have a contemplative phiz, I suppose you are a courtier or politician waiting on his Majesty? Anyhow, you are heartily welcome. Come, here's Charles v's health!" "Then you love Charles v?" said the guest. "Love him!" said Crispin; "aye, aye, I love old Nosey very well, but I should love him a great deal better if he taxed us a little less; but

we've nothing to do with politics to-night—round with the glasses, and let's be merry." After a time the emperor took his leave, thanking his host for his hospitable reception and entertainment. "That," said the son of St. Crispin, "you are heartily welcome to, but I would not have done a stitch of work to-day even for the emperor." Charles was pleased with the good-humour and cheeriness of the fellow, and next morning sent for him to court. We may imagine his surprise when he found that his companion of the night before was "Old Nosey" himself, and he greatly feared for the consequences of his joke. The emperor, however, said, after thanking him for his entertainment, that it would never do for such as he to receive hospitality unacknowledged and unreciprocated, so he told him to ask what he most desired, and to take a night to recover from his surprise, and to think about it. Next morning came the cobbler again to the court, and preferred, as his request, that "for the future the cobblers of Brussels or Flanders should have as their coat-of-arms a boot with the emperor's crown over it." This request was immediately granted, but the emperor said it was so modest that he must make another. "Then," said the cobbler, "if I am to have to my utmost wishes, let your Majesty command that the Company of Cobblers should take precedence of the Company of Shoemakers!" It was accordingly settled so, and there is a chapel in Flanders adorned with a boot and an imperial crown; and we believe it is true that to this day in all public processions the Company of the Cobblers takes precedence of the Company of the Shoemakers, and the origin of this is said to be as we have stated. There is a story told of our Henry VIII and a merry cobbler not altogether unlike this of Charles v.

But shoemakers and kings have not always met in this jovial and pleasant and truly Flemish fashion. We have seen a very pathetic story of Charles I. When his troubles were coming to their crisis, and towards the last awful period of his life, he was often at Southwell with the queen. Dissensions were rife over the land; his castles and strongholds had been wrested from him. One day, at the place we have named, he walked out and entered the shop of a shoemaker, named Lee. The king fell into conversation with the man. It is very probable he was sounding the sentiments of his lowly subject, to whom, the story implies, he was quite unknown. Before leaving the shop, the king ordered the man to take his measure for a pair of shoes. Lee, taking the king's foot in his hand to do as he was required, looking steadily at the foot, raised his eyes, and gazed steadily in the king's face, and then refused to go further with the work. The king, astonished at the man's behaviour, still bade him to proceed, and the shoemaker still refused, giving as his reason that he, the king, "was a man, a customer, of whom he had been warned the night before in a dream, and of whom he was told that he was doomed to destruction, and that those who worked for him, whoever they were, would never thrive." The relator of the story says: "The forlorn monarch, whose misfortunes had opened his mind to the impressions of superstition, expressed his resignation to the will of Providence, and returned to the palace, the place of his temporary abode." The story, if true, is not more strange than the startled exclamation of Vandyck, as to the doom portrayed in the face of the king, when he first saw his likeness.

Perhaps our readers will feel with us that something of the same sentiment steals over our minds from all the best likenesses we have of Charles I. Our own impression, however, about the story is, that the shoemaker was some roundhead fellow who knew the king, and chose this way to insult his sovereign in his abject condition.

But shoemakers, when they have come too near sovereigns, have not always had the best of it; at any rate, even states have been lost by creaking boots. Some people think very highly of this leathern music, and we have known instances of persons who have come into places of worship, or seized upon every opportunity for moving about when within, so calling attention to the ready melody emanating from their quite obtuse understandings. A deputation waited upon Napoleon I, after his coronation, from the towns of Hamburg and Lubeck. One of them, in advancing to the emperor, played the kind of solo to which we have referred. The emperor was irritated with the Hanseatic towns, and what little politeness belongs to mankind never found much falling to the share of Napoleon. As he heard the creaking leather, he exclaimed, petulantly, "What horrible noise is that?" The poor deputy apologised for the ill-behaviour of his shoes, and in retreating towards a corner of the room, stumbled up against his colleague from Lubeck. In their hurry and alarm they both fell against a magnificent porcelain vase, which was dashed to pieces. Napoleon gave reins to a perfect tempest of wrath and fury, but Belgian blood does not bear long even the rebuffs of kings very patiently. Some of the deputies, nothing daunted, stepped forward boldly—and, it seems to us, with more royalty than the emperor manifested—vindicated with some asperity the ancient honour and dignity of the Hanseatic towns. Talleyrand conducted the deputation to the door. In doing so, he sarcastically reminded the Lubecker of the broken porcelain vase, adding, "There could be no doubt that his fellow-citizens would be glad to pay for it." Thus, from the creaking of a pair of boots arose the wrath of an emperor, the breaking of a magnificent vase, the discomfiture of the representatives of two German cities, and perhaps the appearance, not long after, of a body of French troops before the city of Lubeck, demanding a contribution of two millions and a half of marks.

Few readers fond of prying into old world customs and black-letter book lore can be unacquainted with the name of William Hone. In his entertaining "Every Day Book," he tells us how his taste for the singular old things of manners, customs, and literature was first formed; they appear to have been formed from a cobbler's stall. "There is," says William Hone, "a cobbler's stall in London that I go out of my way to look at whenever I pass its vicinity, because it was the seat of an honest old man who patched my shoes and my mind when I was a boy; I involuntarily reverence the spot; and if I find myself in Red Lion Square, I, with a like affection, look between the iron railings of its enclosure, because, at the same age, from my mother's window, I watched the taking down of the obelisk, stone by stone, that stood in the centre, and impatiently waited the discovery of the body of Oliver Cromwell, which, according to local legend, was secretly buried there by night. It is true Oliver's bones were not found, but then everybody believed that the workmen did not dig deep enough;

among these believers was my friend the cobbler, who, though no metaphysician, was given to ruminate on causation; he imputed the non-persistence of the diggers to private reasons of State, which his awfully mysterious look imported he had fathomed, but dared not reveal. From ignorance of wisdom I venerated the wisdom of ignorance: and though I now know better, I respect the old man's memory; he allowed me, though a child, to sit on the frame of his little pushed-back window, and I obtained so much of his goodwill and confidence, that he lent me a folio of fragments from Caxton's 'Polychronicon,' and Pynson's 'Shepherd's Calendar,' which he kept in the drawer of his seat with St. Hugh's bones, the instruments of his gentle craft. This black-letter lore, with its woodcuts, created in me a desire to be acquainted with the old authors, and a love for engravings, which I have indulged without satiety. It is impossible that I should be without fond recollections of the spot wherein I received these early impressions." This is a not uninteresting glimpse of one of the many thousands of such men, who, perhaps, never did anything that the world cared to know much about, but who thus cultivated in a modest manner an acquaintance with an interesting world of books and thoughts.

Shoemakers have certainly had in their profession "village Hampdens and mute inglorious Miltons." One of these "village Hampdens" seems to have been Mr. Timothy Bennett—he was a shoemaker some hundred and fifty years since, in the little village of Hampton Wick, near Richmond, in Surrey. The passage from this village to Kingston-upon-Thames, through the royal domains of Bushey Park, had been for many years shut up from the public; it seemed likely to be closed altogether; the honest shoemaker, "unwilling," as he said, "to leave the world worse than he found it," consulted a lawyer upon the practicability of recovering the road, and the probable expense of a legal process. "I have seven hundred pounds," said the patriotic village shoemaker, "which I should be willing to bestow upon this attempt; it is all I have, and has been saved through a long course of honest industry." The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to bring about the result he desired, and Timothy accordingly determined to proceed with vigour in the prosecution of this public claim. In the meantime Lord Halifax, the Ranger of Bushey Park, was made acquainted with his intentions, and sent for him. Some years ago there existed, and could no doubt be found still, an excellent engraving of Timothy, representing him as of a firm but complacent aspect, sitting down in the attitude of conversation with his lordship. The inscription beneath the engraving is, "Timothy Bennett, of Hampton Wick, Middlesex, Shoemaker, aged 75." "And who are you?" said his lordship, "that have the assurance to meddle in this affair?" "My name, my lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker, of Hampton Wick. I remember, an't please your lordship, when I was a young man, sitting at my work, the people cheerfully passed by to Kingston market, but now, my lord, they are forced to go round about through a hot, sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burden, and I am unwilling"—it was his favourite expression—"to leave the world worse than I found it; this, my lord, I humbly represent, is the reason of my conduct." "Begone! You're an impertinent fellow," replied his lordship. However, upon more

mature reflection, and being convinced of the equity of the claim, and anticipating the ignominy of defeat—Lord Halifax, the nobleman, non-suited by Timothy Bennett, the shoemaker—he desisted from his opposition, and opened the road, which is enjoyed, without molestation, to this day. Timothy Bennett died in 1756; but if the reader ever passes, in the happy summer-time, beneath the noble avenue of chestnut-trees in Bushey Park, he will be none the poorer for breathing a blessing on the memory of the patriotic shoemaker to whom he owes that noble right-of-way.

But long before the time of Timothy Bennett, so early as the reign of Edward VI, old Hollingshed, in his "Chronicles," gives us the account of a benevolent and patriotic old shoemaker. He tells us that at the time Christ's Hospital was erected and endowed, there lived in Westminster one Richard Castel, a shoemaker, "so famous with the facultie of his handes," that he was called "Ye Cocke of Westminster," because at winter and summer he was always at work at four o'clock in the morning, so that God did abundantly bless him, and he was able to purchase lands and tenements in Westminster to the yearly value of forty-two pounds, and he, having no child of his own, and greatly impressed by the munificence of Edward VI in endowing Christ's Hospital for the relief of innocent, fatherless, and helpless children, he, by the free consent of his wife, did give the whole also to the endowment of Christ's Hospital; and there we suppose the benefit of the good deed of this noble old Cocke of Westminster is to this day.

### WHY HAS FEBRUARY A DAY MORE THIS YEAR?

SOME of our readers will reply, because it is "Leap Year," for don't you remember the famous rhyme?—

"Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November;  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Excepting February alone,  
Which hath twenty-eight days clear,  
And twenty-nine in each leap year."

The answer is quite right as to the *fact*, but it does not give the *reason* of the fact. The question is—Why is this a leap year? Why should February have a day added to it this year? and why should there be leap years at all? These are the questions we now propose to answer as clearly and briefly as possible. If any one asks the question, "What is time?" the only answer which can be given is,—We cannot tell. All we can say is that we know something of it by its lapse, by the rising and setting of the sun, by the waxing and waning of the moon, and by the return of the seasons.

Thus from the earliest period men have been led to recognise the day, the month, and the year as natural divisions of time. In addition to these, however, men have found it convenient to subdivide these periods into artificial portions which have nothing in nature corresponding to them. There is nothing in nature to mark either an hour, a minute, or a second. We have simply agreed to divide the day into twenty-four portions called hours, although we might with

equal propriety have divided it into ten, twenty, or a hundred equal parts.

It is a striking characteristic of the old Greek civilisation, that although intimately acquainted with the natural divisions of time, they had no sufficient method of subdividing time, and could never indicate the occurrence of any daily phenomena within a quarter of an hour. This arose from the fact that they always counted from sunrise, and assumed the period between sunrise and sunset to be divided into twelve equal parts. Hence when the day was long their hours were long too, and when their days were short their hours were short too. The first step in the right direction was taken when men began to count from mid-day to mid-night, because then they were independent of the greater or less amount of daylight, and the length of the period called an hour remained for all practical purposes constant.

But it is with the period called a year that we have specially to do. In the very earliest times it was observed that during one period of the year the days gradually increased in length (using day for the period during which the sun remains above the horizon), and that then they gradually decreased in length for another period, to run the same course as before. The Egyptians noted the length of this period and called it 365 days. This was done in the following manner:—They observed that as the sun rose earlier or later he appeared at different points in the horizon. Let us suppose that on a certain day in March the sun rose just opposite a certain tree in the horizon. Every day thereafter he would rise at a point a little to the north of the tree for about ninety days; then his place of rising would for other ninety days gradually approach the place in the horizon where the tree stood. It would then pass that point, rising daily more and more to the south of the point where the tree stood, till in ninety days more the sun would reach its most southerly rising-point on the horizon. Then it would begin to retrograde, and in 365 days from the time when the first observation was made the sun would again appear to rise just opposite the tree which we had marked on the horizon. This method was no doubt sufficiently rude, but it gave the approximate length of the year. As more accurate methods began to be employed by the Greeks they found that 365 days did not really express the correct length of the year. They found that on the 365th day the sun fell a little short of rising at the place he had risen at 365 days previously, and that on the 366th day he rose at a point beyond it. In fact, that on the 365th day the year was not quite done, and that on the 366th day it was more than done. They also observed that the point at which the sun appeared to rise on the 366th day was about three times as far distant from the standard-point on the horizon as the point at which he had risen on the 365th day; hence they concluded that 365½ days was the correct length of the year. Nature's year, then, consisted, it was seen, of days and parts of a day, while our year must consist of whole days. If we call our year 365 days, then it will be six hours too short; and if we call it 366 days, it will be eighteen hours too long. In the former case we should gain on Nature one day in four years. In the latter we should lose three days in four years. In either case it would come to pass that January would by-and-by be the mid-summer month, and June fall in mid-winter; but as this would evidently be annoying and perplexing, and

would gradually shift everything from its true anniversary, the Romans fell on the expedient of making three short years and one long one, then three short years and a long one, and so on, that is three years of 365 days and one of 366 days.

$$4 \text{ years} \times 365\frac{1}{4} \text{ days} = 1,461 \text{ days.}$$

$$365 + 365 + 365 + 366 \text{ days} = 1,461 \text{ days.}$$

This was adopted by the Romans in the time of Julius Cæsar as the correct reckoning, under the name of "The Julian Calendar." To dispose of the odd day, the 24th of February was doubled every fourth year, and the day so interposed was called bissextile. By this intercalation the calendar and the seasons were kept somewhat in harmony. We adopt another method, and add a day to February every fourth year, whereas in the intervening years "February has twenty-eight alone." In process of time, however, it was discovered that the year had not yet been correctly measured, and that therefore the Julian Calendar was defective. The invention of clocks and watches introduced greater accuracy in the measurement of time than had formerly been possible, and these were now used to help in finding the correct length of the year. Suppose that we have a chronometer which is absolutely correct, and that on a certain day in March we observed that the sun rose exactly at six o'clock. If we note the time of its rising 365 days thereafter, we shall find that it rises a little after six, and that on the 366th day it rises a little before that hour, and calculating exactly we shall find the true length of the year to be 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 52 seconds. Our year, then, is too long by eleven minutes eight seconds, or about three-quarters of an hour in four years, or about one day in 130 years. How, then, shall we proceed to make a correction for this difference between the real and assumed length of the year? First we call the years 1700, 1800, 1900, which ought to be leap years, common years. Thus a century consists of seventy-six common years and twenty-four leap years.

$$76 \times 365 + 24 \times 366 = 36,524 \text{ days. } 100 \text{ years} \times 365 \text{ days } 5 \text{ hours } 48' 52'' = 36,524 \text{ days } 5 \text{ hours } 26' 40''.$$

The error now is reduced to about a quarter of a day in a century, and our years are too short; but if we add a day in every four centuries, we shall be almost correct, for 400 years will now consist of 303 common years and 97 leap years, or 146,097 days, whereas they ought to consist of 146,096 days, 21 hours, 46 minutes, 40 seconds, an error of about a day in 4,000 days. We may say, therefore, that now the calendar is absolutely perfect. The Julian Calendar remained in use till 1582, when Pope Gregory abolished it, and instituted a new and improved one, which we now use, called "The Gregorian Calendar." First he dropped 10 days, which had been gained from the time when "The Julian Calendar" was adopted by the Romans to the year 1582. Secondly, every year whose number can be divided by 4 without a remainder was to be a leap year, and to contain 366 days. Thirdly, the last year of every century, although divisible by 4, was not to be a leap year unless it were also the last year of a period of four centuries. By this rectification of the calendar, the maximum of error has been reduced to about one day in forty centuries. For many years the English adhered to the "Julian Calendar," or "Old Style," as it was called; and it was not till the year 1751 that the British Parliament enacted that 11 days should be

omitted after the 2nd of September, 1752, and that the 3rd day should be the 14th, in other words, that the "Gregorian Calendar," or New Style, should be adopted. If it be asked why the month of February should have at best fewer days than any other month, the reason appears to be that the Roman year anciently began in March, and that February, being then the last month of the year, they found that they had appropriated too many days for the preceding months, and thus the last one was deprived of its proper share. We earnestly hope that those poor unfortunates who, like ourselves, happened to have been born on the 29th day of February, and who consequently have but one birthday, with its congratulations and presents, in four years, may this year have the hardship of their fate ameliorated and sweetened by the warm wishes and munificent presents which their friends shall heap upon them. S.

## Varieties.

SEA LIONS AT THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.—The sea lions arrived last December by the steamer Albatross, from Bremen. "I went to meet them at Blackwall Pier. On boarding the ship I heard a noise on board, something between the roar of a lion and the bray of a donkey; this was the announcement by the male sea lion of the safe arrival of himself and wife in England. Jumping on board the ship, I anxiously inspected the sea lions. They were enclosed in two large cases, through the bars of which they could easily be seen. We wanted to land them at Blackwall, but, as usual, there was a bother with the Customs' authorities. The beasts, therefore, were taken on to Deptford. They looked very hungry, so I rushed off to Billingsgate and procured twenty pounds of mackerel. Shortly afterwards I joined the lions at Deptford. Mr. Reeves Smith and Mr. Henry Lee, of the Brighton Aquarium, and myself were anxious to land the seals at Deptford. We were nearly obtaining the leave to do so when we suddenly recollected the rule 'that any animal arriving alive at Deptford should be killed immediately.' We therefore gave the sea lions their supper and left them for the night. On Wednesday morning I went to the gardens and, through the kindness of Mr. Bartlett, obtained the services of M. Le Compte, the well-known, kind-hearted custodian of the seals. With a good deal of hauling and contriving we managed to get the dens into a van. An express soon rattled us down to Brighton. Arriving at the naturalist room, Le Compte gave his report as follows:—'They are splendid animals, in fair condition, but very thin. I will soon cure that. Though savage at present, these pretty beasts will soon become tame if you gain their affection, and in three weeks I guarantee I would make them perform like my Minnie, Fan, Billy, and Kate at the gardens. They are not the same as my sea bears; the head is different, the voice different. Feed them with whiting rather than mackerel, but be very careful about fish-hooks. The hooks are left by the fishermen in the fish, the animals swallow the fish, hook and all, and die a miserable death in consequence.' Le Compte then began to talk to and pet the beasts. They seemed to acknowledge his great power of kindness over their race. These sea lions are Otaria Stelleri. Some seals, such as the common seal, have no ears; some, as the sea lion, have ears—hence the name 'Otaria.' The name 'Stelleri' is given in honour of Steller. It is a very bad plan to give animals names after people. Steller described this animal 126 years ago in his book entitled 'De Bestiis Marinis.' They have been found in Kamtschatka. The animals at Brighton are about six feet long; their colour when wet is something like that of the otter; when dry, the fur of the female has a bright chestnut colour, particularly about the head. When full grown, a sea lion is about fifteen feet long, and weighs sixteen hundredweight. The home of these seals is the ocean shores between Russian North America and the opposite shores of Russia itself—that is to say, about Behring's Straits and Behring's Sea. They are found also in the Curile Islands and east coast of Kamtschatka. The present specimens have been brought to England from California through San Francisco, New York, thence to Bremen, and when we consider the immense distance they have travelled in their wooden cases,



we should be thankful they are in such good condition. Among the Curle Islands we are told there is one of very picturesque form, consisting of rocks representing buildings. There sea lions abound. Captain Shunberg calls this place 'The Palace of Sea Lions.' The males have a fierce aspect, and if reduced to extremities they will turn and fight. For this reason the natives of Kamschatka never attack them in the open sea, nor without many precautions; on land they hunt them with harpoons, arrows, and lances. The older sea lions bellow like bulls; the younger bleat like sheep. They bolt their fish whole, without the slightest attempt at mastication. Le Comte has prescribed stones for them. He says all his seals swallow stones to grind their food. He once found no less than 32lb. of stones in the stomach of a large sea elephant. Many creatures in the sea are called by the names of land animals. Thus we have a 'sea fox,' a 'sea wolf,' a 'sea hare,' a 'sea mouse,' a 'sea snake,' a 'sea horse,' a 'sea porcupine,' a 'sea hedgehog,' a 'cat fish,' and a 'dog fish,' etc. The Brighton animals have received the names of 'sea lions.' The old bulls are said to have a mane. They certainly are savage, and have terrific voices. The sea lions are nearly related to the true 'sealskin jacket' seal. The best seal islands are those of St. Paul and St. George at Alaska. The seals come there in the summer months in tens of thousands to breed. The men, forming themselves into a line, cut off the seals from the sea, and drive them like a flock of sheep on shore out of sight of the herd, where they are killed. They allow to return to the sea all the animals that are not eligible; they thus keep up the stock, while they kill only those who possess the best coats. The seal skin consists of a long fur above and a soft elastic fur like velvet underneath. It is this latter fur only that is made into ladies' jackets; the longer or outer hairs are removed by a very ingenious process. I see that in nearly all the ladies' jackets the fur is put the wrong way of the grain. If it was put the right way I am sure the jacket would last a great deal longer. Surely the seal knows which way to wear his own skin. The sales of seal, otter, beaver, and other furs by the Hudson's Bay Company is one of the most interesting sights in London. The authorities of Brighton have constructed a pretty marine cave, where their sea lions may be seen either resting on land or else performing those wonderful evolutions which cetacea perform in the water. Mr. Henry Lee is publishing an exhaustive pamphlet on their history and habits."—*Frank Buckland, in "Land and Water."*

**AN AMERICAN'S IDEA OF CANADA.**—Under the heading of "A Glance at Canada," a letter in the "New York World" records the impressions made upon a resident of that city in course of a visit to Toronto, from which the following is an extract, brought to bear on the great dispute about "hard" and "soft" money:—

Between United States and Canadian institutions you do not care to force a comparison: yet a New Yorker, fresh from over the border, has thrust on him at once some practical illustrations of the power of a Canadian currency level with gold and of the cheapness of certain necessary things in a Canadian market, which compel a comparison in his secret mind. For instance:

1. Having to exchange the greenbacks in his pocket-book for Canada money, he finds they are worth just eighty-four cents on the dollar. For 30 dols. in United States money he receives 25 dols. 20 cents in Canada bank notes and silver. So he loses, or seems to lose, 4 dols. 80 cents by the transaction, the same as if he had dropped that sum or had it stolen from him.

2. He goes to a Canada hotel. When his bill is presented at the end of a week he finds himself charged at the rate of 2 dols. or 2 dols. 50 cents a day for board, which in most parts of the United States would cost him 4 dols. and 5 dols. a day. His hotel bill is, therefore, only 17 dols. 50 cents in his new Canada money, instead of the 35 dols. in greenbacks, which it would have cost him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel at home. Had he stayed at the latter hotel, he would have been 5 dols. out of pocket more than his 30 dols. Staying at the Canada hotel he has saved from his 30 dols. nearly 8 dols. in Canada money, worth 9 dols. 28 cents in greenbacks.

3. With his residue of 8 dols. in Canada money he goes to a Canada store and asks for a hat. For a hat that would cost him in New York 5 dols. he pays 2 dols. He goes to a shoe store with his remaining 5 dols. For a pair of boots that he had been used to give 12 dols. for at home he gives only 5 dols., and comes away perplexedly scratching his head.

"How is it that I have got so much for so little money?" he says. "It must be that greenbacks are the most magical currency in the world." And such, doubtless, would be Wendell Phillips' or the Cincinnati "Enquirer's" conclusion on a similar occasion. The simple fact that he has taken himself and his rotten

inconvertible United States promises to pay into a country which, showing him instantaneously what it thinks of an inflated currency, shears off from every false dollar of them the exact sum for their depreciation *below* the dollar, and which then, after that, demonstrates to him the blessing of free trade by giving him back in the bargain twice more for his poor money than he could get from any publican or storekeeper in the protected Union—this doesn't seem to get through our bewildered traveller's head. But it is constantly in the heads of shrewd Canadians, who do not intend to let themselves be drawn into a share in the payment of our war debt, our high prices of clothing and utensils, our frightening rates of State, municipal and local taxation.

**MR. BRIGHT AND THE PUBLIC-HOUSES.**—Sir Harcourt Johnstone, M.P., speaking at a meeting in connection with the Church of England Temperance Society, held at Southampton, under the presidency of the Rev. Basil Wilberforce, said that he and Sir Wilfrid Lawson visited Mr. John Bright, and their conversation for two days mainly turned upon the temperance question. As he parted with them, Mr. Bright said to him, "Well, thirty years ago we were able to move obstructions from the path of the people, and to provide them with cheap bread. We may yet be able to remove another obstruction from their path, and be able to say that they shall not have too many of these drink-shops in the country." Sir Harcourt stated that a bill would be introduced in Parliament next session to limit the issue of licences for either beer or spirits, and grocers' licences, and to suspend the issue of any fresh ones until a limit of population—say of one in 500—had been reached.

**WHOLEHEARTEDNESS IN RELIGION.**—Mr. Moody, the American evangelist, was preaching at Brooklyn from Isaiah lv. 6, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; and call upon Him while He is near." He said he could tell the day and the hour when any man would be saved. And yet he was no prophet, neither was he a son of a prophet. The Bible told him when it was. It was in Jeremiah: "Ye shall find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart." "There is not a man in this assembly," said Mr. Moody, "who will go away unsaved if he wishes salvation above everything else. But ah! you cannot give up the world. How many would be here to-night if they could have made 10,000 dols. by going down to the City Hall? I venture to say there wouldn't be three. Men are in earnest about business, but when you talk to them about the salvation of souls, they say, 'O, this man is crazy;' and 'O, I hope you are not going to hear that fanatic.' O, my friends, if men ever become in earnest for their soul's salvation above everything else, it will not take long to find the kingdom of God."

**BURIAL FEUDS.**—About the time of the Guibord controversy in Montreal, a case occurred in Philadelphia which proved that animosity in death is due to difference of colour as well as creed. Guibord was excommunicated, and consequently refused burial in the Roman Catholic cemetery, because he belonged to the Montreal Institute, in the library of which were books in the Papal Index expurgatorius. The British law decided against the Romish authorities, and the bishop had to content himself with cursing the grave of Guibord. It is sad to know that in Protestant Pennsylvania a case as bad has occurred. In the Mount Moriah Cemetery, in the south-western part of the city suburbs, a Mr. Henry Jones, a well-to-do coloured man, bought a lot. The lot was not put in Mr. Jones's name until his sister died, and she was buried there, and her body still lies there. The cemetery managers, while there is nothing in their laws on the subject, strongly opposed the interment of coloured persons, and in this they were supported by most of the holders of burial lots, though they made no attempt to remove this corpse. Finally, not long since, Mr. Jones himself died, and in his funeral notice in the public papers there was an announcement of the proposed interment at Mount Moriah Cemetery. This caused an irruption of lot-holders into the cemetery office to protest, and the secretary, when he received the request to have the grave dug and the gates opened, sent back word that the body could not be interred there. Owing to delays, this was not communicated to the family until just before the funeral was about to move, and it naturally caused a commotion. A messenger was sent with the deed for the lot, and to ask that the corpse might be placed in the receiving vault until the question could be settled, but this also was refused, and the procession, being then on its way, had to be diverted to another cemetery belonging to coloured people, where the body was interred. The decision of the law courts we have not heard, but the state of public feeling is unmistakable. Yet it is only natural after the division in life through many generations.

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Coterper.*



ATTACK OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.  
BY FRANCES BROWNE.

CHAPTER X.—THE NIGHT ATTACK.

THE evening of that fine winter day in which Lieutenant Gray relieved his mind to Westwood Hunter on the subject of his superior officer, found Constance Delamere standing at her father's gate as its twilight melted into the light of a glorious moon.

No. 1262.—MARCH 4, 1876.

The squire had gone to Springfield on matters of business; she had expected him home by this time, and grew anxious now when he happened to be out late. But there was the sound of hoofs on the frozen road; she stepped out, and had almost said, "Welcome home, father," when Captain Devereux, followed by his negro servant, Paul—he never rode alone in that country—galloped up.

"My dear Miss Delamere," he cried, springing from his saddle with all the agility of a youthful

K

PRICE ONE PENNY.  
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gallant; "it is an unexpected pleasure to meet you here by moonlight alone."

"I was looking out for my father; we expect him home from Springfield, and I took the sound of your horse's hoofs for his," said the rather confused Constance.

"Well, he has a glorious night for riding home; a happy home, too, at the end of his journey, and bright eyes looking out for his coming—what could a man ask more?" and the captain heaved one of his deepest sighs.

"I wish he would come," said Constance, not knowing what else to say.

"Let us go and meet him; a walk in this splendid moonlight will cheer your spirits," and the captain attempted to draw her arm within his own.

"Oh no, thank you," cried Constance, with an involuntary start back that considerably increased the distance between them.

"Might I ask why, Miss Delamere?" the captain's tone had grown coldly sharp now.

"Oh, nothing, but—but I am not accustomed to walk alone with gentlemen;" and Constance felt strongly inclined to run into the house.

"Indeed!" said the captain; "that custom cannot be of long standing, for I had the honour to see Miss Delamere in close conversation with a gentleman in the Holyoke Woods one day last fall."

Constance did not catch the sinister triumph of his look, for the veil of night concealed it, but she knew that his words referred to her last interview with Sydney Archdale. That was the man whom Philip had seen standing up in his stirrups and looking through the trees. It was the sound of his horse's hoofs that startled them in the silent forest. These recollections flashed across her mind like lightning, and the young girl's sense and spirit came to her aid at once.

"Yes, sir," she said, in a calm but dignified tone, "you did see me, for I happen to know it, in conversation with a gentleman at the time and place you mention; but he was the son of my father's oldest friend, my earliest companion, who had been to me as a brother ever since I lost my own."

The speech was plain and simple enough, but it had an unaccountable effect on the captain. He turned quickly away, as if to leave her and the Elms without a word, but altered his mind the next moment, for Delamere himself rode up, with his usual cordial greetings, and some additional raillery on what he called their romantic moonlight meeting.

Devereux replied in the same strain. Constance was herself again; nobody could have guessed that anything particular had passed between them, and the three went in to spend the evening as many a one had been spent since the captain's first visit to the Elms. They were sitting in the drawing-room, talking together over the news which the squire had brought home from Springfield. It was all about the misdoings of Whigs and Liberty Men, when Constance heard what seemed to her a low knock at the outer door; then there came a rush of rapid feet, the next moment the drawing-room door was flung open, and a troop of armed men poured in.

"What does this mean?" cried Delamere; but before he could utter another word two powerful fellows threw themselves upon him, and pinned him down to the chair.

"Master, darlin, where's your guns and pistols, we'll all be robbed and murdered," shouted Denis

Dargan, as he broke in at a small side door; but the best man was seized by another two, and, in spite of his struggles and vehement appeals, bound with a strong rope, hands and all, to an old-fashioned arm-chair in the corner. Captain Devereux was fixed upon almost at the same instant. Constance saw them dragging him out of the room, while he made a desperate but silent resistance, and she remembered long after the fierce, dogged expression of his face, not like the look of a brave soldier overpowered by numbers, but that of a criminal who knew himself to be taken. Caring only for her father, and knowing her countrymen too well to have any fear for herself, the girl pushed in between them, and threw her arms about his neck; while Delamere, who was too much of a soldier not to know when the game was up with him, and too proud to make demonstrations which could not be effectual, and, moreover, was somewhat stunned by the unexpected attack, said quietly, as he looked at the two sturdy Green Mountain farmers, "You have daughters yourselves, do my poor girl no harm."

"There is not a man here who would lift his hand against a woman, so don't be frightened, Miss Delamere; nor against you either, squire; we all know what a true and worthy gentleman you are, though we don't like your principles," said a man, who appeared to be the leader of the expedition. He was dressed exactly like the rest of the Green Mountain Boys—for such the invaders were—but his face was entirely concealed by a black mask, and his voice had a strange metallic sound, as if he spoke through some artificial contrivance. "None of us will do harm to you or yours, it is that English captain we came to deal with."

"And how do you mean to deal with him?" said Delamere; "remember, he is a king's officer."

"We mean to send him in a good boat and the charge of four honest men down the Connecticut to Long Island Sound; there he will be landed at the first convenient place, with orders not to be seen in this country again, or he may chance to go down the Connecticut without a boat."

The masked man stepped out as he spoke, but Constance, who by this time had crept away to a seat behind her father, where she sat with a much-relieved mind, saw him whispering something to a determined-looking young man outside the door, who was evidently his second in command, and by following their glances to an opposite corner, she found that the subject was Hiram Hardhead. There stood the prophet, silent and eclipsed by the presence of a superior power. His face was at work, however, making the most extraordinary grimaces, as if in rehearsal for a coming exhibition. They were meant for her, too, but the girl scarcely saw them. There was something in the air and figure of the masked man as he stood there, half in light and half in shadow, that riveted her attention, something she had seen before; and could it be possible? but as he caught her look and acknowledged it with a respectful bow, she knew it was Sydney Archdale. Constance kept that secret in her own breast for many a day; but scarcely had she recognised him ere he was gone, and the determined-looking young man stepping in, said to his company, "We're to stop here and keep folks in their places—so are the boys outside—till the Britisher gets a good start down the river, and when we ketch the crack o' the rifle, slope every man."

At this intimation a general settlement took place. The Green Mountain Boys, young and old, seated themselves around Delamere's drawing-room with as much order and gravity as in the pews of their mountain meeting-houses.

"Let go my father's arms, and he will sit quietly; I am sure he will," whispered Constance to the kindest-looking of Delamere's custodians.

"There ain't no use in taking up any other line, miss. However, we don't mean to be ugly; I've got a daughter myself about your time."

"I expect I've got two!" said his companion in arms, as both released the squire from their hold and withdrew a little into the background, while Constance seated herself close by her father's side, and Hannah Armstrong glided in, needlework in hand, and took her place on the other.

The house was quiet without and within—so much so, that Constance could hear the undertoned talk of the men who had been placed outside to prevent escape by doors or windows, and the opportunity of making himself heard was too good for Hiram Hardhead to lose. "That lad has got the inward light o' liberty," he said, with a grimace at Constance, specially intended for her information regarding the masked man, and Hiram's mode of conveying the like was rather remarkable, for by some inexplicable movement of his countenance the one side of it seemed to go up and the other down. "He has got the inward light o' liberty, I say. Yea, and I will prophesy furthermore concerning him, that not a cracker in these here provinces will do more valiantly in the battle for freedom, or come to greater fame and exaltation in Massachusetts. Let those that hear me understand and consider"—here he made a still more fearful grimace at Constance, which the squire could not see, owing to his position, but his best man could, and Dargan's indignation fairly boiled over.

"There's that fellow at the prophesying agin," he cried, writhing in vain to break the rope that bound him. "If I was at him wid the flail, I'd give him the light o' liberty through a crack in his skull. Mrs. Armstrong, darlin'! stuff up his throat wid that sewin' o' yours."

"Friend Denis," said Hannah, while she calmly sewed on, "it were better for thee to keep quiet, for thou advisest things that are not convenient; rather turn thine eyes and ears away from that foolish fellow who is manifestly out of his wits—if he ever had any."

"Sayest thou that I am out of my wits, Hannah Armstrong?" cried Hiram; "I, who have foretold marvellous things whereof no man but myself had got a winklin'! I, who have prophesied in every shanty, from Rattler's Rest to Cob's Canter, and preached on every stump, from Badger's Bourn to Polecat's Hole, making glad the hearts of all that heard me! Thou lanky, shanky, hickory-hearted female! I tell thee,—when the good days which I have foretold shall come to this land; when the Britisher's yoke is broken from our necks, and we go it like buffalo calves on the spring grass, and pay no taxes; when every man shall forget his causes of grief and indignation; when we shall import tea without duty, and the women shall rejoice over it, and their tongues shall go with the might of a mill stream; when my praise is in all men's mouths because of my prophecies in the time of bondage, and I am set on high as the bully-boy of the Green

Mountains—then, Hannah, I will cast thee out of my cousinly remembrance!"

The Quakeress sewed away without giving Hiram so much as an answering look; but at this point of his discourse he caught Constance, and her father too, silently laughing. Their situation was not a merry one, but Hiram's threat matched with his appearance, and had an irresistible effect on both. The prophet at once found a way to revenge himself.

"For the present I will testify against thee, thou stiff-starched remnant of most ancient muslin—or rather huckaback," he continued, "because thou hast not plucked the wings of pride and plumes of vanity from the back of yonder wench," and his forefinger was shot out like an arrow at Constance. "There she sits, all fal-dals and feather-me-fair, like any daughter of Babylon"—here Delamere turned fiercely towards him, but there was no time for his wrath to find vent, the determined-looking young man at that instant caught Hiram from behind by the shoulders, and ran the prophet, like a piece of furniture on casters, straight out of the front-door, which he closed upon him with the gentle injunction, "Prophecy there, you varmint."

Prophecy Hiram did in the utter darkness, which seemed to lend vigour and volume to his tongue. They heard him hold forth to the men on guard against the squire's daughter and her fine clothes; against the squire for thinking "o' hitchin' her to that stumped-up bundle o' airs and iniquities from the played-out old country;" against George III, his ministers, and his parliament; and against Hannah Armstrong and all her Quaker relations. It was curious that though the Green Mountain Boys had evidently no great respect for their prophet, and could treat him with little ceremony when occasion required, they nevertheless listened to his deliverances with a sort of tacit approbation. His style was more familiar than grotesque to those quaint and primitive people of the wooded hills, and they found in him an exponent of popular opinions and expectations. It was also curious that Hiram, though accustomed, in his own phrase, to lift up his voice like a trumpet, especially when prophesying against anybody, poured forth his torrent of predictions and enunciations in a tone so low and quiet that no belated passenger could suppose there was anything particular going on at the Elms.

Noiseless without and within the whole house remained, the Green Mountain Boys sat watchfully, and occasionally exchanged whispers. Delamere sat with folded arms in a state of dignified resignation. Constance turned over a volume of prints for his and her own entertainment. Philip peeped over her shoulder, and saw them too. Hannah Armstrong proceeded with her needlework, undisturbed by her cousin's half-heard remarks. Denis Dargan fell asleep in his bonds, and woke up at intervals with the force of his own snoring. Thus things went on for an hour or so, till the sharp report of a rifle broke the silence of the night.

"It's time to slope, boys," said the determined-looking young man, putting up his knife and stick; and without a sound, but that of their retiring steps, the whole of the invading force passed out of the squire's mansion, quietly closing doors and gates as they went. Then the Quakeress rose, laid aside her sewing, and untied the rope which had kept Denis fast in the old arm-chair. A similar process was supposed to be going on in the kitchen department,



for the maid-servants appeared with fragments of rope in their hands, and the men talked of being cramped and screwed with the "tyin' up;" but the interpretation given by the squire's best man, who was first on the spot, to his familiar friends was probably the correct one.

"Bad luck to the one of them was tied at all; it was every bit a pretence to keep the squire from firing the

braes on them. Shure they were jumpin' out o' their skins wid joy to get rid o' the captain; and good raison they had, he was a botheration to the country's side and to the house too. It's proud I was myself to see him a thrailing out, but I knowed it went agin the squire intirely, and the master knows I would box the Green Mountain Boys all round rather nor displease him."

## THE GAUDY LETTERS.

WITH NOTES ON OLD ENGLISH FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

OLD letters! It is always with some feeling of melancholy that we take in our hands a bundle of letters of bygone generations. The hands that wrote them have crumbled into dust. The hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, which are here set down, and which in their time were all in all to beings as full of life and impulse as we who sit gazing on these yellow pages, all are gone, vanished into thin air, and their place knows them no more.

But all is not melancholy. If one would set before him the actual life of his ancestors, he can do it in no better way than by taking their own everyday account of it. Let him set in order that old family correspondence which he has been so lucky as to find stuffed away in the dusty garret, and read over letter after letter, and he will find the misty forms take substance; two centuries will be as yesterday, and his forefathers will gather round and live about him as familiarly as his own generation. He will probably not think much of their scholarship; he will find that the worthy knight at the head of the family has a noble contempt for the rules of spelling, and that my lady, his wife, thinks more of her store-room than her books. But, in spite of this, he will find the knight a good man of business, careful of his property, and training up his children in the way they should go; while the dame has a warm heart which speaks out with a charming simpleness from amid her bad spelling and crabbed handwriting. The knight, in the courtly fashion of his day, will address even his own brother as "Sir," and will sign himself "your very obedient servant, and most loving brother." And when he takes his annual journey up to town, maybe to attend parliament, his wife will dutifully send him word from time to time how things go at home, beg him to execute her commissions, and send down such articles as can be only bought in London (it may be a pound of that lately imported novelty, tea), by the carrier, who starts every fortnight, or perchance, by great good fortune, once a week, from the Angel Tavern, in Leicester Fields. In return he sends her an occasional letter, in which he takes the opportunity of telling her some of the public news, for the benefit of herself and her neighbours, to whom it will be read for miles round. The loving couple will address each other as "Dear Heart," or "Dear Sweet-heart,"—for in those days this, one of the prettiest of English words, held its own—and will ever be "thy loving wife, or husband, till death."

It is unfortunate that so much of the domestic correspondence of early times has perished. But it is not to be wondered at. Official and state letters have, from their nature, been always more carefully

provided for; but the private letter was seldom preserved for its own sake, and whatever ancient papers of this nature have descended to us, owe their existence to happy accidents. Of that unique collection of fifteenth century domestic correspondence, the Paston Letters, some account has already appeared in these pages; but familiar letters of any earlier period are scarcely to be found. Such, however, do occasionally come to light, and generally owe their preservation to accidental intrusion among state papers or public documents. In this paper it is proposed to give some specimens of domestic letters; and it will be seen that the first is one of these early survivors, having come down to us along with the deeds which form part of the Paston collection, and which are now preserved, in company with those interesting letters, in the British Museum. For the rest we must be content with correspondence of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Gaudy Letters, upon which we have largely drawn, come from the same source, and have also passed into the national library. They begin in the sixteenth century, and though small in bulk, contain much interesting matter. The Ellis Papers, which have also supplied several of our specimens, are an excellent example of a seventeenth century collection, being both numerous and varied. People by this time had become regular letter-writers, and the establishment of the Post-office after the Restoration rapidly extended general correspondence. This collection found a place in the Museum a few years ago.

To proceed, then, with our specimens, the first has the special interest of being of as early a period as the fourteenth century; in fact, it is the earliest example of familiar correspondence of this country that we have ever seen. Unhappily, in those days, an Englishman of the higher ranks despised his own tongue; and the writer, who appears to have had some connection with the court, uses the polite language of his time.

The letter may be said almost literally to be written in French "after the scole of Stratford atte Bowe," it being actually dated from Stratford, though the place of that name in Kent is probably meant. It is written—being apparently a rough draught—on the back of a document of the year 1321, and as Sir Walter de Norwich, who is mentioned, can be identified as living at that time, it may be assigned to about 1325—1335. As may be supposed, it is rather rubbed and difficult to read, but with a little trouble it may be made out:—

"A noble dame e sage e a sa tres honorable mere le sen fiz si li plaist salutz bonnes et duez reverensez. De ceo que, ma dame, que Pores vostre cousin me

dit a Loundre que vous futes en bonne saunte de corps, su jeo mule le de quer e prie a dieu que longement vous maintene. E pur ceo, ma dame, que monsieur Wauter de Norwis vult a tote manere que ma compaignie vyne a Caunterbers, e deit madame de Norwis e ma dame Defford e ma compaignie aler illungs en une compeinie, vous pri, ma dame, que vous voilet aprestre a ma compaignie vostre char e vostre charrer e un chival ou deus qui puent trere en le schar, e sachet, ma dame, que ceo sera alors si ben save cum si vous aliset memes, e sileit ren enpire jeo le frai redresser e amender issi que vous seret ben apaie. Ma dame, ne me voilet ore failer sicum jeo me affi de vous; kar ceo seroit mal seaunte chose que ma compaignie vensit en celez parties, si ceo ne pust a sen mellur. Si renz voilet vers moi, ma dame, ou vers la court, fiablement le mandet, e jeo le ferai a men peer. Ma dame, jeo me recomaund a vous, a dieu que vous gard e vous doint bone vie e longe. Escritez a Estratford, la veile seint pere e seint pol."

Allowing for errors, we may translate thus:—

"To the noble and wise lady and his very honourable mother her son sends greeting and good and due reverence. My Lady, Peter, your cousin, told me in London that you were in good health, whereat I am rejoiced from my heart, and pray God that he will continue you long in the same. And, My Lady, since Sir Walter de Norwich is most anxious that my wife should go to stay at Canterbury, and My lady Norwich and My lady Diefford and my wife are to go thither in company, I pray you, My Lady, that you will lend my wife your carriage and coachman, and a horse or two to draw in the carriage; and you may be sure, My Lady, that it shall be as well cared for as if you were going yourself, and if any damage be done I will repair it and make it good, so that you shall be well repaid. My Lady, do not fail me in this, as I trust to you; for it would not be the right thing that my wife should go to those parts except in the best style. If, My Lady, you have need of anything at my hands or at the court, lay your commands upon me with full trust, and I will act to the best of my ability. My Lady, I recommend me to you, and you to God; and may He keep you and grant you a long and happy life. Written at Stratford, the Eve of Saints Peter and Paul."

The writer, it will be noticed, does not fail in courtesy and filial respect, that is to say, if the constant repetition of "ma dame" is to be taken as a test of politeness. Curiosity may also be felt as to what sort of a carriage a lady's "char" was in those days. As may be supposed, carriages were not in common use in times when roads were not so many nor so good as now. Nearly all travelling was, even to a comparatively recent time, undertaken on horseback. And readers of Chaucer will remember how, on this same road to Canterbury, there set out

"Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie  
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle  
In felowship, and pilgrimes were they alle,  
That towards Canterbury wolden ride."

Carriages were, however, in use in this country at a very early period, and are represented in illuminated mss. before the Conquest. About the period of our letter they appear to have been heavily-built vehicles, and should be called wagons rather than carriages. Either on two wheels or four, they were drawn by one horse or a pair, the driver being

mounted as a postilion. In the "Squire of low degree," a romance written in the fourteenth century, the King of Hungary's daughter is to go forth

"in a chare

That shal be covered wyth velvette reede,  
And clothes of fyne golde al about your heede,  
With damaske whyte and asure blewe  
Well dyaperd with lyllyes newe."

Whether the particular carriage that travelled down to Canterbury was fitted as handsomely, must be left to the imagination; but as the rich alone could afford the luxury of a "char," we may be sure it had its proper share of diapered damask and red velvet.

But if we want to find more than isolated specimens of familiar correspondence (except a rare treasure, such as the Paston Letters, fall in our way), we must come down to the end of the sixteenth and early years of the seventeenth century, of which period are still extant the correspondences of many private families, increasing in bulk as the century advances, until at its close materials of this nature are abundant.

The family of Gaudy, or Gawdy, of some distinction in the eastern counties, was settled at West Herling, in Norfolk, and at the latter part of the sixteenth century was represented by Sir Bassingbourne Gawdy, knight, sheriff for the county. To him the following letter is addressed by his cousin Edward Clere. We have preserved the original spelling of this and all other examples; for an old letter, to our mind, loses half its charm if it appears in a modern dress.

"The respect I have that yow or mye cosin your wife shold not have anye thinge bye y<sup>e</sup> motion of mye wife, or my selfe, that might be cause of discontentment, feare, or perill, to either of yow, or to anye of yours, suffiseth me to appoint this messengers repaire unto yowe, with advertisment as ensuith. At Aillsham, which is y<sup>e</sup> nexte town to Blicklinge, by covetyse of y<sup>e</sup> atteyninge some gain by wolle, one was touchid by God his visitation of y<sup>e</sup> plague throughe repayre to Norwiche. And sithens, one Wagstaffe his housse hath bene visited. This man hath pretendid somme skill of makinge a water to preserve from y<sup>e</sup> plague, and, overmiche presuminge thereof, did haunt Norwich, and brought thense a peticoate for his wife, and somme clothes of small valure. By y<sup>e</sup> use of which his wife and children be dead of y<sup>e</sup> same sicknes, and he restithe restrained by my advise for six weakes to kepe his howse whiche is in y<sup>e</sup> owtshifte of y<sup>e</sup> town, and provided for as we be bound in Christian duty.

"One of this town which repaired to Heinford to her daughter, that had receivid a Duche man's childe, wherby that howse grewe infectid, in so miche as nat only that child but diverse of her owne dyed of y<sup>e</sup> sicknes aforsaid, hath (as I suspect) brought somme infection in this towne. For y<sup>e</sup> said daughter's mother uppon her repayre home presently died, which dwellid next unto Aillsham boundes. Her death was nat miche lamentid of any well disposid person; for she was suspect for witchecraft. Sithens, two other of y<sup>e</sup> same howse hathe allso died, and so none but a daughter remaineth; and advise is given that those sholde kepe in.

"A poore mariner that dwelt right over ageinst her lay nat longe but that he allso dyed, and his wife is dowbtid to have a soore in her face; but by reason she sicknid nat, I deme it rather a rushe.

"I judge that you bothe and our frendes will thinke bothe I and my wife wolde be right glad of our being heere mery [merely] for y<sup>e</sup> time. Now I have made this reporte, I let you further know that my Lord bishop wold, for my busines, we shold be with him y<sup>e</sup> thursday before Michelmas, and leve it to your selves to determine what you think beste for yow; wherof I pray your answer. I shall be at London on Wednesday, and as yet apoint to return home y<sup>e</sup> Sunday following. Writen at Blickling y<sup>e</sup> xi. of September, 1579.

"Your well assurid cosin and frende,  
Edward Clere."

"To mye verye worshippfull  
good frende Mr. Bassingborn  
Gaudye highe shreve of  
Norff."

The frequent outbreaks of "plague," as every violent epidemic of an enteric nature was called, is noticed by all our old writers. And the fearful havoc they made in early times is significantly marked by the fact that documents are sometimes dated by reference to some specially destructive attack. As to the poor woman who was "suspect for withecraft," we are not ashamed to join with the "well-disposed" in not lamenting her death, for it may be easily believed that the plague was kinder to the witch than men would have proved.

The water in which the man who "haunted" Norwich put his trust was doubtless one of those many compounds which are to be found in the household recipe books of the time, every one of which is declared to be a sovereign cure. We select from a ms. of 1650 the following—

"Receipt against the Plague.

"Take three pintes of Malmsey, an handfull of sage, an handfull of Rue; boyle all these together untill a pinte be wasted, then strain it, and sett it on the fire againe; then put thereunto one pennyworth of long pepper, halfe an ounce of ginger, a quarter of an ounce of nutmeggs, all beaten together; let it boyle a little, then put thereunto foure pennyworth of methridate, two pennyworth of treacle, and a quarter of a pinte of the best Angellica water. Keepe this as your life above all worldly treasure, and take of it alwaies being warmed both morning and evening a spoonefull or two, if you be already infected, and sweate thereupon. For those that have no infection, once a day halfe a spoonefull in the morning and halfe a spoonefull in the night, in all the plague time. Under God, trust to this; for there was never man, woman, or childe in this deceived. This is not onely good against the plague called the sickness, but against the small poxe, measells, and many other diseases. Probatum est."

Sir Bassingbourne's eldest son was Framlingham Gawdy (they seem to have been fond of high-sounding names), born in 1589, and died in 1654. He married Lettice, daughter of Sir Robert Knollys, who died in 1630, after having a family of eight children. Framlingham was, like his father, sheriff of his county, and held a good position. The following letter he writes in 1621, as may be seen from his reference to Sir Giles Mompesson, the monopolist, who was in that year threatened with inquiry by the House of Commons, and fled beyond seas.

"Deare wyfye,—I am sorry I cannot dyspatche my busynes to come ynto the country where I longe to be w<sup>ch</sup> I hope will nott now be longe. Tell my

ladye Bell I can fynde no such stuff as she woulde haue, and therefore haue sent her mony agayne. I pray remember me to them both, and tell them I would fayne see them before they go out of the countrey. News heere ys none, but that syr Jyles Munpesson ys run away. Commend me to my cosin Doll, and tell her she ys happye she mist her lover, who is the deboysteste young man yn the towne, and shalbe disinherited. Commend me to my cosin Cresner and his wyfe and to all my children, and I will rest

"Your loving husbände  
till deathe,  
Framlingham Gaudy."

If the "debauchedest" young man was half as bad as the spelling, cousin Doll must indeed have had an escape!

Poor Lettice, we suspect, was a little afraid of her lord; for on the back of this letter she makes a draught of her answer, which she then copies out in her best hand in the following words:—

"Most dear sweethart,

"Your letter was very wellcom to me, though not so wellcom as your on parcon should have bin, but though I can not have that which I so much desier, it [yet] I should think my selef happy, if I had that desart in me to deserre a kind and loving letter from you nowe and then, espesshally when your company hath bein so long absent from me; for you shall not bestoue them of on [one] that doth mor desier to deserre it then I done. But I must nedes say that on [one] coming from your on fre and noubeull disposicion undesired is wortht all; and as for all the rest of the company you did desier to be remembered to, I have sent to and don the rest my selef. My lady Bell and S<sup>r</sup> Robart is going from thees partes upon monday sennit, being the xix<sup>th</sup> of March, to Sur Martain Stutfilde, and from thence to hur mother, and after Ester to Loundon. Thus, with my worthy respect of love to all my noubull and good frindes in jenerall, espesshally to your selef, I rest,

"Your pour undesarving wief,  
"Leticie Gaudy."

This letter is folded up into a cocked-hat shape, bound with silk and sealed with two seals; and it is addressed, "To my most Worthy and best beloved husband, Mr. Gaudy." The ordinary method of making up a letter was to fold it into an oblong shape, then double it over, piercing it with a knife, and passing through the cut thus made some silk, which was then wound round the letter and secured with a seal on either side. Other letters from Lettice Gawdy to her husband seem to indicate her hopes or fears, or perhaps the state of his temper, by the varied terms in which she salutes him: "Good Mr. Gaudy," "Deare Mr. Gaudy," "Deare Husbon," and lastly, "Sweete Mr. Gaudy," with which the next letter begins. It were but charity to make allowance for her spelling and some confusion on account of her state of health—

"Swet Mr. Gaudy,—I have received a leter from Mr. Doctor Raunte by on[e] that went to Norrydg this weeke, wherin was deretecion that I should drinke Aasiss mylk with shouger candy, If wee can tell wher to have on. I hear there was on at Shrobland, at my cousen Bacone's; unles it be ther to be had, I can inquier of non as [who has] it. As for my helth I thank the Lord, if it pleseth hym to ryd me of my cof and horesnyes, I should mend faster then I do; for I am

parswaydyd that my flesh doth rather increas then decreas, If it pleas the Lord to continu it with me. The articules I delivered to Mr. Catlyn shalbe saf agaynst your returen; so with many thanks for your kynd leter, praying to the allmyty for your good helth with all the boyes, not forgetting to return remembrance of the love of all thes good company to you, I rest

"Your ever loving wief  
Letice Gaudy."

"I was a shamed of my apyryokes when thay caym for I think sum of them had binn taken from ounder the trees lik winfalles, for I had not above to or thre good ones.

"To my very loving husbond,  
Mr. Framlingham Gaudy  
at Harling, give this."

She writes rather more freely to her father:—

"Deare father,—I mak bould to troubull you, for I hear umbly intreat you to do me the faver to chueas me to hates for my to boyes, for my husbon forgot them, and I can have no hansom ones at Norrig but such as wee yous to by at fayeres and marketes. For I would haue them hansom, allthou thay be playn; and I pray speak to my couzen Ann Vaughan to do me the faver as to speak me a payer of french whalesbon boddys of hur tayelere for me, for I could not get a payr of Bramag, but she may haue my mesur of hym or of Homes, and you shall resaye by this bearrar xxx. to pay for them and the hates. Thus with my umbull sarvies remembred to you, with many umbul thanks for my thinges you sent me, taking my leave, praying to God for your good health and short retoren hether agayn, not forgetting my kind love to my couzen Ann Vaughan, I commit you to God.

"Your duty full  
and obedient  
dauter to command till  
detthe Lettis Gaudy."

"To my worthy good father, the  
Ritt Worshipfull Sr  
Ro: Knollys Knite  
of the Bath give  
this."

Charles Gawdy was Framlingham's brother, and aspired to wear his elder brother's hat, as he could not stand in his shoes:—

"Sr,—If I had sent you your hatte by Mr. Bell it had beene spoiled with raine: it hath not beene worne since nor shall not bee while I heare from you. Sr, I have sent this messenger a purpose to desire you to give me leave to weare it but one day, whiche is spon thursday next. It is my sister Stannupe's crisinin day, and there will bee a great dill of Company. My sister hath a girle, and Sr Thomis Jermin and my sister Feltonne and Lady Drury answere for it. Sr, I do much desire to heare of my Sister's and yours good amendment. I rest

"Ever to be commanded  
by you both, Cha: Gaudy."

"I pray forgett not my love to Doll."

"To his noble frind  
and Brother Mr.  
Framlingham Gaudy  
at Harlinge."

Another letter from Charles gives an instance of careful direction: "To his most noble brother Mr. Framlingham Gaudy at London, in Fleetstreete, at

y<sup>e</sup> barbers shopp right agaynst y<sup>e</sup> kinges head taverne hard by Saynt Dunstenes Church, theese."

Bacon, a half brother, is a man of few words, and writes to the point:—

"Sir,—If yt be your fortune to be Sherefes, I pray let John Bird be your foole. Thus with my servico I rest

"Your loveing brother,  
Bacon Gaudy."

From which it appears that a sheriff kept a jester.

As a specimen of schoolboy correspondence, we may give this letter from Charles at school to his father, merely premising that "chirothecae" is a pair of gloves, and "tabellarius" a postman:—

"Amantissimo et charissimo patri Bassingbourn Gaudy militi, Carolus Gaudy plurimam salutem dicit.

"Si valeas gaudeo; ego quidem valeo, gratias Deo. Ago tibi gratias pro meis chirothecis quas Henricus Kendall mihi attulit. Nullas litteras misisti tabellariis, itaque expecto te venire domum brevi tempore. Precor te, cura valitudinem tuam. Vale.

"Obedientissimus filius tuus  
Carolus Gaudy."

### THE WOMEN'S PEACE SOCIETY.

AMONG the questions agitated at the present day there is one which should not be forgotten, especially by women—the question of war. It is really a blot upon our civilisation and our religion, that after eighteen centuries of Christianity the civilised nations of Europe should be considering how to turn their populations into armies, their "countries into barracks;" that the annual military expenditure of Europe should be reckoned at £280,000,000, or (including the loss on labour withdrawn from productive industry) at £400,000,000, and that its military land forces should amount, on a peace footing, to over 3,000,000 men, while in time of war they could at once be raised to more than 7,500,000.

We are constantly reminded by passing events of the great social and political evils resulting from this state of warlike preparation—this armed peace, which, like "a sword hanging over us, takes somewhat of the savour out of every banquet."\* On every side we hear prognostications of another Continental war, more dreadful than the last; and shall we do nothing to prevent it?

It may perhaps be asked, What can women do to prevent war? They neither organise armies nor declare war, nor are they called upon to fight. Why should they trouble themselves about the matter? Although women, happily, do not fight, they have their full share in the burdens of war. They are taxed for military purposes, and many of them are forced to work doubly hard to supply the places of the fathers, sons, or brothers who have been drafted into the army. In time of peace they are affected socially by the maintenance of standing armies, and in time of war they suffer privation, want, and untold loss. They have every reason to wish for the abolition of war, both for their own sake and for the sake of the world; and as to their power, they have deep and world-wide influence over society, and especially over the training of the young.

It was in order to use this influence for the cause

\* Sir A. Hall. ("War and Culture.")



of peace, that the Women's Peace and Arbitration Auxiliary was first established (in April, 1874), on the basis of the London Peace Society, viz., that war is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, and with the true interests of mankind. It began with about twenty members, many of whom had been interested in the work by an American lady, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who three years ago paid a visit to this country. It now numbers 178 members, residing in all parts of the kingdom, and maintains correspondence with associations engaged in similar work in England, America, and Italy.

Its object is by every means to promote peace on earth. To this end its members agree to advocate international arbitration as a substitute for war, and the mutual reduction of armaments, to discourage the spirit of militarism, to strive by the distribution of pamphlets, etc., to awaken a healthy public opinion on the subject, and especially to educate the young in true principles of right and justice.

We desire to teach British children the true meaning of the words honour and glory—to give them just notions of the value of human life—to make them understand the waste and injustice which are inseparable from the war system, however it may be softened by personal nobility of character; to conquer in their minds the prejudices of class against class, of nation against nation, which are a fruitful cause of war. Let us reform their ideas of history, and teach them that the most truly great men have been the reformers of the world, not its conquerors. Let them not learn the "nobility of self-sacrifice every seventh day only, while, during the other six days, the nobility of sacrificing others is exhibited in glowing terms."

Let us not discourage their patriotism, but direct it into real earnest work for the benefit of their native land.

If the mothers and teachers of Europe and America would but thus educate their boys, we might hope that before many generations had come and gone, the poet's words would be, at least in part, fulfilled:—

"Then shall all men's good  
To each man's rule, and universal Peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,  
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,  
Through all the circle of the golden year."

We add a brief extract from a prize essay by Catherine Gurney, entitled, "Women's Work for Peace" (Hodder and Stoughton)\*:—

The intellectual influence of woman is closely connected with her moral or educational influence—her influence as mother, teacher, and friend over the children whom she trains. Here lies her chief power, and our chief hope for the cause of peace. It may be in vain to expect a change of views in the present generation of Europeans, who have grown up in an atmosphere of gunpowder, and graduated in false ideas of patriotism and honour. But the children are in our hands. The ideas of the coming race may be the fruit of our endeavours. The seeds of peace and order sown in young hearts will flourish and become goodly trees.

When we consider the training which boys gene-

rally receive, we can feel little wonder that the cause of peace makes so slow a progress. Take as a specimen the life of a British boy of the upper or middle classes, who receives no special training for the military profession. His first infancy is soothed by warlike songs, and enlivened by the sight of military grandeur. His first toys are guns, swords, and wooden soldiers, with which he makes imaginary war; and the most brilliant prints in his picture-book are representations of horse-guards and dragoons. His next step is to play at soldiers with his brothers or companions. Then his education commences. His histories are generally a series of battles, sieges, victories, and defeats; his biographies the lives of distinguished conquerors and generals; his story-books tales of adventure, in which shooting and slaying form the principal and most attractive part. He goes to school, where he learns that the highest courage consists in a stoical indifference to pain, which, while it encourages physical bravery in himself, tends also to foster indifference to the pain of others. Here, separated from home influences, he serves an apprenticeship in schoolboy rudeness, and learns that his honour as a young Briton is to fight boys older than himself, and to refer all disputed points to the test of brute force. At some schools he may also learn to scorn a common-place life of industry, and to admire a life of pleasure-taking and luxury. At the best he puts the life of adventure and brilliant renown on the highest pinnacle of his admiration. Meanwhile his literary food still consists of histories in which those who have caused endless misery, ruined countless homes, and retarded the world's civilisation, are surnamed the Great, the Noble, the Christian; and very rarely do his teachers take pains to point out to him the difference between these heroes' talents as men, and their work as conquerors. At college much the same training is carried on, and both there and at home his recreation is not seldom taken in the form of volunteer service, which, though first commenced in a panic of patriotism, is now too often continued as a means of apeing a military life.

During this time the boy or youth hears few whispers as to the unlawfulness, the injustice, or the inexpediency of war. He is accustomed to connect war with honour and patriotism, splendour, courage, and power. Its horrors, its miseries, and crimes are not thought of by him, or are passed over lightly as the necessary shadow in a brilliant picture; and when told that his country is in danger, he naturally bids her fly to war as the one remedy for evil. The first suggestion that war may be in itself the greatest evil comes to him probably when he is full grown, when his prejudices are formed, and he is too busy or too indifferent to find the time or the wish to re-examine and correct his opinions. The friends of peace may attempt to show him the loss and injury which he suffers in common with others from this evil, but it is of no avail. Most men find it easier to part with their money than with their prejudices, to open their purses than to enlarge their minds.

What can we do as women to remedy this state of things? We can train our children from the first to have a moral dislike of the whole system and principle of war. . . . Let our boys learn from history that war is the great "barbariser" of the modern world, and that standing armies are the chief tools in the hands of oppression and tyranny, whether wielded by emperor, king, or mob.

\* We are indebted for this paper to a member of the Committee of the Women's Peace Society, and any one desiring further information may obtain it upon application to the Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Southey, Tressillian Road, Lewisham High Road, S.E.



*After Bouguereau.*

*By permission of Goupil & Co.*

### **Sister's Lullaby.**

SLEEP, baby, sleep, while the lovely light  
Shines still through the dark old firs ;  
The birds sleep sound in their nests all night,  
And only the wild wind stirs ;  
Far over the hills and far away  
The earth is losing its gold ;  
And sheep-bells chime through the twilight grey,  
While the flocks come home to fold.

Straight home we go to your own warm nest,  
And sister will sit and sing  
When mother watches her darling's rest,  
And the stars are clustering  
Like silver flowers in the darkened sky,  
And the toil of man is done ;  
Sleep, baby, sleep to my lullaby,  
And wake with the waking sun !

**SARAH DOUDNEY**



## CONCERNING SHOES AND SHOEMAKERS.

v.

TO turn to another phase of the shoemaking craft, our readers do not need to be informed that shoemakers figure in pithy proverbs and old sayings. Very expressive, especially, is "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*"—that is, "The shoemaker must not go beyond his last." The story is one of the oldest, and probably, although given as an anecdote, was really a parable. Apelles, the great painter, was either mixing with the crowd, gazing on one of his great paintings, or was so concealed that he could hear the criticisms freely passed upon his picture, when a shoemaker came up. "Why," said he, "he does not know how to paint a shoe!" Forth came the painter, questioned the shoemaker, and, finding that he was really in the right, he thanked his critic. Encouraged and emboldened, the shoemaker went on to other parts of the painting. Here his criticisms betrayed the grossest ignorance; and then the great painter addressed him in the language of the proverb, conveying the sound and useful lesson that no man should pass his opinion in any province of art without the qualification. But it also conveys the lesson that there is no province which is so humble but it may furnish an opinion worthy of attention.

"There's nothing like leather" is an old proverb, and used, we suppose, every day when persons are heard crying up their craft as of chief and prime importance. It is said to have had its origin in the instance of the currier, who, when his city was in a state of siege, would have had it defended with leather, but the proverb finds something of an illustration in the life of Edward Irving. When he was minister in Glasgow, in his parish was a shoemaker, a radical and an infidel, one of that order of men the reader may so easily imagine, who sat at his stall, dreamily musing, hammering out his leather, and talking heaps of mischievous nonsense, most likely flavoured with many a strong piece of common sense. Irving wanted to get at this man, so one day he made his appearance by the side of the shoemaker's stall. In the course of the conversation he took up a piece of leather, and made some remarks upon it, really showing that he knew what he was talking about, which for that very reason exasperated the shoemaker, who set it down to an ignorant conceit of knowledge, exclaiming, "What do ye ken about leather?" Now this was just what Irving wanted. He was thoroughly up in leather, for his father was a tanner, and he proceeded, as he indeed from the first intended, to talk to the astonished shoemaker about shoes, and some certain processes for making shoes by machinery, until Crispin got fairly interested in the great figure stooping over his bench. At last he threw down his tools, exclaiming, "Now, but you're a decent kind of fellow. And do you preach?" The shoemaker was vanquished, and Irving went very little further on that occasion, but, amazing to say, the very next Sunday the infidel shoemaker put in a modest appearance at Irving's church. Irving watched his opportunity after this, and in some few days con-

trived to meet the shoemaker in the streets. Accosting him in a cheerful and friendly manner, and hailing him as in some sense an old friend, the tall orator, to the amazement of the little shoemaker—of course he was *little*, whoever heard of a *tall* shoemaker?—walked away by his side in earnest conversation through the crowded Glasgow streets. He had said little or nothing about religion in all their talks hitherto, but by the time they had reached the end of their walk, all resistance was over with the shoemaker. He sent his children to the school; his wife was allowed to go to the kirk in peace, but, most marvellous of all, he got himself a decent suit of black, and became a regular and respectable kirk-goer also. But when he was taunted with this change in his behaviour, he was in the habit, says Mrs. Oliphant, who tells the story, of summing it all up in words which gave the palm to the cunning of his conqueror, saying, "He's a sensible man, *yon*, he kens aboot leather."

"*Urit pedem calceus*" is a more pathetic proverb, which, we will be bound to say, has come home with real feeling to the understandings of most of our readers—"I am in the shoemaker's stocks"; but it is often applied to the sense of being in a difficult position, or circumstances from which it is not very easy to escape.

And that other well-known proverb is something like it, that "None know where the shoe pinches but he who wears it;" and this also is attached to a well-known story. A noble Roman was divorced from his wife. His friend expressed surprise, saying, "Is she not beautiful?" "Yes." "Is she not rich?" "Yes." "Is she not accomplished? Are not her manners most graceful?" "Yes." "Well, then, why have you separated from her?" "Well, no man can tell where the shoe pinches but he who wears it." But we have no doubt that the proverb is much older than this story. This proverb reproduces itself in another—"The fairest-looking shoe may pinch the foot."

But, we suppose, if we were to attempt to recapitulate the proverbs concerning shoemakers and shoes, and fit to them their appropriate illustrations, instead of drawing our papers to a close, we might rather begin again. The shoe being so essential an article of comfort and convenience to the human family in all but the most utterly savage tribes, every nation may be presumed to have its proverbs concerning shoes, and to fit its moralities to them. Hence, among the old Latins, those who lived merely for external appearances, disregarding more solid worth and the culture of the mind, were spoken of as "*De calceo sollicitus, at pedem nihil curans*"—"Anxious about the shoe but disregarding the foot,"—a proverb which was possibly in Pope's mind when he penned the celebrated couplet,—

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow,  
And all the rest is leather or prunella;"

which may also put the reader in mind again of

Horace's cobbler, who was as good as a king, in his satire,—

"If your wise man's a shoemaker protest,  
Handsome and rich, of monarchy possess,  
Why wish for what you have!

*Stoic.* Yet hold, my friend,  
And better to the Stoic's sense attend,  
For though the wise nor shoes nor slippers made,  
He's yet a skilful shoemaker by trade;  
Thus, though Hermogenes may sing no more,  
He knows the whole extent of music's power;  
Alfenus, thus turn'd lawyer in his pride,  
His shop shut up, his razors thrown aside,  
Was still a barber; so the wise alone  
Is of all trades, though exercising none,  
And reigns a monarch, though without a throne."

But "*Non omnis calceus convenit cuilibet pedi*"—"The same shoe does not fit every foot," "Occupations vary, and men with their occupations, and there may be equal use and dignity in all." As another old English proverb says: "He that makes a shoe cannot tan the leather." Let us be modest. A story is told of an old Duke of Leeds, we think, in the earlier part of the reign of George III. One morning he was with his chaplain and his friend, Dr. Monsey, soon after breakfast, in his library, when Mr. Walkden, of Pall Mall, his grace's shoemaker, was introduced with a new pair of shoes, which he was to fit on his grace. The shoemaker was a great favourite of the duke. "What have you there, Walkden?" said he to him. "The pair of shoes for your grace," he replied. "Let me see them." They were handed to him accordingly. The chaplain took up one, examined it with great attention. "What is the price?" asked the chaplain. "Half-a-guinea, sir," said the shoemaker. "Half-a-guinea! what, for a pair of shoes?" said the chaplain; "why, I could go to Cranbourne Alley and buy a better pair of shoes than they ever were or ever will be, for five and sixpence." He then threw the shoe to the other end of the room. Walkden threw the other after it, saying, "As they were fellows they had better go together," at the same time saying to the chaplain, "Sir, I can go to a stall in Moorfields and buy a better sermon for twopence than the duke gives you a guinea for." The duke clapped Walkden on the shoulder, saying, "Well done, Walkden, that's capitally said; make me half-a-dozen pairs of these shoes directly."

The cynical Spaniards, in their world of proverbs, have some to the point—"Shoe, shoe, how long will you last? *As long as you grease me*;" which is also like another of theirs—"A friend's shoe"—that is, a pair bought from a friend—"has a burned sole and a rotten thread." And they satirise the worthlessness of some people's benevolence when they say, "If your shoe pinch you, give it to your man." And the coward has been satirised in more than one language by the proverb, "His shoes are made of running leather;" and industry is commended over laziness by the well-known one, "It is better to wear out shoes than sheets." The closeness of family ties is represented by "The shoe will hold with the sole." "The shoemaker's children are worst shod" satirises those who have great care for the things of others and none for those of home, which is also represented by an old English couplet:—

"Who is worse shod than a shoemaker's wife,  
With shops full of new shoes all her life!"

And doubtless these proverbs might be extended to a great length had we time to ransack the proverbs of all nations, or did these papers furnish space for such an exercise.

Also another tempting topic we must leave untouched—namely, the extent to which shoes have entered into the folk-lore of nations, such, for instance, is the story of the "Shoes of Fortune;" but it is in the East where we find the most curious illustrations here.

Which last remark, however, brings to our memory the word *excalceation*—that is, the putting off the shoes as a mark of worship, or token of respect. We see this in the word to Moses: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." And when Joshua saw the captain of the Lord's host, the captain said to him, "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy." To this day the Mussulman takes off his shoes as he enters the mosque; and so, also, do many of the Hindoos as they enter their temples. Travellers tell us that they have seen, at the entrance, slippers and sandals hanging up in long ranks outside the gates. With this rule of taking off the shoe is associated also the ancient practice—so usual also in our weddings—of throwing the shoe, the sign of a covenant, as we read in the Book of Ruth: "Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbour: and this was a testimony in Israel. Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz, Buy it for thee. So he drew off his shoe. And Boaz said unto the elders, and unto all the people, Ye are witnesses this day, that I have bought all that was Elimelech's, and all that was Chilion's, and Mahlon's, of the hand of Naomi. Moreover Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife: ye are witnesses this day," etc., etc. This also explains that other ambiguous text, "Over Edom will I cast my shoe"—the triumphant assurance that the spiritual soul obtains dominion over that which persecutes, tries, and distresses it. This ancient usage also of the shoe regarded as the token and sign or seal of a covenant, the throwing the shoe as the sign of inheritance and dominion, closely explains both our common proverbs of "Waiting for dead men's shoes" and "Standing in another man's shoes." So various and curious are the associations suggested even by a pair of shoes!

Concerning the taking off of the shoes as a token of worship and homage, Mr. Drummond Hay, in his entertaining book on "Western Barbary," recites a story certainly not of shoemakers, but of shoes. The clock of the great Mosque of Tangiers was out of order, and needed a skilful craftsman to repair it. None of the faithful were equal to the task. The thing would not strike; the works would not move. It was gravely declared that a *jinn*, or evil genius, had got possession of it and of its works, and all sorts of exorcisms were tried to expel the evil spirit, but without effect. Their only resource now was in one who was fortunately residing in Tangiers, a Christian clockmaker, or, as they called him, "a cursed Nazarene," from Genoa. But the difficulty was how to employ him, for the clock was in the tower of the mosque, and it seemed impossible to permit him to defile God's house of prayer by his sacrilegious steps. There were grave



consultations as to what their sacred law would permit them to do in such a case; whether to lay down boards, over which the infidel might pass without touching the sacred floor. Finally, it was determined to "pull up the pavement upon which "the Christian dog" stepped, and to whitewash the walls near which he passed. So the unbeliever was sent for, and of course informed that, first of all, he must take off his shoes when entering the temple of the prophet. But a new and quite unexpected difficulty arose. "Take off my shoes!" said he; "that I won't. I never take them off when I go into my own church, I'll not take them off when I go into the temple of your prophet."

The grave men were in great perplexity; they called together a committee of the *Oolama*, or wise and learned ones; they were in a "fix;" they wanted their clock set right. They delivered over the clockmaker and all his race to curses; but that did not mend the matter. At last, one wise and sagacious old priest rose and craved permission to speak. "Verily," said he, "there is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet. But if," said he, "the mosque be out of repair, and lime and bricks have to be conveyed into the interior for the use of the masons, do not the donkeys carry those loads? and do they not enter with their shoes on?" "You speak the very truth," was the general exclamation. "But the donkey," continued that wise old man, "does not believe that there is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." "No, verily," said they all. "Then," said the speaker, "let the Christian go in shod as a donkey does, and come out as a donkey." The argument was unanimously applauded; so in the character of a donkey did the Christian enter the Mohammedan temple and mended the clock—not, indeed, like a donkey, but as such in the opinion of the faithful. So he came out again; and at the date of writing his book, Mr. Hay says: "The great clock of Tangiers has never since wanted a visit from 'the donkey' to effect any repairs."

Not alone are we to look in foreign shrines for ridiculous superstitions. Come home. Walk down Fenchurch Street. Who was St. Margaret Pattens? The lady still has a church there, whoever she was. Old Stow says the church was so called because of old time pattens were made and sold in the neighbourhood; and so they give the designation to this day to the building. Howbeit, Mohammedans ought to treat with more especial tenderness shoes and the craft of the shoemaker, for there is a tradition that the great prophet himself in early life was a shoemaker; and we understand that Pitts, in his "Manners of the Mohammedans"—a book we have not yet seen—calls him *Sabbatero*, the shoemaker.

We might enumerate a list of singular relics in the old-shoe line in different parts of the world; such as the blessed slippers of priests or pontiffs; but we have read that the most singular of this order is to be found in the Cabinet of Curiosities at St. Petersburg. It is one of a pair of shoes earned in fair and honest labour by Peter the Great. Our readers know that he was fond of travelling about in disguise, learning various crafts; thus, he wrought for a long time as a shipwright at Deptford. He wrought for a month as a blacksmith, at the forges of Müller, in Istia, near Moscow; he wrought so well that on the last day of his remaining there he forged eighteen poods of iron, and fixed his own particular royal mark on each; he also sent for his

boyards and noblemen on this day to blow the bellows and carry the coals while he worked. The work done, Peter praised the master of the factory, and asked his pay for this day's work. The manufacturer said the worth of the work was about eighteen altinas, but he could not offer his Majesty less than eighteen ducats. Peter refused the ducats, saying, "I have worked no better than any other workman; give me what you would pay another; I want to buy a pair of shoes." He showed those he had on, which had been mended, and were still much worn. He received the eighteen altinas. With these he bought his pair of shoes. "There," he said, "I have earned these by the sweat of my brow!" One of the bars of iron, with the royal mark upon it, is said to be preserved at Istia; one of the shoes really earned by the emperor is in the Cabinet of Curiosities at Moscow. Perhaps our readers will think that this relic preaches a more noble lesson than most of the relics of princes and royal persons.

Of celebrated shoes surely none were more authentically remarkable than Tom Coryat's. Do our readers know anything of Tom Coryat? Alas for the vanity and evanescence of fame! Time was when "sweetmeats and Coryat made up the last course at all court entertainments," so he has a place among the "Worthies" of Thomas Fuller; he was one of the very oddest of oddities. In the year 1606 he walked, in five months, in Europe, about one thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven miles in one pair of shoes; nine hundred miles on one pair of soles. The shoes he set out in brought him safely home, and he hung them up for a memorial in Odcombe Church, in Somersetshire, of which village his father had been rector, in which he also was born, and which gave him his own favourite designation, "the Odcombian log-stretcher." But we see, then, that even faulty characters, like Czar Peter, have a relieving suggestion from their neighbourhood to a pair of shoes. The same remark may be made of Lord Byron; he appears to have been rather hostile to poetical shoemakers, but not to practical ones, for when he was living in Venice, and the house of his shoemaker was destroyed by fire, finding the sufferer to be a poor and deserving man, Byron restored his house for him in a better style than before, supplied him with a new set of tools, stocked his shop, and furnished his habitation.

To turn aside to another topic, although only for a few words. The shoes and foot-gear of various nations is an interesting field for anecdote and remark. In No. 177 of the "Saturday Magazine" (1835) is an interesting paper, prefaced by twenty-one engravings, of the various forms of shoes in different ages and nations. Among these the Chinese are very suggestive. Like many other absurd fashions, the singular mutilation of the feet of the Chinese women owes its origin—like the Court fashion of the heavy bands in the reign of Louis xiv, which are said to have come about from a wen on the neck of that monarch, which the necktie was intended to conceal—to a defect of nature. Their diminutive feet and diminutive shoes are said to have arisen from a certain lady of very high rank, to whom nature had given very small feet, and who took good care that her supposed advantage over the rest of her sex should not be unknown. This naturally excited the emulation of others; so an endeavour was made artificially to create that which was in itself and originally a

defect of nature. We must say that, next to our compassion for the Chinese, we have always felt pity for the wearers of wooden shoes. In some of our great northern towns it is singular to hear, in the early morning, the clatter of thousands of clogs as the mill girls and boys proceed to their work. But no doubt it is in France where especially this most uncomfortable piece of personal furniture most abounds, and it used to furnish an item of our national contempt for the French in those days when we and they were very quarrelsome neighbours. Goldsmith, in his "Citizen of the World," with his cunning humour so delightful to read, represents an English porter, who, while grumblingly resting beneath his own burden, declares that "the French are the only people fit to carry burdens, because they are slaves and wear wooden shoes."

And here we might, did space permit, dilate a little upon the history of the decorations of shoes, and go to some of our old dramatists for illustrations of that satire which greeted the first indications of foppery in "shining shoes." This was thought to be an eminent mark of the exquisite dandy, as Ben Jonson says,—

"Mock him all over,

From his flat cap unto his shining shoes."

And another dramatist makes one of his characters exclaim of another,—

"Hio! his shoes shine too!"

But what was the foppery of one age becomes the decency of another.

#### VI.

EVER since our first paper was in type it has occurred to us that, so far from having exhausted, we have not nearly enumerated the great names we find associated with the art and mystery of cordwain-making and shoemaking. In that most entertaining miscellany, "Notes and Queries" (No. 215), we find an interesting account of a very poor Norwich shoemaker, named Mackey, whose mind appears to have been a marvellous receptacle of varied learning. He died in Doughty's Hospital, in Norwich, an asylum for aged persons there. The writer of the paper referred to found him surrounded by the tools of his former trade and a variety of astronomical instruments and apparatus, and he instantly was ready for conversation upon the mysteries of astronomical and mythological lore, the "Asiatic Researches of Captain Wilford," and the mythological speculations of Jacob Bryant and Maurice, quoting Latin and Greek to his auditor. He was called the learned shoemaker; his learning was probably greatly undigested and ungeneralised, but it was none the less another singular instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, as is shown by his published works on mythological astronomy, and on "The Age of Mental Emancipation." Probably he was something akin to that assuredly inferior, but still classical brother of the gentle craft (a cobbler), who, in order to eclipse a rival who lived opposite to him, put over his door, or his stall, the well-known motto, "*Mens conscia recti*" (a mind conscious of rectitude). But his adversary, determined not to be outdone, showed himself, alas! to be a cobbler in classics as well as in shoes by placing over his door the astonishingly comprehensive defiance, "*Men's and Women's conscia recti*"!

We must bring this quite desultory collection of scraps from our old note-books to an end, or it

will seem to our readers as if we, too, wanted to work upon everlasting shoes, like that old noble of Gascony who, complaining to his shoemaker that his work did not last long enough, his humble workman inquired of what stuff his lordship would have his shoes to be made. "Make the vamp," said he, "of the throat of a chorister, the quarter of the skin of a wolf's neck, and the sole of a woman's tongue." The astonished Crispin met the singular wish with a timid and hesitating "*Pourquoi?*" "Why," said the would-be wit, "because the first never admits water, the second never bends on either side, and the last, although always in motion, never wears out. Thus I should have a pair of everlasting shoes!"—a great blessing if there be any truth in the old proverb, and that there is, perhaps, the experience of all our readers will testify—"As easy as an old shoe!" although that again is relative to the wearer of them; and when some thief, among other things more valuable, stole the shoes of the great, but alas! gouty Earl of Chatham, he took his revenge by saying he "only hoped the shoes might fit the rascal that stole them."

Cobblers have often been the subjects of lively verse. Across the Borders, the old song says,—

"Up with the souters o' Selkirk,  
For they are both trusty and leal;"

and a merry old English ditty sings,—

"A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall,  
Which served him for parlour, and kitchen, and hall."

But one of the liveliest pieces glorifying the cheerfulness of this order of lowliest labour is that of Samuel Wesley—the cobbler shining in a bright contrast with a neighbour:—

"Who wanted nought of human bliss  
But power to taste his happiness.  
Too near, alas! this great man's hall  
A merry cobbler had a stall,  
An arch old wag as o'er you knew,  
With breeches red and jerkin blue;  
Cheerful at working as at play,  
He sung and whistled life away;  
When rising morning glads the sky,  
Clear as the merry lark and high;  
When evening shades the landscape veil,  
Sat warbling as the nightingale;  
Though peace came slow, and trade was ill,  
Yet still he sung and whistled still;  
Though patch'd his garb and coarse his fare,  
He laugh'd and cast away old care."

With him we may appropriately close this chapter from the life of the lowly, for time would fail to tell of all this craft who have united lofty thoughts and eventful lives to their humble labours. Of Roger Sherman, famed for his "rare good sense" in the struggle of the United States, and their declaration of independence; of James Lackington, of Finsbury, the mightiest bookseller of his age; of Linnæus the illustrious botanist, who for his very dulness in the classics was bound apprentice by his father to a shoemaker; of Winkleman, the great art critic, who emerged from a shoemaker's shop to be an authority in the delicacies of the studio. They and others must pass as memorials of the often-repeated truth that no order of labour is so lowly but it may give scope for the exercise of the highest faculties.

## WEATHER PROVERBS.

## March.

THIS month well deserves the epithet "many weathered," as in ordinary years the changes from wet to fine and fine to wet are very frequent. Too much rain is a source of vexation to the farmer, who desires nothing so much as a dry, cold March.

"A dry and cold March never begs its bread."

"A wet March makes a sad harvest."

"March rain spoils more than clothes."

"March grass never did good."

A French proverb asserts that if March is mild and showery like April, April will prove stormy like March, thus exchanging the weather suitable to each. Wind in March followed by rain in April brings on crops and flowers as favourably as possible.

"March winds and April showers  
Bring forth May flowers."

"A peck of March dust and a shower in May  
Make the corn green and the fields gay."

"A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom."

It was also supposed that the weather at the end of March would always be the exact opposite of that at the beginning, so far as wind was concerned, and this belief was expressed in the sentence, "March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb;" and in a similar one with the words "lion" and "lamb" transposed. Thunder being a sign of warm, rainy weather, is a very unwelcome visitor in March, and in the expressive words of the old saw, "brings sorrow."

Ash Wednesday this year falls on the 1st of March, and it must consequently be remarked here that it was commonly said that "wherever the wind lies on Ash Wednesday, it will continue in that quarter during all Lent."

The 8th of this month, or "old" St. Matthew's Day, is supposed to influence the weather. "St. Matthew breaks the ice; if he finds none, he will make it." Dr. Kirwan has some very interesting remarks on the influence the weather prevailing about the spring equinox, March 21st, has upon the succeeding summer. He says that the summer will be dry four times in five if a storm arises from the east on or just before the equinox, or from any quarter within a week of it, provided there has been no particular storm on or about the day itself; and that the summer will be wet five times in six if a storm arises from the s.w. or w.s.w. on or just before the equinox.

Sir Walter Scott, in a note to his "Heart of Midlothian," says, "The three last days of March (old style) are called the borrowing days, for, as they are remarked to be unusually stormy, it is feigned that March had borrowed them from April to extend the sphere of his rougher sway." The reason for the borrowing is said in North Ireland to have been that March had a spite against an old woman, and was anxious to kill her cow; failing to do so in his own month, he borrowed three days

from April to enable him to complete the task; but whether he succeeded does not appear. In Scotland the story varies by supposing he had a grudge against three pigs instead of a cow. In this case the result of all his attacks on them was that "the little pigs came hirpling home."

"March borrows of April  
Three days, and they are ill;  
April borrows of March again  
Three days of wind and rain."

March borrowit from April  
Three days, and they were ill;  
The first was frost, the second was snaw,  
The third was cauld as ever 't could blaw.

The first day was wind and weat,  
The second day was hail and sleet;  
The third day was birly banes,  
And knocked the wee birds' nibs agin the stanes."

"The warst blast comes in the borrowing days."

These days really correspond to April 10th, 11th, 12th, *n.s.*; but as the point of the old saws lies in their being at the end of March, it seemed best to insert them here instead of under April, where they would be more properly placed in other respects.

## THE RAE BURN PORTRAITS.

AT one of the meetings of the British Association, at Edinburgh, an unexpected and welcome treat was prepared for the members. In some rooms of the University, a large collection of the original paintings of Sir Henry Raeburn had been gathered together. Many of these were from the family pictures in the house of the grandson of the painter, near Midcalder, but most of them were lent for exhibition by private persons or public bodies in possession of these treasures of art.

The fame of Sir Henry Raeburn had long been well established in Scotland, but except to art students there was little more than the rumour of a great name known in other countries. This popular exhibition justified all the reputation that had been claimed for the Scottish painter. Second to Sir Joshua Reynolds alone (if second), he is in the foremost rank of the great Masters of the British School. In Scotland he was long *facile princeps* in his own department, and by him were painted the portraits of almost all the men who made that part of the kingdom illustrious at the close of the eighteenth and in the early part of the present century. Sir Joshua was in the zenith of his fame when the Scottish artist went up to London with an introduction. The great Academician advised him to go to Rome, and "worship Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel," and study his grand style. "Young man," he added, "I know nothing of your circumstances. Young painters are seldom rich; but if money be necessary for your studies abroad, say so, and you shall not want it." Raeburn did not need this special help, but he appreciated the generous friendship of Sir Joshua, and more than justified the expectations formed of him. With Sir Joshua himself,

and Gainsborough, and with older classic names, Titian, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, and Velasquez, that of Sir Henry Raeburn is worthy of being bracketed. Sir David Wilkie, a first-rate art critic as well as artist, writing from Madrid about the master-pieces of Velasquez, says: "There is much resemblance between him and some of the chiefs of the English School, but of all, Raeburn resembles him most, in whose *square touch* in heads, hands, and accessories, I see the very counterpart in Velasquez."

Raeburn was no imitator, nor is it probable that pictures of Velasquez were familiar to him; his own genius and power gave the square touch to which Wilkie refers, as well as the life-like strength and spirit of his portraits. A few pictures by various painters may be named as unrivalled, but no artist has produced a whole gallery of first-rate portraits of illustrious men to surpass that of Raeburn which was exhibited at Edinburgh.

In female portraits his fame is not so high, though a few of these are remarkable. His admirers say that the fewness of such portraits is only because he happened to have few female sitters.

An Edinburgh publisher, Mr. Andrew Elliot, has brought out a collection of photographs\* of above thirty of the Raeburn portraits, with descriptive letterpress, and a memoir of the painter by Dr. John Brown. Of the artistic excellence of the originals no adequate idea can be formed in the absence of colour, in which Raeburn excelled, but the photographs enable us to judge of the power and felicity of his portraiture. Many of the most remarkable portraits exhibited at Edinburgh, such as Henry Mackenzie, "the man of feeling," Francis Jeffrey Cockburn, Sir John Sinclair, are not represented. But among the thirty we have Sir Walter Scott; Dr. Adare, of the High School; Professor Robison; Lord Hopetoun, one of Wellington's Peninsular lieutenants; Sir David Baird; Francis Horner; Dr. John Erskine, the colleague of Principal Robertson; Sir W. Henry Moncrieff, Bart., Erskine's successor as leader of the Evangelical party in the Kirk of Scotland; Dr. Hugh Blair, of "The Grave"; Lord Braxfield, the Lord Thurlow of the Scottish Bench; John Clerk, Lord Eldin, whose wit is yet traditionally fresh in Parliament House; Robert Sym, the Timothy Tinkler of Wilson's "Noots"; Lord President Dundas, the dispenser of Scottish patronage; Dugald Stewart; Professor Pillans; Neil Gow; and others of almost equal fame.

The mention of these names, and they are but a few of the men distinguished in their day in Scottish life, reveals the busy professional career of the painter. To Scotchmen the Raeburn gallery has special interest. Although England and Scotland had long been united under one crown and legislature, the union was still far from complete in literary and professional and social life, when Raeburn drew his historical portraits. Not till the days of the Regency, and the Reform Bill, and railroads, did the fusion of the two nations really begin. In Art it is yet far from complete; for while there are distinguished Scotchmen in the English Royal Academy, the Royal Scottish Academy is almost exclusively national, and contains portrait painters, some of whose works are worthy of following those of Sir Henry Raeburn.

## Varieties.

**TURTLE OF GIGANTIC SIZE.**—"H. F.," a Trinity House pilot, Dover, having read accounts of marine captures of extraordinary size, sends a sketch (taken at the time) and description of a "Trunk" or shellless turtle, captured by the London whaler, Sussex, Captain J. Hanmer, in 1841, while cruising for sperm whales on the south-east coast of Japan, about four or five hundred miles from land. "I was in the boat," says "H. F.," "when it was harpooned without difficulty, its outer skin being merely a horny kind of blubber. The animal, when it was hove in by the cutting-in gear (which is capable of lifting ten tons), measured seventeen feet in length from nose to tail, and about six feet six inches in the widest part, and four feet six inches high. We could only estimate its weight, which must have been several tons. I have been connected with the sea for thirty-six years, and during that time have met with very few that have seen a trunk turtle. In 'Goldsmith's Natural History' there is a description of one captured in the Mediterranean which weighed thirty-five hundredweight; and after searching for days in the British Museum, I found a very small specimen, and most likely it is there now."

**LIQUOR TRAFFIC.**—As a check to drunkenness, "S. A." proposes that spirits should be manufactured and sold only under Government control, through local government boards, on premises entirely apart from wine and beer, in sealed bottles, and not to be drunk on any premises where sold; the profits to be devoted to sanitary improvements, the supply of cheap water, gas, etc. He thinks thus to avoid all exceptional legislation between rich and poor, and carry out the principle upon which Lord Brougham established the Beerhouse Act, and Mr. Gladstone the reduction of the duty upon wines.

**FOX-HUNTING FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.**—"On a given day a number of habitual idlers issue from their do-nothing abodes, and meet at a stated locality in close proximity to what is termed a 'tap,' or, in American phraseology, 'sample-room.' The convention (*Anglice*, field), all mounted on horses, and having imbibed sufficient air and liquid, start for an open field, followed by a numerous pack of hounds, which locality being reached, a terrified fox is liberated from a box, and the dogs, horses, and men scamper pell-mell after the miserable animal"—which, it is added, is cunning enough to take the route where his pursuers can do most damage to hedges, gardens, and crops, and not until as much mischief as possible has ensued do "the precious pack of men and hounds return to their usual covers, dragging along a wretched fox as a trophy."

**CHRISTIANS IN INDIA.**—The census returns show not quite 900,000 Christians in India, or less than one in 200 of the population; and even of these some 250,000 appear to be Europeans, or to have European blood in their veins. About three-fifths of the Christians in India are in Madras, where, in addition to those in the native states, they number about 534,000, approaching 2 per cent. of the population; 416,000 are Roman Catholics, and 118,000 are enrolled as Protestants. In Bombay there are 126,000 Christians, forming less than 1 per cent. of the population. Nearly 83,000 of these are returned as Roman Catholics (chiefly the Indo-Portuguese); about 19,000 are described simply as native converts, and 24,000 as Protestants, of whom four-fifths belong to the Church of England. In Bengal 90,000 persons are described as Christians, again less than 1 per cent. of the population. There are several missions in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, but only about 3,000 "native Christians" are returned in the city itself. In Mysore there are nearly 26,000 Christians, of whom 18,000 are "native"; nine-tenths are Roman Catholics. Of the 2,400 Christians in the little state of Coorg, there are 2,000 "native," and 1,900 of them are Roman Catholics. In Berar about 900 Christians are enumerated, but natives are not separated from Europeans or Eurasians. In British Burmah there are 52,000 Christians, or nearly 2 per cent. of the population. It is forty-five years since Rammohun Roy founded a society at Calcutta with the view of reclaiming Hindoos from idolatry and establishing a pure monotheism. In 1859 Keshub Chunder Sen was enrolled a member, and in 1866 he seceded from the original society, and formed a separate sect called the Brahmo Somaj, or the Prathana Somaj, as the members call themselves in the Bombay Presidency,

\* Portraits of Sir Henry Raeburn, photographed by Thomas Annan. Andrew Elliot, Edinburgh.



where 221 were enumerated. Very few persons returned themselves as Brahmans in Bengal, and only ninety-two in Calcutta, where there is said to be a considerable community of them. They are, however, believed to have congregations in most of the districts. Speaking of the Presidency of Madras, the census report notices that the ancient rulers of Western India are believed to have encouraged settlements of Persians or Manicheans for centuries before the Portuguese established themselves on the coast, but under the rule of the latter the Syrian, or Nestorian, Church suffered great depression and persecution. Its disciples now flourish chiefly in Cochin and Travancore, and in the south of Malabar, where there are 13,673 "Nazaranies." There are about 3,700 Brahmins, and, perhaps, 3,000 Kshatriya Christians in Madras.

**EVELINA HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.**—At the Evelina Hospital in the Southwark Bridge Road, visitors will find much to praise and admire, and little to criticise. Good and economical management, perfect order and comfort, complete sanitary arrangements, all combine to make this hospital worthy of special notice. At the Evelina, the serious errors which many children's hospital managers have committed have been avoided. For instance, at some hospitals, the children's wards are more like drawing-rooms than sick-rooms, and the convalescent play-room is furnished with a luxury more suitable to a royal nursery than to one for the sick children of the poor. We have seen patients decked out in the cast-off clothes of the young nobility, and made to feel, by the luxurious treatment they received at the children's hospital, that it is better to be sick and at ease in a hospital than healthy and wretched at home. All these abuses have been avoided at the Evelina; and we could wish that they were everywhere abolished from children's hospitals, and that all these institutions would adopt in their place the simple, homely comforts of the cottage. The eye of a visitor who is at all familiar with the scene usually presented by the ward of a children's hospital is at once struck with the simplicity, neatness, and comfort of all the arrangements at the Evelina. The bright, happy faces of the children tell their own tale; and we are not surprised to hear that this hospital is so popular amongst the poor, that the urgent and numerous applications for admission render it necessary that forty extra beds should be opened. To meet this increased expense, the committee require £1,500; and we commend this useful work to the warm sympathy and support of all who are able to give help.—*British Medical Journal.*

**WILLS.**—The decision in regard to the lost will of Lord St. Leonards was as follows:—"I find as a fact that the will of 1870 was duly executed and attested; that the several codicils also were duly executed and attested; that the will was not revoked by the testator; and I further find that the contents of the will were, with the exception I have mentioned, as set out in the declaration." Sir James Hannen, in giving this decision, made some useful remarks as to the safe custody of wills:—"I may say this case illustrates the false security in which Lord St. Leonards lived, and in which I dare say we all of us live. With the other members of his family, he lived in the belief that his will was secure from the hands and eyes of either the curious or the dishonest. It was thought that the only means of access to it was by the only key which Lord St. Leonards carried about him, and that there was no means of access to the duplicate key, which would open the will box; and yet it turned out that there were no less than four keys in the house by which anybody might have opened the escritoire in which the duplicate key was kept, and so have obtained possession of it. Believing, as I do, that this will has been lost, and not destroyed by the testatrix, and that the loss has arisen from its insecure custody, though that custody seemed to all concerned to be perfectly safe, it is well that it should be known, and I particularly desire that it should be known, to the public, that the law has provided a means of obtaining as nearly a certainty as can be obtained in human affairs that a will will be forthcoming at the death of the testator. It has been provided for by 20 and 21 Vict., c. 77, s. 91, that wills may be deposited at the registry of this Court, sealed and signed, and that their contents can never be known to any one until the proper time arrives. They may, upon payment of a small fee, be deposited at the Registry of the Court, and there they will be kept in safe custody; and yet, notwithstanding this provision of the law, I regret to say that in 1872-73 there were only seven instances of wills having been so deposited at the Registry; in 1873-74 there were nine; and in 1874-75 there have been seventeen instances of the kind. Now, Lord St. Leonards, observing upon this in his 'Handy-book of Property Law,' says:—'The Act which abolishes the old ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and establishes a Court of Pro-

bate (20 and 21 Vict., c. 77), provides not only for the custody of your will after your death, but directs that convenient depositories shall be provided under the control of the Court for all such wills of living persons as may be deposited therein for safe custody; and that all persons may deposit their wills in such depository upon payment of such fees and under such regulations as the judge of the Court shall by order direct. If you are likely from time to time to alter your will, I should advise you not to place it in this depository. If I were a devisee of a living testator, I should like to hear that the will was in the new depository. The expense and difficulty attending the gathering of the will out of this custody would deter many men from capriciously altering their donations.' I think it is to be regretted that advice was given, for it is competent for any person to alter his will as before, even though he should deposit it for safe custody in the Registry of the Court."

**BEARING REINS.**—Two or three years ago the use of "bearing reins," or "check reins," as the Americans call them, was almost universal for carriage horses. A few sensible and humane persons always protested against them, but Sense and Humanity have a hard fight in any matter where Fashion opposes. Stupid people suppose that it is a mark of high spirit in a horse to be always tossing its head, and champing its mouth into foam, whereas these actions are the poor animal's vain efforts to gain relief from the agonising pain of the gag and rein by which it is tormented. The apparatus is not only cruel, but is the cause of diseases, as Mr. Fleming and other eminent veterinary authorities have proved. Appeals through the press had little effect till some well-known persons, among whom was the late Sir John Burgoyne, set the example of dispensing with these barbarous appendages of harness. Mr. E. F. Flower, of Hyde Park Gardens (who, by the way, was Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon during the Shakespeare Tercentenary), has for years laboured to influence public opinion in this matter. From his youth a lover of horses, he was shocked, on coming some years ago to reside in London, to find almost all the carriage horses subject to this stupid torture. "The Drive in the Park," while admired by country clowns and city cockneys, was a scene of pain and disgust to him in witnessing so much animal suffering, often perhaps the result less of vanity than of ignorance. He published a pamphlet on bearing reins (Ridgway), which has gone through several editions. It is gratifying that he can now report as follows:—"More than a year ago, there was scarcely a carriage horse in London free from a gag bearing rein. On the 29th of October last an observer noticed that there were fifteen per cent. without that instrument of torture, and one day last month I commissioned a person on whom I could rely to watch for about an hour in Oxford Street and the Park. The result was: in Oxford Street, out of fifty single-horse carriages, there were twenty-six without bearing reins; out of thirty-two pair-horse there were nine without; in the Park, in the afternoon, out of eighty single-horse carriages there were thirty-two without, and out of ninety-eight pairs there were sixteen without. This shows that the humane cause is progressing, but there is much more to be done." A large proportion of carriages being "jobbed" by the season, the hirers who know of this cruelty should tell job-masters and coachmen that bearing reins are not wanted.

**AUTOGRAPHS.**—When Charles Dickens went to America, the drain on him for autographs was quite unprecedented. A living dignity of the Church complained in his bachelor days that the ladies of his congregation must have thought he was a centipede, so assiduous were they in supplying him with slippers. If Charles Dickens had changed hands with Briareus, he could scarcely have satisfied the Transatlantic claims upon his handwriting. The author is put in an unpleasant predicament. He does not like to grant. He does not like to refuse. If every applicant is satisfied, the great man's paper is flying on all the wings of the winds, and he gets a credit for vanity which, perhaps, he does not deserve. But if he refuses he is surly or morose. Then he has the satisfaction of knowing, however, that his autograph goes up in the market. There is an author now living who resists all importunities, declines every invitation, and evades every ruse, to obtain a bit of his manuscript. A bookseller in London had an old school atlas of his son's years ago. It belonged to the big man when he was but a little boy, and was enriched, *more puerorum*, with his opinions of his schoolfellows, praiseworthy rather for the extreme candour of their statements than either for the grace of utterance or the clarity of criticism. The book, as a book, was worth perhaps a crown, but it sold for a very large sum on account of the schoolboy's scribbling.—*Pictorial World.*

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"REHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper*



A LAST LOOK AT THE OLD HOME.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XI.—LEAVING THE OLD HOME.

IT was deep midnight before the squire's mansion was clear of the invaders. There was then no use in giving the alarm, or attempting anything for the captain's deliverance; he was far on his way to Long Island Sound by that time, as the capturers in-

tended he should be, and there was nothing for it but to wait for the dawn of another day.

The supper at the Elms was late, and almost silently discussed in parlour and kitchen; the different lights in which the event of the evening appeared to the household and its head, made a prudent reserve the general policy. "If I had got half-an-hour's warning they should have had a hot reception," was the only remark Delamere made regarding his recent visitors. Constance would have reminded him of the

overwhelming number—she knew her father had a soldier's spirit, and could not bear the thought of being defeated without striking a blow—but the subject was a hard one for her to speak of. It was a positive relief to have got rid of the captain and his suit, though the process was rather summary; but it grieved the true-hearted girl that her father should have been treated with such indignity in his own house, and that Sydney Archdale should have been leader in the business. After-reflection made it plain to her that the young Minute Man had acted for the best, and in the meantime Hannah Armstrong, though she said not a word to the squire, put the case in the clearest light, when, in her concluding grace, she gave thanks that though armed men had been permitted to enter their dwelling, neither strife nor bloodshed had thereby come to pass.

The squire was early astir next morning, riding to Fort Frederick, and arousing the few that remained of the captain's company to avenge the wrongs of their abducted chief by bringing the perpetrators to justice. They were not fired to vengeance. Devereux was just the man whom they as well as the country-side could spare. But they were considerably astonished; the thing had been so quickly and quietly done that the news of it took everybody by surprise, and the only sign or intimation heard of in the whole neighbourhood, was, that late-sitting and early-rising people on the river's banks had seen a boat with a number of men—none could say how many on board—steering down the Connecticut with all the speed that well-plied oars and a seaward current could give it.

"For certain," said Lieutenant Gray, when their inquiries had made out that report, "it was the captain's passage-boat. I hope he is safe in New York by this time. You see the masked man was as good as his word. By the way, squire, I have observed that your New England men commonly keep promises of that kind; but as for having the law of the said gentleman and his following, we might as well expect to get it of as many wild cats. Who could find or identify the Green Mountain Boys in their native wilds? I have had a taste or two of their quality. Take a friend's advice, squire, and let them alone." The country justice before whom Delamere laid informations against the invaders of his house indorsed the lieutenant's opinion, and ultimately the squire could not help entertaining it himself. He wrote a full account of the transaction to Governor Gage, and the governor replied in a letter of high laudation to him, and great fury against the Green Mountain Boys. He would send a regiment to be quartered on the country people, whether the magistrates allowed it or not; he would have Fort Frederick rebuilt and garrisoned without delay, for the protection of loyal subjects and the repression of treasonable parties; but a subsequent post brought Lieutenant Gray orders from his Excellency to leave the work in which so little progress had been made, and return to New York with the remnant of the company as quietly as he could.

The lieutenant executed those orders so punctually that the evacuation was known only by the shanties being found empty, on which discovery the youth of the Green Mountains assembled in great force, demolished with picks and crowes the little work that had been accomplished, reduced the shanties to their original logs, piled them up and made a gigantic bonfire on the site marked out for bastion and case-

mate, round which they rejoiced, and Hiram Hardhead prophesied for the greater part of a winter evening. On the day of that transaction Squire Delamere received a letter marked "Private" and skilfully printed with the pen, a device much in use at the time, to prevent the recognition of handwriting. It began with, "Honoured sir,—I think it right to let you know what has come to my knowledge concerning the man to whom, as report says, you meant to entrust the future happiness of your child," and proceeded to relate Captain Devereux's history exactly as it was told by his subordinate officer to Westwood Hunter, but the signature was simply an "Unknown Friend."

"A rascally piece of impertinence and slander," said Delamere. "Just like all Whiggish doings—first force a man out of the country and then calumniate him to the only friend he had in it. But what sensible or honourable man would pay attention to an anonymous letter in a disguised hand! Doubtless the captain has his faults, but these black touches have been added by this slanderous fellow, who dares neither to show his face nor tell his name." The squire made these reflections to himself, and kept the letter to himself also; but he read it over two or three times, and finally put it away in the secret drawer of his own bureau, saying, "I will hear what the captain has to say on the subject, if ever we meet again."

Devereux's removal gave general satisfaction to the country people, and the manner of it entertained them, particularly as reported by the provincial papers; but that was the one drop which made Delamere's cup of bitterness overflow. He was one of those characters on whom misdoings or mischances weigh more heavily in succeeding time than at the first brush. His quarrel with Archdale had been the cause of untold regret to him, and yet the breach was never to be healed; the circumstances of the time seemed to make that impossible, for his ancient friend had been elected, almost in spite of himself, one of the Massachusetts delegates to the Whig Congress then sitting in Philadelphia. The estrangement of old neighbours and intimate associates had vexed him more than he would ever own; and now the entire district, where he and his fathers had lived in honour and esteem, was amused with the lowering details of that night attack upon his house, when his familiar guest and his daughter's suitor was dragged out, and he a powerless witness of the fact.

These reflections and memories made his old home and neighbourhood distasteful to the squire, and prudential considerations pressed upon him too. He was the only royalist of note in that part of the Connecticut Valley. The Liberty Men were growing bolder, and the country more disturbed every day. Who could tell that Sydney Archdale might not find his way to the Elms some night with a band of Minute Men and "such-like villains," and carry off his daughter, or frighten her into an elopement? From the sight he got of Constance and the captain together in the moonlight, innocent Delamere believed that the noble suitor would have certainly succeeded if time had been allowed him; and he had more than once endeavoured to console the imaginary grief of his daughter by assuring her that Devereux would prove true and come back in spite of all his enemies.

In the meantime, the regiment that was to protect loyal subjects did not make its appearance.



Governor Gage had nothing of the kind to spare; but a circular of his, addressed to all officers who had held the king's commission in the French War, and requesting them to raise independent companies for his Majesty's service, reached the Elms.

"I could not raise a man here, except my own ploughboys; and I am not sure of them either," said Delamere; "but I can serve the king myself, and with the help of Providence I will. A man had better take up arms at once, and get into the stir and change of military life, than stay here alone, to fret and fear and be insulted by a Whiggish pack that one has no means of bringing to reason. I am not yet too old to serve his Majesty with honour, I hope, and do my part in putting down rebellion in this country. If things should come to that, they will give me the commission I formerly held, no doubt. I must go to Boston and see about it. But my daughter—it would not be safe for her to remain here; no, nor to stay with her aunt in Springfield;" and then a second plan occurred to the squire.

He was the owner of a house in the provincial capital, which had been bequeathed to him by a childless uncle, and tenanted for years past by a Quaker merchant, known to his people as Friend Stoughton, a man eminently successful in business, and esteemed by the townspeople for his blameless life, upright dealings, and liberal spirit, but at this time winding up his affairs, with the intention of retiring to spend his latter days among his kindred in Pennsylvania. Stoughton was Archdale's intimate friend; but Delamere and he had always been on cordial terms; and as the house was large, the squire had no doubt that arrangements could be made with him for room sufficient to accommodate himself, his daughter, and the few helps they would require, till his time of occupation expired and the house should be their own.

"How would you like to go and live in Boston?" he said, as his daughter entered the second parlour, which was the scene of his musings.

"I should like it well, father, if you were going there too"—the old place had grown as dreary and disagreeable to Constance as to him. Terror and trouble had come within its walls; cold or frowning faces passed by its windows; and for all its pleasant sheltered situation, and fine prospect of fertile valley, winding river, and wooded heights, she was ready and willing to leave the Elms.

The squire lost no time in writing to his Quaker tenant on the subject, and received an answer characteristic of the people and the man.

"Friend Delamere, we have room enough and to spare, but it would cause much inconvenience to bring hither thy household goods till ours were removed; therefore, if it answer thy purpose, come thyself, thy daughter, and such helps as may be needful, and live with us as part of our family till we are ready to leave the house in thine own possession. If thou art coming, be good enough to let us know what time we may expect thee; and be sure that thou and thine shall be welcome to thy friends, Jacob and Rachel Stoughton."

"Plain and brief, but as kind as can be. We will bundle and go at once," said the squire; "Quakers neither make nor expect ceremony. Hannah Armstrong is just the prudent, trusty woman to be with a young girl when I am with my regiment. Constance would not like to leave Philip behind, and Philip would not like to be left; that is enough to

invade the Stoughtons with. They are Christians indeed to take us in so frankly."

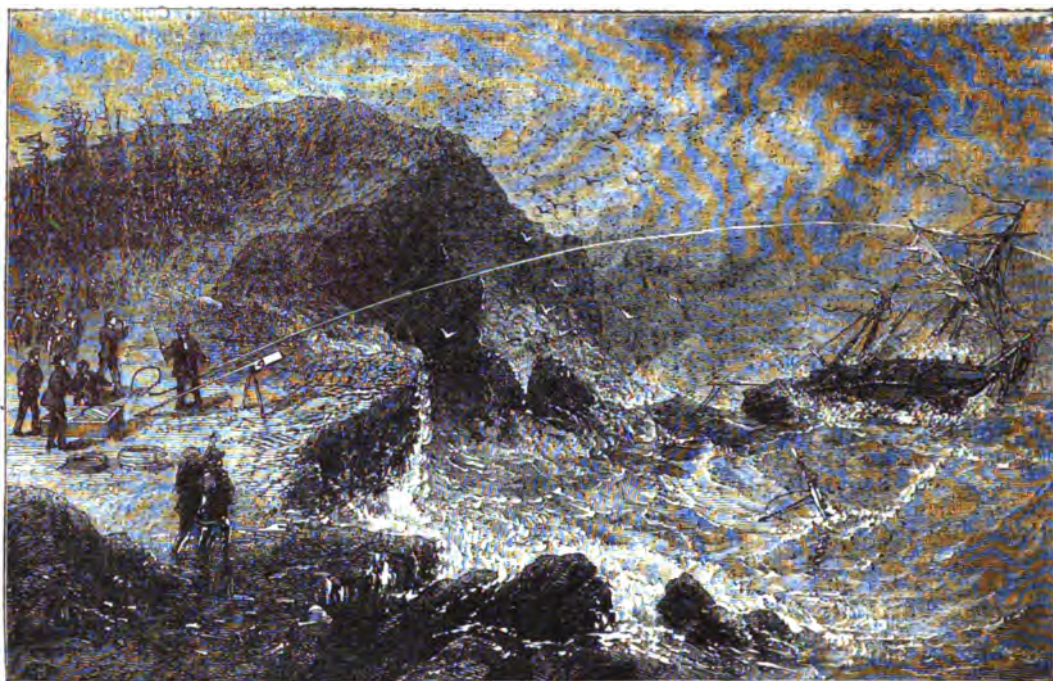
Preparations were accordingly made for the four to set out. Hannah took the precautionary measure of locking away brocades, laces, in short, everything that her cousin the prophet denominated *fal-dals*, and consequently homespun cloth and linen formed the staple of Miss Delamere's visiting wardrobe, and were also best suited to the time and place. Denis Dargan was formally appointed viceroy and governor-general of outdoor affairs during his master's absence. Hannah's place of power and trust in the house was conferred on her second, Martha Ashford, an experienced young woman, who owned to thirty-five, and was believed to have a tender inclination towards Denis, which unfortunately was not reciprocated by Erin's son, for he had been heard to say with equivocal gallantry, "Shure it's far too good for the likes of me she is, bein' a sant all out; isn't it a pity she's not a thrifle handsomer?" However, the Quakeress recommended Martha as a steadfast-minded maid. The squire was sure that domestic concerns would go as well under her administration as those of stock and farm under the government of his best man. A trusty attorney—there were such in those days as now,—who managed all the legal business Delamere ever had, was deputed to watch over the weightier affairs of the estate; and thus everything at the Elms was placed in good hands.

From the foot of Mount Holyoke to the city of Boston is not a journey of much consideration now, when a system of railways—the largest and most complete in the world—seams the United States in every direction, and threads the trackless wilds that lie between their western frontiers and the shores of the Pacific. A distance of some eighty miles before one was a different thing a hundred years ago; there were as good public conveyances in the long-settled American provinces as could be found in most parts of Europe at the time, and they were little to be boasted of. The family coach and the travelling chariot of English rank and fashion were to be met with among the wealthy planters of Virginia, but sober, thrifty Massachusetts had not yet given way to such pomps and vanities. Thero the country gentry still travelled on horseback, as their fathers did, and much after the manner of Delamere and his party—namely, the squire mounted on his own good roan, with his faithful housekeeper on a pillion behind him; Constance riding her gentle and well kept jennet; Philip on his pony trotting by her side, and a man in charge of the two pack-horses laden with their luggage bringing up the rear. It was on a cold, calm winter morning, when the sun was struggling through the mist that lay heavy on the eastern hills, and the land was white with its first thin coat of snow. They were going with their own good will, and only for a time; they might come back and see the old place any day; they had no fears for the people they left there; Green Mountain Boys or Minute Men would not molest them; yet, on a rising ground above the bend of the river, Delamere and his daughter paused and looked back at the Elms. Was it a vague presentiment of the strange trials they were to meet before the old home rose upon their sight again which prompted that long leave-taking look? Neither could have said; but it passed with the moment, and they rode onward to look back no more.



## THE ROCKET APPARATUS AND ITS WORK.

BY CAPTAIN C. GRAY JONES, R.N.



**D**URING the year 1875, the lifeboats of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution assisted in saving 727 lives from shipwrecks on the British coasts. There are now 254 lifeboat stations, and it is a notable fact that nearly every one of these boats has been the free, generous gift either of individuals or of public bodies. The services of this noble institution\* are well known, and appreciated by the nation, and the gallant conduct of the seamen engaged in the work is duly recorded in the "Lifeboat Journal," and in the British press.

There are many parts of the coast, however—notably the north-west of Ireland and Scotland—where, from the rocky nature of the shore, the deep water running close up to the steep cliffs, the absence of a sufficiently numerous coast population from which to draw a crew, and other reasons, lifeboats would be either useless, or could not be maintained in a state of efficiency. On such coasts the rocket apparatus is the shipwrecked sailors' only hope. It also supplements to an important extent the work of the lifeboat on all our coasts, and is used on occasions when the wreck is either driven close up to cliffs, or when the water is so shoal that a lifeboat cannot float within reach of the wreck, which may nevertheless be within three or four hundred yards of the shore—that is to say, within the extreme limit of the distance the rocket apparatus can be made available for. The principle of this useful aid in saving life is to establish communication between a wreck and the shore, by sending a line, conveyed by a rocket, over the ship, with appliances that will be understood on the perusal of this paper.

\* For details the reader is referred to the valuable and interesting volume, "The History of the Lifeboat and its Work," by Richard Lewis, barrister-at-law, Secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. With numerous illustrations. (Macmillan and Co.)

About 130 lives were saved from shipwreck on the coasts of the British Islands in the year 1875 by the use of the rocket apparatus. In popular estimation there is little of that heroic element inseparably associated with the word "Lifeboat" connected with this branch of the life-saving service. Nor, indeed, is there on most occasions of saving life by the rocket apparatus that demand on the energy and courage which is of necessity made on nearly every occasion of lifeboat service to wrecks.

Nevertheless, the proper use of the rocket apparatus in a gale of wind, when the wreck, to which worn-out mariners are clinging with difficulty, is visibly breaking up, requires judgment, coolness, and very often courage and daring.

Here is the story of one effort, told the writer by an old coastguard-station officer, who, we know from the official records, had been instrumental in saving lives from many different wrecks.

We got the news, he said, about ten o'clock in the forenoon. It was blowing a hard gale from the east, with heavy snow-squalls. We were seven miles from the point off which the wreck lay, and what with the heavy roads, the bitter weather, and the knocking about horses always get at wreck service, the farmers were shy about letting out their horses. However, we got a pair at last, and started away with the rocket-cart—six of us. As we got towards the end of the journey, and away from the regular cart tracks, we had to pull down walls, and cut away gate-posts with axes to let the cart through, and twice we had to take the horses out, unload the cart, and transport the gear by hand across the ravine, and then we had to haul the cart through the bog, and reload on the other side.

Well, we got to the edge of the cliff at last, and there she lay, about half a mile from us, below—a

large, full-rigged ship, with her masts gone, lying broadside on to the swell, her decks turned in towards the shore. We could see the crew huddled together under the weather side of the forecastle, and every few minutes a great green sea would curl up over the weather bulwarks, and fall across the decks from stem to stern, like a great waterfall across a river. How to get at her I could not see, for we were on the cliffs above, and she was on the rocks out at sea. To be of any use, we were bound to get within 300 yards. By-and-bye, however, we discovered a sort of gully half-way down, and we got the gear out and lowered it down, bit by bit, till it was all below, and then we lowered ourselves down and commenced crawling out over the rocks and getting, inch by inch, nearer the wreck. We took with us a few rockets, one line, and the rocket-stand, for the point was to get near enough to fire a rocket-line off. If we could do that, getting out the whip and hawser was a mere matter of time. Of course, we all had our lifebelts on, otherwise, if any of us slipped off the rocks, we should have stood a good chance of being whirled out to sea by the undertow which surged up between the rocks.

We found we could not get near enough at once, but the tide was falling. As the tide went out we climbed on over the rocks farther and farther. It was just before dark when we got the rocket-stand lashed to a rock, from which the rocket could be fired to the ship, the sea washing up between the legs of it, the line on another rock nearer the shore, and we nearly dead with cold, and holding on to the rocks.

Well, we fired our rocket, and it just went over the centre of the ship, leaving the line right across her. Cold as we were, we gave a sort of cheer—there was no noisy crowd to cheer us in such a place as that, you may be sure—and we commenced to get our heavier gear out ready to bend on to the line, the end of which they had on board the ship. We were so busy at first we did not much notice. Then we saw that the crew, still huddled together, took no notice of our line. We watched a long time, and at last began to think they must be dead—frozen to death! It was no use sending off another line, but I fired a couple of rockets over them. The two produced no effect; a third struck not far from them. We saw the group move, and, after a little, one man crawled out along under the weather bulwark, and in a sleepy sort of way took hold of our line. He held it in his hand for a long time, looked at it and us. Evidently he did not in the least understand what to do with it, and supposed we wanted him to make it fast round his body, and then for him to throw himself into the sea! He saw what a hopeless job that would be, and after a time he made the line fast to the dead-eyes of the weather main rigging, and crept back to the group he had left. After that we could get no movement out of them, do what we would. Then the tide began to rise, and, beat out with the cold, we worked back over the rocks to the beach, taking our end of the line with us. We got a fire under the cliffs, and we bent the whip and tally and lifebuoy on to the line, so that if they should at any time in the night come to their senses, and haul away on *their* end of the line, they would find the right thing at *our* end of it. We set a watch, and then climbed up the cliffs and found food and shelter in a farmhouse half a mile away.

It was high water about midnight, and I thought

that some change would happen then—either she would break up, or the sea would lift her nearer the beach, and give us a chance to get aboard. So we all assembled ready to act, and I fired a couple more rockets at them to show we were there, but there was no sign of their being awake, and at half-past twelve a great piece of her stern washed up on the beach; then we knew the ship had broken up, and it was all up with her crew. And so, leaving a watch and fire, we got into shelter for the night. At day-break we found the pieces of the wreck and the dead bodies of fifteen men (all foreigners) jumbled up on the beach together, and entangled in the midst was still our rocket-line! We should have saved every man of them if, when we threw the line over them, they had only hauled away on it. "But what can you expect from foreigners?" was the concluding remark of the old coastguardsman.

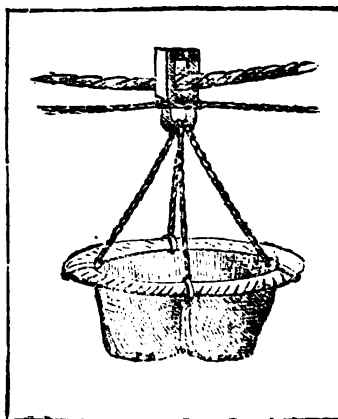
Here is another case, attended with more satisfactory results. The writer was attending Divine service at a little out-of-the-way church in an out-of-the-way part of the coast, when a certain commotion began to be apparent among the congregation. The writer, being a stranger, did not ascertain the cause, and remained in his seat; and though there was no general stampede, headed by the parson with the cry of "Wait till I get out of the pulpit—let's all start fair" (as is scandalously reported of a certain congregation at the news of a wreck, in "wrecking" times), there was a very sensible diminution of numbers caused by the silent withdrawal of twos and threes. The service was ended properly, however, and it then became generally known that a ship was close to the cliffs, trying in vain to draw off the shore against a north-west gale. The rocket-cart just then galloped through the crowd, and sped away to the coast, for the purpose of following the wreck along shore till she struck. The rain was falling heavily, and the wind rendered walking laborious work; nevertheless, the bulk of the congregations from chapel and church streamed out over the hills, and the lasses turned the Sunday dresses over the Sunday bonnets, and followed on after the lads, who raced over hill and dale, through rain and wind. By-and-bye, dog-cart, gig, and pony-trap, all sorts of vehicles and all sorts of animals, began to overtake the pedestrians. The great body of the crowd was still half a mile astern, however, when the vessel, a small coaster, struck; and the rocket-cart, which was abreast on the cliffs, was seen to wheel round at once, and the coastguardsmen, jumping out, began hauling out their hawsers and rockets and lines; and swarming down over a break in the cliffs, with their gear on their backs, soon set up their apparatus on the sands below, and in an incredibly short space of time a rocket with a line attached went whizzing out seaward against the storm. It was greeted with a cheer by the crowd, which, fairly "blown," had halted on the adjoining hill. It was, nevertheless, an undoubted bad shot, and went *nowhere*. Another was fired with greater care; then another, still without success; then the lines had got thoroughly saturated with wet and became entangled, and there was a long delay and some confusion, increased by the jeering of a country mob which had by this time gathered round. An express was sent back to hurry on the lifeboat, which, drawn by ten horses, was known to be staggering along through the miry roads, some miles off still; and in the midst of it all a huge

wave lifted the wreck bodily off the reef, and lodged her in a fresh place nearer the shore, but leaving the crew still clinging on to the bulwarks. Then a large piece of the wreck washing up on the beach, the cry was raised that the vessel was "breaking up." At last the rocket-lines were got clear again, but whether from the pressure of the mob or from over-excitement on the part of the director, twice more the rocket went wide of the mark! Only *one rocket remained*, and the nearest dépot was seven miles off. The only hope now seemed in the lifeboat, if she could but be got up in time. The rocket-stand was moved to a new place; the legs were propped up with stones, to prevent their moving in the soft sand when the trigger-line was pulled, and the elevation was carefully adjusted by the pendulum; then, with the exceeding care of a man who knows that the lives of five others are hanging on the movement of his hand, the old chief-boatman, by a long steady pull of the trigger-line, fired the friction-tube, and sent the last rocket shrieking out towards the wreck. A shout of triumph broke from the crowd as they saw the serpentine line of fire dart right across the vessel, only just clear of the heads of the crew, and leave the rocket-line almost in their hands.

It soon appeared, however, that the crew were as ignorant of the use of the line as the foreigners, of whom we have previously written, had been; though, in this case, the wreck belonged to a west country port, where the rocket apparatus was constantly exercised, and, to our horror, we saw them secure the bare line to the waist of a man who was preparing to jump overboard, hoping that we should be able to haul him ashore through the surf! Of course we could have done so, but of course the poor fellow would have been drowned a dozen times over. We, that is, the coastguard and the crowd, howled and waved and shrieked, and some of us ran as far as we dared into the surf, making signs, and at the last moment desisting, and doubtfully taking in something of what we wanted them to understand, these sailors commenced to haul away on their end of the rocket-line. To our end had already been secured the bight of a "whip," or light rope, rove through a block or pulley, attached to which was a small board, on which was printed, in French and English, instructions to secure the pulley to the highest part of the wreck or lower masts. This done, we should then have *two* ends of a line on shore, the bight of which was rove through a block on board the wreck, so that we could haul off to them anything which we considered would aid their escape to the shore. Well, in due time they hauled on board to them the bight of the whip, etc., and after studying the printed instructions (no doubt puzzling over the French before they discovered the English) for a terribly long time, they duly secured the block half way up the rigging; and now we manned the whip on shore, and quickly hauled off to them the end of a stout hawser, or large rope, together with a lifebuoy, with a pair of breeches attached, into which it was intended the men should get and be hauled on shore one by one. All went well, apparently. They secured their end of the hawser as high up as they could; we carried our end as high up the sand as we could, and led it over a huge triangle, to raise it as high as possible above the tops of the waves. We could not make our end fast, and set it up taut with a tackle, as is done sometimes, and which is the

best plan, because the wreck was rolling to and fro on the reef, as the rocks slowly tore their way through her bottom, and that motion would have speedily parted the hawser. So about one hundred people, women and men working together, laid hold of the end, and as the vessel rolled outwards from the land they "eased away," and as she rolled her mastheads in towards the beach they "gathered in the slack," so that we had established a kind of flying-bridge above the surface. There had been sent off, as I have said, along with the hawser, a lifebuoy and breeches. This was connected with a pulley, called by sailors a "block," and the block was of a size to travel along the hawser freely. Under the pulley was suspended the breeches-lifebuoy, in which the men (one at a time) were to sit. To the said pulley was secured the two ends of that whip we had first hauled off by the rocket-line.

We had thus the means of hauling the breeches to and fro at pleasure, and getting the crew ashore with absolute safety had become a mere matter of time — as we supposed. We had counted our chickens somewhat early in the hatching process, however, for when the first man was half way ashore the breeches began to travel slowly, and it was then discovered that the original rocket-line, with which they had hauled off the block and the two parts of the whip, had never been properly disconnected from it, and now by the travelling of the rope on which we were hauling it had been sucked into the sheave of the pulley, and was jamming momentarily more. Well, with immense anxiety and trouble we landed the first man; but when we tried to haul the breeches off for the second, the block refused to travel, and the jam was complete. We tried in vain to get the people on the wreck to go aloft and clear the block; they could not understand in the least; but at last, as they manifestly wanted the breeches off to the wreck, they got hold of the bight of the whip and hauled it off themselves, and quickly lading it with another sailor, they eased away and we hauled; and so, with a sound ducking, we landed numbers two, three, and four. The plan answered indifferently well as long as there was a sufficient force left in the wreck; but who was to haul off the breeches for the last man, and who was to ease him ashore? Our hearts sank at the thought. We stood in the surf with the breeches and buoy in our hand, thinking what we should do, and the skipper—for he was the last man—stood on the taffrail of his ship, holding on as he might, watching with that sort of sickening look of anxious inquiry on his face not easily forgotten. We knew he was far spent, for the "haul off" the last time had been accomplished with very great difficulty and delay. A coastguardsman volunteered to be hauled off in the breeches and get the exhausted skipper into them. He had not considered that the difficulty was to get even the empty breeches off, and that there must still for ever be a last man; and he was snubbed by









W. W. May, R.N.

ROCKET LINE CARRIED OVER A WRECK.

his chief for his want of forethought accordingly. Such is sometimes the reward of valour. There was nothing we could do; we waved our arms—the old signal—to haul off the “breeches-buoy.” The skipper was a fine fellow, and the writer hopes that he may have such as he to back him up when he is as hard pushed for his life as that man was that day; but he looked at the distance he had to haul the lifebuoy through the waves, and we saw him shake his head; then he stepped down on the deck, and slowly and painfully began hauling away. With painful solicitude the coastguard bore the buoy over their heads to ease the strain, and waded out with it till they were washed off their legs; and with anxious care a hundred hands carefully eased away the shore-end of the line, but it travelled more and more slowly, and at last stopped—the skipper had tumbled on to the deck, and was unable to move from exhaustion. He lay a long time; several huge seas, after washing his vessel fore and aft, rolled over him. When we thought it was all over with him, he suddenly staggered up again, and commenced hauling away once more. He heard the cheer with which we sought to encourage him, and retained his strength till he hauled the buoy near to the ship. There was no one to steady it while he got in; no one to haul it on board. He summoned his remaining strength, and sprang at it like a tiger, reached it and clung to it, but never could writh himself up and into it. There was no use delaying; we ran away with our end of the whip as hard as we could tear, but when the breeches were still thirty yards from dry land the poor skipper let go his hold, and fell headlong into the boiling surf! The water at that moment had receded a long way, gathering strength for the next roller. The coastguard officers, and some others who were near, having hold of the line from the shore, and their belts on, dashed at the skipper, threw themselves round him—on him. The great waves rolled over the heads of the little knot of struggling men, and then rolled them all up in a helpless ball on the beach, the skipper underneath and insensible, but he was saved!

These two cases illustrate most of the incidents connected with the use of this means of saving life.

The rocket apparatus is placed at various points on the coasts of the United Kingdom by the Government. It is, with one or two exceptions, in charge of the coastguard. Years ago, when the number of these “rocket stations” was smaller, and a considerably greater number of coastguardsmen were employed, they alone worked the apparatus. Of late years decrease in the coastguard force, and considerable increase of the number of rocket stations, has caused the Government to adopt the plan of enrolling, as an auxiliary force, a certain number of the surrounding population—farmers, beachmen, and fishermen—who act under the orders of the coastguard, obey the summons which announces that the rocket-cart is going out, either for service or exercise, and are paid on each occasion according to the number of hours employed.

All the material considered necessary for saving life is kept constantly stowed in a cart specially adapted for the service, and which is drawn from the station to the scene of the wreck by two, three, or more horses. There is also accommodation on the cart for five or six coastguardsmen.

The various articles generally stowed in the cart are:—First, three rocket-lines, faked each in a separate box. These lines are light and small, and one of them is attached to the rocket fired from the shore. When the rocket falls over the wreck, towing this line after it, it is manifest that the people on the wreck will have hold of one end of a line of which the other end is retained by the coastguard on shore. The sole use of this line is to enable the people on the wreck to haul off stouter ones.

Second, a “whip” of manilla line, one and a half inches in circumference, rove through a block or pulley, which block is fitted with a tail, or piece of rope about a yard long. The coastguardsmen secure this block with the tail, and with the manilla whip, or rope, rove through it to the shore end of the rocket-line, and as soon as the people on the wreck get hold of the line—fired off to them from the shore, as previously explained—they commence hauling on it, and ultimately drag off to them the tail-block, with the whip rove through it, the *two* ends of which are retained by the people on shore. With the tail-block also goes off a small board, on which is printed in English and French, “Make the tail of the block fast to the lower mast, well up; if masts are gone, then to the best place you can find; cast off rocket-line; see that the rope in the block runs free, and show signal to the shore.” Acting on which the people on the wreck accordingly secure the block as high as is found convenient.

Third, a manilla hawser, or rope, three inches in circumference, one end of which is hauled off to the ship by the whip; with the hawser goes off another little tally-board, with directions to secure the hawser two feet higher up than where they have previously secured the tail of the block.

Fourth, a sling lifebuoy, with breeches attached, which is fitted to travel to and fro on the hawser, and is hauled along it from ship to shore and back again by the whip, which is worked by the people on the beach.

Fifth, eighteen rockets for carrying out the line. Those in common use are Dennett's, fitted with a staff in the rear, in appearance similar to an ordinary signal-rocket. They are said to be “double,” because the interior composition is made up of two distinct chambers, one before the other: the second chamber igniting when the rocket is in mid-flight, gives the rocket a new impetus at a critical moment. We believe it is intended to introduce rockets after the pattern of Hale's, which are constructed for war purposes. They have no staff in the rear, as ordinary signal-rockets have, but as the gas, generated by the combustion of the composition, rushes out of the rear of the rocket through three holes, it bears on small half-spirals, in appearance not unlike the blades of a screw-propeller, and this imparts to the rocket a rotary motion round its own axis, which has the effect of keeping it end on to the direction in which it is propelled, on the same principle that a rifle-bullet is kept end on.

These are the principal articles in the rocket-cart. There are, besides, an anchor for burying in the sand, a triangle, signal-lights, and sundry small articles, making on the whole a very complete affair of it.

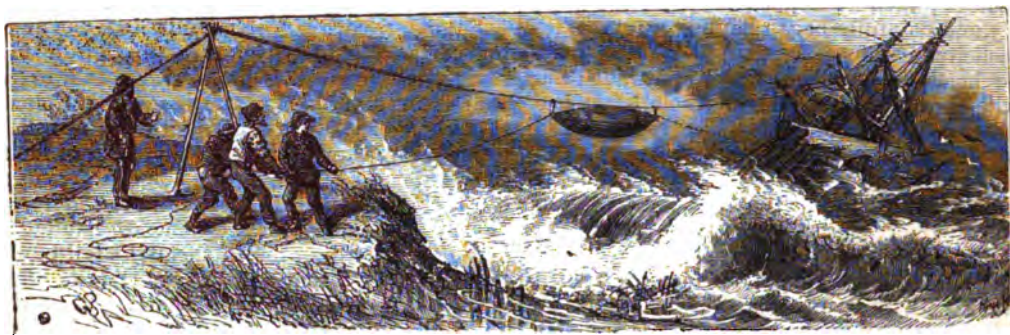
It will be seen, however, from what we have written, that all would be of little use without stout hearts and willing hands; and notwithstanding the fact that the rocket companies work on solid land, they are sometimes exposed to both danger and



hardship, which test the stuff they are made of to the uttermost.

In America, a "life-car" is sometimes used instead of the "breeches-buoy," but only on a smooth beach. In appearance it is strikingly like a torpedo boat. It is so constructed that it contains enough air to give four people breath for at least fifteen minutes, but otherwise it is not ventilated. It is entered by a trap-door in the middle of the upper

deck, large enough only for one person to pass through at a time; and it is found especially serviceable for the rescue of women or children. The "breeches-buoy" only is in use in the British service. It has this great advantage, that men are often drawn partially through the water or dipping in the water, and might be drowned did not the cork-buoy floating up under the arms of the man keep his head above the waves.



AMERICAN LIFE-CAR.

## A TRIP TO PALMYRA AND THE DESERT.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WRIGHT, B.A., OF DAMASCUS.

### III.

WE enjoyed a quiet day at 'Ain el-Wu'ul, much to our own satisfaction and that of our animals; and on the 1st June, 1874, at four o'clock in the morning, we started on the last stage of our journey to Palmyra. The morning air was fresh and balmy, the peaks were tipped with amethyst, and purple shadows shot with gold lay heavy about the mountains, and as we streamed down from the plateau, we felt buoyant as the wavy atmosphere that danced and floated around us. Five hares were started in the descent, and each became the subject of a fresh chase and general fusillade, and on the level plain one hare was actually run down and caught by a soldier on a one-eyed horse. This man was a mighty hunter, and his one-eyed horse was worthy of his rider. On our return through Karyetein, the sheikh's son presented me with a Persian greyhound. In the grey morning a fox was seen creeping up to the mountain, and instantly all our cavaliers started in pursuit with a desert hurrah. The fox understood the situation, and did his best, and he had nearly a mile of a start. The hunters, from being an irregular crowd, soon found their places in the tail of the dust-comet that streamed up the hill. The head of the comet was the one-eyed horse, and there thundered in his track horses twice his size and ten times his value. In twenty minutes the greyhound had reached the fox, but did not know what to do with him. The question was soon settled by the rider of the Cyclopean horse, who rushed in, seized reynard, and brought him back alive and in triumph at the saddle-bow.

At five o'clock the Castle of Palmyra rose in view, and we felt delightfully independent of Gipsy, the guide. We had a weary ride before us, in which distance was felt, not seen. The way was monotony itself, for we had got almost back into the ordinary route of the tourist. In some places the ground was

wavy, and then our column dipped and emerged like a boat among billows. At other places it was dead flat, and then we marched on, and on, and on for ever, leaving in our track a trail of dust. The mountains on our right rose again from the break at the fountain, and stretched on in an unbroken ridge till opposite Palmyra, when it suddenly turned toward the city and shut in the plains. Across the plain to the left, the edge of a highland, or step, like a mountain ridge, shut in the plain on the north; and this ridge also ran straight to Palmyra, and then turned off at right angles towards the Euphrates. Sometimes the monotony of our march was broken by a spurt after a hare, or a shot at sand-grouse, and in crossing a *seil*, or the dry bed of a mountain torrent, we got two large grey birds, with large yellow eyes, called by the Bedawin *Darraji*—perhaps a species of rock curlew (?).

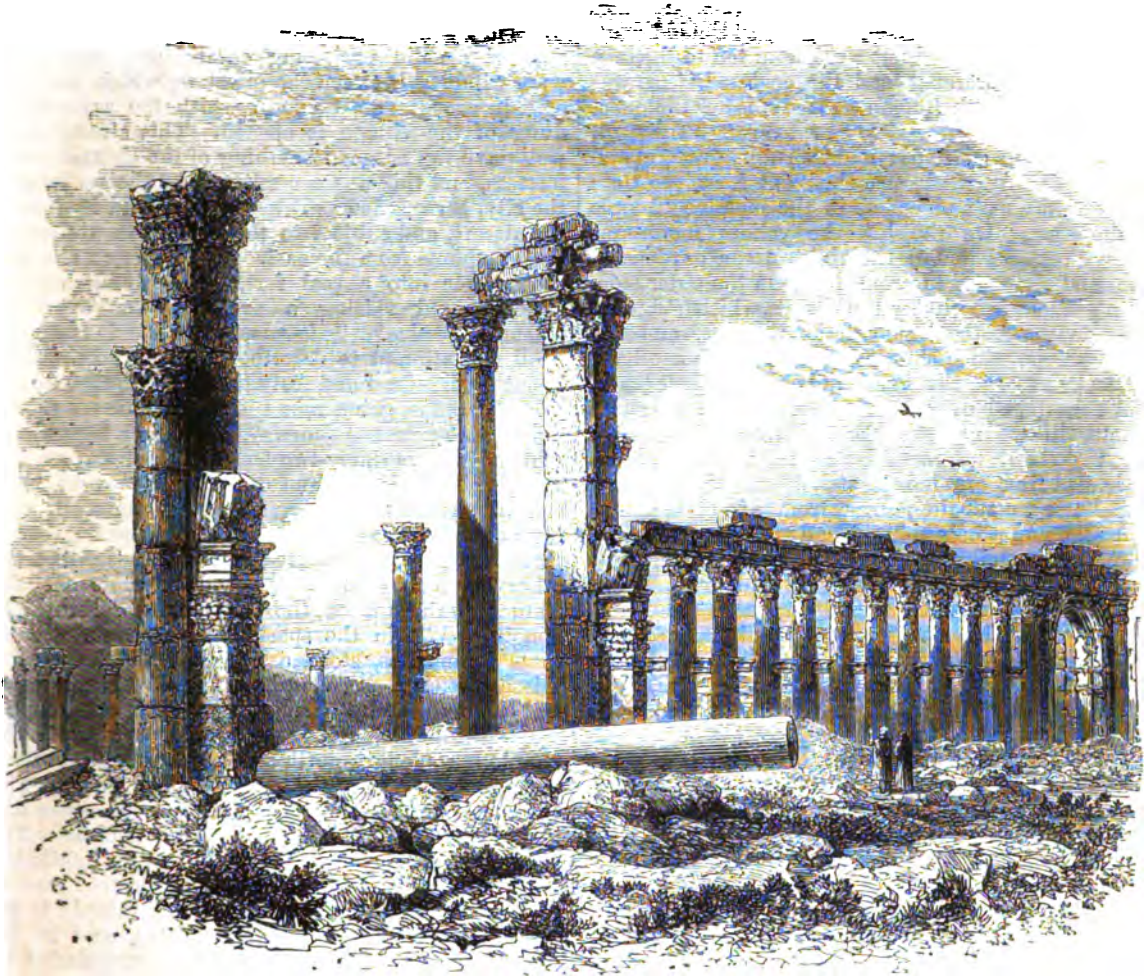
We passed hundreds of places where Arabs had encamped, marked by stones left in circles, and by bones and ashes and graves. At one of these encampments I found beads of old Damascus manufacture and a flint knife. The plain was a tawny brown, and the abundant grass and herbage of spring had been reduced to powder. A few spots were green in the distance, but when we came up to the place, we only found the *El-kali* plant growing in greater abundance and perfection than elsewhere. The plain, which runs between mountains like the level bed of a narrow sea, from near Damascus to Palmyra, varies in breadth from four to ten miles, and consists of good soil, which might be cultivated. On my first return trip from Palmyra, I found it carpeted with grass and flowers to the fetlocks of the horses. One nowhere meets the desert sands of tradition till almost at the entrance of Palmyra.

About two hours from Palmyra, we were aroused

out of a slumberous state by one of our soldiers firing off his rifle, and rushing about in an excited manner. We galloped up to him, and found that he had wounded a huge lizard, thirty-nine inches long. It was horribly ugly, as it writhed on the ground. It had a stuffed look, like a Turkish officer tightly belted, and bulging out on each side of the ligatures. The skin of this extraordinary monster is

The thrill of expectancy and delight is a rich reward for all our fatigue.

In the middle of the pass, with a path on either side, there is a rocky eminence, which was built over with tomb-towers. Some of the towers are almost entire, and of others there only remain the foundations. On the right rises "Jebel el Mantar," the mountain of the look-out, with the old wall



MIDDLE CROSSING OF GRAND COLONNADE.—GRANITE MONOLITH.

now in the museum of the Syrian Protestant College, Beyrout.

As we approached closer to Palmyra, the ruins on the hill-tops came safely out of the mirage, and assumed their permanent forms. Every hour new ruins rose into view, and through the pass, to which we were hurrying, we could see the tops of the colonnades within. Perhaps there is no view of Palmyra which gives so much excitement as this. After the bare, monotonous desert, we come gradually on a scene of enchantment, and though we have come expressly to see the scene, it breaks upon us as a surprise; not all at once, but increasing at every step—castle, and tower, and temple, and serried lines of Corinthian capitals, seen in part, and in such a way as to suggest more, lead up with the most dramatic effect to the most splendid *dénouement*.

running up its narrow ridge to the top, and its base sentinelled about with huge square towers. This mountain terminates suddenly in the plain, and the wall runs down its south-eastern side; and after passing through Abu Sahil, the vaulted cemetery, it draws a wide circuit round the southern side of the city.

On the left from the edge of the pass rises a chain of mountains, which screens Tadmor from the west, and runs away in the Dawara range towards the Euphrates. The wall took the course of the highest summits of this range, and after enclosing the castle, turned sharp in a south-easterly direction, and curved round the city till it met the wall coming up from the south-west. This wall, which can be easily traced, is no doubt that of the city in its palmiest days, and should always be kept in



mind when estimating the greatness of the Palmyra of Zenobia. On the north-east side the outer wall is about nine hundred yards beyond the modern Roman wall, and about a mile distant from it on the opposite side. Travellers generally express their disappointment at the smallness of Palmyra; but they form their estimate of its magnitude by the small oblong space enclosed within the Justinian wall, less than three miles long. While the city had no special claim to celebrity on account of its size, in that respect even it was not insignificant, as the old walls which we have pointed out were from ten to thirteen miles in circumference, and the enclosed space was closely packed with human habitations of the most splendid description. As we swept through the pass, Tadmor lay beneath us; and its ruins, graceful and fantastic as frost-work, stretched out for more than a mile before us, and ended in the massive Temple of the Sun. On the left the yellow mountains towered over it; and on the right, green gardens of palm and olive surged around it. On the outer side, these gardens are girt by the desert, which stretches away to the horizon smooth as the sea, and the yellow sands, which shimmer golden in the sunlight, are flecked by the silver sheen of extensive salt lakes.

We hastened over prostrate columns and silent streets till we reached the beautiful little temple called "*Temple of the King's Mother*." Here we descended from our horses at half-past three o'clock p.m., having made the journey from 'Ain el-Wu'ul in about ten and a half hours actual riding. This little temple commands an excellent view of the ruins, and so we pitched our camp beside it, and my bed was spread within its once sacred fane. I had thus ample leisure, by starlight and sunlight, to study what Miss Beaufort in her pleasant book calls "a little gem of a temple, almost perfect in form," and which is still beautiful, though without the fluted columns which she attributes to it.

The temple was sixty feet long, including the portico, and about twenty-seven feet broad. Its projecting roof in front was supported by six columns with Corinthian capitals, and in the walls there were half columns and pilasters, so arranged as to break, by light and shadow, the monotony of a flat surface. Each column had a bracket, on which once stood a statue; and there are inscriptions on the faces of the brackets, one of which contains the names of Hadrian\* and Agrippa, and a date corresponding to 130 of the Christian era. This dedication took place the same year in which Hadrian erected a temple to Jupiter at Jerusalem, and about nine years after the building of Hadrian's wall between Carlisle and Newcastle. In that year Hadrian visited Palmyra, and in the inscription they call him the "*God Hadrian*;" and Palmyra took to itself the name of the god, and was known for a time as Hadrianopolis. The door of our temple was nine and a half feet wide, and its jambs and lintels were monoliths adorned with a tracing of the egg and dice pattern. There were windows in each side of the door with bevelled and projecting stone-frames, and there were similar windows in each side wall of the temple. The whole edifice once stood on a raised platform, but the sand and ruins have silted up round it, taking away from its height and giving it a heavy look. Half a score of similar temples lie

prostrate among the ruins here and there, showing even in their fallen estate, by the grace and grandeur of their fragments, how much they surpassed this, which doubtless stands a solitary specimen to-day owing to its having sacrificed airy beauty to solidity and strength.

Right in front of our little temple stands the great Temple of the Sun. Its northern wall rises before us to a height of seventy feet, and hides from our view all the glories within. The blank wall is broken by pilasters with carved capitals, which support a solid projecting entablature, and there were windows between the pilasters, which are now closed, except one, through which the superfluous dung of the village is ejected. This strong outer wall gave the temple something of the character of a fortress, and this was necessitated by the position of the city, surrounded as it was by the wild hordes of the desert, and subject to the sudden incursions of the Parthians from the east. The Moslems changed the temple into a real fort, by building up the windows and raising a square tower over the splendid portico. This magnificent old temple I shall not attempt to describe in detail. It covered about six hundred and forty thousand square feet of ground, and in going round it you walk more than a mile. The entrance doorway, which was beautifully sculptured, was thirty-two feet high and sixteen feet wide, and its jambs and lintels were each single stones. Around the court, near the outer wall, were rows of columns seventy feet high, to the number of three hundred and seventy-four; and these, like the other columns of Palmyra, had brackets for the statues of those whom the Tadmorenes delighted to honour. Within the spacious square, enclosed by these colonnades, stood a beautiful building on a raised platform, ascended by a flight of stone steps, and surrounded by a single row of fluted columns with Corinthian capitals in bronze. This was the temple. Its length north and south was about forty paces, and its breadth nearly sixteen paces. The entrance was in the western side, and in either end there was what might be called the Holy of Holies. The ceilings in these ends still remain entire, exhibiting the most lovely designs and most perfect carving to be seen in Tadmor. Indeed, this temple is the chief triumph of the Tadmor artists; and at the time Zenobia used to grace its steps, surrounded by her brilliant court, it must have been an object of surpassing splendour. The great polished columns in the temple alone, if placed end to end, would have formed one column nearly six miles long; and the statues, if drawn up in form, would have presented about the same numbers as a regiment in the line. We can well understand how Aurelian spent such vast sums—three hundred pounds weight of gold and eighteen hundred pounds weight of silver, as well as the crown jewels of Zenobia—to repair this temple, which had been injured by his soldiers. (Letter of Aurelian to Bassus preserved by Vopiscus.)

Let us see the temple in its present state. As we approach it in front, we see, over the patched and broken walls, columns standing and leaning about at every angle, as though the enclosure were a huge lumber-yard of columns. Around the wall is a deep ditch, and the entrance is reached by a raised causeway flagged with broad stones, among which I recognised a panelled stone door. The sheikh and a crowd of his people are sitting on stones in the

\* Hadrian was called a god by the Palmyrenes while he was yet living. The Romans, ancient as well as modern, reserved such canonization for their heroes till after their death.

gate. Camels and mules pass in and out, and women with jars of water and babies on their shoulders. The men are tall, and, as it seemed to me, have a Jewish cast of features. The women are coarse featured but not very ugly, and they all blacken their eyes and blue their lips. Within, we find the whole area of the temple filled with clay-daubed huts, so that we can only get an idea of the place by climbing over them. We pass on straight to the temple, which we explore with our handkerchiefs held to our noses, for the inmost shrine is horrible. We hurry out to the fresh air, but it is not fresh, for all the offal and filth of the houses are flung out into the narrow lanes, and lie rotting in the sun. Wherever we go among these human dens there is filth and squalor, and the hot, pestiferous atmosphere of an ill-kept sty. Such is now the state of that gorgeous temple which the proud Tadmorenes raised to their gods, which were no gods, and where they glorified one another in monuments of perishable stone.

Looking at the ruins of Tadmor, one wonders at the rage that must have existed for columns. Little houses had their tiers of little columns, and great houses had their tiers of correspondingly great columns. Public edifices for civil and religious uses had their quota of lofty columns. Little streets and public squares all had their rows of columns, and wherever you move columns without number block your path. They lie in some places like trees swept together by a flood into heaps; at other places they protrude from the sand, or stand up in solitary grandeur, having no apparent connection with anything else. This column mania found its fullest expression in the great colonnade of the principal street. This street intersects the ruins, running almost in a line between the Temple of the Sun and the castle. The end next the temple commences with a splendid triumphal arch, and after extending towards the mountain for about four thousand feet, loses itself in a maze of prostrate columns. The triumphal arch consists of a large central and two side arches, from which ran

four rows of columns, forming a central Broadway and sidewalks. About half way down the street, a little below the arcade, which cuts the colonnade at right angles, there are four massive pedestals, on which probably stood equestrian or other statues of enormous magnitude, and near this spot on both sides are splendid ruins, which local tradition makes the palace of "Sitt Zeinab" (Lady Zenobia) and the judgment-hall. Independent of the colonnades that branch off right and left, this one street, with its side walks, must have had about fifteen hundred columns. These columns were fifty-seven feet high, and were composed of three great drums, which supported Corinthian capitals and massive ornate entablatures. Between the second and third drum there is a section of a column inserted, with a protruding bracket for the reception of a bust or statue, and on the fronts of these brackets are inscriptions in Greek and Palmyrene, giving the names of the persons whose statues graced the pedestals.

On two columns side by side, near the central arcade, are two inscriptions of the greatest interest. The one records the dedication by his generals of "a statue to Septimus Odenatus, king of kings, and regretted by the whole city;" and the other is a dedication to his wife, "Septima Zenobia, the illustrious and pious queen." In the Palmyrene inscription, under the Greek, we find Zenobia's Palmyrene name—"Bathzebina," the merchant's daughter. Both statues were raised in the August of A.D. 271, only a short period before the fall of the city. What a splendid city Palmyra must have been in its palmy days, when the victorious hosts of Odenatus returned laden with the spoils of Oriental kings, and marched in long array through the long colonnades, beneath the statues of illustrious Palmyrenes! Or when the fiery Bathzebina flashed through those corridors in her gilded chariot, surrounded by her martial courtiers and fair companions. Or when, with bare arms and helmet on head, with all the pomp of mimic war, she sallied forth on her shining Arab to review and harangue her warriors on the sandy plain!

## OLD ENGLISH DOMESTIC LETTERS.

### II.

WE now come down towards the latter part of the century, and introduce the reader to the family of the Reverend John Ellis, Rector of Waddesdon, in Buckinghamshire. John Ellis is known as a divine who, on the outbreak of the Civil War, sided with the Parliament, but afterwards withdrew his support, not approving of the extreme steps it took. He was in consequence attacked by certain Nonconformist writers, but was able to defend himself with success. He brought up a family of six sons and three daughters; and of the former some achieved distinction, though in widely different lines. His eldest son, John, was well known as Under-Secretary of State to William III; while his second, William, followed the fortunes of James II and the Pretender as their secretary. Philip, the fourth son, became a Roman Catholic bishop; and Welbore, the fifth, Bishop of Kildare, and father of Lord Mendip. The

old rector of Waddesdon has left behind him the character of a learned and pious man, of which the reader shall judge by the following letters.

The two first are to his daughters at school: "To my loving Daughters Margaret and Sarah Ellis, at Carone house in Lambeth":—

"Waddesdon, Sept. 14, 1673.

"Loveing daughters,

"I received your letter, and found discouragement by it, for I thinke you wrote upon the matter as well when you went from us. I should be sorry your proficiencie in other things should be noe better then in this. But it may be you are not wholly in the fault. There may be a defect in your teaching; if soe, you can not help it. Howsoever you must gayne what you can by them of your years, when I must send for you. Pray forgett not your catechisme, nor your reading of Scripture, nor your prayers; soe

remembring your creator in the dayes of your youth. He will not forsake nor fayle you when your strength fayleth you, when you are old and grayheaded, but will be your God even for ever and ever, your guide unto death.

"Pray present myne and your mother's service unto your Mr. and mistresse, as also unto my cosin Mrs. Garthwayt Hoffe, and give her thanks in our name till I may come and doe it my selfe, which I hope may be shortly. My selfe with your mother, brother Jones, and Carolus salute you and continue our prayers for you. I continue

"Your loving father, Joh. Ellis."

"Waddesdon Octob. 26, 1673.

"Children,

"I am goeing, and you are growing, I hope as plants of the Lord in his Vineyard, who in season will bring forth fruit, which shall rejoyce the heart both of God and man. To this end have you been watered with the river of life, the word of God, after you were grafted into the good olive Jesus Christe, by baptisme, and have receaved the sappe, which is the Holy Ghost, in that ordinance. Now to the end you might be usefull in your generation, and lead a comfortable life, (soe farre as the condition of this valey of teares doth permitt,) I have indeavoured your education at home and abroad. For the perfecting whereof, if your mistresse have declared her selfe to be an upright meaning woeman, and have, since I told her I would take you off now at the quarter, if shee have notwithstanding treated you well and that you have been taught as before, then my minde is you should stay till the spring. And if she have neglected you, then lett your coz. Ayloff and your brother know it, that they may dispose of you as I have directed them. I continue

"Your loving Father,  
"Joh. Ellis.

"My selfe with your mother, your Brother Jones and Sister, as also your little neece Susan salute you. Our service to your mistress. If you stay, I have sent five shillings for your teacher. Bills when I know them shall be payd."

The last letter has something of humour about it. The quarter's notice seems to have been of older institution than some of us might have thought, and human nature, as exhibited in the supposed or real temper of schoolmistresses, was pretty much the same then as now. But, "five shillings for your teacher"! We suspect that there was here something of the servant combined with the teacher. And this idea is borne out by the style of the following letter, which is written in perfect copper-plate, and which would, we think, be the composition of some such poor dependent "teacher."

"Most Ingenious Ladyes,

"Being deprived of the happines I received in the enjoyment of your good company, the most hopefull means I can imagine to make up my loss is by a rude and unworthy scribble from my pen, and to tell you how much I should rejoyce to have so much felicity conferrd upon me as a manifestation of your resentment of my love by a line or two from your rare hands, which I will ever acknowledge with due respects, being, Ladyes,

"Your most humble servant,  
Ann Greene.

"Mar. 31st, 1674.

"These

"For the truly virtuous Ladies,  
Madam Margaret, and  
Madam Sarah Ellis."

Here is an instance of the use of "resentment" in a good sense, a use which was common at this period.

Our next letter is to John, the eldest son, who had been secretary to the Earl of Ossory. It is "the gallant earl" himself who is mourned for.

"Wadesdon, August 8, 1680.

"Good Son,

"Tis true, 'curæ loquuntur leves, ingentes stupent.' Soe sad, soe suddayn a calamity, as is the death of the Earl of Ossory, must needs make the heart ake, and the eye dazle, and be doubtfull (what omen may be in it) of every one who loves the publick. For behold! ('tis ushered in with a note of observation) the Lord, the Lord of Hostes (there's another emphasis), doth take away from Hierusalem the mighty man, and the man of war, the prudent, the captayn, and the honorable man. Then, children shall be their princes, and babes shall rule over them. And the people shall be oppressed every one by another; yea, children shall be their oppressors, and woemen rule over them (Isa. iii. 1—5, 12). Quod omen avertat Deus.

"For yourselfe, you are now cast agayn on God. But, O Lord God, thou art my trust from my youth. By thee I have been holden up from the womb, cast me not off, forsake me not. O God, thou hast taught me from my youth, O God, forsake me not. 'Twas his prayer, who, from experience of the truth of promises, trusted God. Psal. 71. (Sung heer this day without designe), 5, 6, 9, 17, 18. Goe thou and doe like wise.

"Spring of consolation for the losse of such a person there is but one, namely that, Blessed are they that dye in the Lord, for they rest from their labours and their workes follow. But seeing God is the author of comfort, we must pray that the Lord would appoynt unto you and all those honorable relations of the deceased that mourn: To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oyle of joy for mourning, the garment of prayse for the spirit of heavinesse; as the prophet Isa. 61. 3.

"Seeing Will is so slow, might not Samuell be inserted into the family of the new Earl, in some office of influence upon him?

"We and all the hard hearted of the nation mourn for and with you. Your uncle Newton wrote me his condolement, which I daresay is sincere. All our salutations and prayers.

"Your loving father,  
"J. Ellis."

The parentheses of the worthy old clergyman will raise a smile. His sorrow, we doubt not, was sincere, though he does seem to cast some little shadow of suspicion on Uncle Newton's sincerity. Alas for the shortsightedness of parents! Slow Will ended as Sir William; while Samuell, after a course of many difficulties, disappeared with no great credit at the Revolution.

It is literally true that "all the hard-hearted of the nation" mourned the death of the Earl of Ossory. This gallant nobleman, son of the Duke of Ormonde, was one of the most dashing officers of the day, and like many others of his time, Rupert and Blake among the number, was at once a colonel and an admiral, a soldier and a sailor, and equally

distinguished as either. He was cut off by fever; and in the words of Carte, the writer of the "Life of the Duke of Ormonde," "Never was any man's death more generally lamented; for he was universally esteemed, and generally beloved by all that knew him. The common people who adored him would not believe but he had foul play, though there were no grounds for that notion. His death was an irreparable loss to his family, and a very great one to the king, in a time when in all probability he should have most occasion for his service, his enemies being afraid of his popularity, and his friends having a confidence in his courage and integrity. He was for those reasons, in case an insurrection had been raised in England at this time (as was with great reason apprehended), more capable of serving his majesty than any man in the kingdom. His sentiments, in point of loyalty, were not unworthy his father's, ready at all times to sacrifice his all, and venture his person, in the service of the crown. He was indeed but too free in exposing his life upon every opportunity of signalling his courage. The Duke of Ormonde complained of that adventurous and (as he thought) romantic disposition, but it was too strong to be cured by any remonstrances. No man could engage in action with more resolution and intrepidity than the duke himself; but he was always thoughtful and considerate before he entered into danger. The Earl of Ossory, on the contrary, rushed into the greatest perils without considering at all, and seemed fond of danger, as if it was matter of pleasure and delight."

Let us now see how an undergraduate of the seventeenth century wrote to his father:—

"Trinity, Cambridge, Oct. 31, 1681.

"Honoured Sir,

"Least I should seem to be infected with that common and spreading contagion of inhumane disobedience and ingratitude towards my Parents, especially when I have so lately receiv'd, I hope, effectually antidotes against that as well as all other vices, though I have lett slipp some opportunities not through negligence but ignorance of y<sup>e</sup> time of sending, yet I layd hold on y<sup>e</sup> first known occasion in which I might manifest my duty, respects, and gratitude to you. I delivered your Discourse to my Tutor, (who is Bacchellour of Divinity,) and he received it with much joy, saying he would performe your desire not onely in perusing it himself but recommending it to some other judicious man. I have not as yet heard his approbation of it; as soon as I do, I shall make you acquainted with it. I don't question but you may most justly admire to see some books in my Brother's bill; y<sup>e</sup> reason of it was this, I hap'nd on them in a strange bookseller's shop, so that I was fain to pay ready money, that of 18s. is Livy's works of Parisii's print in folio; I having many others judgments who esteemed it very much worth what I gave for it, and I shall endeavour to regaine y<sup>e</sup> price of it in y<sup>e</sup> Learning that I shall extract out on it. The others were Amama's grammer which you were pleased to recommend to me yourself, and Magixus his Physicks, books which I hope you will approve on; but I esteem no books so much as yours, no writing like those of yours, and though I am unhappily depriv'd of your discourse, out of which may be gathered variety of all sorts of learning, yet I should be exceedingly rejoiced at a letter from you, having tasted y<sup>e</sup> sweetness of former ones,

then which there is nothing I more desire, nothing I am, or ought to be, more ambitious of. In them I find all our authors, all y<sup>e</sup> Fathers, y<sup>e</sup> wisdom, I dare to say, (if any after him enjoy'd so much,) of Solomon, y<sup>e</sup> piety of David, learning in y<sup>e</sup> abstract, and in short, in them I have a compleat Library; in hopes of which and your favour, with my duty to your self and my Mother, my love and service to my brother and sister Jones and Margaret, I remaine

"Your dutifull Son,  
"Charles Ellis."

Did this wonderful panegyric touch the fond parent's heart? And did he in consequence overlook the affair of the extravagant bookseller's bill? Or were these soft words meant to smoothe the way to the revelation of more fearful dissipation than the purchase of a Paris edition of Livy? These are questions which must remain unanswered, for Charles speaks no more. So we must fain accept the letter as a dutiful expression of filial affection—if we can.

Our next specimen is on the model of one of those polite espistles which, we hope, now exist only in some "Complete Letter-writer." We should be tempted to call a man who wanders in such a maze of metaphors, and who "kisses your hand with a letter," a downright prig. But in the old times people were more ceremonious; though this is an extreme instance.

"My Dear Coz,

"The reasons which doe att this time oblige me to take upon me y<sup>e</sup> humble boldnesse of kissing your hand with a letter are very considerable, and that upon these 2 scores, viz., upon y<sup>e</sup> account of civility, and promise. But notwithstanding, though it may perhaps be expected that I should once from under my own hand and seal condole your late deplorable affliction, yet your late conversation hath sufficiently taught me that yow are of your own accord too subject to mournings. Wherefore I would in no wise meddle with any periphrastical discourse upon so lamentable a subject. But (if possible) I would be seen rather to be an abater then an aggravator of your griefs. Wherefore I doe with all earnestnesse of a mind that is wholly devoted to yow, dear Madam, beseech you not to harbour that pernicious gladiator call'd Melancholy within your breast, least that he with sorrowfull remorses oppresse your sweet soule. But be sure to bury him, with all his mournfull companions, in water of oblivion. The which, when I shall heare that yow have done, my heart likewise, though as yet somewhat entangled, shall rejoice within me &c.

"I pray, Coz, be pleas'd to honour me so farr as to lett me heare from yow, that therby I may be certified of your course and quality of your affaires, for y<sup>e</sup> prosperity wherof I your most humble votary shall ever pray. And yow may further assure your self that glad tydings from you will cherrish my heart exceedingly, and if I should receive sad tydings from you (which God forbid I should) I would willingly take share in your sorrow.

"I have made diligent enquiry for The Help to Devotion which you were pleas'd to speak to me about, but cannot yet meet with it. But yet I shall not cease to use all y<sup>e</sup> interest and means I can for y<sup>e</sup> procuring of it, if so be that it may be acquired by either love or money. Thus, humbly praying



that you would (whensoever occasion serves) make use of my faithfull endeavours, I shall study to expresse how ready I am to performe you any service that possibility shall enable me unto, and in y<sup>e</sup> interim take leave and rest, Dear Madam,

"Yours to love entirely, honour, and serve,  
Morgan Jones."

"Pembroke Coll.

"Jan. 14, 1684.

"My humble duty I pray you to give to my Ante Ellis, to whom with your selfe I ought in all reason to returne some gratefull resentment for not onely my last, but also all other kind entertainments. I should have made bold to have kiss't her hand with a letter, had I not been somewhat indispos'd this day. My salutations to all.

M. J."

"To my much respected Coz.

M<sup>dm</sup>. Margarette Ellis

att Waddesdon

present these."

Our two last letters shall deal with affairs of the heart; the first from Charles Lyttelton to his friend, Christopher, afterwards Lord Hatton; the second, a good specimen of the *Familiar Letter*, from Sir Francis Godolphin, making a proposal of marriage for his son.

"Deerest Kytt,

"May 25, 1659.

"I cannot possibly describe to you the humour I am in at y<sup>e</sup> writing of this letter. You may easily guesse it when I shall but begin to tell you my Mrs. was married yesterday in y<sup>e</sup> afternoone to S<sup>r</sup> Thomas Rouse; I knowing nothing of it, and as little suspecting it, when I came into her chamber this morning and found him with her; and I am confident he that could have guessed it from what I knew of her intentions but y<sup>e</sup> night before, at eleven a clock, must pretend to have bine better skilld in her thoughts and disigns then she was herself. How it was discovered first to mee and my resentments is not for a letter discourse, when they are soe apt to miscarry, but in short, when she had told it mee after her sister, for I could not beleieve her, I swore and stormed, &c. But, in fine, I chose another way, and instead of quarrelling at that any further which could not be helped, I bore it like a man, and put her againe into his armes with all y<sup>e</sup> expressions of joy that a friend could have done, and that with such an ovenesse that I thinke I was no longer suspected for a rivall. I will not now tell you neither what crying there has bine both before and since the wedding, but I verily thinke there never was any like it. How unworthily her sisters have dealt with mee I am not able to tell you, and I have no mind they should for the present perceive what my opinion is. I saw my friend to-night who is gone to see them. To-morrow (it may be) I shall heare more, which you may have an account of in time. I would goe there myself, but that I have yet no clothes that I can weare.

Deerest Kytt,

Adieu."

"Madam,

"The fame of your person and fortune extending itselfe as far as the Mount, has raised a presumption in me to offer my son to be listed by your favour amongst the most devoted to honor and serve you, on whom at his returne out of Italie,

about two yeers since, his Ma<sup>ty</sup> was graciously pleased to confer the honour of Baronett. It will not become me to praise my son, but to praise God for his great blessing to me in him. I shall testifie my esteeme of your Ladyship and of him by the tender of putting into his hands, on his marriage, a thousand pound a yeer maintenance, and the same thousand pound a yeer for joyn-ture, all let for 21 yeers to good tenants exactly for soe much. Your La<sup>y</sup> need not doubt that I will settle upon him and his heyres all my lands of inheritance, after myselfe, and mynes of tyn of greater yeerly value. If I may speake it without vanite, I know noe yong man in England has more neer kindred and friends at Court; yet I must tell you he is noe Courtier; all the discouragement I can give your La<sup>y</sup> is that he is very modest. If your La<sup>y</sup> shall either doe me the honor of a line or any other way you pleasé, by this bearer my trustie servant, signifie your favourable leave for my son to waite upon you, I will adde wings to his ambition, and in the meane time beg your pardon for this bold intrusion of,

"Madam,

"Your La<sup>y</sup> most humble servant,

"Fra. Godolphin."

The bashful son was Sir William, created a Baronet in 1661. The lady rejected him, and he seems to have retained his bashfulness through life, for he lived in retirement and died unmarried.

## SCHOOL-BOY TRAINING.

AT a recent conference of schoolmasters in Scotland, Professor Hodgson read a paper on behalf of Mr. William Ellis, of London, entitled "An Urgent Educational Want of our Times." The paper advocated that children should be accustomed to look forward at school to the kind of life they were likely to be called upon to discharge after leaving school, as it was undoubtedly the fact that the majority of those leaving school had not the slightest idea of what they would have to contend with. Professor Hodgson is an eminent, and notably a sensible man, and an ornament of the university of Edinburgh; but we differ very strongly from Mr. Ellis and Professor Hodgson on this special point. School-boys have cares enough, and work enough, without being taught "to look forward to the kind of life they are to lead." To gain vigour of mind and health of body; to have intellect and memory, invention and wit well-trained and exercised; above all to be imbued with generous spirit and sound principle; these are the objects to be sought in school-days, and these form the best preparation for every kind of after-life. The Poet and not the Professor gives us the true philosophy of school-boy training and school-boy life:—

Gay hope is theirs by fancy led,

Less pleasing when possess;

The tear forgot as soon as shed,

The sunshine of the breast.

Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,

Wild wit, invention ever new,

And lively cheer, of vigour born,

The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
That fly the approach of morn.

There may be sore toils and hard lines in after-life for some, but foreknowledge of these would hinder rather than help preparation for them. To each his sufferings:—

Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,  
Since sorrow never comes too late,  
And happiness too swiftly flies!  
Thought would destroy their paradise;  
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.

## Varieties.

**HOLIDAYS.**—Holiday-making never appears to less advantage than in the production of made-holidays. Every one must sympathise with the desire to provide for the public enjoyment; but the mere fact of creating a blank day, and turning the population loose in streets where all shops are shut except those which supply intoxicating drinks, is not providing for the public enjoyment. The net result of bank holidays made by Act of Parliament is dispiriting, and provocative of nothing so much as an excess of drunkenness. No one who walked through the streets on Boxing-day, for example, can have been greatly surprised to find persons more or less inebriated plentiful in all districts. In a word, not only were the temptations to drink thrown into startling prominence by the melancholy aspect of the streets; there was really little else for the holiday-maker to do than drink and drown his sorrow. We do not complain of what has been done, but we think the legislature should go one step further, and, having enacted that the population shall not work, should provide some public entertainment by which the people may be able to play, or at least be kept out of mischief. It would be no great hardship if the troops located in the metropolis were called out to perform for the general amusement, if the military bands were allowed to play in the parks, and some serious attempt were made to get up an interesting and popular pageant or spectacle. In a word, these holidays should either be so arranged as to fall on days when there is something for the public to see and do, or special amusements should be provided. Dreariness, weariness, waste of money, waste of time, waste of health, are the conditions brought about by the so-called "holidays" made by the half-measure now in force. If London had been a city visited with the plague, or under the ban of the Church, it could scarcely have presented a more lugubrious spectacle to the average holiday-maker than was offered throughout the last of our made-holidays.—*The Lancet*.

**INDIAN PRINCES AND DYNASTIES.**—People in England have a sort of misty belief that the native princes and chiefs of modern India can trace back their lineage, if not their thrones, to a time when our Teuton forefathers were still roaming, as untutored savages, in their native woods. And yet, in the splendid array of rajahs and nababs whom the coming of the Prince of Wales brought to Bombay, there was hardly one who could boast of so high and ancient a descent as the prince himself. With the exception, indeed, of Udaipur and a few other Rajput chiefs, we question if there was one whose princely rank dates further back than the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Most of them, at any rate, are sprung from men who carved out kingdoms, large or small, for themselves from the wrecks of the empire which Babar founded, and which began to break up even in the days of Aurangzib. Most of them, in short, represent dynasties at least as modern as the East India Company. The Nizam himself, had he appeared at Bombay, would have been a mere upstart beside the Prince of Wales, whose descent from our English Alfred places him almost on a level with the oldest princes of Rajputana. His ancestor, Chin Kiliich Khan, the original Nizam-ul-Mulk, was the son of an officer in Aurangzib's service. The Rajah of Kolapur dates back to Sivaji, the founder of the Marátha power in the middle of the seventeenth century. The first Gaikwar of Baroda was a lieutenant of the Marátha Peshwa in the eighteenth century.

Ali Murád, the Amir of Khairpur in Sind, is a prince of a still younger line. The Nawab of Junagarh, in Katiawár, represents a dynasty founded by a soldier of fortune in 1735. The Jam of Nawanagar comes of an old Rajput stock, but his sovereignty goes no further back than the time of Henry VIII. The Rajput Thakur of Bhaunagar is younger in rank by two centuries. Nearly as modern is the Sidi Nawab of Jinjira, a descendant of the Abyssinian chiefs who served so faithfully the last Mahommedan kings of Bijápur. The Rajah of Idar in Gujarat claims near kinship with Jodhpur, but dates politically from about 1724, when two younger sons of the Marwar prince took possession of the realm assigned them by their elder brother, then Viceroy of Gujarat. It was only in the sixteenth century that the first Rao of Cutch gained his footing in that province. Pahlampur was founded by an Afghan in the time of Akbar. The Nawab of Radhanpur dates from the seventeenth century. Akbar received tribute from the Hindu Rajah of Rájpipla. If we come to other princes who will meet their future king elsewhere, we shall find that most of them date their titles from quite modern times. Sindhia and Holkar are sprung from lieutenants of the Marátha Peshwas. The Rajah of Patiala claims descent from a Jat chief who rose to power about two centuries ago. The reigning house in Kashmir belongs to the present century, and the nababs of Rampur to the last. It was in the last century that the present kingdom of Travankor was founded. The older dynasty of Cochin was re-established with English aid after the downfall of Tipu Sultan, when Mysor also was restored to its former rulers. In point of long and proud descent few princes even in Rajputana can be said to surpass the Prince of Wales. The young Maharana of Mewar or Udaipur may, indeed, point to a lineage ennobled by great names, and clearly traceable to the warrior chiefs of Chitor. But Jaipur was founded in the tenth century, and Jodhpur in the fifteenth, while the smaller Rajput States and the Jat State of Bharatpur are of still later origin. In paying homage, therefore, to the Prince of Wales, the pride of few, if any, of the native princes can be in any way wounded, nor are they likely to forget that but for English forbearance few of them would retain the power they now enjoy.—*Allen's Indian Mail*.

**SANDWICH ISLANDS.**—A correspondent writes from these Islands of the present king:—"King Kalakua was born in Honolulu, 16th November, 1836. He is the eldest son of a chief, now dead, who descended from the ancient sovereigns of Hawaii. During the reigns of Kamehameha IV and Kamehameha VII, he was clerk in the Interior Department and Secretary of the Privy Council. He is a gentleman of fine address, speaking the English language with great purity, and reciting with much ease and accuracy. He is also well read in the current literature of the day. He is a popular sovereign, and made a most happy impression upon the American people during his recent visit to the United States to secure a treaty of reciprocity. The queen is a lady of great excellence, and much esteemed by all classes. They are as fond of each other as Prince Albert and Queen Victoria."

**DR. RAFFLES, OF LIVERPOOL.**—An American has written to a New York paper an account of his inspection of the literary relics of the late Dr. Raffles, now in possession of his son at Liverpool:—"The collection of autographs, mounted in quarto volumes, and filling an entire bookcase, was the great attraction. He had them arranged like a biographical encyclopedia in alphabetical order, and he had contrived to get, with almost every one, a portrait of the person whose autograph it was, with some brief account of his history, and a narrative of the manner in which he had come to possess the treasure. It was a rich treat to hear how he had rescued a whole pile of letters, by Andrew Fuller, relating to the early history of the Baptist Missionary Society, from the barrel in which a prosaic housewife had put them, and out of which she was taking them, by degrees, for the purpose of singeing fowls! And we could not help observing the mixture of delight and anxiety on his countenance as he submitted his trophies to the cautious handling of his friends. Now it was a marginal note written by John Bunyan on a book which he had been perusing; now it was a permit signed by Robert Burns when an exciseman in Dumfries, giving liberty to a certain individual at Springhill to have a cask containing nine gallons of rum; and now it was a letter of some eminent statesman, like Peel or Huskisson. But he had some special favourites which he kept for great occasions, and among these was a casket containing the autographs of some American patriots. He used to tell with great delight how an enthusiastic citizen of the United States had offered him his own price for them, that he might place them in some public institution, and how he had replied, 'No, sir, there is not money enough

anywhere to purchase these!" In this list, also, was the copy of the bill of the expenses for the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, at Fotheringhay Castle, with an order on the English Treasury for its payment, signed by Lord Burleigh. Dr. Raffles told how, going one day down Holborn Hill, London, and looking into an old book-store, he saw a paper with Cecil's autograph, and immediately purchased it for eighteenpence, when lo! he discovered it was this historical document. Only autograph hunters can understand the thrill of such a delight. This one he had put into a special morocco case, and handled with peculiar care. Perhaps, to ordinary visitors, the most interesting of all his relics was the original manuscript of Heber's beautiful hymn, beginning, "From Greenland's icy mountains." This the Doctor obtained from the file of a printer in the town of Wrexham, North Wales, where the poem had been originally printed; and concerning its composition he told the following story:—"Heber, rector of Hodnet, was married to the daughter of Dean Shipley, rector or vicar of Wrexham. On a certain Saturday he came to the house of his father-in-law to preach on the following day—the first sermon ever preached in Wrexham Church for the Church Missionary Society. As they sat conversing after dinner, the Dean said to Heber, "You are a poet; suppose you write a hymn for the service to-morrow morning." Immediately he took pen, ink, and paper, and wrote that hymn. He read it to his father-in-law, and said, "Will that do?" "Ay," he replied, "and we will have it printed and distributed in the pews, that the people may sing it after sermon." "But," said Heber, "to what tune will it go?" and then he added, "Oh, it will go to 'Twas when the winds were roaring,'" and so he wrote in the corner there at the top of the page, "'Twas when the winds were roaring.'" The hymn was printed accordingly, and from the file of the printer I obtained the manuscript. I have seen another version of the story, which states that it was on Whit-Sunday, 1819, and that it was for a sermon in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. But I cannot vouch for the truth of either statement. The only correction in the manuscript is in the line, "The heathen in his blindness," which he had written originally, "The savage in his blindness;" and below the poem is written in pencil, "A hymn to be sung in Wrexham Church, after the sermon, during the collection."

**DUDLEY AND WARD.**—When Mr. Ward became Viscount Dudley and Ward, and took possession of the family estates, he suffered as much embarrassment as his father from an overgrown fortune. He one day described this embarrassment to my uncle Archy in very graphic terms. "When I came to my estate," he said, "I resolved to spend my whole income within the year. With that view I purchased the estate of Ednam, in Scotland; I bought a library at Venice; I repaired my house in Park Lane, etc., etc.; but a rise unexpectedly took place in the price of iron, which brought me £10,000, and you know *one can't always be prepared for such contingencies*." When Lord Palmerston, in his autobiography, mentions as a notable instance of disinterested love of power that his friend Dudley would have gladly given £6,000 a year to remain in office, he evidently was not aware that to Dudley £6,000 a year was a mere trifle. One of Lord Dudley's eccentric habits was that of speaking to himself, or thinking aloud. Of this practice many amusing instances were related—perhaps occasionally invented—by his friends. Soon after he had succeeded to the title of Dudley and Ward a lady asked Lord Castlereagh how he accounted for the custom. "*It is only Dudley speaking to Ward*," was the ready answer to her inquiry. Lord Dudley was introduced at an evening party to Lady N., whom he was requested to hand down to supper. Her ladyship availed herself of the opportunity to present her two daughters, after which ceremony she overheard him, as they went downstairs, muttering to himself in his usual undertone, "The fair one is plain; the dark one is not amiss; but the fair one is exceedingly plain." "I am glad, my lord," says Lady N., with good-humoured readiness, "that at all events the dark one pleases you." A gentleman from Staffordshire prevailed on Lord Dudley to present him at Court. They got on very well as far as St. James's Street, where they were stopped nearly half an hour by the line of carriages. His lordship then forgot himself, and, after a long pause, began: "Now, this tiresome country squire will be expecting me to ask him to dinner. Shall I ask him, or shall I not? No, I think he would be a bore." The individual so unexpectedly blackballed was at first confounded, but, recollecting his companion's infirmity, commenced in turn an audible soliloquy: "Now, this tiresome old peer will, of course, be asking me to

dine with him to-day. Shall I go, or shall I not go? No, I think it would be a bore." This impromptu was well taken, and the invitation was given in earnest and accepted. After sitting a long time with a lady to whom he was paying a morning visit, Lord Dudley exclaimed aloud, "*I wonder when this tiresome woman will go away*." At a dinner given by Lord Wilton, who had one of the best cooks in London, Lord Dudley tasted some dish of which he did not approve, and, forgetting where he was, began apologising to the company for the badness of the entertainment. "*The fact is*," said he, "*that my head cook was taken ill, and some kitchen girl, I suppose, has been employed to dress the dinner*." Lord Dudley, receiving a visit from the poet Rogers at Paris, proposed that they should go together to the Catacombs. It has often been remarked of Rogers that with his fine bald head, wrinkled skin, and sunken cheeks, he was more like a death's head than any man that was ever seen alive. Accordingly, when the poet had spent an hour or two in the abodes of mortality, and was about to make his exit, the keeper, startled at his death-like appearance, tried to stop him, crying out, "Hullo! Get you back! You have no right to come out!" Rogers afterwards complained to Lord Dudley that he had cruelly deserted him in this emergency. "My dear Rogers," replied the Earl, "I did not like to interfere, you looked so much at home."—"Old Times and Distant Places," by John Sinclair.

**BIG BEN "ALWAYS SLOW."**—From the annual report of the Astronomer-Royal to the Board of Visitors it appears that London has one very correct clock, since it is stated in this report that the error of the Westminster clock, from Greenwich time, was below one second on eighty-three per cent. days in the year. It is, however, by no means unusual to hear it asserted by the citizens around St. Paul's that Big Ben is always four or five seconds slow, and also to hear the same story repeated in other portions of the metropolis. Always slow Big Ben is said to be, and never by any chance fast. It is easy to account for this. Sound travels, in the air, at the rate of about 1,120 feet in one second of time; and therefore, to a listener standing in St. Paul's Churchyard, although the sound-wave may start from both clock-bells at the same instant, that from the nearer will reach him much sooner than the farther one, in proportion as he is nearer to the one than the other. Roughly speaking, five seconds should be allowed for every mile from the clock-tower, counting "as the crow flies." An ordinary map of London may be made useful for ascertaining what allowance should be made for any particular site, by taking with a pair of compasses one-fifth of a mile from the "scale," and with one leg placed on the tower, with the other describe a circle round it; all places on this line will get their time one second late. Now describe another circle with the same centre, and a radius equal to two-fifths of the "mile scale"; all on this line will get their time two seconds late; and so on for any number of circles that may be required. The times for places between the circles will of course be intermediate, nearer to one second or two seconds, as they are nearer to the one or the other of the circles. This would be correct if the tower had no great height, but we must not forget that the Westminster clock is 300 feet above the pavement, and that, even to any one at the base of it, the first stroke of the hour-bell (which is the time to be noted) would arrive three-tenths, or rather more than one quarter, of a second late; so that the first of the circles should be a little nearer to the tower. As the distance increases, the effect of the tower's height rapidly diminishes.—*Whitaker's Journal*.

**SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.**—Professor Tyndall has lately demonstrated that pure air or any mixture of gases, "if optically pure," will not produce living organisms; and decaying matter, which would, under ordinary circumstances, swarm with life if exposed to the atmosphere for a few days, will not furnish a single living specimen if the air in contact with it has been purified first of all from the mechanical particles floating about. According to Dr. Tyndall's latest experiments, air may be so purified by simply confining it in a closed chamber for a few days, when all the floating particles will have become deposited, in the same way as we might clear a turbid liquid by allowing it to stand. Unfortunately, in every-day life, we cannot do without turbid air, for were there no particles floating in the atmosphere we should have no light. These particles, Dr. Tyndall tells us, reflect and scatter the light; and, if not present, there would be little more than a faint blue haze around this globe. If we want optically pure air, which carries no germs or mechanical particles of any kind, and which cannot produce life therefore, then we get an atmosphere which has lost its power of scattering light.



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Cooper.*



ARRIVAL AT BOSTON.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XII.—THE QUAKER FAMILY.

**A**LLOWING for the advance which most towns, and especially those of America, have made in the last hundred years, Boston was at the time of our story as notable a city as it is at present. One of the oldest towns on Massachusetts Bay, and by far the largest and best built in all the New England

provinces, it was virtually their metropolis—the emporium of their commerce, the high place of their fashion, and the home of their best society. Then, as well as now, Boston might have been called the Athens of the western world, from the acknowledged intelligence of its inhabitants, and the general cultivation of arts and letters. It might also have been called the nursery of American freedom, for in Boston began the first movements of the revolution. An ultra-royalist officer justly described it from his

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own point of view, in a letter to one who was destined to command the American army before its walls, and in many a famous field besides—to no other than George Washington: "This town is full of rank Whigs, stark mad for independency and the paying of no taxes to the king."

Such was the character of the provincial capital when Delamere and his party, after journeying over rough country roads and resting at country inns, rode into what is now called Old Boston, but was then the entire city; for as yet its handsome suburbs with their many communicating bridges were not, and it stood alone on the almost insulated promontory, rising above the bay in three distinct heights, from which the town had its ancient name of Tremont, and united to the mainland by the narrow isthmus known as Boston Neck. Yet, even then, its public buildings were as stately and substantial, its streets as densely built and intricate, as those of many a European town that had been centuries old before John Blackstone, the first settler, built his solitary hut on the peninsula they covered. There was no lack of well-filled mansions in the thoroughfares of business, or of family mansions in the great space called Boston Common; but the squire and his company took a seaward direction and rode straight into Harbour Street—so named from its situation, and the extensive view of port and shipping that could be had from its windows. There they drew bridle before the largest house, a mansion of three storeys—the lower of stone, the two upper of timber—with the street-door in one of its high-pointed gables, and arms of its first owner, a ship in full sail, with the pious motto, "My safety cometh from the Lord," quaintly carved above it. That house had been the wonder of the colony when it was built by one of Delamere's ancestors on the maternal side, some years before the accession of James II, and though old-fashioned at the time of which we speak, it was still considered a comfortable and very genteel residence.

The locality is altered in aspect and in name; the house built by Delamere's ancestor has been swept away long ago by the march of civic improvement; but it was a pleasant sight for those weary travellers from the banks of the Connecticut, whom the fall of the winter evening had brought to their journey's end, to see the warm red light streaming from its windows, and its door hospitably opened to receive them. Out of it stepped a man in the broad-brimmed hat and drab suit of Penn's people, the common designation of American Quakers at the time, and they knew him to be Jacob Stoughton. "Friend Delamere, thou art welcome, thou and all that are with thee," he said, heartily shaking the squire's hand. "Is this thy daughter? How fair and goodly she hath grown up! My young friend, I am glad to see thee!" and he shook hands with Constance too. "And this thy housekeeper? Friend Hannah, thou art very welcome for thine own as well as thy friend's sake; it is many a year since that stormy night when I found shelter in thy dwelling in the woods beside Lake Michigan. Come in," he continued, after some equally kind words to Philip and the man in charge of the pack-horses, the only part of the company of whom he had no previous acquaintance; "ye have all need of rest, and our helps will look after everything." The family had come to the door to bid them welcome, though the evening was intensely cold; they were introduced in Quaker

fashion, and the difference of manners and customs was curiously illustrated by Delamere's stately bows and complimentary greetings, not to speak of his daughter's genteel curtsies in response to, "This is Rachel, my wife; this is Susanna, our daughter; and this is friend Caleb Sewell, my partner in business, who has always lived with us."

In the Stoughtons' house there was none of the excitement and bustle incidental to arrivals in the homes of the world, by which comprehensive term the Friends denoted all beyond the pale of their society; everything was done quietly; yet never did travellers receive more kindly attentions. They were shown to their rooms—right comfortable quarters, well lighted and warmed, and supplied with every convenience for wiping off the effects of a long and wintry journey, including a hot posset for every one of them. It was not long till the three, who had sat together for many a year at the Elms, the squire, Constance, and Hannah, were seated at the well-spread supper-table, where Jacob said silent grace and his family gathered round.

Delamere had become acquainted with him years before, through Squire Archdale, whose calm wisdom and liberal mind had a charm for the worthy Quaker, though few of his people ever formed friendships with "men of the world." Constance remembered to have seen him occasionally at the Plantation, but his wife, his daughter, and his partner were unknown to both her father and her till that evening. Jacob was a man more of Archdale's type than Delamere's, but thinner and older than either of them, for though yet hale and upright, his face had the paleness of advanced age, and his hair was as white as snow. His wife resembled him in a remarkable degree; one would have taken them for brother and sister, and both must have been eminently handsome in their youth, for they had those finely-moulded features which, of all human beauties, suffer least from the ravages of time. Susanna, their daughter, had inherited the same perfect grace of Nature's sculpture, but in her it was matched with a complexion of such dazzling fairness without tint or tinge of the rose, that it reminded one of Parian marble, and gave to the face and figure, especially when in repose, a statuesque and scarcely living look; and the effect was heightened by the colour of her long and abundant hair, flax threaded with silver, as if the whiteness of her parents' age had descended on her youth, for they had married late in life, and Susanna was not quite eighteen. Thus, near to Constance in age, she was much of the same height and figure; but the dark lustrous hair, the rosy bloom, and the youthful animation of the squire's daughter were advantageously contrasted with the colourless beauty of the young Quakeress, which would have been lifeless too, but for her large blue eyes, softly bright and changeful as the evenings of spring, and yet they had a weary look at times, like that of one early destined to a better world.

Caleb Sewell was the young man of the house; by all appearance he had not yet advanced beyond thirty. His father had been Jacob Stoughton's partner in business, but he and his wife died while their son was yet a child, and left him and his portion to Jacob's care. The trust had been faithfully and kindly discharged. Caleb was brought up in the Stoughtons' house, became Jacob's partner in process of time, and was to be his successor in business; yet nobody could be more unlike the friends

with whom he lived. About the middle size and fresh-coloured, though of rather a brown complexion, his frame and features were cast in a coarser mould than theirs. From his short, dark, and straightly-brushed hair to his shoe-strings, Caleb had a look of method and precision that was astonishing to see. There was in his face a sturdy seriousness that would not hesitate to speak its mind or do censor's work, if occasion required. He was a stiff subject, and not likely to conquer hearts, but he was also an honest, trustworthy man in every sense, and a devoted member of the Society of Friends.

The entire household held hard by the original principles and practice of their sect, which time has somewhat modified in both America and England. They eschewed not only the pomps and vanities, but the manners and customs of the world. All human titles, being reckoned of heathenish origin, were discarded from their vocabulary; the days of the week had no names on the same account, but were spoken of by their numbers, first, second, and the like; the Christmas and Easter of the Episcopalian Church, and the thanksgiving week of the Presbyterians, passed alike unacknowledged by them. All profane literature, especially works of imagination, were snares and devices of the enemy, which found no place in their rather limited library. Music and dancing were still more certain conductors on the downward way. The economy of their home was consequently never upset by balls or parties; and play-going, under any pretext, was a business not to be mentioned. All manner of their age's finery, from hoops to tuckers, was avoided by the ladies, so was every description of head-dress, except the plain cap and plainer hood. The gentlemen had nothing to do with powder or ruffles, buttons or buckles; the laced-waistcoat and cocked-hat were equally left to the vain world. Neither man nor woman made up for the absence of gay colours by the richness of material—homespun cloth and linen not over fine had been their wear before a non-importing association was thought of, and they continued to form their wardrobe still. These were unfamiliar ways to the Delameres, accustomed though they were to the well-regulated and sober life of New England; but looking on the pleasant, cheerful parlour, where everything, from the wainscoted walls to the white table-linen, glistened with stainless purity and polish in the ruddy hearthlight, and on the placid faces, which from youth to age showed no trace of outward trouble or inward care, the squire especially felt—for he had come to the time when such things strike us—that his friends in drab had cast away but the chaff and kept the wheat of life, and that a heart weary with the world's falsehood and turmoil might find a haven of rest in the Quaker's home.

They kept earlier hours in that house than at the Elms. Early to bed, they were all astir next morning before the dawn of the day. There was no idle time in the Stoughtons' dwelling, neither was there haste or overwork, every one of the household was occupied: Jacob and Caleb in the concerns of the business, which was not only to be transferred to the sole management of the latter, but also from Boston to Philadelphia, whither the family were going; Jacob's wife in domestic preparations for the removal, in works of charity among the neighbouring poor, and in the affairs of the Society, for friend Rachel was one of its preachers.

Susanna did most of the needlework and knitting. She had not been accustomed to woodland walks or long gallops over hill and dale like Constance. The Stoughtons had always lived in town, and as people did not move about in that generation as they do now, the ladies of the family had seen but little of the country. Moreover, Susanna's health was delicate from her childhood; she rarely went out in the winter, but would sit for hours close by the stove, marking linen, knitting gloves and stockings, and writing long letters to her cousins in Philadelphia. Of a meek and gentle disposition, and unacquainted with the "people of the world," she was shy with Constance at first; but the squire's daughter was naturally agreeable, easy, and unselfish, a girl who would do her part anywhere, in work or play, and had sense enough to respect and esteem good people, however their manners and modes of thought might differ from those to which she had been accustomed.

So the young people became good friends, and in some degree took to each other's ways. Constance learned to sit and work more than she had done at home; Susanna learned to go out more than she had done in former winters. They had walks about the town and sleigh rides into the country with Philip, when the weather permitted; when it did not, they found subjects of mutual interest to talk about over the needlework, or read such books as were admitted into the Quaker family.

Constance had little of her father's company, and so had the Stoughtons. He had taken an early opportunity to call on the governor. Royalists of his stamp were not numerous in New England. His offer to serve the king was accepted in the most flattering manner. He was presented with a major's commission in a regiment newly raised in Canada, and appointed to a place on the governor's staff. The squire's pride was gratified by these marks of governmental esteem, and the man of note they made him in the eyes of all subalterns. His old military inclinations came strongly back upon him in his downhill and solitary days, and something of his youth seemed to come with them. He found old friends, too, in the Canadian regiment and among the British garrison in Castle Williams; men with whom he had served long ago, when Archdale and he were comrades in arms for the same cause. The necessary attendance on his official duties, the company in the mess-room with their loyal toasts and speeches, and an occasional talk over old times and adventures with a brother officer beside the evening fire, occupied Delamere's time, and were more after his own heart than the quiet, serious ways of the Quaker family. He never failed to show them respect and gratitude, and offered more acknowledgments than they would accept for their kindness to him and his. He allowed no day to pass without a call, however brief, to see, as he expressed it, how his girl was behaving herself; but the squire, in common with the officers of the Crown and the people of Boston, got weightier matters to think of before that dreary December came to its end.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—STRANGE DOINGS IN BOSTON.

THROUGHOUT all England and English-peopled territory the eighteenth century, especially its latter half, was the reign of tea. The costly leaf, as it might well be called, when, according to Mrs. Delaney, good tea could be obtained only at thirteen shillings

the pound, was identified with gentility, with letters, in short, with good society in general. It enlivened Mrs. Montagu's blue parties and the antiquarian Wednesdays of Sir Hans Sloane. It smoothed for the moment the ruggedness of Johnson's temper, for it is on record that he never insulted anybody so completely at tea as he did at dinner. It almost charmed away the clouds that darkened over Cowper's genius, and was even said to mollify the royal stiffness of old Queen Charlotte. By moralists of or for the humbler classes, tea was dreaded and denounced as a cause of extravagance more ruinous than the love of finery is supposed to be in our generation; for, like the latter, its dominion was over the fair sex, and it was held in special horror by husbands and fathers as the temptation which cottage beauty could not resist.

How strangely are the small and great of human affairs linked to each other. "The cup which cheers but not inebriates," as Cowper sings, became, under the management of selfish and short-sighted politicians, the wedge which split for ever the connection of England and her American colonies. The question at issue between them for many a year had virtually been the right of a people to govern and tax themselves by their elected representatives. That right had been long established in the old country; its infraction brought Charles I to the scaffold, and yet by one of those eclipses which prove the fallibility of human judgment, in national as well as individual cases, neither the English people, the English parliament, and still less the English king, appeared to see that what was wrong on the one side of the Atlantic could not be right on the other. Ministry after ministry had attempted to impose duties on every consumable article, and taxes under every pretext, till the Homespun Wearing and Non-importing Association had banished British manufactures and British merchandise from the American markets. Then Lord North and his royal master resolved to try the tea temptation on a whole people, and satisfy the East India Company, whose complaints were both loud and deep, for their warehouses were filled to overflowing with the expensive store; so they abolished all the taxes they had never got paid, and allowed tea to be shipped to the American ports at one-fourth of the duty charged upon it in England. The Tories on both sides of the Atlantic were enraptured with this gracious and liberal policy, which they thought must silence the discontent of every province from Maine to Georgia. But the American people were not to be won by the bait which caught village belles and pretty wives in the old country; they stood by the right of self-taxation, would pay no duty imposed by the English parliament, nor suffer the taxed tea to be landed on their shores. So when three ships laden with it cast anchor in Boston Harbour it was evident to men of all parties that the gauntlet had been thrown down, and nothing but a trial of strength could be expected.

Never did tea create such a ferment in any town. Public meetings were held and patriotic speeches made in every direction. There were gatherings of the populace round the Tree of Liberty on the Common, and assemblies of the municipal authorities in the Town Hall. The tea was the theme of discourse in the market-place and on the wharfs, at the corners of streets and by family firesides. It gave occasion for a fair exchange of abuse between the Whigs and Tories; proved the cause of many a bitter quarrel

between old neighbours, and of sundry stand-up fights among the less cultivated of the population. Still the three ships rode at anchor, and the people most to be sympathised with were their captains and crews. The town-council would not allow them to land a chest of their cargoes; the civil governor would not sign the permit, without which they could not leave the harbour, though deputation after deputation of the citizens waited upon him for that purpose; but his Excellency escaped their importunities at last by going quietly out of town.

As the law then stood, in American ports a ship was allowed but twenty days to discharge her cargo under any circumstances; if undischarged at the expiration of that time, it became the property of the government; and with that double-dealing which is the sure characteristic of weak administrations, and as surely brings upon them public hatred and contempt, the men in power at St. James's, and their deputies in Massachusetts, were bent on getting possession of the rejected tea, and thus obtaining a swindler's triumph over the American patriots, by having it sold and distributed throughout the land at their pleasure or convenience.

Jacob Stoughton's house was perhaps the only dwelling in all the town of Boston where the tea question made but little din. The worthy merchant had taken no part in the public agitation of his time, though he believed the American cause to be just. Jacob, in common with the primitive Quakers, held that resistance to constituted authority, or even to take arms in self-defence, was not lawful for a Christian.

His partner, Caleb, maintained the contrary opinion, for he was a Williamsite—that is to say, a disciple of brave old Roger Williams, who was banished from Massachusetts in the persecuting time, when its Puritan inhabitants considered the Indian incursions a special judgment upon them for not enforcing the laws against Quakers,—and who in his banishment founded the colony of Rhode Island, and in his old days took up arms to defend it against the French and their Indian allies. Notwithstanding the external formality that appears in the Society of Friends, their rejection of dogmatic teaching and belief in inward light allow larger scope for individual opinion on many points than can be found in any other body. Thus, Jacob and his partner agreed to differ; and neither being disputatious, the perturbation outside found no echo at board or hearth.

Friend Rachel concerned herself about nothing but spiritual or domestic things. Susanna followed her mother's example, and so it came to pass that the squire's daughter knew what was stirring only by the chance words she heard in the streets, or read on the public placards, which were quickly torn down. Major Delamere—he rather preferred the military title—was so boiling over with loyal indignation at the ingratitude of the Boston people for the favours showered upon them by king and parliament that he did not care to trust himself in such unsympathising company as the Stoughtons, and was, moreover, engrossed by some new fortifications they were getting up at Castle Williams. Constance therefore saw little of him, and the above-mentioned intimations had been lost to her for some days. The weather was bad, with a keen north-easterly wind, and heavy showers of sleet and snow, which terminated at length in the usual hard, clear frost.

Mrs. Stoughton and Susanna had both caught a

bad cold; but the former had, in Quaker phrase, a great concern on her mind regarding a poor sickly widow and her four young children, who lived in a humble street at the opposite end of the town, and she had reason to fear they might be in sore distress. A long walk on a fine frosty day was no difficulty to a girl brought up at the foot of Mount Holyoke; and Constance cheerfully volunteered to go with her faithful page, Philip, and look after the widow.

They started early in the afternoon, Philip carrying a basket well filled with things helpful to the poor family; but when they reached what had been the widow's residence, she and her children had removed to cheaper lodgings, the direction of which their former neighbours could not clearly point out, and a good deal of time was lost in attempts to find them. They were found at last, however; and Constance and her page turned homewards rather tired, but glad at heart, for they had been instrumental in relieving great necessity, and were bearing back the blessing of the widow and the fatherless to friend Rachel.

The early night of December was falling fast. Boston, like most towns before the discovery of gas, was but dimly lighted; and trusting to their knowledge of its old intricate streets, they took what seemed to them a short cut, in order to reach home before it grew quite dark.

The lanes and by-ways through which they passed were quiet enough, or rather appeared deserted, for there was nobody to be seen, and very few lights in the houses; but as they walked rapidly on, sounds of hurrying feet and mingled voices, like those of a great multitude, rose before them, and, turning out of a narrow alley, they found themselves close by Faneuil Hall, in Dock Square.

Here lady and page stood fairly bewildered at the scene which burst upon them.

The great square was filled with a crowd that swayed and surged like the waves of a stormy sea. The great building, which comprehended a market-house and a town-hall, was lighted from ground-floor to roof; every door and window stood wide open in defiance of the frosty night, and they were jammed with eager listeners. On steps, on rails, wherever foothold or hanging-on room could be found, the people clustered like bees in the swarming time. That evening the public excitement had reached its height; a meeting of leading patriots was held in Faneuil Hall, long after known as the nest of the revolution, and the townspeople were gathered within and without to hear the proceedings; for, with the last stroke of midnight, the twenty days allowed to the laden ships would expire, and the British governors must have their own way on the morrow. Not knowing what to think or do, Constance and Philip stood still together. To cross the crowded square was simply impossible, and they knew no other way to get home.

Suddenly the crowd stood stock still too, and a breathless silence fell on the gathered thousands. They saw a figure rise in the open hall above, and the deep, distinct voice of Samuel Adams said, in tones that every man could hear, "This meeting can do no more for the country."

"We can throw the cause of its trouble overboard," said a voice without, no less loud and clear; it made Constance start as if she had heard a trumpet-blast; for that voice had spoken to her in softer tones beside the Connecticut. But was that an Indian yell that fol-

lowed it? She had no time to think; the meeting and the crowd were breaking up now, and in trying to avoid their homeward rush, Philip and herself were driven into the very midst of a band of Mohawks in full array, hatchets, scalping-knives, war-paint and all.

The red men of that handsome but ferocious tribe were no rare sights at the time in Massachusetts, especially in the western parts of the province.

Constance and her page, in their own extensive rambles, had frequently seen their hunting parties passing through the Holyoke woods, or over the fords of the Connecticut; but both were struck with terror to find themselves in the midst of so large a body of Indians. Before they could retreat, the chief of the band caught Constance by the arm; but she knew the voice that said in her ear, "This is a terrible place for you, Constance; come with me, and don't be afraid; I am Sydney Archdale."

"Oh, Sydney, have you gone to live among the Indians?" said the bewildered girl.

"They are not Indians, but Minute Men of my company. Come along; follow us, Philip, my boy, if you can." He drew her arm into his, and with the other warded off the pressure of the crowd, till they reached an arched passage between the warehouses which occupied that side of Dock Square. An old negro, with a lantern in his hand, stood in the opening, to whom Sydney said, "See them safe to the top of Harbour Street," and then whispered to Constance, "Get home as quickly as you can, but say nothing to anybody of our meeting here; and if you hear any noise in the night give no alarm, but look out towards the old wharf, for I know your window commands it. Good-night!" He pressed her hand to his lips in the old fervid fashion, and the next moment was lost in the crowd beyond.

Without a word the negro conducted them to an iron gate at the farther end of the passage; this he opened with a key and locked again behind them. That negro was the watchman of the warehouses, but neither Constance nor Philip could ever retrace the network of lanes and alleys through which he led them to the top of Harbour Street, and having thus fulfilled his orders, he stayed not for thanks or acknowledgment, but walked away in unbroken silence.

Constance had just time to warn Philip against mentioning the encounter in Dock Square, when they met Caleb Sewell on his way to search for them. He was the man in all household emergencies of the Stoughtons. They had been rather alarmed by the young people staying so late, but the widow's removal, and the time spent in looking for her new home, accounted for the delay to their entire satisfaction. There was no sign of the great meeting and the excited crowd in that quiet street. The evening meal was served, the evening prayers were said, and the Quaker family retired to rest at their accustomed hour. Constance was tired with the long hours of walking about Boston, but she could not sleep, her thoughts were occupied with Sydney Archdale. What business had he and his Minute Men in hand, and what did he mean by telling her if she heard any noise in the night to give no alarm, but look out towards the old wharf? "There was a time when Sydney would have spoken more plainly to me," she thought; "he is growing too great a man among the Whigs to have any confidence in his old companion now; maybe that it is only to be expected. My



father is a major in the king's service, hand in glove with General Gage, and everybody knows that men are changeable. Sydney may have seen somebody else. He was kind this evening, but ready enough to part with me."

She had reached this point in her melancholy musings, when the silence without was broken by sounds that came indistinct and muffled to her well-enclosed bedroom. Was that the noise of which Sydney had warned her? She rose hastily threw a warm cloak about her, stole to the window, drew the curtains, unbarred the shutter as quietly as possible, and looked out upon the night. It was cold and dark, as the nights of December are apt to be, but the old wharf seemed in a blaze of torchlight, so were the three tea-ships riding there at anchor. She could see their dark hulls and white rigging stand out more conspicuously than they did by day; and as her eye grew accustomed to the strange lurid lights and deep shadow, Constance saw that the wharf was filled with armed men—the very Mohawks she had got among in Dock Square! They stood there as fixed as trees in the red man's native forest. On the shore beyond a dense crowd had gathered; there were sounds of hurrying feet from all the neighbouring streets and lanes, but not a word or voice broke the silence of the night. There were sounds from the ships, too, like those of unloading. Men were busy there getting out the cargo, but it was not to land it. She heard the crack of hammers and breaking up timber, as chest after chest of the precious tea—for which many a poor wife in England sighed in vain—was burst open and emptied sheer over the bulwarks into the deep water of Boston Harbour, to be washed out by the next ebb-tide to the broad Atlantic. It was some time before Constance could clearly comprehend what was transacted almost before her eyes; and then the work came to an end, for all destruction is quickly done. The men who had executed it quitted the ships; the armed guard retired from the wharf; the crowd hurried away as voiceless as they came; and the old wharf, the harbour, and neighbourhood were left in the silence and darkness of a December midnight.

## NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

### AN AGED CANARY.

THOSE readers of the "Leisure Hour" who felt interest in the account of the "Happy Family," described in the December part of 1875 (p. 780), may like to hear about the eldest member of the family, "Canary Goldie," who attained the age of fifteen. He was hatched in the spring of 1861, in Edinburgh, and given to my mother by a lady now in India. His song was wonderful, he filled this large house with melody, and many cares were lightened and many hopes inspired by the rapturous delight of this sweet bird. Five years ago he had a very inflamed and painful leg. We thought he must have caught himself on something when flying about the room, and given himself a wrench when freeing himself. He was never allowed out afterwards. He suffered very much and lay on the floor of the cage. I bathed his leg with cold water, and he found such relief from this that he took the hint and frequently sat in his bath. He got quite well. Lately he showed signs of failing strength, and gradually grew feebler.

As if to deepen every association, he lived until the 25th January, and died on his beloved mistress's birthday.

I buried him in my mother's greenhouse at the root of a fuchsia-tree, the branches of which droop most beautifully over his grave. I do not know if fifteen is an unusual age for my canary. Some of my readers may have experience to throw light on the matter of the longevity of cage-birds. Of the age of parrots wonderful stories are told, but frequently without authentic dates.

J. B. C.

### A TAME LEVERET.

With regard to other members of the "Happy Family" at the Anchorage, I may mention that to my great regret I found my leveret, "Luna," dead in her bed one morning in January. She was perfectly tame and quite happy. The cats were very kind to her, allowing her to jump into their box and lie down beside them. She was very thin, and, I fear, had not got proper food. She partook freely of carrots, turnips, cabbage blades, corn, and bread, and parsley was a great treat. But she lost her appetite sometimes, and evidently required herbs that I knew nothing about, and could not get for her. I had her about four months, or since the 11th of October. She was then about six weeks old. I grieve for the loss, as I particularly wished to have a hare amongst the Fauna of the Anchorage to remind me always of our gentle William Cowper and his dear "Puss."

"Luna" had a narrow escape from a cat soon after I got her. I had put her out for exercise, and, on looking out of the window some time afterwards to see how she was getting on, I saw the old rabbit, "Charlie," fighting, as I supposed, with "Pussie Effie," and knowing they were such friends it struck me as something very strange. I looked through an opera-glass, and behold, it was a wild cat, very close to the leveret, and "Charlie" in great excitement, biting this cat and striking out with his forepaws. I ran to the rescue, found "Luna" nothing the worse, and of course "Charlie" has been considered a sort of wonder ever since. "Luna" soon was able to defend herself, and had plenty of spirit and courage.

J. B. C.

*Berwick-on-Tweed.*

### BIRDS FOND OF MUSIC.

When I was about fourteen, I went with my parents to stay at a friend's house in the country during her absence. She left behind a grey parrot, always rigidly confined to its cage. The servant was obliged to put a stick through the cage to help herself to the can to replenish the poor bird's food. We took the charge of the bird on ourselves, in return for which he took the first opportunity to bite my mamma and elder sister. I then begged to have the care of him, and, pitying his imprisoned state, resolved to let him out—to their dismay. However, no harm came of it. Sitting close to the cage in the twilight, with the bird outside, I began to sing. Step by step he came nearer to me: I leant my head against the cage, and, to my delight, he came and nestled up to me. Presently I ventured farther: I took hold of him and put him in my lap, singing all the time. He was completely docile, and let me caress and handle him with impunity. After that I could always take him up when I liked, and put him in or out of his cage. But still, if mother or sister dared approach, he would bite them just as before.

I must add that I possessed a clear and sympathetic voice at that time, and sang gently to the bird, and also that birds and animals are almost always docile with me.

Since that I have owned a canary and two bullfinches, all of whom were fond of music. If I sang only, the bullfinches, if free, would dance to it, come to me, and kiss me. When I played also, canaries and bullfinches would all pipe up in chorus, and, if at liberty, perch about me, or on my head and shoulders, and strain their little throats as if their hearts were in the notes.

G. C.

#### OCTOPUS SWALLOWED BY A DOG-FISH.

The first octopus received at the Brighton Aquarium was caught in a lobster-pot at Eastbourne, in October, 1872, and great was the joy that reigned in "London-by-the-sea." For in the state of public feeling then existing, an aquarium without an octopus was like a plum-pudding without plums. Shareholders might construct a handsome building, and stock its magnificently gigantic tanks with a variety of most interesting fishes, but fashion and public opinion demanded of them a "devil-fish," and if they were unable to exhibit one, all other attractions were disregarded. The new octopus became "the rage." Visitors jostled each other, and waited their turn to obtain a peep at him—often a tantalising exercise of patience, for the picturesque rock-work in the tanks provided so many hiding-places, that, until these were partially filled with cement, the popular favourite only occasionally condescended to show himself. Poor fellow! his career was short, and his end sudden and shocking. During the interregnum between the death of my friend John Keast Lord and the appointment of a successor to him in the curatorship, it became necessary to clean out a tank in which were some "nurse-hounds," or "larger spotted dog-fishes" (*Scyllium stellare*). No hostility between them and the octopus being anticipated by their attendant, they were temporarily placed with it, and for a while they seemed to dwell together as peaceably as the "happy family" of animals that used to be exhibited in a travelling cage at the foot of Waterloo Bridge; the octopus usually remaining within the "cottage-by-the-sea," which he had built for himself in the form of a grotto of living oysters, and the dog-fish apparently taking no notice of him. But one fatal day (the 7th of January, 1873) the "devil-fish" was missing, and it was seen that one of the "companions of his solitude" was inordinately distended. A thrill of horror ran through the corridors; there was suspicion of crime and dire disaster. The corpulent nurse-hound was taken into custody, lynched and disembowelled, and his guilt made manifest; for there, within his capacious stomach, un mutilated and entire, lay the poor octopus who had delighted thousands during the Christmas holidays. It had been swallowed whole, and very recently, but life was extinct. "The dear devoured one," as a local journal called it, was at once immersed in methylated spirits; the dog-fish was stuffed. Both are still preserved at the Aquarium.\*

\* From "The Octopus, or Devil-Fish of Fiction and Fact." By Henry Lee, F.L.S., F.Z.S., etc., Naturalist of the Brighton Aquarium. (Chapman & Hall.) Mr. Lee's book contains a most interesting account of the structure, habits, and history of that strange family of Cephalopods which prove such attractive members of marine Vivaria. No Aquarium is considered furnished without specimens of the Octopus and allied molluscs. Mr. Lee gives many facts about these animals, and amusingly criticises the wild fictions based on these facts, such as in the celebrated and sensational cave scene in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."

#### TAMING ANIMALS

It used to be a matter of great interest and much conjecture how Mr. Rarey, the celebrated American, succeeded so admirably in his taming of wild, vicious horses. His mode of doing so was supposed to be a secret, and only imparted to his pupils on the consideration that he was paid for it, to which he was perfectly entitled. It appears to me that his system was founded mainly upon a firm will, but exercised with much feeling and kindness for the refractory animal; and curiously enough, his first attempt was generally successful, as the horse and he were afterwards on the most friendly terms. I may illustrate a case of similar treatment with regard to taming an animal much lower in the scale of creation than the horse, but the principle is the same. When I was very young, I determined to make a pet of one of a brood of large wild Malay (Cochin China) hens, nearly full grown, and reared on the farm. After some difficulty, I succeeded in catching one, whose struggles and screams were almost more than I could battle with, but I managed to carry it off to a cosey corner in an old haystack adjoining. Well do I remember her desperate but unavailing efforts to free herself from her equally determined gaoler. Being supplied with some grain, and with a good stock of patience, I set to work to tame my boisterous friend, whose struggles at first taxed my utmost strength. When she ceased her despairing efforts for liberty, we were both exhausted, and I tried the corn. But no; sulky and beaten, she would not look at it, nor until her small modicum of reason convinced her that I only wished to be friendly did she condescend to taste the grain. She at last pecked away most greedily, nor attempted to move when I ventured to take my hands off her. The time taken was about two hours altogether, but the taming was complete, she followed me like a dog, and after that day showed every sign of affection for me that you can suppose a hen capable of, turning and half-flying to meet me when I was in sight, and being totally unselfish with regard to mere feeding. She insisted at last, much to the annoyance of my good mother, in roosting upstairs in my bedroom, which she did every night till the end of her days. Alas! they were not long; her very tameness was her ruin; her plump, handsome body tempted a rascal to lift her and carry her off—never more to be seen—my beautiful and kindly pet hen. I had only one melancholy satisfaction long afterwards for my loss, for I discovered the thief, and to the best of my ability gave him a hearty thrashing.

J. F.

#### A WISE COLLIE.

An instance of peculiar sagacity in another pet of mine at this period seems wholly unaccountable. I had reared from a pup a shepherd's dog, a female, who, like many of this particular breed, showed remarkable intelligence, combined with the sweetest temper. She was an immense favourite in the family, but looked upon me especially as her master. I had occasion to leave home at that time, returning regularly at the end of two or three weeks, sometimes longer, but *always* on a Saturday. This could indicate nothing to the dog, unless his own reflections could calculate the days of the week, and no one had observed him leave the house except on such days as I returned. Be that as it may, as certainly as I came home did I find my friend waiting for me, sitting bolt upright at a turn of the road half a mile

from the house. When I appeared in sight she scampered with the speed of a steam-engine to meet me, loud in her rejoicings, and devouring me with her endearments. J. F.

#### ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

Several anecdotes having appeared in the "Leisure Hour" about the sagacity of dogs, your readers may be interested in the following instances that have come under my own notice. First, as to a black retriever belonging to a wine merchant in Dawlish, on the coast of Devon. If any one in the street holds out a penny to the dog he will take it in his mouth and carry it to his master. The latter wraps the coin in paper and returns it to the dog, who walks off to the confectioner and lays the penny on the counter. The confectioner wraps a bun in paper and hands it to the dog, who carries it to his owner. "You may eat it," says his master—a feat very soon done. I have treated the dog to a bun in that way myself.

One or two more anecdotes have just occurred to me. My late father sent one of his female servants to carry some medicine to a sick parishioner. As she came home by a solitary road she saw a man following, and not knowing him in the twilight, she said to the dog who was with her, "Rollo, guard me!" The dog came to her side at once, looking back every now and then at the man and growling. The man proved to be the farmer living on Lord Devon's estate, close to the rectory.

The Vicar of Crediton, Devonshire, told me that a tramp came to his kitchen-door, and on being refused a donation, began to kick at the door. The house-dog looked on very quietly all the time; but the moment the man turned to go away, he seized him, and tore off part of his lower garment.

A gentleman living a mile and a half from Dawlish used to send his daughter to a day-school in the town. The young lady sometimes rode a pony, or at other times walked. After she had gone to the school two or three times by herself, a black retriever belonging to her father constituted himself her companion. He escorted her to the school, lay all day at the door, and guarded her home. I know the family, but the dog died last year.

W. D.

Whitstone Rectory.

#### SOME AUSTRIAN CELEBRITIES.

WHEN proposing to give portraits of some of the most notable men and master-minds of Europe, we little thought that one of the first group would have to be spoken of among the past. But so it is with Francis von Déák. He died on the 28th January, at Pesth. The loss of so true a patriot deeply touched the hearts of his countrymen, and awakened the regret of the wise and good in all parts of Europe. It was a graceful tribute to his memory when the Empress of Austria placed on his coffin a wreath with the inscription, "To Francis Déák—Queen Elizabeth."

Franz von Déák was one of those few statesmen of our age who seemed to be made of the same material as Cincinnatus was in antiquity, and George Washington in the eighteenth century. Born on the 17th of October, 1803, he spent his entire life for the good of his beloved Hungary. From 1832 till

1848 he was a member of all the consecutive Diets, and when a special ministry for the eastern half of the monarchy was formed, in 1848, Déák was appointed minister of justice. But being strictly a man of peace, he refused to follow the more fiery counsels of Kossuth, and seceded from the administration on the very eve of the revolution, in which he never took any part. During the whole of the Bach régime, which declared it to be Austria's mission "to carry German culture to the East," Déák left politics altogether, and devoted his undivided attention to the improvement of his estate at Kehida, and to non-political matters of public utility. At the time when Austria commenced to turn over a new leaf, Déák became the leader of the dynastic opposition in the Hungarian Diet, and it was he who insisted on the *non possumus* policy by which Hungary was enabled, six years later, to obtain all she claimed by means of the Act of Settlement of 1867. This settlement was achieved by the Déák party, to which every man of distinction in Hungary was proud to belong, whilst Déák himself was perfectly satisfied with the part of the prompter, and scrupulously forebore from becoming an actor in that great political drama. By this time Franz von Déák had entirely withdrawn from the stage of politics, and, like the great Roman of yore, took his especial delight in devoting the remaining years of an honoured life to the tilling of his own *paterna rura*, and to setting an example of abnegation and self-denial to the rising generation. Whatever may be the future of the Austrian Empire, the true line of statesmanship is the patriotic and moderate policy of which Franz von Déák set a noble example.

Count Julius Andrássy von Csik Szentkirályi and Kraszna-Horka has recently come to the front as a European diplomatist. He is still in the prime of life, being but fifty-two years of age, and consequently the youngest of all the foreign ministers of European powers—our own foreign secretary, Lord Derby, alone excepted. Count Andrássy's life has been an eventful one. His youth fell into the time of Prince Metternich's absolute sway over the Austrian empire, which, in the case of Hungary, was but very slightly mitigated by the occasional convocation of the Diet at Presburg. Count Andrássy acquired his political education in those days chiefly in the same way in which another great statesman of our age, the late Count Cavour, learnt to appreciate the value of constitutional liberty. He travelled for some considerable time in the free countries of Western Europe, and returned to his native country just on the eve of the convulsion in which almost the entire continent was plunged in 1848. Having joined in the revolution, which began in Hungary in the month of October in that year, he was appointed Magyar minister to the Sublime Porte, and after its suppression by Haynau and Paskiewicz, Count Andrássy had to spend several years in exile. After the war of 1859 he returned to Hungary and became an active member of the Déák party in the Diet which was summoned by Count Goluchowski's October diploma of 1860. As a member of this and the subsequent Diet, he rendered great service to his country, and after the conclusion of the treaty of settlement between Austria and Hungary in 1867, he was appointed first prime minister of the kingdom of St. Stephen. From this position he withdrew in November, 1871, in order to



FRANZ DÁK.



COUNT BEUST.



COUNT ANDRASSY.



ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT.



take the place of first secretary of the entire monarchy just vacated by Count Beust. This position Count Andrassy has occupied ever since, and the manner in which he has discharged his duties has thus far reflected great credit both on himself and upon the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

The Archduke Albert—or Albrecht, as he is named in German—is the foremost Austrian general of the present day, and it may well be said that he occupies this elated position by right of inheritance. His father, the Archduke Charles, was at the head of the Austrian army during the whole of the wars of the French Revolution. It was he who, in 1796, defeated Carnot's leading general, Jourdan, at Stockach, and by this means compelled Moreau to make his celebrated retreat across the Rhine. It was the Archduke Charles who, in 1809, though himself defeated at Eckmühl, beat Napoleon at Aspern and Esslingen, and would have crushed him at Wagram but for the procrastination of the Archduke John, the same who became Vicar of the Empire in 1848. The Archduke Albert was born in 1817, and married in 1844 to the Princess Hildegard, a daughter of the late King Ludwig I, of Bavaria. He saw his first service—the Austrian-Italian wars of 1848 and 1849—under the chief command of Marshal Radetzki. He distinguished himself in the war of 1859, but not until 1866 was a command-in-chief conferred upon him, when he acted as Austrian generalissimo in Venetia, and defeated the Italian army under Generals La Marmora and Cialdini at Custozza. After the disastrous result of the Bohemian campaign, the Archduke Albert was appointed general-in-chief of all the armies of the empire, but his further warlike career was interrupted by the conclusion of the treaty of Prague. The Archduke had at first two daughters, but the elder lost her life some years ago in a conflagration, and now there only remains the Archduchess Maria Theresa, who is married to the Duke Philip Alexander of Württemberg. The Archduke is more than a mere soldier. He is a thoughtful man, and is one of the props of an empire which in coming days, more than in the past, must rest on stronger support than that of the sword.

Count F. F. von Beust was born at Dresden in 1809. As a member of one of the principal noble families of Saxony, his place as a statesman was marked out for him almost from his earliest childhood, and his special aptitude for the management of public affairs raised him to the dignity of foreign secretary of the kingdom soon after the suppression of the Dresden insurrection in the spring of 1849. In this position, Baron Beust—as he was styled then—became the leader of the Conservative party in his native state, and one of the heads of the so-called middle party in Germany, which were in favour of a tripartite government of the confederation, or a "triad" consisting of Austria, Prussia, and the minor states. This tendency was pursued by Baron Beust with great energy and perseverance and with consummate ability, and so much were his extraordinary talents recognised by even his political opponents—such as the National Union and others—that they nicknamed him "The Whale in the Fishpond." Count Beust's policy was especially impugned and contended against by the most prominent of his antagonists, the then Baron Bismarck. In the course of the Danish war of 1864 he was deputed by the Frankfort Diet as its representative in the London

Peace Conference, which proved a failure. Beust was one of the mainsprings of the Anti-Prussian policy of the Frankfort Diet which ended in the war of 1866 and in the dissolution of that body. This war was in a great measure a duel between Bismarck and Beust, in which the former conquered. But so much had his political talents impressed the Emperor of Austria, that soon after the conclusion of the treaty of Prague Baron Beust was appointed chancellor of the Austrian empire, and later on created a Count. Between Count Beust in Austria and Franz Déák in Hungary, the so-called *Ausgleich*, or Act of Settlement, was concluded in 1867 and ratified by the Austrian Reichsrath and the Hungarian Diet. He has introduced judicious reforms in the government of the empire, and has shown himself an ardent promoter of civil and religious liberty. His eminent services have often been especially recognised by the Emperor, whom he accompanied to Paris on the occasion of the Universal Exhibition in 1867. Count Beust remained at the head of the Austrian Foreign Office until 1871, when he resigned, and was appointed ambassador to the Court of St. James's, which position he still honourably holds.

### EARLY CIVILISATION.

BY GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY, OXFORD, AND CANON OF CANTERBURY.

#### III.—BABYLON.

THE advocates of an extreme antiquity for the commencement of civilisation and of settled monarchy in Egypt have sometimes endeavoured to bolster up their cause by alleging an equal or even a greater antiquity for the kingdom and civilisation of the Babylonians. It was evident to them that the world at large would not be persuaded that a single country stood in an entirely exceptional position; and that, while elsewhere the dawn of history could nowhere be dated much before B.C. 2000, in Egypt existing records carried us back a thousand, two thousand, or even three thousand years earlier. Accordingly the effort was made to find at least one other country which might keep Egypt company; and none seemed capable of being turned to such good account as Chaldaea or Babylonia. Scripture spoke of a "kingdom" as set up in Babylon at a remoter period than its first notice of a kingdom in Egypt. Very curious and remarkable ruins of vast size and apparently great age were known to exist in the region; and above all, it was certain that the Babylonians themselves, when they first came into contact with the Greeks, laid claim to an antiquity as great or greater than that which was claimed for themselves by the Egyptians. A good case, it was thought, could be made out of these data; and the early origin of civilisation and settled government in Mesopotamia, resting on its own grounds of proof, would, it was concluded with reason, tend strongly to support the theory of an extreme antiquity for the same things in Egypt.

The best representative of the school of writers to whom we allude is the late Baron Bunsen. This learned scholar, but overbold speculator, having laid it down in the earlier part of his great work upon Egypt, that the commencement of monarchy there was about B.C. 3700, when he came to speak of Babylon, boldly asserted that a Chaldean kingdom was established there not much later than B.C. 4000,

and even hinted at the earlier existence in the country of a Turanian monarchy, for the foundation of which the latest date that could be reasonably assigned was B.C. 7000!\*. In another place† the "Chaldean era" in Babylon was definitely fixed to the year B.C. 3784, as if trustworthy materials existed for a complete and exact chronology at this early period!

It is difficult to understand on what grounds of proof this date of B.C. 3784 was supposed to rest. Some authorities‡ spoke of a Chaldean dynasty as having reigned at Babylon for two hundred and twenty-five years anterior to a date which probably corresponded to about B.C. 2286. These numbers, if viewed as historical, produce for the foundation of the Chaldean monarchy, not B.C. 3784, but B.C. 2511—nearly 1300 years later. A skilful manipulation of the authorities from whom we obtain Berossus' numbers might raise this date by about two hundred and thirty years;§ but whence the other thousand are to be obtained it is very difficult to understand. We suppose they come from the dynasty of eighty-six kings, generally regarded as mythical, whose joint reigns covered, according to Berossus, the space of 34,080 years; though how they are got out of this number,|| or why this dynasty should be accounted historical, surpasses our powers of conjecture. As for the still earlier Turanian dynasty, to which we are invited to assign the date of B.C. 8000, or B.C. 7000 at the latest, we fail to see on what scrap of historical evidence it is based. Apparently, it rests wholly upon two arbitrary assumptions: one, that the Deluge happened exactly ten thousand years before the Christian era; and another, that the generations between Noah and Nimrod represent—each of them—periods of a thousand years.

Putting aside these wild and baseless speculations, let us now inquire what history, worthy of the name, actually says with regard to the antiquity of civilisation and settled government in Babylon.

The classical accounts, as it has been often shown,¶ fixed the era of the foundation of Babylon at B.C. 2280, or a very little earlier. Berossus, by a sudden change\*\* from exaggerated to unexaggerated numbers, implied a belief that real human history had its commencement at Babylon at a date which may have been as late as B.C. 2286, and cannot well have been earlier than B.C. 2458.†† The Septuagint numbers

indicate for the establishment of Nimrod's kingdom some such date as B.C. 2567. The Hebrew numbers lower this date by about 225 years. All these accounts agree in assigning the foundation of the Babylonian monarchy to the third millennium before the Christian era—B.C. 3000—2000; and all but one place it in the latter half of that millennium B.C. 2500—2000. The extreme limits of difference in the several accounts do not much exceed three centuries, the highest date being B.C. 2567, and the lowest B.C. 2230, or 337 years later.

A notice in the annals of Asshur-bani-pal, the son of Esarhaddon (about B.C. 651), tells of the invasion of Babylonia by an Elamite king 1,635 years earlier,\* and appears to imply the existence in that country of a settled government and of great cities at the time of the invasion, or about A.D. 2286.

The general conclusions to be drawn from the entire series of Babylonian and Assyrian remains recently exhumed in Mesopotamia are the following. Babylon was conquered by the Assyrians in or about the year B.C. 1300,† and from that time until the revolt of Nabopolassar (about B.C. 610), was a secondary power, sometimes subject to Assyria, sometimes in revolt, but never dominant over any wide extent of country. Her greatness was in times anterior and in times subsequent to this period. With the subsequent period, that of the later Babylonian empire, B.C. 610—538, we have in this place nothing to do. Our business is with the earlier one. Babylon, before the Assyrian conquest of B.C. 1300, had been for a long time a very great power. Recent research has recovered the names of at least fifty-five monarchs‡ who bore sway in the country anterior to B.C. 1300. Of these fifty-five names twenty are thought to belong to a single dynasty—the dynasty which ruled immediately before the Assyrian conquest, and to which Berossus, who called it Arabian, assigned the duration of 245 years. It commenced with a king named Khammurabi, who dug canals,§ built palaces and temples, and left numerous memorials which remain to the present day. A bilingual inscription, which he set up in Babylonia, exists in the museum of the Louvre, and has been translated by M. Ménant and Mr. Fox Talbot.|| Khammurabi probably ascended the throne about B.C. 1545, and was succeeded by his son, Samsu-iluna, some twenty or thirty years later. His immediate predecessor was an Elamite monarch, Kudur-Mabuk, who has been sometimes identified with the Chedor-Laomer (Kudur-Lagamar) of Scripture,¶ but who was probably a different personage. This king, who, together with his son Kim-agu, or Ri-agu, exercised supremacy over the greater part of Southern Mesopotamia for the space of about thirty years, must have reigned from about B.C. 1575 to 1545. Previously to the

\* See "Egypt's Place in Universal History," vol. iv., p. 479; and for the establishment of a Chaldean monarchy in Babylonia not much after B.C. 4000 see the same work, vol. iii., p. 451, vol. iv., p. 411, and vol. v., p. 77.

† *Ibid.*, vol. iii., p. 361. "There exists a strict chronology for the Babylonian empire dating back to the year 3784 B.C."

‡ As Syncellus ("Chronograph," p. 109).

§ Dr. Brandis calculated B.C. 2458 as the first year of Berossus' second or Median dynasty ("Rerum Assyriarum Temp. Emendata," p. 17). If we were to add to this the 225 years of Syncellus, we should obtain B.C. 2683 for the commencement of monarchy in Babylon. If an allowance were made for the reign of Pul, and 234 years (marginal reading) were adopted instead of 224 years (reading of text) for the second or Median dynasty, the date might be raised to about B.C. 2743.

¶ The "era" of this dynasty have been regarded by some as "months," but so counted they would amount to 2840 lunar, or 2765 solar years.

¶ See the author's "Herodotus," vol. i., essay vi., sect. 3, note 4, and compare the "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," vol. xv., p. 7 *et seq.*

\*\* The dynasties of Berossus are arranged as follows:—

1st Dynasty.....	36 kings.....	34,080 years.
2nd ".....	8 ".....	224 (234) years.
3rd ".....	11 ".....	48 (?) years.
4th ".....	40 ".....	458 years.
5th ".....	9 ".....	245 years.
6th ".....	45 ".....	526 years.

See Ensch. "Chron. Can.," part i., c. 4.

†† The date B.C. 2286 is obtained by allowing twenty-eight years for the reign of Pul, who preceded Tiglath-Pileser, and thus obtaining as the last year of Berossus' sixth dynasty B.C. 775. To obtain B.C. 2458, we must omit the reign of Pul, and accept the conjecture of Gutschmid and Brandis, that the time which Berossus assigned to the third dynasty was 253, and not 48 years.

\* See "Records of the Past," vol. i., p. 88, and compare Lenormant, "Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. ii., p. 24.

† Sennacherib places the conquest 600 years before his own recovery of the city, which was in B.C. 703.

‡ See the "Notes on the Early History of Assyria and Babylonia," recently published by Mr. George Smith (London, 1872).

§ On the doings of Khammurabi see M. Ménant's work, entitled, "Inscriptions de Kammourabi, Roi de Babylone," published at Paris in 1863; and compare the present writer's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. i., pp. 188-9, second edition, and Oppert's "Expédition en Mésopotamie," vol. i., pp. 267-8.

|| M. Ménant's translation will be found in the work quoted in the last note. Mr. Fox Talbot's latest version is published in the "Records of the Past," vol. i., pp. 7, 8.

¶ This identification was first made by Sir H. Rawlinson. Chronology is against it, since we can scarcely bring the date of Abraham so low as B.C. 1575-1545. Otherwise it would be very tempting to conclude that Kudur-Mabuk=Chedor-Laomer, and that his son Kim-agu, or Ri-agu, was the Scriptural Arioch. Ri-agu was King of Larsa, which is probably the same as Ellasar.

conquest of Babylonia by Kudur-Mabuk, the country is thought to have been divided up among a number of petty kingdoms,\* which were frequently at war with one another, as those of Agadi (or Accad), of Karrah, Erech, Ur, and Larsa. The monarchs of this period have Semitic names. It is difficult to form any estimate of the length of time which their reigns covered. The number and succession of the names hitherto obtained would seem to indicate a period of from 250 to 300 years; but there is no certainty that the list of names is in any case complete, and future discoveries may require the period to be enlarged considerably. It is quite possible that the 458 years assigned by Berosus to the dynasty immediately preceding the Arab† may represent the combined Semitic and Elamitic periods, in which case we should have to place the commencement of the Semitic period a little before B.C. 2000.‡

We have not, however, reached as yet the earliest date to which the Babylonian remains carry us. The Semitic is preceded by a Turanian period, during which there is the same division of the country among several distinct kingdoms, which we have noted as obtaining under the Semites. The seats of empire are now Babylon, Ur, Eridu, and Zerghul, the influence of Babylon and Ur preponderating. A space of about a century and a half is required by the list of names which have been recovered; but again, it is to be noted that this space is merely a minimum, and that fresh discoveries may at any time require us to enlarge it. There is, however, no reason to suppose that the enlargement required will be very great, or that we need allow for the Turanian period indicated by the monuments a longer duration of time than that which Berosus gave to his first and second historical dynasties. This space is unfortunately doubtful, being according to one estimate 282; according to another 482, or even 492, years.§ If we accept the largest of these numbers, we bring the commencement of the Babylonian kingdom to about B.C. 2500, or a little later; if we take the smallest, we reduce the date by 210 years.

This is the conclusion which seems to follow from a combination of the monumental history with the scheme of Berosus. From the monuments *alone* we should not be obliged to carry back the *origines* of Babylon further than about B.C. 2025.||

It remains to consider briefly the character of the civilisation which appears to have existed in Babylonia at this period (B.C. 2300—1300). The remains discovered belong to the entire space, to the early or Turanian time (B.C. 2300—2000), no less than to the Semitic period (B.C. 2000—1575), the Elamitic (B.C. 1575—1545), and the Arabian (B.C. 1545—1300). It is a civilisation which was at no time very advanced.¶ The buildings were of brick, partly sun-dried, partly baked; the great mass of the structure was usually of the former, the external

casing of the latter material. Sometimes building were composed entirely of unbaked bricks, in which case it was usual to interpose, at intervals of four or five feet, a layer of reed-matting, which protected the crude brick from the weather and retarded disintegration. The chief edifices were temples. In these the pyramidal form was, as a general rule, affected; but, instead of the slope being completed, the temple rose in a number of upright stages, which were not fewer than three, and may occasionally have amounted to seven. External ornamentation was by buttresses, by half-columns, by shallow stepped recesses, and sometimes by a patterning of terra-cotta cones. In the most elaborate façade which is left, we are told that "nothing can be more plain, more rude, or in fact more unsightly, than the decoration employed upon this front; but it is this very aspect, this very ugliness, which vouches for the originality of the style."\* The column is used; but it is without cornice, capital, base, or diminution of shaft, "in groups of seven half-columns, repeated seven times—the rudest perhaps which were ever reared, but built of moulded semicircular bricks, and securely bonded to the wall."† The arch occurs, but only in doorways of no great width, and scarcely as a decorative feature. It is, however, believed‡ that the great chambers, which were sometimes above thirty feet wide, were vaulted either with brick or with a mass of gypsum-plaster. Altogether, the architectural efforts of the early Babylonian people must be pronounced in the highest degree rude and primitive. The heavy massiveness of the walls, the coarseness of the material, the absence of ornamentation or its mean character, tell of a time when art was in its infancy,§ when ideas of beauty were undeveloped, and utility was all in all. So far as architecture goes, the Babylonians of B.C. 2300—2000 were not in a more advanced condition than the Mexicans before the Spanish invasion.

Another indication of extreme rudeness and *incipient* civilisation is to be found in the implements of the period, which are entirely either of stone or bronze.|| No iron implement has been found, though some may have existed, since iron occurs among the materials of personal ornaments. The weapons of the Babylonians, their spear-heads and arrow-heads, were of bronze; their tools and implements, such as hammers, hatchets, adzes, knives, sickles, nails, were either of bronze or stone. The workmanship of the stone implements is somewhat more advanced than that of those very primitive ones which have been found in the drift; but it is in no degree more skilled than that of the ordinary stone celts of Western and Northern Europe, which, until the examination of the drift and cave remains, were regarded as the most ancient products of human art in our quarter of the globe. The bronze implements have been cast in clay moulds, and are not ill-shaped. They are generally, no doubt, of later date than the stone ones; but their position in the remains appears to indicate that the two materials were, during a long term of years, in use together.

\* So Mr. George Smith (see his "Notes" quoted above).

† See above, p. 187, note.

‡ The addition of 458 years to B.C. 1545, the probable first year of the fifth (Arab) dynasty, would produce the date B.C. 2003.

§ Two hundred and eighty-two, according to the margin of the Armenian Eusebius; 482, according to the conjectural emendation of Brandis (see p. 188, note); 492, if this emendation is combined with the marginal number for the second (Median) dynasty.

¶ This is allowing three centuries for the Semitic, and a century and a half for the previous Turanian period. For the former the lists give about twelve consecutive names; for the latter, six. The allowance of twenty-five years for a reign is ample.

¶ For further details on this subject, see the present writer's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. i., pp. 71-10, and compare Loftus, "Chaldea and Susiana," pp. 164-162, and the "As. Soc. Journal," vol. xv.

\* Loftus, "Chaldea and Susiana," p. 175.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid., p. 181 and p. 183, note.

§ Mr. Loftus says, "The entire absence of cornice, capital, base, or diminution of shaft, so characteristic of other columnar architecture, and the peculiar and original disposition of each group in rows like palm logs, suggest the type from which they sprang. It is only to be compared with the style adopted by the aboriginal inhabitants of other countries, and was evidently derived from the construction of wooden edifices" (p. 175).

|| See the present writer's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. i., pp. 95-8, 2nd edition.

In pottery, the early Babylonians exhibit some considerable skill and ingenuity. Clay was a material with which they must have been familiar from their original settlement in the country, and which, from the time when they first fashioned it into bricks,\* they must have perceived to be adapted also for other purposes. In their earliest fictile art, there is neither elegance of form nor excellence of material. The clay used is of a coarse kind; it is mixed with chopped straw to give it cohesion; and it is roughly moulded by the hand into the required lamp or drinking vessel.† At a later time they learnt—or invented—the employment of the potter's wheel; they sought out and procured a finer clay, and they modelled vases, lamps, jugs, and amphoræ of a form and taste not much inferior to the ordinary workmanship of the Greeks. They also constructed clay coffins, remarkable for their size,‡ and pipes for drains, exhibiting a considerable knowledge of mechanical principles;§ but it is not certain that these works were of an earlier date than B.C. 1500.

Writing was known to the Babylonians from almost the earliest times of which any traces remain to us; but the writing was of a very rude and primitive kind. The letters show strong signs of having recently emerged out of hieroglyphics;|| they are coarsely and irregularly formed, and the sentences are of the simplest possible constitution.¶ The inscriptions preserved in no case much exceed half-a-dozen lines, and are of a formal and stereo-typed character. The civilisation indicated by the writings is thus one of a primitive and undeveloped type.

In two or three respects only can it be said that the Babylonians of the first period (B.C. 2300—2000) exhibit more than a rudimentary acquaintance with the arts and appliances which go to make up what moderns understand by civilised life. Among these are especially the engraving of hard gems, and the manufacture of delicate textile fabrics. Hard stones, well cut, bearing upon them representations of human forms fairly rendered, belong to almost the very earliest period whereto the monuments reach; \*\* and the figures upon these stones are clothed in dresses which are as elaborate as those of Nebuchadnezzar's age.†† It would seem that the art of working gems, of cutting them into shape with a wheel or disk, and of then engraving them with an iron implement dipped in emery powder, must have been a very early discovery of the Babylonian people. They must also, at a very remote date, have been able to weave linen, muslin, or silk, of a fine texture, and to construct dresses‡‡ of these materials scarcely less elaborate than those worn in their palmiest days by the Egyptians and Assyrians.

Altogether, what strikes us most with respect to

the early civilisation of the Babylonians is its *unevenness*. Instead of that general diffusion over all the various departments of art and manufacture whereto we are accustomed, there was the most marked difference of degree, at one and the same time, with respect to different branches. Dress was elaborate, ornaments were tastefully wrought,\* seal-engraving was carried to a high pitch of perfection, furniture was in some cases artistic,† while architecture stood at a low level, pottery was rude and inelegant, and stone was still the ordinary material for tools and implements. The general result indicates the combination of much natural intelligence with a somewhat brief term of experience, which has precluded the application of the natural gifts equally in all directions. The predominant aim has been rather to gratify the desires of the great and powerful than to ameliorate the condition of the working classes. Even the former object has been but partially accomplished, as if there had scarcely been time for thought to employ itself on more than a limited number of subjects. The civilisation reached is, on the whole, inferior to that of the early Egyptians. It seems to be, in its main features, independent of Egypt. Whether it is a little earlier or a little later, can scarcely be determined; but, on the whole, we are inclined to assign to Egypt the palm of antiquity.

#### ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

##### March.

THE season of Lent, which commences, in the present year, on the 1st of this month, derives its name from *lengthen-tide*, a Saxon word for spring, so called from the lengthening of the day at this time. For the same reason, also, the month itself was called by our forefathers *lenet-monat*—that is, length-month. It should be observed that Ash Wednesday was not always celebrated as the first day of Lent, this season having originally commenced on what is now the first Sunday in Lent. When, however, it was discovered that on the Sundays being omitted as unlawful fast days, there remained only thirty-six days, Pope Gregory, in order to make up the proper time, caused Lent to begin four days earlier—viz., on Ash Wednesday. In a convocation held in the reign of Henry VIII., alluded to in Fuller's "Church History," p. 222, reference is made to the ceremony of "giving of ashes on Ash Wednesday to put in remembrance every Christian man the beginning of Lent and penance, that he is but ashes and earth, and thereto shall return." It appears that the ashes then used were generally made from palms consecrated on the Palm Sunday of the preceding year. Soon after the Reformation, this practice ceased entirely in our country, it being laid aside as a "vain show," and as inconsistent, too, with the simple worship of the Protestant Church. On the subject of fasting at this season, the poet Herrick has some pretty and practical lines, which we subjoin:—

"Is this a Fast, to keep  
The larder lean,  
And cleane,  
From fat of veales and sheep?"

\* "Ancient Monarchies," vol. I., p. 93.  
† Ibid., p. 94.

\* Gen. xi. 3.

† "Ancient Monarchies," vol. I., pp. 91, 92.

‡ Ibid., pp. 87—89. The "dish-cover" coffins are sometimes seven feet long, by two or three feet high, and are two feet and a half broad at the bottom. They are made in one piece.

§ Ibid., p. 90.

|| Ibid., p. 64, 66.

\*\* They usually run as follows:—"Urkh, King of Ur, and king of the land of Accad, has built the temple of Belus." "The signet of Urkh, the pious chief, King of Ur, high-priest of Niffer." By the time of Khammurabi, the legends are longer; but the constructions are scarcely more elaborate.

†† The signet cylinders of Urkh, and his son, Ilgi (or Dungi), two of the earliest kings of the first, or Turanian period, have been recovered by explorers. They are of the character described in the text. Many others of the cylinders to be found in all museums are probably as early or earlier.

‡‡ See the author's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. I., p. 94; and compare Ker Porter, "Travels," vol. II., pl. 79, fig. 6.

§§ We have an instance of the export of one such dress to a distance from Babylonia, and of the high value set upon it at a date which can scarcely be much less than B.C. 1500, in the story of Achan (Josh. vii. 21).



Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish ?

Is it to faste an houre,  
Or ragg'd to go,  
Or show  
A down-cast look and sowre ?

No ; 'tis a fast to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat,  
And meat,  
Unto the hungry soule.

It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate,  
And hate ;  
To circumsise thy life ;

To show a heart grief-rent,  
To starve thy sin  
Not bin ;  
And that's to keep thy Lent."

At one time the beginning of Lent was marked by a curious custom now fallen into disuse. A figure, called "Jack o' Lent," and intended, according to some, to represent Judas Iscariot, was made up of straw and cast-off clothes, and then carried through the streets amid much noise and merriment; after which it was either shot at, burnt, or thrown down a chimney. Thus, in Quarles' "Shepherd's Oracles," 1646, p. 88, we read:—

"How like a Jack a Lent  
He stands, for boys to spend their Shrove-tide throws,  
Or like a puppet made to frighten crows."

And again, in Ben Jonson's "Tale of a Tub" the custom is alluded to:—

"On an Ash Wednesday,  
When thou did'st stand six weeks the Jack o' Lent,  
For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee."

Formerly, during the season of Lent, an officer, known as "the king's cockcrower," crowed the hour every night within the precincts of the palace, instead of proclaiming it in the customary manner. In connection with this practice the following amusing anecdote is related:—On the first Ash Wednesday after the accession of the House of Hanover, as the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II, was sitting down to supper, this officer suddenly entered the apartment, before the chaplain had said grace, and crowed "past ten o'clock." The astonished prince, imperfectly understanding the English language, and mistaking the tremulation of the assumed crow for mockery, concluded that this ceremony was meant as an insult, and forthwith rose to resent it, when, with some difficulty, he was made to understand the nature of the custom, and that it was intended as a compliment, and was in accordance with court etiquette. From this time the custom was discontinued. "The intention of crowing the hour of the night," says a correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine" (1785, vol. lv., p. 341), "was no doubt intended to remind waking sinners of the august effect the third crowing of the cock had on the guilty apostle St. Peter; and the limitation of the custom to the season of Lent was judiciously adopted, as, had the practice continued throughout the year, the impenitent would become as habituated and as indifferent to the crow of the mimic cock as they are

to that of the real one, or to the cry of the watchman."

At Dijon, in Burgundy, it is the custom, we read, upon the first Sunday in Lent to make large fires in the streets, whence it is called Firebrand Sunday. "This practice," says Brand ("Popular Antiquities," 1849, vol. i., p. 100), "originated in the processions formerly made on that day by the peasants with lighted torches of straw, to drive away, as they termed it, the bad air from the earth."

The 1st of this month is observed by the Welsh in honour of St. David, their patron saint, when it is customary for them to wear a leek, as a sign and token of their patriotism. In the "Diverting Post" (No. 19, 1705) we have the following amusing lines on the subject:—

"Why, on St. David's Day, do Welshmen seek,  
To beautify their hat with verdant leek  
Of nauseous smell? 'For honour 'tis, hur say,  
'*Dulce et decorum est pro patria,*  
Right, sir, to die or fight it is, I think;  
But how is 't *dulce*, when you for it stink!"

Much doubt exists as to the reason why the leek is worn on this day, and although innumerable causes have been assigned, yet none of them seem by any means satisfactory. Some think that the practice took its rise from a victory obtained by Cadwallo over the Saxons, on the 1st of March, 640, when the Welsh wore leeks in their hats to distinguish them from their enemies. Shakespeare makes the custom to have originated at the Battle of Cressy. In the play of Henry v, Act iv, sc. 7, Fluellin, addressing the monarch, says:—

"Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great uncle, Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

"*K. Hen.*—They did, Fluellin.

"*Flu.*—Your Majesty says very true. If your Majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your Majesty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and I believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon St. Tavy's Day."

As Hono, however, justly remarks, this allusion by Fluellin to the Welsh having worn the leek in a battle under the Black Prince, is not, as some suppose, decisive of its having originated in the fields of Cressy or Poitiers, but simply shows that when Shakespeare wrote Welshmen wore leeks.

Owen, in his "Cambrian Biography" (1803, p. 86), thinks that the wearing of the leek found its origin in the custom of *Cymhortha*, or the neighbourly aid, practised among farmers. "In some districts of South Wales," says he, "all the neighbours of a small farmer without means appoint a day when they all attend to plough his land and the like; and at such a time it is a custom for each individual to bring his portion of leeks, to be used in making pottage for the whole company, and they bring nothing else but the leeks in particular for the occasion."

From "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1757, it seems that formerly a Welshman was burnt in effigy on this day:—

"But it would make a stranger laugh  
To see th' English hang poor Taff:

A pair of breeches, and a coat,  
 Hat, shoes, and stockings, and what not,  
 All stuffed with hay, to represent  
 The Cambrian hero thereby meant,  
 With sword sometimes three inches broad,  
 And other armour made of wood,  
 They drag hur to some publick tree,  
 And hang hur up in effigy."

Pepys, in his "Diary," probably alludes to this custom. He says, "In Mark Lane I do observe (it being St. David's Day) the picture of a man dressed like a Welshman, hanging by the neck upon one of the poles that stand out at the top of the merchants' houses, in full proportion, and very handsomely done, which is one of the oddest sights I have seen a good while."

In days gone by, too, St. David's Day was observed by royalty. Among the household expenses of the Princess Mary for the year 1544, we find an entry of a gift of fifteen shillings to the Yeomen of the King's Guard for bringing a leek to her Grace on St. David's Day. In the "Flying Post" of 1699 occurs the following paragraph:—"Yesterday, being St. David's Day, the king, according to custom, wore a leek in honour of the Ancient Britons, the same being presented to him by the sergeant-porter, whose place it is, and for which he claims the clothes his Majesty wore that day. The courtiers, in imitation of his Majesty, wore leeks likewise."

The 5th of March, says Hitchins (History of Cornwall, 1844, vol. i., p. 725), is kept by the tinnerns in Cornwall as a holiday, which they call St. Piran's Day. This, by a custom established from time immemorial, sanctions a complete suspension from all labour, because, according to tradition, St. Piran is supposed to have communicated some important information relative to the tin manufacture.

St. Patrick's Day, which occurs on the 17th of this month, is universally observed in Ireland, when every one is expected to wear the Shamrock, or small white clover (*trifolium repens*).<sup>\*</sup> Old women, we are told, may be heard in every direction, crying, "Buy my shamrock, green shamrocks!" and even children have "Patrick's crosses" pinned to their sleeves. The origin of this custom is ascribed to St. Patrick, who, when preaching to the Pagan Irish, is said to have made use of the shamrock, bearing three leaves upon one stem, as an illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity.

The 25th of March is celebrated as the festival of the Annunciation, in commemoration of the message of the angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary. It was anciently called St. Mary's Day in Lent, to distinguish it from other festivals observed in her honour. It should be observed, however, that all the festivals of the Virgin are properly Lady-Days; but as this falls in Lent, and is the first quarter-day for rents and other payments, it consequently became Lady-Day *par excellence*. (Hampson's "Med. Cævi. Kalend.," vol. i., p. 206.)

Gascoigne, in his "Flowers of Poesie" (1575), notices some old customs in connection with the payment of quarterly rents:—

"And when the tenants come to paie their quarter's rent,  
 They bring some fowle at Midsummer, a dish of fish in Lent,

At Christmasse a capon, at Michaelmasse a goose,  
 And somewhat else at New Yea're's tide, for fear their lease  
 shie loose."

The fourth Sunday in Lent, which falls this year on the 26th of March, is better known as Simnel, Mid-Lent, or Mothering Sunday. The term *Simnel* was no doubt applied to it from the ancient practice of making Simnel cakes at this season. Thus Herrick, in his "Hesperides," in a sonnet addressed to Dianeme, says:—

"I'll to thee a Simnell bring,  
 'Gainst thou go'st a mothering;  
 So that, when she blesseth thee,  
 Half that blessing thou'lt give me."

It is still customary in Herefordshire and Shropshire, and especially at Shrewsbury, to make *Simnel cakes* not only during Lent and Easter, but also at Christmas. At Bury, in Lancashire, it appears that thousands of persons come from all parts for the purpose of eating "Simnells" on Simnel Sunday.

Formerly, we learn from a correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine" (1866, vol. i., p. 535), nearly every shop was open, with all the public-houses, quite in defiance of the law respecting the closing during "service," but of late the disorderly scenes to which the custom gave rise have been partially amended. The practice of assembling upon one day—the middle Sunday in Lent—to eat Simnel cake, is a custom wholly confined to Bury. Numerous explanations have been given to account for the meaning of the word Simnel. According to some the father of Lambert Simnel, the pretender of the reign of Henry VII., was a baker, and the first maker of Simnells, and that the cakes have in consequence retained his name. From another account it seems that "in the old part of the town of Bury, called 'the Island' (a plot of land nearly isolated from the Irwell), there formerly resided an old couple, who kept a small 'toffy-shop,' which was famous among the school-boys, etc., for a peculiar, and, to them, excellent kind of sweet cake. The names of this old couple were Simon and Ellen, but, according to common Lancashire parlance, they were usually addressed as Sim and Nell, and thus the cake came to be called 'Sim and Nell's' cake, easily corrupted to Simnel cake."<sup>\*</sup>

The term "Mothering Sunday" arose from the practice once customary of servants, apprentices, and others, presenting their parents with presents on this day. The custom was called *going a-mothering*, and originated in the offering made at the mother church. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" (1784, vol. iv., p. 98) a correspondent tells us "that whilst he was an apprentice, the custom was to visit his mother (who was a native of Nottinghamshire) on Mid-Lent Sunday (thence called Mothering Sunday) for a regale of excellent furnety."

In many parts of Lancashire a sort of spiced ale, called Braggot or Braggat, was used on these visits of relations, and the day was called, in consequence, Braggot Sunday.

In the north of England, and also in the Midland Counties, the following names are given to the Sundays in Lent:—

"Tid, Mid, Misern,  
 Carling, Palm, Paste Egg-day."

<sup>\*</sup> For another account, consult "Book of Days," vol. i., p. 557.

<sup>\*</sup> A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" (4th S., vol. iii., p. 235) states the *trifolium filiforme* is worn at Cork. In the "Cybele Hibernica" (vol. i., p. 78) it is stated that in Dublin the *Medicago lupulina* is sold as a shamrock.

## Varieties.

**OWEN AND DARWIN.**—Professor Owen has lately published the results of his elaborate examination of the case relied on by the Darwinians in support of the doctrine of natural selection, and finds a verdict of "not proven." The great difficulty, or one of the numerous great difficulties, in the way of Darwinism, is the getting over the fences separating *orders* as well as species. It had been, until now, assumed that in the case of birds this difficulty had been overcome by the passage of an extinct genus—the *Dinosaurs*—having an intermediate bony framework, and possessing such similarity of structure to the tribe of birds with inconsiderable wings, that a progression from reptile to bird was within the conception of scientific imagination. Professor Owen, in his report on the "Fossil Reptilia of the Kimmeridge Clay," published in the twenty-seventh volume of the works of the Paleontographical Society (December, 1875), dispels the illusion. He shows that osteology forbids the supposition that an ostrich was evolved from an iguanodon. He speaks on the general subject of evolution with less certainty than on former occasions: "I regret to say that after all that has been advanced since 1849 in the endeavour to elucidate the way in which one species may be transmuted to another, I am still in need of light."

**MR. GLADSTONE ON SABBATH OBSERVANCE.**—In reply to an application for some words of introduction to a prize essay on the social and national benefits of the day of rest, Mr. Gladstone has given a strong personal testimony to the advantages of this divine institution:—"Believing in the authority of the Lord's Day as a religious institution, I must, as a matter of course, desire the recognition of that authority by others. But over and above this, I have myself, in the course of a laborious life, signally experienced both its mental and its physical benefits. I can hardly overstate its value in this view, and for the interest of the working men of this country alike in these and in other yet higher respects, there is nothing I more anxiously desire than that they should more and more highly appreciate the Christian day of rest."

**CROMWELL'S STATUE AT MANCHESTER.**—The statue has been modelled by Mr. Noble, who but for ill-health would have personally superintended its erection. The figure stands upon a granite pedestal, consisting of a solid block, rough-hewn, from the quarries of Messrs. Fecney and Sons, at Penryn, Cornwall. Nothing could be more appropriate to the character of the man whose effigy it supports than this. The Protector is represented in military dress of the style peculiar to the Commonwealth. He wears a broad sash and a sword, the hilt of which he grasps with his right hand, the attitude being that of one engaged in debate. The features, wearing an expression of stern dignity, are finely delineated. The head is uncovered, the hat of the Protector lying at his feet. Her Majesty the Queen and several members of the royal family saw the model before it left the hands of the sculptor, and expressed their high admiration of it. It has cost, with the pedestal, we understand, about £1,600, the cost of the granite block alone being £300. The composition of the metal is nine parts of copper to one of tin—the composition of ordinary gun metal; and the casting was entrusted to, and has been very successfully performed by, Messrs. Cox and Sons, of Thames Ditton. The figure is nine feet high, and weighs upwards of a ton. The pedestal weighs sixteen tons, and rises nine feet from the ground. It was transported the entire distance from Penryn by rail. It bears the simple inscription "Oliver Cromwell," with the years of his birth and death; and below, in characters so small as to be almost invisible, these words: "The gift of Elizabeth Salisbury Heywood to the citizens of Manchester, August, 1875." This date occurs from the fact that the statue was expected to be completed and placed in position in the month of August, or earlier. The delay which has occurred was not foreseen when the inscription was cut.

**CRIMEAN SCENERY.**—I do not think it is at all generally known in England that more than a hundred miles in length of the south coast of the Crimea is one prolonged scene of majestic and romantic beauty, entranced in a climate of Italian softness, and offering visions of life that vary in gradation from the imperial court down to the humblest Tartar home. It is quite true, no doubt, that some English naval officers and some yachtsmen and yachswomen visit Yalta, and move eastward and westward along the sunny shores and through the mountain

shadows. A few occasional visitors from our country also now visit the new Yalta Hotel, drive westward past the Livadian palaces and eastward through Ursuf, and on to Alushta, returning at eve to see moon or stars shine down on the beautiful little bay—beautiful, rather, however, to the eye of him who looks from the shore than to his eye who from the deck sees the first wave raised by the rising gale roll into the harbourless anchorage. It ought also to be said that your correspondent, Dr. Russell, after the close of the siege of Sebastopol, drove through the Baidar Valley and the Gate of Phoros, and along part of this coast, and bore eloquent testimony to its majesty and beauty. But his road was beset with difficulties, his drive interrupted by many labours, and he mentions but part of the way; so that even his pen has not sufficiently made known the attractions of this romantic shore. Mine shall not even attempt to do so, but I may be forgiven for again mentioning their existence. The whole of this coast for more than the hundred miles I have named teems with interest—historic, geologic, ethnologic, and other. Greeks, Turks, Genoese, and all kinds of Tartars have been here leading their lives and bequeathing their records, and spreading their petty deeds and memories like moss or lichens over the grey and ancient rocks, which slope upwards from the sea for a few thousand yards inland, and then tower grandly and steeply to the clouds. Yalta, which is the central point of this lovely region, is a most curious and charming little town. The buildings within it are formed and grouped picturesquely, and the villas of the environs, which chiefly belong to the Russian nobility, present specimens of architecture which, while very various, are also very unlike what the eye is accustomed to in our own country. On the shore you see seafaring men from all the Black Sea ports of Russia and Turkey, including of course those of the Caucasus, and in the shops are a thousand reminders of your being far from Western Europe. Livadia, which is barely a couple of miles from Yalta westwards, is an estate of the Empress of Russia, and is a group of woods, vineyards, and imperial palaces, and beyond Livadia are yet Orianda and another imperial palace or two, and farther on still is the largest and most pretentious building of all at Alupka, the residence of Prince Voronoff, whose father did so much for Southern Russia.—*E. J. Reed, M.P., in the "Times."*

**WILD CATTLE AT CHARTLEY CASTLE.**—In Mr. Buckland's "Log Book," speaking of the few herds of wild cattle, he mentions only two—one at Hamilton Palace and one at Chillingham Park—and amongst the places where they were, "Chartley," Staffordshire. Properly this should be "Chartley," and there is still a herd there, though a small one, and Earl Ferrers, the owner of Chartley Castle, is at some trouble to keep it pure. Being the widow of the former medical attendant of the Ferrers family, having lived in the district more than twenty years, and been in the habit of taking my visitors to see the cattle as one of the curiosities of the neighbourhood, I venture to tell you all I know about them, in the hope that it may be interesting. The Chartley cattle are sandy white or cream-colour, with black ears and muzzles, long white horns tipped with black. There is a tradition that the herd will never exceed a certain number—I don't know what; but years ago one keeper who took a great interest in them told us he got them far beyond; that since then, I think, they have decreased slightly. There is also a tradition that within a year of the birth of a black or spotted calf, one of the family of Ferrers will die. The truth is, most years one such at least is born; but if so, put away, and nothing said about it. But a brown or brown-and-white has never been born, so far as I can learn, which speaks for the purity of the breed. There is one little peculiarity I must mention—the fondness the cattle show for a black calf when one is born; not only the mother seems delighted, but the herd assemble round and "make a great fuss with it." On great occasions of rejoicing in the Ferrers family sometimes one or two may be killed. The flesh is fine-grained, rather dark in colour, and has a slightly venison flavour; in short, is about as much like beef as venison is like mutton. The park in which they feed is about a thousand acres in extent, remaining, for the most part, in the same wild condition which it presented centuries ago. It is said William de Ferrers, about the middle of the thirteenth century, caused some of the wild cattle of the country, which had hitherto roamed at large in the forest of Needwood, to be driven into this park.—*E. Tytccote, in "Lancet and Water."*



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



IN BOSTON

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XIV.—RIVALS ON BOTH SIDES.

WHEN Constance had closed shutter and curtains and retired from the window, she sat for some minutes wrapped in her cloak, and thinking of the scene she had witnessed. Notwithstanding her youth and small acquaintance with public affairs, the thoughtful, intelligent girl knew

that a memorable thing had been done that night—a deed which those who saw would tell and talk of to another generation when their own heads were grey and its consequences had become history. Within the last hour a handful of Massachusetts men had hurled defiance at the power of Britain, and challenged the strongest government in Europe to mortal combat with them and theirs. She knew who had been mover and leader in the action; but what might its end bring to him, to her father, to herself, and

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their common country? There gathered the cloud of fears that ever darkens the unlifted veil of futurity to man—fears sufficient to bewilder an older and wiser head; but her young and unsophisticated mind sought refuge from them—where the strongest and the weakest may alike find rest—in reliance on the all-directing, all-disposing Providence. Constance knelt at her bedside, and prayed fervently for her father, for Sydney Archdale, for herself, and her native land.

Prayers not less earnest and heartfelt went up that night from many a New England home, to which the news was brought by passing runners—a class of men that have died out long ago, for their vocation has been superseded by the appliances of modern life, but in those days they were the telegraphs of the American people; for the most part of French or Indian origin, and always natives of the backwoods. They were acquainted with all the short cuts of the country, wild or settled, and their exploits in conveying intelligence against time and distance argue a swiftness of foot scarcely credible in our steam-carried generation. As soon as the last chest was emptied over the bulwarks of the third tea-ship, three runners started from Boston in as many different directions, and all the towns along Massachusetts Bay, the inland villages, and outlying farms, as far as the Green Mountains, were woken up with the news before the break of day.

Yet in the town where it was done the transaction was unknown to the government authorities till an advanced hour in the morning. Then proclamations were posted up in all directions, offering large rewards for any information that might lead to the apprehension and conviction of the “wicked and malicious persons” who had forcibly boarded the East India Company’s ships, and destroyed the tea consigned to the civil governor’s two sons.

“Three hundred and eighty chests, they say,” said Caleb Sewell, who first brought the news to the Quaker household, when he came in from business at their early dinner-hour.

“Yes,” said Jacob; “it is grievous to think how much of the Lord’s good gifts are lost to the world and given to destruction, in the unreasonable quarrels and evil haste of men. Armies trample down the standing corn when they make speed to shed each other’s blood; they waste the land with fire, and turn fair fields and homesteads into desert places, that those whom they call the enemy may find no sustenance therein; and thus, in the harbour of our own city, those many chests of the heart-cheering tea, brought from the far east with much cost and labour of man, have been cast into the deep salt water, that the man whom they call George III might get no tax upon it.”

“So it is, friend,” said Caleb; “and thou wilt be grieved also to hear a report which came to my ear this day. It is rumoured in the city that friend Archdale’s son was the chief contriver of that business, and leader of the men who cast the tea overboard.”

“I am sorry to hear it,” said Jacob, “for his father’s sake, and for his own too; indeed, I had thought him inclined to better things.”

“He is a rash young man, friend Jacob, and one that will come to an evil end, except Providence prevent it, for the pursuit after him is hot, though carried on in a secret manner; and if he be taken, I fear his life will pay the forfeit.” Caleb was ostensi-

sibly addressing the head of the Stoughton family, who sat beside him, but he was looking from under his brows—a mode of stealthy observation which the partner had—at the opposite side of the table, where, according to old Quaker custom, the ladies of the household had their seats.

Terror took hold of Constance at first; she thought that stealthy look must be intended for her, but the next moment she saw that it was directed to Susanna, who, as Sewell came to his ominous conclusion, dropped the glass of water she had just raised to her lips, and seemed ready to drop from the chair herself, so deadly pale did the poor girl’s face become.

“What is the matter, dear child?” said her father and mother in a breath; and Caleb ran to her assistance.

“Oh, nothing,” said Susanna; “but the glass slipped from my fingers. I am not well, and will go to my own room.” She rose hastily and left the table, but in a few minutes, while her mother was yet remarking that Susanna was never strong in mid-winter time, and she thought their removal to Philadelphia was a providential dispensation, for the climate of Boston was too severe for the child, the young Quakeress returned all herself again, and the dinner passed without further incident or interruption.

Nobody—not even Caleb—seemed to have taken note of the small occurrence; but it cast a new light or shadow on the mind of Constance Delamere. There was another than herself interested in Sydney Archdale, and the partner guessed it. Had he taken that way to make the matter out, or were his predictions regarding the “rash young man” the dictates of secret and unsuccessful rivalry?

There is no life so composed and guarded that those disturbing influences cannot enter it, especially in the days of youth—the heart’s spring-time under any condition, when it sends forth blossoms fair or faint, according to the soil. Business, precision, and the interests of his sect, did not entirely fill up the thoughts and days of Caleb Sewell. The sturdy, methodical, brown-complexioned young merchant had a dream of the fair and delicate Susanna, who was, moreover, his partner’s only child and heiress; and he had also his fears or misgivings of being barred out by a man of the world.

That afternoon Constance and Susanna sat together in a small cheerful room on the first-floor, which they had appropriated as a sort of private parlour for themselves; there the girls kept their favourite books and pieces of industry, and there they were accustomed to talk more freely and confidentially than in the presence of their seniors. Susanna sat silent and thoughtful for some time, as if revolving something in her own mind, and then said, without looking up from the linen she was marking, “Constance, dost thou think friend Caleb was truly informed in what he said to-day concerning Sydney Archdale?”

“I don’t know,” said Constance. It was difficult to keep up the appearance of unconsciousness in that truth-telling house, but she had had some practice with her father at the Elms. “Young Archdale is a Whig; and many of that party would think the destruction of the tea a brave action, and a vindication of their country’s rights.”

“May be so; and Caleb should not speak so hardly of him, for he is of the same opinions. I have heard

him say that if British troops ever invaded these provinces, he would take up arms and cast in his lot with the New England people. But, Constance, dost thou think"—there was a slight tremor in Susanna's tone—"that young Archdale will be taken by the king's men?"

"I don't think he will," said Constance. She was better informed on the subject than the secluded Quakeress, and, therefore, had no fears. "Most of our country people are of his principles, and he has many private friends."

"Ah, no doubt he has friends who would hide him from them, Constance; I would hide him myself." The squire's daughter looked up in pure surprise. Never had the damask rose a brighter colour than that which flushed Susanna's face; the fervid heat of youth was there under the settled snow; but what a bloom of life and loveliness it gave her for the time! "I mean—I mean," she continued, bowing her head till the flushed face was hidden by the snowy linen, "my father and mother would hide him; you know we are bound to shelter those that flee from their enemies; and, besides that, I must tell thee we have great right and reason to do anything in our power for young Archdale. Thou knowest that his father and mine have been familiar companions for many years; and when Sydney was at Harvard College, and had not gone so openly against the government, he used to be very friendly with us, coming often to our house, and even attending our meetings, so that my mother had hopes he would one day give up the world, for few young men, she thought, were so free from its sins and vanities. But that is not all I have to tell. There is a farm called Ottersbourn in the country, three miles above Concord. The family who live there belong to our Society, and we have been accustomed to spend some weeks with them every summer, when Boston grew hot and dusty. My mother and I were there last year in the seventh month. Business kept my father in town, but he came to see us once every week. I was stronger that season than I am now, and used to go out with the youngest daughter, Elizabeth, for half-days together, gathering wild flowers and berries along the banks of the stream that gives the farm its name—Ottersbourn. It rises in the hills far west, and falls into Charles river. The hot summer time makes it almost dry, a child could cross it in any direction; but when there happens to be rain in the hill country, the bourn is subject to great freshets, which come down at once and without warning. Elizabeth and I had gone out one day when there was only a thread of water in its channel; we saw finer berries on the opposite bank than those we were gathering. She immediately crossed the bourn; I lingered for some minutes to get the best of the berries, and then tried to cross too, but I had not got half way over when we heard a mighty roar of water, and down it came like a moving wall. I tried to turn back, but the freshet was upon me, and swept me away down the bourn like a straw before the wind. Elizabeth ran for her life. The water was rising over bank and meadow; she cried for help, and so did I. There was none of the farm people within hearing, but Sydney Archdale was out with his gun in the neighbouring wood. He heard us, and came to my rescue, pulled off his coat, plunged into the roaring flood, and caught me as I was sinking. I remember nothing more, for I was insensible and

nearly drowned; but they told me afterwards how he kept my head above water, swam with the current, and brought me safe to land a long way from the farm; then carried me home in his arms to my poor mother. She was bending over me when I came to myself; but Sydney had run to Concord for a doctor, with whom he came back, and stayed with my mother till I was out of danger. He would never listen to her thanks or mine, but made light of the matter, saying any man could and would have done the same, and it was he that should be thankful to Providence for bringing him to the spot in time. Now, Constance, dost thou not think that I and my family have a right to remember that young man in our prayers—ay, and to help and serve him in time of extremity?"

"Indeed, I do," said Constance; she was thinking that Sydney had never mentioned the adventure at Ottersbourn to her. True, he was not the man to rehearse his own exploits, but might not the fair face of the young Quakeress have as much to do with making him so long a stranger as the loyalty of her father and the vigilance of government spies?

Susanna did not guess what was passing in her companion's mind. "I knew thou wouldest think so," she said. "My father has a great concern on his mind regarding Sydney; but my mother has lost hopes of him now. She says he has returned to profane ways, and also that it is not right for a girl in our Society to think of a man of the world, because her youngest sister was lost by so doing."

"Lost!" said Constance, not knowing what to make of the statement.

"Yes, that is what we say of those who slide away from us; I know not if it be a right saying," answered the mild Susanna. "My mother's sister married a sea captain; she tried hard to bring him in among the Friends, but could never get him further than a promise against swearing, and she was never happy. My mother says none ever are that leave our Society, but those that come into it attain to great blessedness, even on this earth, for" (added she, humorously) "she knew several maids who married Friends, having become such themselves—for none of our people would take in marriage one of the world. Constance, wouldest thou marry a Quaker?"

"If I liked him," said Constance, not wishing to be too explicit on the point.

"Ay, but wouldest thou like a Quaker?" and there was a look of archness in Susanna's face that one would not have expected to see there. "I know thou wouldest not, Constance, for I have heard that thou art engaged to a king's officer from the old country, of high birth and heir to a great estate; and thou knowest there is nothing more unlike a Quaker than such a man as he."

"Who told you that, Susanna? Whoever it was they did not tell you truth, for I am engaged to nobody, from the old country or the new!"

"Well, Constance, I heard it; and that you had refused Sydney Archdale on account of the captain—that is his title in the world, they say—which I thought very strange; but it was not from himself I heard it, remember, though he used to speak of thee to us. Tell me, Constance, did he ever speak to thee of me?" and Susanna's head bent down to the linen once more.

"No doubt he did, though I cannot recollect it. I have had little conversation with him for a long time."

My father is adverse to his principles, as you know, and Sydney is occupied with the doings we hear of too much to mind anything else, I suppose," said the cunning Constance.

"Ah, that is the worst part of him, as my mother says. If he had joined our Society in time"—Susanna spoke with a sigh—"he would have escaped all those snares and dangers of the world. It is a safe thing to be a Friend, Constance. What dost thou think of Caleb Sewell? Wouldest thou like him?"

"I don't think I should," said Constance.

"Yet he is a just, good man; and my mother says we should choose our partners in marriage only for inward excellence and understanding, because the chief end of marrying is, that the husband and wife may help each other in their pilgrimage to the New Jerusalem. On that account she and my father wish me to marry Caleb, but I cannot bring my mind to like him."

"Oh, but you may change your mind and marry Caleb yet," said her more lively companion.

"No, Constance, I will never marry him, nor anybody else. No doubt it is unwise and wrong in me, but I like none of our people, except as friends, and I would not fall away to the world and be cast out of our Society, because it would grieve my father and mother; besides, a man of the world might not care for me. I will never marry, Constance; and sometimes I think it would be well to wean my thoughts away from such matters. I am not strong and active like other girls; the nights are often long and sleepless and the days heavy with me, and I have inward warnings that it will be my lot to go early home."

There was a native nobleness in Constance Delamere that raised her above the commonplace woman's fear and hatred of a rival. If Sydney had fallen away from her for the charms of a newer face—and there was no certainty of that—Susanna was not to blame; she was still her friend; and even had they been strangers, the sad and serious tone of the young girl's talk, the resigned, patient spirit it disclosed, so hopeless for this world and so prepared for that to come, would have engaged her sympathy and secured her regard.

"No, no, Susanna," she said, bent rather on cheering up a less buoyant mind than speaking her real thoughts. "You will get strong and well in your own Philadelphia; our New England climate is a severe one, and trying to most people from other countries, they say. You will get strong and well, I know you will, and see somebody to your mind, to your father and mother's mind too, I hope"—Constance knew that would not be Sydney—"but whoever it may be, mind you invite me to the wedding."

"Thou wouldest not care much for a Friend's wedding, after the gay assemblies thou hast seen," said Susanna, with a melancholy smile; "at any rate, the like will never be my lot; but the Lord's will be done. It is the best for me and for thee, Constance—ay, for us all, if we could but think so"—here she stopped short as her mother stepped into the room.

"Constance, my good girl, I want thee to do an errand for me; thou wilt not take it amiss that I ask thee rather than Susanna, because of her cold?"

"No; indeed I should be sorry if you asked Susanna to go and me here," and the squire's daughter sprang up to show her readiness.

The errand was regarding certain delicacies which

the family storekeeper had promised, but forgotten to send. The evening was approaching, and with it the supper-hour. The table was a subject of high consideration to the Stoughtons' house; and as all within its walls were busy, and Philip had got leave to go skating with boys of his own caste, Constance set forth alone, with a basket on her arm in the homely fashion of old Boston, to bring home the required good things. The distance was short, and the neighbourhood particularly quiet at that hour. She had succeeded in her mission, and was returning, deep in thought over Susanna's tale about the Ottersbourn, when, on passing a recess between two of the irregularly-built houses of Harbour Street, her eye was caught by the figure of a man standing in its inmost corner, as if in wait for something.

His face was turned away from her, and he was dressed in the costume of the Mohawk band outside Faneuil Hall, except that the hatchet and feathers were wanting, but that figure was Sydney Archdale! Was he aware of the hot though secret search after him which Caleb Sewell had mentioned? The thought of the risk the young man was running overcame every other consideration; and stepping into the recess, she said almost in his ear, "Is it you, Sydney?" The man turned quickly round, and what was her consternation to see that it was not young Archdale, but a veritable Mohawk about the same age, and as fine a specimen of the red race as the former was of the European.

Constance would have turned and fled, but before she had fairly seen his face, the Indian had stepped before her, and there he stood barring her passage, and gazing upon her with a look of unmistakable admiration.

How much is the tongue needed in the service of the intellect—how little in that of the heart! The most flattering compliment or high-flown eulogy that ever gallant uttered could not have expressed the power of her beauty, and his complete subjugation, more clearly to Constance than did the eyes of that son of the forest, who could address her in no other language. How long he would have stood before her it were hard to say, but when the first shock of astonishment had passed, the girl's sense and courage came to her aid. She tried a brief apology for her mistake, but the Indian shook his head—her words were unintelligible to him. She then made him a sign that she wished to pass, and with the native courtesy of the red man, he made way for her, but followed her steps into the street, and gazed after her as she sped quickly to the Quaker's door.

The people of that house rarely looked out, so none of them got an inkling of her adventure with the Indian. Constance gave them an excised edition of it at the supper-table. Oh! not a word was there about the remarkable resemblance and her consequent mistake; but then she learned from Jacob Stoughton that the young Mohawk was chief of a tribe located near the western borders of Massachusetts, between whom and certain Quaker merchants, including himself, there was a trading compact of long standing, which brought their chief and some of their most considerable men once a year at the same season to Boston to exchange their furs and other products of the wilderness for the white man's goods.

"The older men have made the journey so often that they can speak good English," said Jacob; "so could their former chief, with whom I was well

acquainted, but he departed this life last fall; and of this young man I know nothing, except that he speaks only his native tongue, that his name is Kashutan, and that his people hold him in high repute for justice and generosity, which I also believe; but," he added, to the relief of Constance, who had some fears of street meetings with her Indian admirer, "they will all set forward for home to-morrow."

## THE STORY OF AN OLD CONCERT-ROOM.\*

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

THE Queen's Concert-Room, Hanover Square, is now no more, and before many years have glided away its glories will be forgotten, and its name only mentioned as a thing of the past. It seems a pity that these fine old rooms should disappear without a word or two of recognition—rooms in which were first heard the glorious symphonies of Haydn, and which the composer himself honoured by his presence—rooms consecrated by the "Concerts of Ancient Music" and by the Philharmonic Society—rooms in which Mendelssohn and our own Sterndale Bennett gave us the true interpretation of their works—rooms, in fact, in which all the light and genius of the musical world has been concentrated for upwards of a hundred years!

The "New Assembly Rooms," as they were originally called, were built in the early part of the reign of George III by Sir John Gallini, an Italian-Swiss, who had taught the prince and princesses to dance, who had been principal dancer at the Italian opera, and who had won from the Pope the Order of the Golden Spur. He was manager of the Italian opera for several seasons, and made a handsome fortune by teaching minuets and corantos to all the fashionables in the land. A poet of the time says,—

"Oh, Charlotte, these are glorious times,  
I shall get money for my rhymes;  
E'en from the Macaronies,  
Gallini's fops, who trip at balls,  
And breast the cold air wrapt in shawls,  
Astride their little ponies."

In spite of his reputation of being the ugliest man in England connected with music and dancing since the time of the exceptionally hideous Herdegger (the Swiss count, and manager of the opera), he contrived to dance himself into the good graces of Lady Betty Bertie, daughter of the Earl of Abingdon, whom he married.

Surely we have no record of a luckier dancing master than Sir John Gallini. So, having wriggled himself into notoriety, he purchased at the south-eastern corner of Hanover Square a site called "Kirkham Close," which had formerly been occupied by a windmill, and a few years more than a hundred years ago he erected the building known as the "Assembly Rooms," which, he hoped, would vie in attractiveness with the famous rendezvous of fashion, Mrs. Cornely's, in Soho Square.

The principal room was a noble one, measuring

95 feet in length by 35 feet in width, and was capable of holding 800 persons. The low, arched roof was well adapted for sound. The emblematical paintings which surrounded it were by Cipriani, and were good samples of an artist most popularly known in England by the numerous engravings after his design by Bartolozzi. The same artists designed and executed the concert tickets for many years—works still highly prized by collectors.

The new building soon became very productive, as Sir John let every floor and every room, not only to concerts, balls, and assemblies, but to exhibitions, lectures, and lodgers of all kinds, scarcely allowing himself a habitable apartment for his own residence. One of the earliest advertisements is as follows:—

"HANOVER SQUARE, Jan. 23, 1775.

"Messrs. BACH and ABEL take the liberty of acquainting the Nobility and Gentry, Subscribers to their Concerts, that they are extremely sorry that, contrary to their intentions and endeavours, they are obliged to postpone their first Concert to Wednesday, the 1st of February, on account of some unexpected disappointments of part of the furniture and ornaments of their *New Room*."

On March 15th of the same year, it was announced—"There is a new door opened near the gateway in Hanover Street for the *figured chairs* (sedans), where the servants are desired to attend." And the advertisements add: "The Nobility and Gentry are most humbly desired to order their Coachmen to set them down and take them up at the door in Hanover Street, with their horses' heads towards Grosvenor Square, the door in the square being for ladies' chairs only."

To use the words of the "Daily Telegraph" (Dec. 24th, 1874) in a brief notice of these rooms,—"Fortified by the patronage of King George and Queen Charlotte, for the latter of whom a special boudoir, called 'The Queen's Tea-Room,' was built and decorated, aided by the talent of two famous German musicians, named John Christian Bach and Charles Abel, and assisted, when he needed assistance, by the purse of his noble father-in-law, Sir John enjoyed a prosperous career in Hanover Square."

Bach and Abel are names so intimately connected with the early history of these rooms that a word or two about them will not be out of place.

John Christian Bach was one of the numerous sons of the great Sebastian Bach. He was a fine performer on the harpsichord, and a composer of great excellence. He studied vocal music in Italy, and came to England in 1763 to produce his opera of "Orione." Upon his arrival he was appointed music master to the Queen, an office which he held till his death in 1782.

Charles Frederick Abel, a pupil of Sebastian Bach, was by birth a German. He was connected with the Electoral King of Poland's famous band at Dresden. He arrived in England in 1759, where his abilities were soon acknowledged. His great excellence was on the viol da gamba, an instrument now superseded by the violoncello. He lived in the neighbourhood of Soho till the time of his death in 1787.

These two musicians founded the musical evenings known as "Bach and Abel's Concerts," far exceeding in excellence any that had preceded them in this country. The result was a career of nearly twenty years of unrivalled popularity. The fickle public at length declined its favour, and the Earl of Abingdon is said to have expended £1,600 in the futile attempt to regain it.

\* Hanover Square Rooms, after a career of their own extending over more than a hundred years, have become Hanover Square Club; and a sum of £25,000 has been expended in adapting them to their new functions. With the exception of the great hall, which has been newly decorated, the premises may be said to have been rebuilt, and they now comprise not only a suite of handsome and spacious apartments, such as are common to clubs in general, but nearly forty bedrooms, the object being to afford country members, who may have occasion to make a short sojourn in town, the conveniences of a home. The new club will not possess any political character.—*Newspaper paragraph.*



Upon the wreck of this undertaking, several eminent performers in London, foreign and native, formed themselves into an association to establish a new series of subscription concerts, to which they gave the title of "The Professional Concerts." These meetings were held at the Hanover Square Rooms, and at them Cramer (the elder), Crosdill, Cervetto, and many other eminent professors, established their reputations. After eight seasons, this society ceased to exist.

This brings us to the year 1791, when "Entertainments of Music and Dancing, upon an entire new plan," were advertised; and in the same year an event occurred which is worth recording—the appearance of Haydn in these rooms as the conductor of his own immortal symphonies.

The circumstances were these. Salomon, the eminent violin player, possessing a mind fertile in resources, determined, if possible, to persuade Haydn and Mozart to visit London, for the express purpose of composing for and conducting their own compositions at a series of concerts to be given in these rooms. Many difficulties occurred to obstruct and delay this arrangement, the principal being the reluctance of Haydn to quit his retirement at Eisenstadt; and it was not until after the death of his patron, Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, that this reluctance could be overcome. This event happened in 1789, and in the following year Salomon undertook a journey to Vienna, to negotiate personally with the two great composers. It was arranged that Haydn should return with Salomon to London for the season 1791, and Mozart was to follow in the succeeding year. Salomon's first concert of the series took place March 11th, 1791, and was the commencement of a splendid season. Haydn's symphonies composed for these concerts are universally admitted to be the grandest of his instrumental writings. The death of Mozart induced Salomon to engage Haydn for a second season, which was as successful as the first. Haydn composed and conducted again in the season of 1795.

Sir John Gallini, now advancing in years, still continued to reside in one of the upper rooms of the Hanover Square Rooms, remarkable now only for his accumulation of riches and parsimonious habits. Lady Betty had long since left him in disgust. Yet the poor old man must have had some good points, for Garrick and Barretti called him friend. Harry Angelo, in his "Reminiscences," gives some characteristic anecdotes of this singular character, which are too interesting to pass by. We transcribe them from his second volume, p. 50:—"Gallini, the dancing master, who had amassed a large fortune, was a great miser, and his covetousness was known to everybody. Petrot, the famous dancer, was a boy with him, and had been instructed in the same school abroad. Gallini surprised all his acquaintances by inviting Petrot and some others to his house in Hanover Square to dine. My father, who for a number of years had received Gallini at his table, but had never received so much as a glass of water in return, was, with myself, of the party. Petrot having never seen his rooms, and Gallini not having time to show them before dinner, it was delayed till after; and previously to our leaving, about nine o'clock, he took us to the concert-room, leading the way with a sort of rushlight, so that we were almost in the dark. While Gallini was describing the room, and telling us how many it held, the great

expense it had put him to, and other matters, a servant came to say that a person below had particular business with him. Gallini immediately went downstairs, leaving the bit of candle with us. No sooner was he gone than I put my hand in my pocket, and finding some paper, directly folded it up in different parcels (having seen that all the chandeliers were ready for the following night), and giving a paper to each person, I proposed that each of us should light the candles. My suggestion was complied with immediately; and as the cotton had been moistened with spirits of wine, the room was soon in a blaze. At his return, seeing such a glare of light, the old miser was almost frantic. His candles burning! He began to shout exclamations of misery. He ran about the room like a madman, and began to puff them out. The whole party burst into a fit of laughter, and left him to grow cool upon his anger, after a delicate hint about his parsimony.

"I have been told that when he attended his schools he used to promise his coachman a pint of beer if he got through the turnpikes without paying; but he always took care to have the first draught, and seldom left little more than the froth at the bottom. Often when returning home at night, exhausted and fatigued, after a whole day's teaching in the country, he would take nothing but bread and cheese for his dinner, which he used to eat in his carriage. At this very time, too, he was reckoned to be worth a hundred thousand pounds."

Sir John Gallini died in Hanover Square, January 5th, 1805, leaving his son and two daughters property amounting to upwards of a hundred and thirty thousand pounds.

Be we must return to our story of our old concert-room.

In 1776 the "Ancient Concerts" were organised by the Earl of Sandwich. The intention was to bring out the very oldest music—English, Italian, German, and French; to use for this purpose old instruments which had slumbered for years in cabinets of antiquities, and thus to mark the progress of modern days by showing the improvements of recent inventions. These concerts were originally held at the Tottenham Street Rooms, afterwards the Queen's, and now the Prince of Wales' Theatre; they were removed to the "Queen's Concert-Room, Hanover Square"—a title it then enjoyed—in 1804, the directors having purchased the lease of the property. The sovereign, the royal family, and the highest nobility in the land were patrons of these antique entertainments, and the directors had the right, in turn, to select the pieces and arrange the programme of each concert. Thus, it is told of George III, during his long period of mental obscurity, but in one of his rare lucid intervals, that in drawing up the programme for an ancient concert, of which he was the director, he selected for performance every piece of Handel's oratorios having any reference to madness or blindness, winding up with "God save the King" as a finale.

When these concerts migrated to Hanover Square, it is stated that "the rooms were then fitted up in the most splendid manner for the performances," and that a change had taken place in the situation of the orchestra, "it having been removed to the opposite or west end of the room." The royal box was then erected at the east end.

The "Ancient Concerts" existed until 1848, by

which time a new generation had arisen, who cared little for Purcell, Blow, or Arne, and who admired Handel only in his religious aspect. The home of oratorios had been fixed at Exeter Hall, and the programme of the *last* Ancient Concert was sorrowfully drawn up by one of the most zealous of its directors—Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

Another great society—the Philharmonic, established for the performance of instrumental music of the highest class—has held the greater part of its meetings in these rooms. This important society—one of the oldest in existence at the present time—was originated in 1813 by three professors—Messrs. Corri, J. B. Cramer, and Dance—who met at the house of the last-named in Manchester Street. At subsequent meetings other professors were invited to take part; and, under the title we have named, they made arrangements for the first concert. The concerts were first held at the Argyll Rooms, Regent Street, but when these were burnt down, in 1830, they were removed to the concert-room belonging to the King's Theatre. In 1833 they were again removed to the Hanover Square Rooms.

In the meantime, our old concert-room had been let on lease to an active builder, who undertook to enlarge the orchestra, and to bring it lower in front—it had been inconveniently raised by the directors of the Ancient Concerts—so as to emit the sound more readily into the body of the room. A large organ was also erected—an important adjunct in high-class concerts—and under these improved circumstances the Philharmonic commenced its new career in these time-honoured rooms.

Among the most important musical events of this society, after its removal to these rooms, was the performance of many works by the great foreign living masters of eminence for the *first time* in this country. Thus, of Mendelssohn's works we may enumerate his *Symphony in A minor*, and his overtures—"Melusine," "Meerstille," and "Ruy Blas." In 1842 the great composer himself made his appearance before the public as conductor of these concerts, and met with a reception as enthusiastic as it was deserved.

In 1835 Sterndale Bennett made his first appearance in these rooms, being then a student of about the age of seventeen. He played his own *Concerto in E flat*. In after years he brought out at these concerts his charming overtures, "The Naiades," "Parisina," "The Wood Nymphs," and his piano-forte concertos. In 1856 he became permanent conductor of the Philharmonic Society.

Many of Spohr's symphonies were performed at these concerts for the first time in England, the composer himself sometimes conducting. Molique, Ernst, and Joachim played here for the first time in this country—the latter when a boy of thirteen, then giving ample promise of his future excellence.

Among conductors, besides those mentioned, we have had Costa and the renowned Richard Wagner. The latter signally failed, although he was assiduous in the discharge of his duties. The audiences did not appreciate the "musician of the future," and the orchestra had little confidence in the *baton* of the great musical reformer.

"Nearly every famous singer and instrumentalist in Europe for a period of all but a century, has sung or played at the Hanover Square Rooms. On that well-remembered platform have walked, Catalani, Billington, and Storace. There John Braham,

Rubini, Lablache, and Tamburini—names which may have little signification at present, but which, in bygone times, stirred the hearts of the lovers of music as briskly as the names of Adelina Patti and Sims Reeves do now. There Marie Malibran do Beriot has gladdened the ears of a bygone generation with the incomparable sweetness, melody, and pathos of her vocalisation; there the terrible, weird man, Paganini, with his flashing eyes, his long hair streaming over his shoulders, his cadaverous face and gaunt limbs, has, with his bony, lissom fingers, extorted such exquisitely beautiful, such passionate, such eloquent yet such wild and half-distraught strains from his violin, that, hearing him, you might have imagined him as one struggling with an evil spirit, whom he had imprisoned in his instrument, and who was frantically striving to burst his bonds."

The writer of the present article, when a mere boy, played the pianoforte accompaniments to the great wizard's solos at nearly all his concerts in this country, and well remembers the fear and trembling he endured at his task. Paganini was the very incarnation of Mephistopheles. An evil spirit seemed to pervade the atmosphere whenever he appeared. This feeling was of course inculcated by the many idle stories current of the great violinist, aided by his spectral appearance.

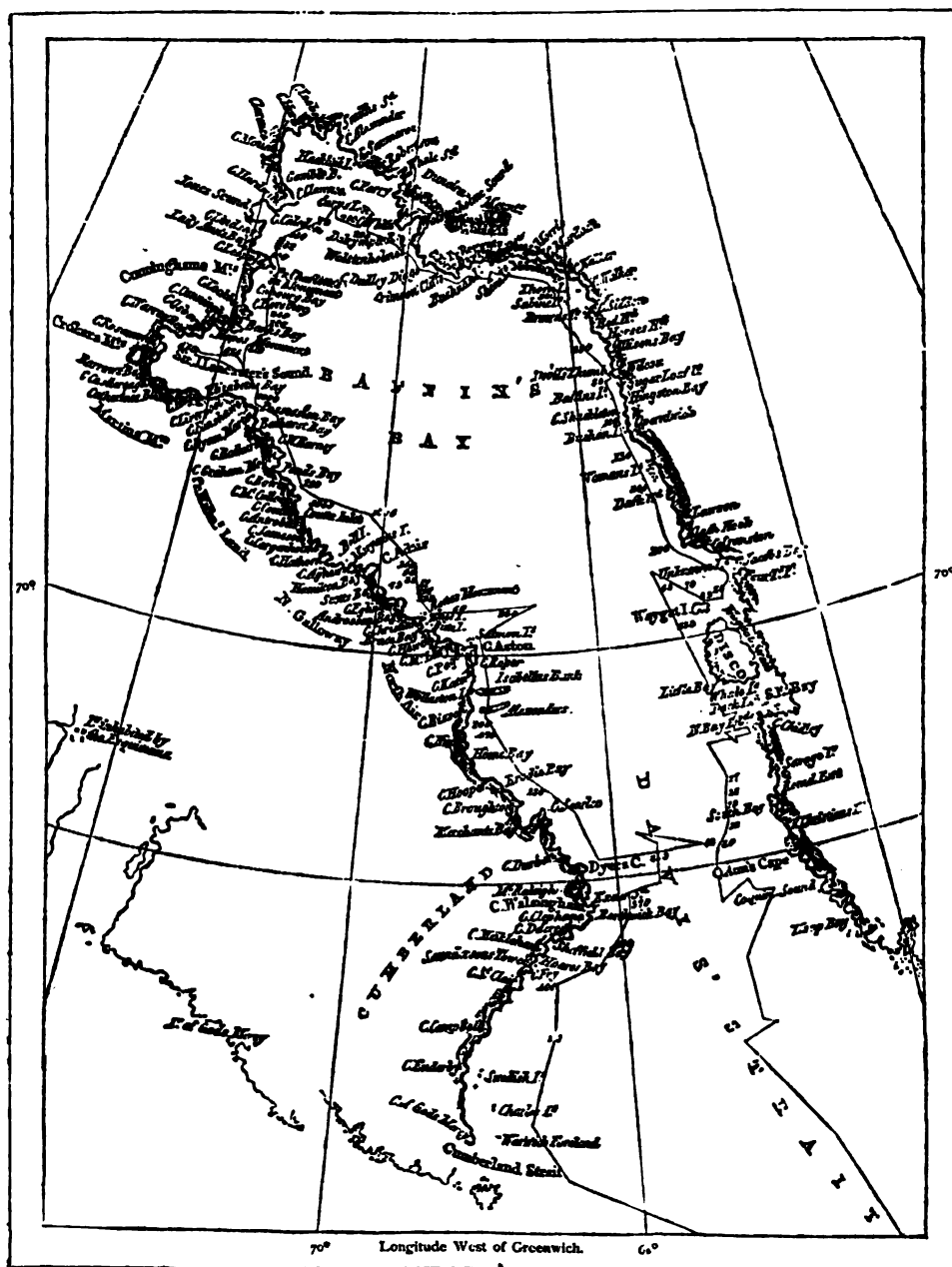
The Hanover Square Rooms also has heard Dragonetti, simplest, severest, grandest of double-bass players; the dexterous Thalberg, the melodious Pleyel, and the famous Liszt, about whom the connoisseurs could never make up their mind whether the mysterious pianist was a prophet or a pretender. The history of these rooms, indeed, between 1810 and the present era, is virtually the history of lyrical art, not only English, but Italian, French, German, and, in the truest sense of the term, cosmopolitan. Every *prima donna*, every *primo tenore*, every bass and baritone and contralto of repute, has in turn sung at the Queen's Concert-Rooms, Hanover Square. Every world-renowned pianist, harpist, or master of instruments stringed or instruments windy, has been heard on that platform.

In 1845 the only surviving daughter of Sir John Gallini died, and the freehold of the Hanover Square Rooms was purchased by Mr. Robert Cocks, the well-known music publisher. The rooms were held under lease by Mr. Martin, and subsequently by his son, till the month of December, 1861, when the proprietor of the freehold undertook the management himself. The rooms were now remodelled and beautified, under the direction of a skilful architect, Mr. Thomas Dyke. The royal box was decorated in white, buff, and gold, with paintings representing peace and plenty and the four seasons, and crimson and gold damask hangings. They were inaugurated with a concert by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, on the 8th of January, 1863, and the far-famed Philharmonic Concerts commenced their fiftieth season (a jubilee year) in the same month.

The Royal Academy of Music, which had for some time given its concerts at the institution in Tonderden Street, also renewed its performances at these rooms on entering upon its thirty-ninth season, the institution dating its career from 1823. And it was reserved for the Royal Academy of Music on Saturday evening, December 19th, 1874, to give—as the bills announced it—"the very last concert to take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, in consequence of these premises being let to a club."

## ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD WHYMPE, F.R.G.S.



MAP OF THE TRACK OF THE ISABELLA AND ALEXANDER IN 1818.

## IV.—WHY GREAT BRITAIN AGAIN SENT OUT ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

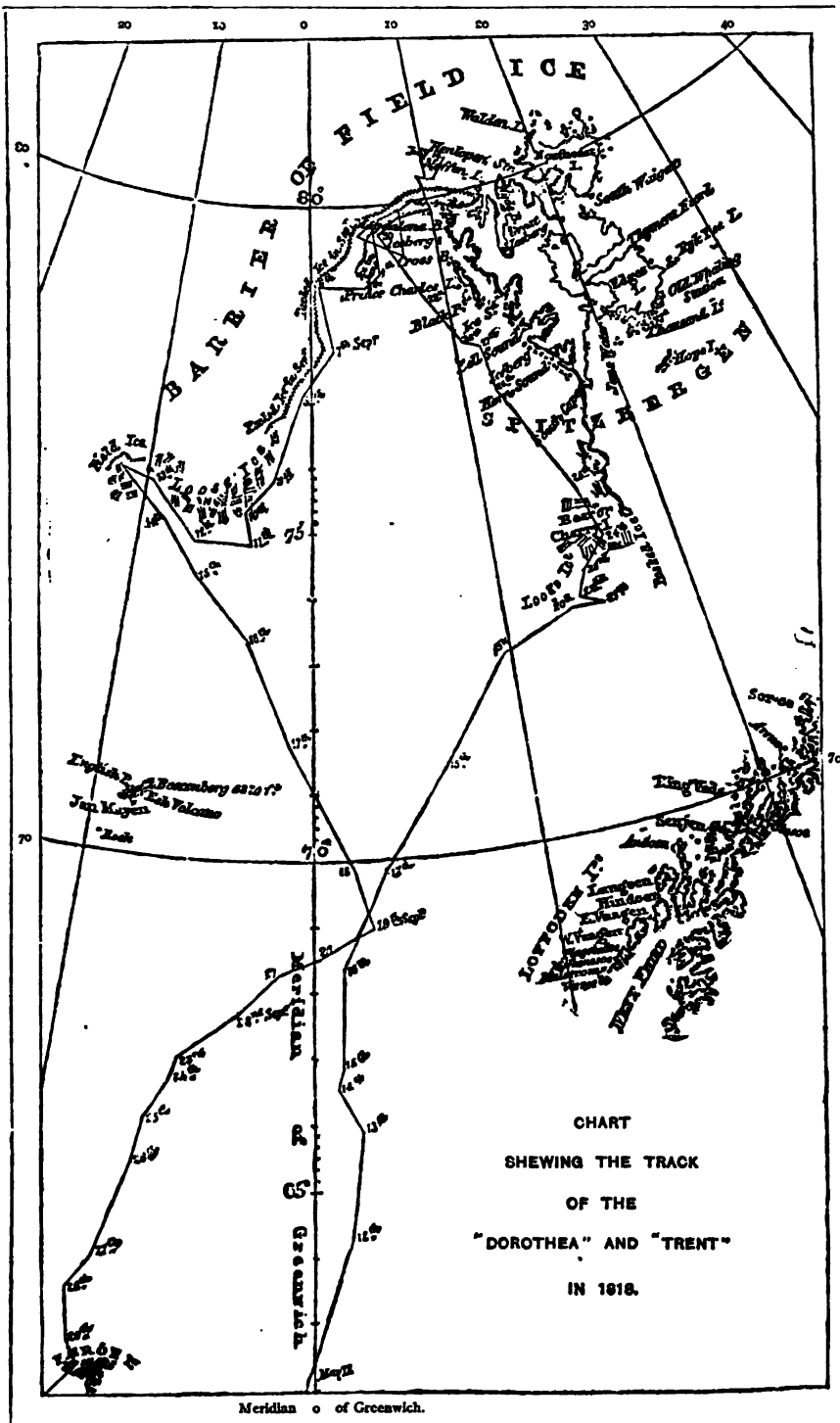
**I**T is difficult for those who have grown up in times of peace to conceive what was the state of our country at the close of the war in 1815. An immense army and navy was suddenly reduced to a state of inaction, and a multitude of trades which had been reared on strife and had thriven on bloodshed were brought to stagnation or were absolutely annihilated. Thousands of tradesmen, as well as the professional

combatants, echoed the cry, "We have got no work to do!" The wealthier officers quitted, almost *en masse*, the services in which they could no longer hope to obtain distinction, but their less fortunate brethren clung to their professions with a vague hope that something would turn up sooner or later. They were ready for anything—"hot or cold"—and were eager to volunteer for any enterprise, however

desperate, provided it would give them active employment.\*

These circumstances perhaps would not have caused

the British Government to send out Arctic expeditions in 1818, had there not occurred simultaneously a remarkable irruption of Arctic ice into latitudes which



MAP OF THE TRACK OF THE DOROTHEA AND TRENT IN 1818.

\* Barrow, in his "Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions, 1818," gives the following account of Sir Edward Parry's introduction to Arctic exploration:—"While employed in America, led by a spirit of enterprise, he volunteered for, and was appointed to, the Congo Expedition, under Captain Tuckey, but fortunately could not join in time. Still, however, his attention was drawn towards African discovery, and about the close of 1817 he wrote to a friend, detailing his views on

the subject; and just as he had finished his letter, a paragraph in a newspaper, alluding to the attempt about to be made for the discovery of a north-west passage, caught his eye, and he added a postscript referring to this, and said 'he was ready for hot or for cold,'—Africa or the Polar regions. His friend took this letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty, which Parry says he had reason to believe was the immediate cause of his appointment to that expedition, then preparing for the latter object."



are usually free from it; and it was urged—not very unreasonably, as the North was denuded of masses which would otherwise have encumbered it—that this was a favourable moment for the resumption of exploration in the Polar region. What caused these streams of Arctic ice to invade the temperate zones is entirely a matter for conjecture. The “Quarterly Review” could suggest nothing better than that the ice in the Polar current, which flows from north-east to south-west down the eastern coast of Greenland,\* had become “a kind of fixed nucleus, round which a succession of floating fields attached themselves, till the accumulated barrier, *probably by its own weight and magnitude* and the action of the impeded current, at length burst its fetters!” It need scarcely be said that this idea was simply childish. A long continuance of northerly or north-westerly winds in all probability accelerated the ice-laden current of Davis Straits, and deflected the East Greenland current from its ordinary course. Whatever may have been the cause, it is certain that vast fields of ice found their way well-nigh eight hundred miles farther to the south than is usually the case, impeding navigation to a great extent, and, by lowering the summer temperature, prevented the crops from ripening on the lands bordering the eastern coasts of the United States. These great ice-fields, measuring many hundreds of square miles, in the years 1815, 1816, and 1817, extended so low down as the fortieth parallel of latitude. “In the year 1816, Indian corn did not ripen along the whole coast from Pennsylvania to Massachusetts—a circumstance which had not happened before within the memory of the oldest inhabitants.”† The Grace packet from Halifax, when in lat.  $41^{\circ} 51'$ , long.  $50^{\circ} 53'$ , on the 28th of March, 1817, had the wind from the north so excessively cold during the whole day and following night, that the captain concluded he could not be far from ice. Accordingly, about eight in the morning of the 29th, several large islands of ice were observed stretching in an east and west direction for more than seven leagues, several of them appearing to be from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet above the surface. On the whole of that day the packet was running at the rate of seven miles an hour, and at the end of it had but just lost sight of the ice. Numerous other instances of a similar character were recorded about this time, and some ships were even entangled amongst the ice, and drifted with it for hundreds of miles before they could be extricated.

A little reflection on the part of those who entertained such sanguine hopes from these circumstances would have shown them that the abstraction of some hundreds of square miles of ice was not likely to produce an appreciable effect on seas whose areas amounted to not hundreds, but hundreds of thousands of square miles. Their opinions seem, however, to have had some weight with the Government. It was determined that there should be two Arctic expeditions; and four merchant ships, the *Isabella*, the *Alexander*, the *Dorothea*, and the *Trent*, were obtained and

strengthened—the two former for an attempt to discover a north-west passage by way of Baffin's Bay, and the two latter for a voyage to the North Pole. As the *Isabella* and *Alexander* sailed a few days before the other ships, let us, first of all, follow their fortunes.

#### V.—CAPTAIN ROSS'S VISIT TO BAFFIN'S BAY IN 1818.

Captain John Ross, who sailed in command of this expedition,\* was an officer who had seen a considerable amount of service in different parts of the world. His conduct of it was severely, and to some extent, I think, unfairly criticised after his return; but even his bitterest opponents have not denied that he was a good seaman and possessed of personal courage. Lieutenant W. E. Parry, his second in command, was a comparatively young and untried man; but in a few years he raised himself to the highest rank as an Arctic explorer, and in 1827, by scrambling over the sea-ice between East Greenland and Spitzbergen, dragging boats after him, succeeded in leading his party closer to the North Pole than has been accomplished by others either before or since his time. Amongst the other officers there were several who subsequently rose to celebrity. James C. Ross (midshipman) became Admiral Sir J. C. Ross, discovered the northern magnetic pole, and distinguished himself by his explorations of the Antarctic regions; Nias (midshipman) has become Admiral Sir J. Nias; and Captain Sabine (naturalist) is now General Sir Edward Sabine.†

Though it was not perhaps expected that Ross would pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific by a northern route, it was anticipated that he *might* do so; and his instructions not only directed what he should do if he arrived at Kamchatka or the Sandwich Islands, but went to the extent of telling him to come home by the same route as that which he might take on the outward voyage, if he did not find the passage extraordinarily difficult! This magnificent programme was not carried out, and Captain Ross's voyage amounted to little more than a cruise round Baffin's Bay. He sailed from the Thames on April 18th, and after an uneventful passage across the Atlantic, arrived on the Greenland coast in lat.  $68^{\circ} 54'$  on June 14th. He at once learned how fallacious were the hopes which had been raised at home. The first Danish trader whom he came across told him that “during the eleven winters he had passed” in Greenland, “not one had been so severe or protracted as the last; the sea had frozen in the beginning of December where it was usually open until February; and Disco Bay and harbour, which were generally navigable towards the end of March, still continued shut. He considered our attempt to get much farther to the north as hopeless, the Danes not having been able to communicate by sea for two seasons past with their northern settlements.”

\* The track of the ships in Davis Strait and Baffin's Bay will be seen in the accompanying map, in which the soundings are marked in fathoms.

† The appointment of Captain Sabine, an officer of artillery, was called in question by those who thought Arctic exploration the especial property of the navy; just as the appointments have been of the naturalists and chaplains to the expedition which has recently sailed. Some of those who affected to call Captain Sabine's abilities in question, lived to see that most distinguished officer receive almost every honour that the scientific world can bestow. For many years, and until recently, he occupied the President's chair at the Royal Society.

The two expeditions which sailed in 1818, included, amongst the officers, no less than seven who became admirals. Seven were knighted, viz.: J. Ross, J. C. Ross, W. E. Parry, Jos. Nias, Ed. Sabine, J. Franklin, and Geo. Back. Sir John Ross, in the account which he gave of his voyage, made known details which are not usually published, and from these we learn that Parry received only five guineas a week for pay, and James C. Ross and the other midshipmen obtained the munificent salary of thirty shillings a week!

\* The existence of this current has been known considerably over a century. It flows from N.E. to S.W. at the rate of about nine to ten miles per day (the rate being materially accelerated or retarded by the winds which may happen to blow) down the entire length of the coast of East Greenland to Cape Farewell; which point it doubles, and then proceeds three hundred miles or thereabouts along the west coast of Greenland up Davis Straits. It then dies out, or rather is deflected by and merged into the general current of Davis Straits, which proceeds constantly from north to south.

† “Quarterly Review,” October, 1817.

Ross, however, proceeded; and, by dint of great perseverance, succeeded in carrying his ship to 77°, at the extreme head of Baffin's Bay and to the entrance of Smith's Sound, by August 19th. On July 4th he passed the farthest point which was attained by old John Davis in 1587, namely, 72° 15'. Through the whole of these eight degrees of latitude they had to fight their way through flocs and icebergs; at no time was their course clear and straightforward. Much of the distance was made by tracking, or dragging the ships through narrow lanes of water; much more had to be done by warping from mass to mass; and several times the ships had to be hastily placed in docks sawn in the flocs to save them from being crushed by the concussion of the moving fields. That this was not entirely a voyage of pleasure, let us quote an incident which occurred on August 7th:—"A large floc which lay on one side of the *Isabella* appeared to be fixed, while, on the other side, another of considerable bulk was passing along with a rapid motion, assuming a somewhat circular direction, in consequence of one side having struck on the fixed field. The pressure continuing to increase, it became doubtful whether the ship would be able to sustain it: every support threatened to give way; the beams in the hold began to bend, and the iron tanks settled together. At this critical moment, when it seemed impossible for us to bear the accumulating pressure much longer, the hull rose several feet, while the ice, which was more than six feet thick, broke against the sides, curling back on itself. The great stress now fell upon our bow, and after being again lifted up, we were carried with great violence towards the *Alexander*, which had hitherto been in a great measure defended by the *Isabella*. Every effort to avoid their getting foul of each other failed; the ice-anchors and cables broke one after another, and the sterns of the two ships came so violently into contact as to crush to pieces a boat that could not be removed in time. The collision was tremendous, the anchors and chain-plates being broken, and nothing less than the loss of the masts expected; but at this eventful instant, by the interposition of Providence, the force of the ice seemed exhausted; the two fields suddenly receded, and we passed the *Alexander* with comparatively little damage. The last things that hooked each other were the two bower anchors, which, being torn from the bows, remained suspended in a line between the two ships, until that of the *Alexander* gave way."

Shortly before Ross arrived at his most northern point, whilst he was at the western extremity of Melville Bay, he made his most interesting, if not his most important, discovery. He found that the mainland was inhabited by a vigorous race of Eskimo, who believed that there were no more people to the south, just as the natives of the more southern parts of Greenland believed that there were no others to their north. Ross gave to this little isolated tribe the somewhat fantastic name of the Arctic Highlanders. It will please all total abstainers to hear that they manifested the strongest dislike to the wine and spirits which were offered to them, and that after the first taste they spat out the remainder, and refused to try again. It is not so agreeable to be obliged to add that they manifested strongly thievish propensities, and endeavoured, in each case being totally unaware of the weight, to carry off a spare topmast and the armourer's anvil. The grunting of a pig, which had been obtained at the Shetland

Islands, terrified them exceedingly. They were a simple people, readily amused, full of fun, easily frightened, and entirely unspoiled by civilisation; and it is much to be regretted that such a race, which has subsisted for untold ages upon the resources that it can wring from its native soil, seems doomed to be extinguished at no remote date.\* They had not seen ships before Ross's visit, and, pointing to his vessels, inquired, "What great creatures are those? Do they come from the sun or from the moon?" The interpreter told them that they were floating houses of wood; but this they would not believe, and said, referring to the sails, "No, they are alive; we have seen them move their wings." Their astonishment was great on first viewing themselves in the little mirrors which were given as presents, but was greater when they came on board and saw the timber and spars, their knowledge of wood having been confined to the dwarfed stems of Arctic vegetation.

Ross went northwards, and then to the west, and here he made his grand mistake, which brought down upon him endless ridicule. When at the entrance of a great inlet—which he rightly identified as the Lancaster Sound of Baffin—he believed that he saw a chain of mountains closing its termination. These imaginary hills he called the "Croker Mountains." Within a twelvemonth, his second in command sailed over those mountains, and demonstrated that they had no existence; and so Ross suffered in public estimation, and had his good faith called in question. But I cannot, even after reading Ross's narrative critically, think otherwise than that he was wronged, and that there is no reasonable ground for doubting his good faith. From personal experience, I know that in Davis Straits, and the regions bordering Baffin's Bay, the strangest freaks are played by refraction. Low islands, which at a distance of ten miles are ordinarily out of sight, are frequently raised by refraction so as to be visible at double that distance; and more than that, low, flat islands are sometimes raised and distorted by refraction, so that they appear as conical mountains or craggy cliffs, in a manner which would deceive the most practised observer. It is therefore far from impossible—if it is not, indeed, probable—that Ross was the victim of an illusion, the effect of refraction, which he would have detected had he gone a little farther to the west.

From Lancaster's Sound, Ross proceeded steadily down the western shores of Baffin's Bay and Davis Straits, at a safe distance from the land; and, on account of the distance at which he coasted those shores, his survey of them was necessarily very imperfect. Fault was again found with him upon this account; but had his critics been upon board his ships and seen how, from proximity to the magnetic pole, his compasses nearly ceased to act, and how dark were the nights, how thick were the fogs, and how frequent the icebergs, they would probably have been of opinion that he acted like a prudent commander. On October 3rd he shaped his course for home, and after experiencing stormy weather, as every one does, off Cape Farewell, he made an ordinary voyage across the Atlantic, and his ships eventually dropped anchor at Deptford on November 21st. Ross could fairly boast, not only that he did

\* These are the people whose existence proved of such vital importance to Kane and Hayes when they were in difficulties in the voyages which will subsequently be related.

not lose a man, but that he had not a single man or officer on the sick list during the whole of his voyage! The Dorothea and the Trent had come back a few weeks earlier, and we will now briefly relate the more eventful, and even less important voyage which was performed by those vessels.

VI.—CAPTAIN BUCHAN'S ATTEMPT TO REACH THE NORTH POLE IN 1818.

Buchan\* sailed a few days after Ross, and, as his course led nearly due north from Greenwich, he was fortunate enough to get his ships by the beginning of June into Magdalena Bay, in Spitzbergen, nearly in lat. 80°, at which time the sister ships, having had to make a voyage across the Atlantic, were pretty well twenty degrees farther south, and had scarcely entered Davis Straits. This was no great exploit on Buchan's part, nor did he attempt to make it appear one. English yachtsmen go occasionally as far north as the north of Spitzbergen, and the bay was frequented by whalers two centuries before Buchan's time,† and has been almost every year that has elapsed since his visit. It was not difficult to get so far, but it was, and always has been, very difficult to get much farther to the north in this direction. The general testimony of whalers frequenting these seas is that they are seldom greatly impeded by ice so low as lat. 77°, but that they can rarely proceed farther than lat. 80° without great exertions. This was just about what Buchan found.‡ He tried, during the months of June, July, and August, to proceed to the north, but never got beyond 80° 34'—a latitude which had been several times exceeded by persons who were not engaged in exploration, notably by the elder Scoresby, the whale-fisher, who, on May 28th, 1806, got as high as 81° 50'§ without any great exertion.

Finding that the ice was packed too closely in the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen, they ran towards the west, to see if it was less intractable in the neighbourhood of Greenland; and, whilst doing so, a south-west storm arose which drove the slow-sailing ships against the flocs which they were anxious to avoid. They endeavoured to weather them, until finding this was impossible, they put the ships before the wind and let them drive into the pack. The account of this storm is the sole redeeming feature in Beechey's book, but it is so wordy that it is impossible to quote from it *in extenso*. The Dorothea, with Buchan on board, was the first to enter the ice, and she was almost immediately obscured by foam and spray, and those on the Trent feared that she had foundered. They, however, were compelled to follow her example, after having hastily constructed fenders of iron and chunks of cable to protect the vessel's sides from the battering of the jagged ice-masses. Careful scrutiny of the edges of the pack showed no openings.

\* Captain Buchan was an officer of some standing in the navy. He was lost, with all hands, on the Upton Castle, whilst returning from India in 1838. Lieut. Franklin, his second in command, had served under Finders on the coasts of Australia, and under Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen. Franklin perished, as all the world knows, with all his crew, whilst endeavouring to make the north-west passage. Of the other officers, the most renowned was Back (Admiralty mate). Sir George Back is still alive, and is generally considered the "father" of Arctic explorers.

† It is surprising how soon Barents's discovery was appreciated. From a rare pamphlet in my possession, printed at Amsterdam in 1613, entitled, "Histoire du Pays nomme Spitzberghe, monstrent comment qu'il est trouvé, son naturel et ces animaux," etc., it is evident that it was well frequented within a few years after its discovery.

‡ Buchan, very wisely, did not publish an account of his voyage, and the only original description printed of it is that by Beechey, in 1843.

§ See "Laing's Voyage to Spitzbergen, 1813," as well as the works of the younger Scoresby.

"All parts," says the narrator, "appeared to be equally impenetrable, and to present one unbroken line of furious breakers, in which immense pieces of ice were heaving and subsiding and dashing together with a violence which nothing but a solid body could withstand, occasioning such a noise that it was with the greatest difficulty we could make our orders heard by the crew." The scene was said to have been terribly grand. The sea was rolling in mountainous waves; the ice was grinding and crashing, or rising and sinking; the water was rushing in foaming cataracts over its edges, and was scattered in spray against the great masses. The brig soon came in contact with the main body of the ice, and in an instant all on board lost their footing, the masts bent like canes, and the cracking timbers below gave evidence of the force of the collision. The next wave drove her within the margin of the pack, and then she was thrown pretty nearly broadside upon it. The vessel was utterly unmanageable; the ship's bell, which in the heaviest gales had never tolled, now sent out peals so incessantly that it was obliged to be muffled. From the injuries that the Trent received it became evident that she would not long hold together, and that their only chance for safety was to penetrate farther into the ice. To effect this, they were obliged to set more sail on the already tottering masts; the brig then nearly righted herself, and, aided by the ice which was pressing astern, she drove into and split a floe which was fourteen feet thick. The situation of the crew was now somewhat safer, though the storm still raged outside. When it abated and the mists cleared away, the Dorothea was discovered at no great distance, in a foundering condition. After much labour they got clear of the ice, and made all haste back to Spitzbergen, where the damage done to the vessels was found so serious that they were compelled to abandon all idea of prosecuting the voyage. The Dorothea had nearly all her timbers broken or started, and resembled a cracked nut-shell.\* After patching their ships up as well as possible, they sailed for home at the end of August, and were fortunate enough to reach Deptford without mishap by the 21st of October.

### GOING BY TRAIN.

WE have lingered at B—, where we have been spending the best part of our summer holiday, up to the last day, and almost to the last hour of our allotted term, and must perforce be back in London before the sun which rose this morning, but has not shown us his face for several days, shall have set. We start by the one o'clock train, and the only conveyance from B— to the station being an omnibus, which arrives there at half-past twelve, we have half-an-hour to wait before taking to the iron road. For a good part of this unwelcome interval we have to submit, as we best can, to the despotism of railway rule; which, if it is a good thing in some respects, inasmuch as it ensures and enforces regularity and

\* "The larboard side had been forced in so much that several spare oak planks, four and five inches in thickness, which were stowed in the wing, were found broken in various places. The spirit-room, which was built in the centre of the ship, was forced in; many casks stowed in the body of the hold were stove, and even some which were bedded in coals in the ground tier had their staves broken. It is hardly possible to imagine such extensive mischief occurring to any vessel without her immediately foundering."—*Beechey's Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole.*

punctuality, is a bad and aggravating thing in other respects, and open to very valid objections on the part of its victims. While undergoing the torture, one is led to the conclusion that, in the eyes of English railway managers, the public who travel are a set of impertinent intruders, whom it is their duty to discommode and annoy by any indirect means at their command. The booking-office at B— (and it is no worse than a thousand others) is on the basement floor, and contains sitting accommodation for about eight persons on two small benches. Before we have been in it ten minutes forty persons have assembled, and in five minutes more these have doubled in number, and the place has grown stiflingly hot and crowded, while numbers outside are clamorously pushing and struggling to get in. Everybody wants his ticket, and some are beating with their fists against the blind-window whence the tickets are to issue. Meanwhile no notice is taken of this appeal; we hear the clerks within chatting leisurely with the utmost nonchalance, varying the conversation at times with a mutual giggle or explosive crow of laughter, and we are beginning to suspect whether tickets are to be issued at all this morning, when crack! up goes the sliding-board, and the head of the ticket-clerk is seen through the orifice.

Then follows a mighty rush at both ends of the bar that fences off the pay-place, and the utmost vigour of a couple of policemen is required to direct the current of applicants so that it shall flow in at the right hand and out at the left. Now and then some stout gentleman, hugging his carpet-bag, gets jammed fast in the narrow gangway, or some bewildered spinster is forced through in a crushed and collapsed state. Anxious to get out of this purgatory, which experience has taught you to anticipate, you have stationed yourself pretty close to the trap before it is drawn up, and tendering a bank-note in payment for your ticket, the clerk coolly informs you that he has no change, and that you must stand aside until he has taken more silver—as if it were possible to stand aside while you are packed rather closer than pilchards in the salting-heap. You give it up as a bad job, finding that your care to be among the first has resulted in shifting you to the very last. Meanwhile you look around you, and call into exercise such patience and philosophy as you happen to possess. You will be sure to see that some of those who have forced themselves forward to the scathe and injury of others have come for tickets which will not be issued for another hour, while others who should have booked upstairs half-an-hour ago, have been waiting here, and suffered their train to go without them. That old gentleman who got jammed with his carpet-bag and had to retreat, is now trying to pass without his bag, which he has deposited, as he thinks, in a place of safety. He does pass at length, and emerges from the straits in a bath of perspiration, but triumphantly clutching his ticket. But where is his carpet-bag? That question he is asking right and left—some light-fingered adept has walked off with it. One person saw him take it. "Which way did he go?" "Upstairs to the platform," cries one. "No, he didn't," says another; "he walked off with it through the luggage-room." "Stop him—stop thief!" shouts the owner; and then there is a roar, the reverse of sympathetic, which makes the old gentleman prefer submitting to his loss rather than be the butt of the crowd, and he vanishes

slowly up the stairs. As time flies the applicants thin off, but those remaining get more eager and impatient, and once or twice there is something very like a fight for precedence among them.

As you look on you wonder why all this confusion should exist, and what crime the people who bring their money to the railway have committed that they should have to undergo such inflictions. You recall your railway experiences when travelling on the continent, and you can remember no such a scene as this, in which you have to take part whenever you travel in England. You ask yourself why the tickets should not be obtainable at any portion of the interval between the starting of two trains; and you puzzle yourself in vain for any reason why the public should not have that accommodation.

But you get your ticket at last, and glad enough you are to escape from the heat and the crowding of the stifling den to the free air on the platform above. There the scene is different; you can sit, or stand, or promenade at pleasure. When the train you are to go by is due, it does not make its appearance, and on inquiring of a passing porter, you are informed that it is generally behind time at this season, and may not arrive for this quarter-of-an-hour. So you have leisure to read the news if you like, if you prefer that to watching the fresh arrivals as they "tumble up" the stairs. They are a motley company, consisting of all classes, chiefly, however, of those who, "though they are on pleasure bent, have yet a frugal mind," and who have taken third-class tickets for a cheap ride. They have not, for the most part, any intention of invading the expensive refreshment-rooms at the halting-places on their route, but have duly victualled themselves to obviate that necessity. Brown jars, black bottles, wicker-woven pocket-pistols, contain the fluids, of which you can but notice the liberal supply; while the solids are crammed into bags, baskets, and brown-paper parcels, and displayed with an unreserve specially characteristic of their owners.

And now a voice shouts, "Ring that bell!" and a boy of twelve lifts the signal-bell from the ground, and begins swinging it to and fro with a will. The long-expected sound stirs a commotion on the platform, and from the several waiting-rooms forth come the passengers to secure places on the appearance of the train. With hissing and snorting and a long-sustained whistle, it comes gliding in, and is brought to a standstill. For a moment or two the confusion is worse confounded; the meeting of the getters-out and the getters-in is like the shock of two opposing currents; but there is small greeting between them, and less show of courtesy; they mingle for a moment, to separate again the moment after—the arrivals departing rapidly by the door of exit, each endeavouring to anticipate the rest in securing cabs or omnibuses to convey them home.

Having taken possession of a corner for yourself, you are thankful that at length the disagreeable part of the business is over; and you do not care how soon other people are accommodated and the train goes on its way. It is amusing now to watch the later arrivals, and to contrast the hurry, flurry, and eagerness of some with the remarkably careless coolness of others. Towards the cheap carriages in the rear three-fourths of the crowd rush, as if of one mind, and as though each were fully convinced that a moment's delay would result in his being left behind. You are amazed, as you look on to see



what a multitude one of those grim-looking vehicles will swallow up, and what a mountain of small packages goes in after them to "fill up the chinks."

Among the last arrivals are the men whose business it is to know the mysteries of Bradshaw by heart, and to be able to drop down upon any departing train just at the moment of starting. These are the "commercial gentlemen" who, sample-bags in hand, come confidently forward at the very nick of time; the guards and porters know them well, and, relieving them of all care about luggage, convey them to the seats yet vacant. And now, crack, crack go half-a-dozen carriage doors, one after the other; the guard blows his shrill whistle, and already the train is in motion, while all faces on the platform are gazing after it, and hands and handkerchiefs are waved as it rolls off into the welcome sunlight. Away goes the town in the rear; faster and faster, as the steam is got up, the glorious panorama of an English landscape in its densest fulness of foliage, and washed free from every particle of dust by the late abundant rains, rapidly unfolds itself in a succession of beautiful scenes, each more lovely than the last. Then, with a warning shriek from the engine, you plunge into a tunnel and go crashing and snorting through the bowels of the earth for some half mile, emerging at the end of it on the banks of a quiet river, whose sinuous course you can trace for miles along the wooded vale, and which touches the iron road and then flies off at a tangent at least half-a-dozen times before you leave it in the rear. Then comes the fair city of grey stone, reclined luxuriously on the grassy hills, where the train halts for a moment to take up and set down. Then on again through the valley of the river, skirting the little white hamlets and farming villages that lie upon the banks, where the grey church towers and the broad masses of wooded hills lie calmly reflected in the waveless stream. Gradually you rise above the level of the river, and by-and-by, on looking over the crest of a hill, you see it stealing along far below, half veiled by embowering trees. You stop for a few moments before entering the longest tunnel in England, while an additional engine is attached to the train to drag you through it the quicker; but, notwithstanding, you are ten minutes in the dark, amid the rumble and racket, before you look upon daylight again.

On again, in a course due east, and over lands which are almost a dead level, and cultivated everywhere to the highest point; you do not pause or slacken speed for a moment until you roll into the famous refreshment station, where every train that comes is under articles to stop at least ten minutes—for the benefit presumably of the passengers, certainly of the lessee.

But lo! "the skies with clouds are overcast, the rain begins to fall," and it falls in a settled, solid, straight-down manner, just as it has done almost every day for these six weeks past; the turn of noon has brought on the daily downpour, and you feel that you are in for it for the rest of your route. The bell rings violently just as the storm breaks out; there is a rush from the refreshment-rooms, and a hurried gesticulating with the half-eaten sections of pork-pie, while half the passengers are at a loss where to go because the train has shifted its ground since they got out, and they have forgotten or failed to notice the numbers of their carriages. When you resume

your seat, you meet with several new faces in your department, and you are uncomfortably neighboured by a couple of infants in arms, who keep up a continued squalling. The falling rain shuts out the view of the landscape, and as the wind blows it into your face you pull up the window for protection, a proceeding which ere long gives rise to complaints from your fellow-passengers and a demand for fresh air. You have to compromise the affair as you best can, but do not find it easy so to adjust the sliding pane as to admit the air and keep out the wet. You halt at a station just as the storm has reached its climax, to water the engine; the place is misty with steam, and gloomy from the black clouds overhead, and the passengers, anxious to get on and get home, have grown silent and dull and thoughtful, as folks generally are at the approaching close of a journey. A shrill voice on the platform keeps crying out, "Banbury cakes! Real Banbury cakes!" and many are not sorry to make prize of a packet of that delicate pastry.

You start again amidst the play of lightning and the low growls of not very distant thunder, the big drops of rain peppering a dreary tattoo on the glass almost rivalling the noise of the rushing wheels. The iron horse seems to take umbrage at the angry weather, and snorts and pants and puffs, and throws off solid shags of steam, which, beaten to the earth, lap the long train in a misty shroud; and as the thunder bursts in louder peals, the faster and more furious grows the speed; the trees, the banks, the houses, loom rapidly into view, and flit past like goblins; the troubled rivers and streams gleam and flash like fitful meteors, and ever and anon a wild shriek from the flying horse pierces through the din with its warning cry. Some forty minutes of this mad whirl brings you to the last station at which you will stop before entering London, though you are yet near forty miles from the capital.

Here you have to surrender your tickets, and here it is your lot to witness one of those awkward *contretemps* which are constantly recurring in the history of railway travelling. You noticed when you got in at B—that an old white-haired man of the labouring class had ensconced himself in the farther corner, and that almost before the train started he had settled himself down to a comfortable nap. He has been sleeping soundly ever since, consideration for his extreme age and white hairs having prevented any one from disturbing him. But now the guard wakes him up and demands his ticket; amid much bewilderment and a few rather dreamy words, that is at length produced. "Hallo," cries the guard; "come out of that, old gentleman; why, where do you think you are going to?" "Oize gwain to Gloster, oi ba; oize due to Gloster at dree o'clock." "Dree o'clock, indeed! why, it's past that now, and you have come fifty miles out of your way. Why didn't you change at S—?" "Thaa never tell'd oi; how wur oi to know? Oize aighty-voor year auld, an' bean't zo sprack as used to. When 'ull oi get to Gloster?" "About one to-morrow morning, if you look sharp." "Here be a vix! whoi did'n zunn on 'em look a-ater oi?" The poor old fellow mumbles thus to himself as he gropes beneath the seat for his luggage, the whole of which is thrust into the bottom of an old sack and secured with a piece of string. He is hauled out and, with some difficulty, set on his legs; and the last thing you see as you glide out of the station is the poor old wanderer bent

half double, and looking dreamily around him, as the wind plays roughly with his long silver locks.

For the remainder of the route you travel at the same wild pace, making up by despatch at the end of your journey for delays at the beginning—a practice, we need hardly say, that is fruitful in accidents and “compensations.” But you escape these and are landed safely at the Paddington station, whence you have your choice of conveyances, either by omnibus, cab, or underground rail, to your home, fortunate if you have not first to scramble in an unseemly manner for the possession of your luggage. Few things in connection with a railway trip are more tantalising than the sudden contrast in locomotion which one experiences at the end of it. It is not uncommon to do the last forty or fifty miles of rail within the hour, and then to rumble through the streets at the heels of a jaded hack for as long a time in getting from the station to one’s house!

### HIGHTUM, TITUM, AND SCRUB!

MISS LYDIA BANKS, sister of the eminent naturalist, Sir Joseph, is reported to have dressed *always* in a riding-habit. She was never seen, the biographer says, in any other costume. She had three dresses of the kind. One was of superfine material; in this she appeared among her “quality friends,” and it went by the name of “Hightum.” The second was of very respectable form and kind, and fitted for ordinary society; this she called “Titum.” The third, which was as homely as its name, and which she reserved for scouring the country and such like rough usage in quite private rural life, was her “Scrub.”

A whimsical way of cataloguing a wardrobe; but one whose simplicity would surely commend itself to some who live in sore bondage to fashion and the laws of “society” respecting dress, and who would not unfrequently, by attending to it, be spared a headache—yes, even a headache—caused by studying how to answer the questions, “What shall I put on? What is worn? How can I get it?”

Miss Lydia was only following an arrangement so general that it may be called “a law” in thus classifying her garments. If we look into life we shall find that “Hightum, Titum, and Scrub” is the rule of valuation in most things. Look, for instance, at your friends. Have not you, at the least, one whom you call “the friend of your bosom”—the Newton of Cowper, and the Bentinck of William III? And have not you others well enough liked, but who are not admitted into “the inner courts”? And are there not among those whom you style your “friends” some who are most welcome to “call when you are out,” and who are most welcome to be out when you call on them? A lady once said, “My friends I thus divide: I have acquaintances, *conquaintances*, and *inquaintances*.” This is no other, you will see, than “Hightum, Titum, and Scrub.”

But we need not confine ourselves to outer things. “Inquire within” is a good hint in many respects, and may be usefully followed here. Look at our impulses. We hear a stirring appeal from the pulpit or platform for the bodily or spiritual wants of our fellow-creatures; we feel for our purses, and in the heat of our excited sympathy devote gold to the cause; but, the address over, something of our first interest has evaporated. Perhaps there were other

speakers who tried us, or the crowd in impeding our exit may have tried us. Certain it is, that on our way to the plate, we come to the conclusion that *silver* will do, and when we arrive at it we say to ourselves, “After all, I subscribe to the society,” or, “I am usually liberal to the poor”! and we drop a solitary shilling in, with less willingness than in our “Hightum” impulse we consecrated gold to the purpose.

Look, again, at our “manners.” There are many kinds of manners, but these are reducible to “the three heads.”

The man of “Hightum” manners is he whose politeness is in and from his heart—who in so great a measure loves his neighbour as himself that he does by him as he would be done by up to that measure. He knows no distinction of person nor occasion; he is kind and courteous to all, always. If he has to reprove he does it with so much consideration that he convinces without offending; if he confers a benefit or offers praise, it is with such delicate tact that he does not raise a blush nor wound by humbling. Nobody is afraid of being misunderstood by him, of finding him “out of sorts,” or of suffering from caprice.

“I would rather be told my faults, or refused a favour by *him*,” said one, alluding to a man who possessed “Hightum” manners, “than be praised or receive an obligation from *him*,” indicating another, whose manner too often descended to “Scrub.”

There are “Titum” manners. These are ordinary enough. Civility where it costs nothing; polish where it is to serve a purpose, or is called forth by a desire to shine; amiability when some particular chord is touched; but no civility, polish, or amiability to be depended on. The “Scrubs” are such as are well enough in society; but, as the old saying goes, “they hang up the fiddle at their own door.” The courtesies of life are for those in outer life; the family are not important enough to make exertion necessary. “No man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*,” says the old proverb; but it should have excepted the man of “Hightum” manners, who respects the feelings of his valet as much as he would those of royalty. It is, however, a very good test of the genuine “Scrub.”

As to conditions in life, the “Hightum” would externally be cast in the uppermost circle—riches, rank, great gifts, and so on; but the prayer of Jabez, “Give me neither poverty nor riches,” is one full of wisdom. “Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them *not*,” the prophet Jeremiah says to Baruch. “Hightum,” in life, is found neither on the hill-tops, from the throne downward, nor in the dingy pits of care and poverty, but in the “happy valley” of mediocrity. Wealth may abound, rank command, and pleasure reign, without happiness being found. No doubt many say this who will nevertheless try their best to be as rich and great and gay as the richest, greatest, and gayest; but that does not alter the fact. “Titum” in nominal order, but “Hightum” in truth, is that state which is equally removed from the glare of greatness and the gloom of “Scrub.” Of course, true peace is not confined to any circumstances. A man of “Hightum” manners must be happy, whether he is a sovereign or a shoeblack, and the “Scrubs,” who may be found in all ranks—more is the pity—will as surely be miserable by the laws, unfailing, of moral retribution.

## Varieties.

**INDIAN SPORT.**—So the Prince of Wales has seen for himself some of the Baroda "sports" described by Rousset. Of course what was presented was only a diluted form of the spectacles in which the souls of Mulhar and his predecessors delighted. Elephants, it is true, tusked one another, and were separated by having fuses flared before their eyes; buffaloes charged each other, and were gored till the blood streamed down their necks; goats butted each other savagely, their skulls crashing together with reports which were like successive pistol-shots; a rhinoceros was, as the "Daily News" Special Correspondent expresses it "jobbed with a spear," and, as the "Daily Telegraph" representative terms it, "prodded," to make him fight; and so on. Here is a sketch of one part of the "spectacle" which we must be pardoned for quoting, for the reason we shall give presently. It is from the pen of Mr. Archibald Forbes:—"Buffaloes succeed behemoth; genuine wild buffaloes of the swampy jungle—brutes that among their native bulrushes will fearlessly face the tiger himself. One is black and sleek, the other dun and rough. There is no question about their ardour for the battle; with straining sinew they rush to the encounter. At the first crash the dun loses a horn close to the scalp. The agony must be horrible; the blood streams from the raw pith on to the sand, but the fighting demon is rampant in the dun, and he battles madly on. But he cannot sustain the unequal contest long, and it is a relief from the sickening spectacle when he wheels, and, dashing blindly against the barricade, half staggers, half crouches under it, and is lost sight of as, mad with pain and terror, he rushes out into the open, the scared populace flying wildly from his infuriated track." In our review of Rousset we ventured to point out that the presentation to native princes of a book depicting such scenes would be misunderstood; we now go further, and venture to express sorrow that the advisers of the Prince of Wales permitted the agony of animals to be made a conspicuous part of an entertainment held in the city from which its late ruler was expelled for his love of barbarity, as well as for other reasons. It is true no men fought with claws before the Prince, for, as a writer says naively, the "entertainment was modified to suit European taste;" but, we ask, was the entertainment in any way suitable to English taste? From the "Times" downwards, almost every journal was virtuously indignant not long ago when some cock-fighters were caught in the very act of enjoying their "sport" in Lancashire. Englishmen take the flattering unction to their souls that their days of bear-baiting are over, and that Spain may keep her cruel bull-fights to herself; but here is the Prince of Wales at Baroda.—*The Athenæum*.

**MR. CARLYLE'S BIRTHDAY.**—At the funeral of Mr. Forster, the biographer of Charles Dickens, there was a goodly gathering of literary men at Kensal Green. In the procession from the Cemetery Chapel to the grave, the venerable Thomas Carlyle walked side by side with Lord Lytton, "Owen Meredith," the new Governor-General of India. Carlyle is now in his eighty-first year. We ought to record in our columns the address which, on his eightieth birthday, was forwarded to him:—

"TO THOMAS CARLYLE.

"December 4, 1875.

"Sir,—We beg leave, on this interesting and memorable anniversary, to tender you the expression of our respectful good wishes. Not a few of the voices which it would have been dearest to you to hear to-day are silent in death. There may perhaps be some compensation in the assurance of the reverent sympathy and affectionate gratitude of many thousands of living men and women throughout the British islands and elsewhere who have derived a delight and inspiration from the noble series of your writings, and who have noted also how powerfully the world has been influenced by your great personal example. A whole generation has elapsed since you described for us the 'Hero as a Man of Letters.' We congratulate you and ourselves on the spacious fulness of years which has enabled you to sustain this rare dignity among mankind in all its possible splendour and completeness. It is a matter for general rejoicing that a teacher whose genius and achievements have lent radiance to his time still dwells amidst us; and our hope is that you may long continue in fair health, to feel how much you are loved and honoured, and to rest in the retrospect of a brave and illustrious life." (Here follow the names of several literary and scientific gentlemen and ladies.)

A medal accompanied the address, engraved by Mr. George

Morgan, and bearing a medallion of Mr. Carlyle by Mr. Boehm, and on the obverse the words, "In commemoration; December 4, 1875." Silver and bronze copies were struck for the subscribers, with a few for presentation to public institutions; the copy for Mr. Carlyle was in gold.

The following telegram was also addressed from Berlin to Mr. Carlyle:—"To the valiant champion of Germanic freedom of thought and morality, to the true friend of our Fatherland, who, by the labour of a long, rich life, has successfully advanced the hearty understanding between the English and German peoples, to the historian of Oliver Cromwell and Frederick the Great, send on his eightieth birthday grateful greeting and warm congratulation—Leopold von Ranke, Johann Gustav Droysen, Rudolf Gneist, Heinrich Marquardsen, Theodore Mommsen, Reinhold Pauli, Baron von Stauffenburg, Heinrich von Sybel," and many others.

**SUNDAY IN FRANCE.**—The public museums and galleries are open on Sundays. But you look for the working people there in vain. They are at work in the factories whose chimneys are smoking as usual, or they are building houses, or working in the fields, or they are engaged in the various departments of labour. The Government works all go on as usual on Sundays. The railway trains run precisely as on week-days. In short, the Sunday is secularised, or regarded but as a partial holiday. As you pass through the country on Sundays you see the people toiling in the fields. . . . Their continuous devotion to bodily labour, without a seventh day's rest, cannot fail to exercise a deteriorating effect upon their physical as well as their moral condition; and this, we believe, it is which gives to the men, and especially to the women of the country, the look of a prematurely old and over-worked race.—*Mr. Samuel Smiles*.

**JEREMIAH HORROCKS.**—There was lately affixed to the pedestal of the monument of John Conduitt, nephew of Sir Isaac Newton, which is situated at the extreme west end of the north side of the nave of Westminster Abbey, and exactly opposite that of Newton at the extreme east end, a marble scroll, formed between foliage ends, and bearing this inscription:—

"In Memory of

JEREMIAH HORROCKS,

Curate of Hoole, in Lancashire,

Who died on the 3rd of January, 1641, in or near his 22nd year;

Having in so short a life

Detected the long inequality in the mean motion of Jupiter and Saturn;

Discovered the orbit of the Moon to be an ellipse;

Determined the motion of the lunar apse;

Suggested the physical cause of its revolution;

And predicted from his own observations the Transit of Venus,

Which was seen by himself and his friend William Crabtree

On Sunday, the 24th of November (O.S.), 1639;

This Tablet, facing the monument of Newton,

Was raised after the lapse of more than two centuries,

December 9, 1874."

The scroll is an *applique* to Conduitt's sarcophagus. It was purposed to have placed it on the date of the Transit observed by him, of Venus; and, although circumstances caused unavoidable delay, it has been thought fit to retain the intended date of its dedication, November 24th, 1874. December 9th, it will be remembered, was the date of the last Transit. The whole has been carried out under the direction and supervision of the Dean of Westminster, Mr. H. J. S. Smith, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxon, and Mr. A. Cowper Ranyard, secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society. Liverpool people have expressed regret that the fact of his birth in that town is not recorded. This can best be remedied by having some memorial in Liverpool also.

**BISHOP THIRLWALL.**—A black marble slab in memory of Bishop Thirlwall has been laid down in Westminster Abbey. The inscription is as follows:—"Connop Thirlwall, scholar, historian, theologian, for thirty-four years Bishop of St. David's. Born February 11, 1797. Died July 27, 1875. 'Cor sapiens et intelligens ad discernendum judicium.' 'Gwyn ei fydd.'" The Latin text is from 1 Kings iii. 11, 12, "A wise and understanding heart to discern judgment." It is enclosed in a fillet of brass. The three words in Welsh, engraved on a ribbon scroll of brass, are literally, "White is his world," meaning "Blessed is his state."



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE REFUGEES.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

CHAPTER XV.—A DANGEROUS TRUST.

THE year that came was a trying one for the most flourishing province and city of New England, while tea-laden ships that chanced to get the news within sight of American ports, turned quickly homeward, to avoid a sacrifice of their cargo similar to that

made in Boston Harbour. Swift sailing packets brought tidings of wrath and vengeance from the old country. As not a single man of the tea-destroying company could be caught, the British Government determined—perhaps it was natural for a government in such circumstances—to make an example of the rebellious town and province. Did anybody ever find out how it is that bad measures can be got through parliaments so much more quickly than those that are wise and good? In hot

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haste they passed the Port Bill, and rescinded the provincial charter. The former closed the ports of Boston and Charlestown, and thus, at one blow, struck down a commerce which had been the growth of a hundred and fifty years, and was known to send out annually a thousand ships. By the latter measure, all colonial rights were abolished, all public officers dispossessed, and their places filled by men of royal appointment. Nevertheless, Massachusetts kept a good grip of her charter; it was not to be set aside by a parliament sitting in Old St. Stephen's. England's blood rose up before England's face in her colonists, to prove them truly of the same kith and kin. Neither the courts, the town-councils, nor the people would tolerate the crown-appointed men. The old office-bearers might go out, but the new ones dare not come in, so business, law, and justice were brought to a standstill. However, the country people kept things lively in a different way. After the fashion of the Presbyterians of other days, they made a solemn league and covenant—it was not against Popery and prelacy this time, but the importation and use of British goods. The authorities denounced it by proclamations, which were put up in every market-place, and published abroad by criers; but the people tore down the placards, and chased the criers home. The land was preparing for more serious contingencies—every township had its company of volunteer militia; every village resounded with the sounds of fife and drum; popular sports and pastimes were neglected for military drill; and stores of arms and ammunition were said to be accumulated in secret places.

The capital presented a less excited but more singular aspect. General Gage was there in great power and perplexity, with five regiments encamped on the Common and quartered in the State House, and so many ships of war in the harbour that the town looked like a place invested by land and sea. Boston had always been a stronghold of Whigs, it was now become a refuge of Tories also. Finding it neither prudent nor pleasant to remain in districts where they were commonly called enemies of their country, all the royalists of mark crowded in beneath Gage's sheltering wings. The ladies gave spinning parties, an institution of the period in as high ton as our own five o'clock teas; and the gentlemen beset the general with inquiries and requests, suggestions and advices, till the luckless commander declared—it was to his private secretary—that Major Delamere was the only loyal subject in the province who was not the plague of his life!

There were greater evils in the city than those that vexed its military governor. The closing of Boston port had closed many an avenue of industry and earning against trading and working people, and brought distress into many a home. It was true that help came to them from most of the American towns and provinces—the Carolinas shared their rice, and Virginia and Maryland their maize, with the sufferers for the common cause—but much was left for private benevolence to do, and in some instances it was nobly done. Mrs. Stoughton—otherwise Friend Rachel—spent half her time inquiring into the wants of her poor neighbours, and sent Constance, Susanna, and Philip forth on errands of distributing charity. Delamere impoverished himself in relieving the necessity around him, and often employed his daughter's hand when he did not wish his own to be too much seen. "Never ask whether they are

Whigs or Tories, child," was his generous but unnecessary counsel; "it is not people's principles, but their need, we should think of in cases of this kind."

The squire was not improving his fortunes in Boston, but his military reputation had risen high enough to be the envy of many a provincial officer, for General Gage was fortifying Boston Neck, in order to have in his own hand the key of communication between the disloyal city and the mainland, and Delamere had been appointed to superintend an important part of the works. They consequently saw less of him than ever in Harbour Street; but he found time to tell Constance, under the seal of secrecy, one day, what General Gage had told him regarding Captain Devereux, namely, that the captain had arrived safe at New York, and been immediately despatched to England on an important mission, which allowed him no time to write to his friends at the Elms, but he was coming back with one of the regiments that were to bring the American provinces to their senses, and they should hear of him on the banks of the Connecticut.

Constance would rather have heard news of Sydney Archdale; but there was none to be had for many a day, till one evening, as they sat at supper, Jacob Stoughton said to his business partner, "Caleb, dost thou think there is any truth in a report which one told me this afternoon, that friend Archdale's son has got a colonel's commission from the Provincial Congress, and is raising a regiment of militia in his native valley?"

"It may be true, for I have heard the same report;" and Caleb's face took the look of hard self-restraint it always assumed when a subject was disagreeable to him; "and to my mind it manifests much conceit in so young a man to take upon himself such an important office, not to speak of his thereby embroiling the country. Trust me, friend Jacob, he is one of those men whose headstrong forwardness will ruin the American cause."

"He is raising militia in the old home, and he has forgotten me," thought Constance; but she gave no sign of her thoughts by word or look.

"Father," said Susanna, while her pale cheeks flushed, and her soft eyes brightened, "there are men of age and wisdom in the Provincial Congress; dost thou think they would give any man a place of high command except they thought him fit for it?"

"Thou art right, my daughter; they would not," and Jacob smiled on her approvingly, while Caleb laid down his knife and fork and stared at her as if she had talked of the world coming to its end, then took up his weapons again without a word, and at once with great determination.

Except that both were good and dutiful, there was no point of resemblance between those two girls without or within, and yet their young lives were crossed by the same unlucky line; each had fixed her first affections on a man every way worthy, but separated from her by impassable barriers, and each by her natural guardians was destined for another.

The dead-lock in all civil business kept the Stoughtons in Harbour Street many a month beyond the time fixed for their removal. They were anxious to go, as rumours of growing hostility between the people and the government thickened every day. An insurrection was apprehended by all parties, but few imagined it would extend farther than New England, though the Virginia House of Burgesses had ap-

pointed a day of prayer and fasting for the closing of Boston Port, and a congress of delegates from all the American provinces were sitting with closed doors in Philadelphia. No such demonstrations of discontent had been made there as in the north, and the Quaker family hoped to find peace and safety in their native town. Partly by their earnest invitation, and partly because he saw no other arrangement suitable, Delamere agreed that his daughter, Hannah Armstrong, and Philip should go with them. It was hard to send Constance so far out of his sight, it was hard for Constance to leave her father so far behind, but all Delamere's relations had nearly as distant homes. The greater part of them had been estranged by his ultra-Toryism, and its consequences at the Elms. He might have to march anywhere with his regiment; and where could his daughter be so safe, so well cared for, and so much at home as with the kindly Jacob and Rachel and her young companion Susanna?

Though Stoughton was Archdale's friend, he would never encourage Sydney, and though bold enough among his Minute Men in Massachusetts, the young rebel would not dare to show his face among the law-obeying people of Pennsylvania. Besides, he could get leave of absence to see how things went. If the insurrection did burst out it would soon be quelled, then all the provinces should be put under better regulations, with military men to enforce them; and who knew that he might not come to Philadelphia with his regiment, and help to send the delegates about their business?

Jacob Stoughton's affairs were settled at last, and the family prepared to quit the dwelling they had occupied for so many years. The bulk of their goods and chattels was packed in wagons and sent forward in the charge of trusty men, well acquainted with the ways of the wild country through which the greater part of the route from Boston to Philadelphia lay. Their movables of more immediate necessity were to follow with themselves. The journey was a long one, but April days had come to make travelling pleasant. They intended to set out early, but circumstances incidental to the dismantling of a long-established home detained them till the afternoon of the 18th, when Jacob, thinking it imprudent to let the wagons get too far ahead, resolved to begin their travels and push on to Concord, where they would find a good inn at which to rest for the night.

There were no disturbing rumours from the country that day, and everything seemed quiet in the town. The Stoughtons' friends, all but Delamere, had called and taken leave of them with many a good wish and many a kind farewell; everybody was getting ready for departure, and so was Constance, when Philip, who had been out on some needful errands, stole to her room-door and whispered, "Miss Constance, as I came through Blackstone's Alley a gentleman standing close by the garden fence slipped this into my hand," Philip showed a half-dollar, "and said, 'Can you take a message to Miss Delamere, and let nobody hear it but herself?' 'It's my opinion I can, sir,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'tell her a friend of the two Archdales has something particular to say if she will come for a moment and speak with him over the fence here.'"

"What sort of a gentleman was he, Philip?" said Constance, wondering what this strange suggestion could mean.

"About as old as your father, miss, but not so

grand and handsome as the squire looks in his new uniform. He has a grave, good face, though; I shouldn't wonder if he was a minister," said the observant page.

Constance hesitated, but thinking that he must have something particular to say—it might be regarding Sydney—stepped out, and posting Philip at the back-door to watch and give signal of danger, she hastened to the appointed spot. The fence at that part, though substantial, was low, and looking over it was a face that Constance recognised at the first glance as that of Dr. Joseph Warren, a gentleman whom she had often seen visiting at the Plantation, and Sydney had told her that he was the Boston member of the Committee of Correspondence, a secret society whose agents far outstripped the press of those days in circulating political intelligence among the Whig party.

"Miss Delamere," he said, courteously bowing as she came forward, "I trust the time and business will excuse my want of ceremony, even to a lady. One who knows you well and esteems you above all other ladies, has told me of your faithfulness, sense, and courage, as well as your good inclinations to your country's cause. Will you do that cause a signal service?"

"Alas, sir," said Constance, "a woman can serve her country only by her prayers."

"Only! Miss Delamere. Can any greater service be done to cause or country than that of seeking for it the Divine assistance, without which man is nothing? Yet, besides, remember that Deborah the prophetess, and many another woman of whom both history and holy writ keep record, has done for her land and people that which man could not do at the time, and you may follow their example."

"With the help of Providence, I will do so to the best of my ability. What is the thing to be done?" said Constance, for his words had warmed up the patriot blood that was in her.

"It is," said Warren, "to take charge of this letter," and he placed in her hand an ordinary-looking but well-sealed epistle, with the words "From Brother Jonathan," clearly written where the address should have been. "Keep it safe from every eye, and give it to the first person who speaks of Brother Jonathan to you or your friends after you leave Boston, but recollect, in doing so, to find an opportunity or excuse that may ward off observation; and be sure your country will thank you for it yet. Providence be your help and guard. I hear a coming step; farewell." He turned quickly away, and was out of sight before one of Jacob Stoughton's old warehousemen came down the alley.

As Constance re-entered the house, she heard her father's voice requesting a word in private with friend Jacob. The Quaker and he were closeted in the back parlour for a quarter-of-an-hour or so, then Delamere slipped away, and Jacob came out looking rather concerned.

"It behoves us," he said to his family, "not yet to put on our travelling raiment. Friend Delamere has brought me word that the man Gage has closed his barriers and set a watch, not suffering man, woman, or child to pass out of the town. He has promised our friend, nevertheless, that we shall be free to go, but not till two or three hours hence, which will certainly bring the night upon us before we have made much way; yet we shall set forth, trusting in Him to whom the midnight is as the noonday."

It was weary waiting in the empty house, but their minds were occupied with the singular proceedings by which they were detained. What could have been the general's motive for shutting up the town? The men of the family went out in search of news on the subject, but they could get none. Everybody seemed equally taken by surprise, and none could guess the cause of such extraordinary precautions. Almost three hours passed away, and Delamere came at last to say that they might set forward.

The Quaker family lost no time; but when all were ready to start, Jacob gathered them round him in the old family room, now bare and empty; and there, standing in the ancient fashion of his people, he prayed for those that went forth and for those that remained,—that the same all-seeing Eye might watch over them, and the same Providence be their guide. Then Delamere took leave of his friends and his daughter. How hard it seemed for the squire to part with her—as if the shadow of all that was to happen before they met again darkened over his mind for the moment.

Constance kept a good heart, though shadows rarely fall upon the young, and she had Warren's letter to conceal and deliver. The risk and the secret blunted the sorrow; and Delamere would not cast a damp on her spirits, so he tried to look cheerful, mounted his horse, and rode with them over Boston Neck, and past the outermost of General Gage's sentinels, planted on the main road, with orders to turn back every individual who by any chance got out of the town, except themselves.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—THE FIRST BLOODSHED.

A CONSIDERABLE cavalcade they were, that excepted company, and one that would be thought a curious sight if setting forth from the Boston of our day. Caleb Sewell led the van. He was to do guide's duty, having done the commercial travelling of the firm for some years, and being, therefore, best acquainted with the country through which they had to pass. Susanna was seated on a comfortable pillion behind him; she had never been strong enough to learn horse-riding, and Caleb insisted that nobody could take care of her so well as himself. Mrs. Stoughton had been brought up in the country, and was a good horsewoman; she rode her own bay, and kept beside the pair. Jacob had his old acquaintance, Hannah Armstrong, mounted behind him. Constance and Philip rode side by side, as usual. Then came a number of discreet men in Jacob's employment, with sedate servant maids behind them, and bundles at their saddle-bows; and a long train of pack-horses and men who had the charge of them closed the procession.

They had proceeded about a mile after Delamere left them, when the whole party were called to halt by a sentinel pacing up and down in front of a temporary guardhouse on the roadside.

"Friend," said Jacob, "we have been permitted to go on our journey by the man Gage, who commands in Boston."

"That is no business of mine; you must speak to the lieutenant here," said the sentinel; and in his usual frank and soldier-like fashion, out stepped Lieutenant Gray.

He was unacquainted with the Stoughtons, but of course recognised Constance at once; made many kind inquiries, and complimented her on her father's return to the king's service.

"I have not seen the major," he said, "having come here only this morning from my leave of absence in New York, and I can't understand this manoeuvre of General Gage; but my orders are imperative to let no traveller from Boston pass without a written permission from himself."

"That is hard upon us, friend," said Jacob, "for the barriers of the Neck are now closed, and I doubt if they will admit us to the town."

"I doubt it, too," said the lieutenant; and he added in a lower tone, "that old fellow is always bungling; but I'll tell you what I can do. If you will alight and bring the ladies into my room—it is a chill night for them to be stopping here—I will send one of the soldiers with a note to tell Gage all about it, and bring back his written permission if it can be got."

"I thank thee with all my heart, friend," said Jacob; and Constance was supplementing his gratitude, when her attention, as well as that of the whole party, was caught by an unexpected visitant.

On the opposite side of the road, and a little in advance of the guardhouse, there stood a timber cottage, poor but picturesque-looking in the deepening twilight, with the blaze of a bright wood fire flashing from its half-open door. Out of it, as they parleyed there, came a tall, stooping woman, with her head so enveloped in flannel and red cotton handkerchiefs that it looked twice the ordinary size; a stout crutch under her one arm to make up for a remarkably lame leg, while with the other she held, bag-fashion, a check apron full of large dough nuts.

"You're from Boston, I guess, you folks," she said; "can any of you tell me what's become of my brother Jonathan?"

"Where does thy brother Jonathan live, friend?" inquired the cautious Quaker.

"Well, I expect it's in Pilgrim Street"—she spoke with a nasal twang that was matchless even in New England. "You must know him; he's just like myself, a bit troubled with the rheumatics, but there aint such a boy in old Tremont; them Britishers is wantin' to make him a king's officer."

"There's a compliment to the service," said Lieutenant Gray, laughing heartily; the soldiers followed their officer's example, for they had all come out to see the travellers; the Quaker family forgot their accustomed gravity, but the woman seemed nowise abashed by their mirth.

"Take a dough nut," she said, presenting her full apron to one after another; but none of the party, except the lieutenant, availed themselves of the offer till she came to Constance, with an exhortation to pick the biggest, which the squire's daughter seemed to obey; but nobody guessed with what a quaking heart she let the concealed letter slip out of her sleeve into the woman's apron, and covered it with the dough nuts.

"You haven't got no news about my brother, it seems," said the dame, but a glance from under her wrappings told Constance that all was right; and as she hobbled back to the cottage it would have been difficult to persuade one of the on-lookers that the flannels, the crutch, and the female garments disguised a smart lad in the service of Samuel Adams, and one of the most expeditious runners in the province. They did not see him a minute after sally from the back-door, in the dress of a young countryman, leap the garden fence, and scour across the fields with a speed like that of a deer.

That youth's father belonged to the sect of the Old Light Burghers, and had given him the edifying Christian name of Dust-thou-art; but his contemporaries abbreviated it to Dust, by which unassuming title his fame long survived himself in the locality. The cottage in such near neighbourhood to the guard-house was the dwelling of his particular friend, a flax-dresser and a militiaman. It was also the first news-station from Boston. There Dust waited for intelligence, in the character of the flax-dresser's mother-in-law, and came out with the same inquiry regarding his brother Jonathan to all travellers when anything important was expected. It is said that the name thus agreed upon between the Committee Men and their most active agent, to indicate tidings of more than common import, became on that account, first, the sobriquet of the Bostonians, and finally, that of the American people, though some assign to it a different origin, for tradition grows lazy and uncertain in the lapse of a hundred years.

To return to the detained travellers. They were happy to accept the lieutenant's kind offer and await at the guardhouse the return of his messenger to General Gage. The old officer gallantly conducted the ladies to the best seats at his room-fire, found places for the sedate maids, as well as for Jacob and Caleb, who remained as guardians of the fair in his quarters, while the rest of the men allowed their horses to nibble the fresh grass which spring had brought up on the roadside, and held friendly converse with the soldiers by their guardroom-fire, for, being Quakers, they lived at peace with all men—including "Britishers." The lieutenant despatched his note by a soldier who generally kept sober, and promised to make no delay. Then he sat down among his unexpected guests, and beguiled the time by conversing with them about their intended journey. "It will be well for you," he said, "to get over the wild country before the Indian tribes take to the war-path, as I think they soon will. If an outbreak should occur in these provinces it would afford them a first-rate excuse for fighting over their old feuds and plundering settlers and travellers on pretext of taking one side or the other. Not but that they get causes of quarrel enough against the whites. That was an unhappy thing that took place at Cumberland Station, and I doubt we shall hear of sharp reprisals."

"Thou art right, friend," said Jacob; "the inconsiderate injustice of the white man is oftentimes the cause of the red man's merciless wrath. But of what dost thou speak as having happened at Cumberland Station, which I chance to know? A small place of strength, is it not, on the borders of the Mohawk country?"

"The same, sir," said the lieutenant; "and you must understand the garrison there is commanded by an old acquaintance of mine—Major Danby, a capital fellow as ever lived, and has seen a world of service. He is something above sixty now, but married to a New York lady at least thirty years younger than himself; and she thinks no small silver of him either, as you may judge from her going to live in garrison with him there in the wilderness. But, you see, Mrs. Major Danby was a notable woman, mightily given to teaching and training-up the young, and, unfortunately, she had no children to spend her prowess on. The major, being a sensible man, had made good friends of his nearest Indian neighbours—a tribe that were not exactly Mohawks, but a rem-

nant of the old Wampanoag people who once occupied Massachusetts. There was an orphan girl among them, the daughter of a famous chief, and much beloved by the whole tribe. Mrs. Danby undertook to teach her all sorts of manners and accomplishments—I am not sure that she did not intend the girl to be head governess over all the squaws. At any rate, she was allowed to take her home by the old chief, who acted as her guardian—Main-rouge they call him—Red-hand, as we would say—a title the French gave him. He was on their side in the old war, and by your leave, Mr. Stoughton, there was not a more regular limb of Satan in the service."

"I have seen him more than once, and heard of his doings in my travels on the frontiers. Truly he is a bloodthirsty savage," said Jacob.

"Well, he allowed Mrs. Danby to take the child home, and all went well till the young creature committed some breach of discipline. Whether she would not learn the lessons, or would take to some of her wild Indian ways, I don't know," said the lieutenant, "but Mrs. Danby, by way of punishment, locked her up in a back room. Either the girl got frightened at that, or was tired of the fine teaching, for she smashed the window, jumped out, and fled back to her tribe. The way was long, and the poor child lost it, wandered about for days and nights, got torn by brambles and half-drowned in swamps, and reached the Indian village at last so starved with cold and hunger that, in spite of all they could do for her, she sickened and died. The Indians laid the whole blame on Mrs. Danby, for the major had no hand in the business; but they say he has sent off the lady with a suitable escort to Boston, where it seems she has some relations. The route to New York lies too near the Indian country to be ventured on; but, believe me, if they only get scent of the way she has taken, the Wampanoags will be on her trail into the heart of Massachusetts."

"It is, indeed, an unhappy affair," said Jacob, "and one which might have been prevented by more prudence and patience on the white woman's part; and she was bound to exercise both, having undertaken to teach the child of a heathen savage."

The lieutenant concurred in his opinion, and the party sat and talked over that and other matters. They had time enough, for hours elapsed before the messenger returned. General Gage had been at supper with a party of officers, and could scarcely be persuaded to attend to the business at all; but at length the soldier came back with his written permission for the travellers to proceed. They remounted their horses, took a friendly leave of the lieutenant, and set forward once more, in hopes to reach the village of Lexington before the break of day, and rest there at a well-known inn called Buckman's Tavern.

It was long after dark by this time, a fine star-lit night overhung the land; but as the party rode on, its silence was broken by sounds of strange import. They heard drums beaten in every direction; the bells of village churches pealed forth alarms; signal fires flamed up on every height, till the whole horizon seemed in a blaze. They could hear the trampling of horses' hoofs in neighbouring byways, and see the figures of men hurrying across the fields. "The country is alarmed and rising. What can it mean?" said Caleb Sewell.

"I know not," said Jacob; "but let us push on



to Lexington. There, perhaps, we shall hear what has happened, for certainly there are some strange doings in the land this night. The Lord prevent bloodshed."

They did push on as quickly as the darkness and the rough road would allow. The sounds of alarm and the signal fires seemed to spread over all the country. The men whom they chanced to see were either in too great haste or at too great a distance to give them any intelligence; but when they reached Lexington in the grey light of the early morning, they found its inhabitants all astir, and the village green in front of the old meeting-house occupied by a body of armed men.

"What is the cause of this gathering, and the sounds of tumult which we hear on all sides, friend?" said Caleb, as he rode up to one who was piling faggots on a watch-fire hard by.

Constance knew that man's face as the blaze shot up. He was the determined-looking young man who had run Hiram Hardhead out of the door at the Elms on the night of Captain Devereux's unceremonious removal.

"The cause is ole Gage yonder in Boston; he got wind somehow of the store of arms and ammunition our people had laid up in Concord to defend their lives and liberties with; and last night, after shuttin' up the town till no cratur could get out or in, he sent a force of reg'lars across the Cambridge marshes, under cover o' darkness, to destroy the store and take two honest men, Samuel Adams and John Hancock, that he thought to find in their beds at the minister's house here. Howsomer, Providence subverses the schemes o' the wicked. Somebody—we don't know who—got out o' the town with a letter from Joseph Warren. So the runners have been wakin' up the country all night. If the Britishers do get the length o' Concord, they won't get much to play their spite on; and if Colonel Sydney Archdale comes up in time with his militia, they'll find things hotter than they expected in this township."

"I pray thee, friend," said Caleb, "thou and they that are with thee, consider to what issue this affair may come under the conduct of that headstrong youth."

"Ride on, my drab darlin'!" cried the young man—his name was Thaddeus Magrory, and he was known to be of Irish origin. "Ride on and get the women out o' danger, for the Britishers is coming up at your tail, an' I guess you'll like their room better than their company."

"Come, Caleb, persuasion is of no avail here; let us take the Bedford road, though it is somewhat out of our course; Concord is no place for peaceable people to venture on now," said Jacob.

Accordingly they took the Bedford road, which opened on the right-hand side of the green, while that to Concord lay on the left. It led over hill and dale, through a pleasant district of farm and pasture-land, skirted by remnants of the ancient woods. But the Quaker company had made little way when on the ridge of its first rising-ground they paused with one consent, and turned to look and listen. The sun was mounting above the eastern heights, the birds were singing his welcome in the woods, and the breath of spring flowers went up from the meadowlands like incense to the brightness of his rising; but on the earth below there was a sound like the steady tramp of marching men, and arms and helmets flashed in the kindling day. It was the

secret expedition entering the village, its advance led by Major Pitcairn with his marines. The travellers were too far off to hear the high-handed old officer summon the militiamen, by the style and title of rebels and villains, to lay down their arms, but they heard the sharp report of his pistol which followed, and then a volley of musketry. They saw the regulars rush on and the provincials give way, far outnumbered for the time. The country around them rang with a long, loud British cheer, followed by a din of dropping shots and shouting voices, and the simplest there knew that the long-threatened war of brothers had begun.

"Oh, Lord!" said Jacob, as he bowed his head over his clasped hands, "have mercy on this unhappy land, and stay the effusion of blood!"

But Caleb looked towards the scene of action, now hidden by rolling smoke-wreaths. The impulse of the hour had raised the methodical young merchant above the level of his daily life; for there was a higher spirit in him, one that could have done the patriot's, or, if need were, the martyr's, part, for faith or freedom's sake, as with uplifted eyes and hands he said, "Oh, Lord, since thou hast permitted the sword to be drawn in this land, stand by the cause which thou knowest to be righteous, and let not tyranny and kingcraft prevail upon the earth," and the company with one voice responded, "Amen."

The well-head of a great river gives little token of the mighty flow with which it will meet the ocean, and so it is with the springs of the world's greatest changes. The military men who were engaged in that action spoke of it as a mere skirmish; and such in their parlance it was; but which of them ever guessed or dreamt of its mighty issues? The history of a republic more free and powerful than that of ancient Rome; the thunders that shook down thrones in the French Revolution, and woke the bondsmen of Europe from their slumbers in the *débris* of the feudal times; hopes that yet speak to the toiling thousands of better things than were ever known to them or their fathers in the old world or the new,—all had their birth-time in that sweet spring morning when the first shot in the War of American Independence was fired, and the first blood shed, on the village green of Lexington.

## SOME PECULIARITIES OF EDINBURGH LIFE,

AS OBSERVED BY A SOUTHERNER.

I.

**D**URING a brief residence in the Scotch metropolis some striking peculiarities attracted attention. Most of the characteristics there noted are excellencies, and concur with the general testimony of strangers—that Edinburgh is a specially pleasant place to live in.

The Edinburgh houses are solidly built and well-planned for ventilation, drainage, and internal convenience. Some of these are divided into "Flats," each of which has an entrance door of its own, though often up several flights of common stairs.

We wanted a furnished "flat," and after much search fixed on one which was up no more than fifty stairs of a clean and well-lighted staircase, used only

by one other family. At the top of the house there was a mechanical arrangement to open the front-door without descending; and the postman and other imperative callers stood below and bawled out "Post" or "Caller haddie." There was a good kitchen in the "flat," at the top of the house. In this lofty kitchen a large wooden bunker for coals was placed, holding not more than one ton, which had to be dragged up the lofty stairs. There was also what was called a "dust-bucket," to hold the refuse of the kitchen, which our good Scotch servant carried down every night and set down in the street gutter. In the early morning carts went round and emptied all these "buckets." Often, when we came in late at night, we saw old men or women crouching over the "dust-bucket," and picking out what they could use.

At first we made sad bungles at the front-door. After ringing the bell and waiting, the door would open and we slowly prepare to enter, when it would slam to and shut us out. Sometimes one of the party would enter, and the rest forget to hold the door open, and so be shut out. A good laugh and a fresh ring soon moved the door on its hinges again, and carefully keeping it from closing, we all passed.

Ours was a double "flat," with a stair to the bedroom landing, and we had a capital skylight above our hall. It proved a snug and roomy lodging at moderate cost. Thanks to our own experienced servant and a Scotch girl, who rose early, worked well, and was quite obliging, we were as much at home as in our own southern house.

One of our first wants was a porter to heave our very considerable luggage up the awful fifty stairs. In Edinburgh these "porters" stand at the chief street corners. They are generally elderly men, though of great strength, with a badge and a cord or strap over their shoulders, ready to fetch and carry anything for anybody. These regularly licensed porters walk to and fro on the watch for employment. They have a light truck within reach. Always keeping the same station day after day, they seem to know all the resident families.

Speaking of the streets, another practical aid is that a post-office is very easily found at night, since the lamp nearest to it is always coloured red. It is curious, in looking along the fine vistas of gaslights, for which by night Edinburgh is famous, to detect at once the red gleam which directs you where to deposit your letter in safety.

Mindful of the close and stuffy cabs which stand on hire in London, and of the heavy fares and discontented drivers, we were surprised at the light, clean, and elegant carriages on the Edinburgh stands, either open or close. After a drive in one of these, it is pleasant to be thanked by the driver for a fare about half what a London jarvie would have wrang out of you.

If you change a crisp, clean, silky-looking English bank-note at the bank or at a shop, you vainly expect certain solid, yellow, clearly-stamped English sovereigns. Instead of these, you have a handful of dingy paper thrust into your hand, which in disgust you almost refuse to accept; but you find that you are holding several one-pound notes, which are the common currency in Scotland. They are issued not by one national bank, as with us notes usually are, but by a variety of banks in town and country. You can hardly mistake in counting a number of sovereigns, and if you are uncertain, their value may

be told by weighing them in a lump. You must be very careful, however, in counting Scotch notes, as they have a knack of sticking together, so that even the bank clerks count them through several times before they let a sheaf of them go. It is wonderful they wear as they do, for they look as flimsy as American greenbacks.

On entering the Scotch law-courts, one is generally reminded of those at home—save in one marked improvement. Most people know the irreverent and slovenly way in which the oath is administered to English witnesses. The witness hurries into the box, and while judge and jury and the spectators are chatting and rustling in a pause of the business, the clerk of the court hands him a small Bible, which he holds in his right hand. The officer then recites his mumbled formula, "The evidence you shall give to the court and jury, touching the matter in question, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help you, God!" The witness, without uttering a word, ducks his head and puts his lips to the Bible cover—unless he is cunning and ignorant enough to evade the ceremony by kissing his thumb. Now in Scotch courts the procedure is far more dignified and impressive. When the witness appears, the judge himself rises from his seat, and raising high his right hand, looks fixedly on the offerer of evidence, who, as instructed, also raises high his arms, and looks the judge in the face. The judge then, amid general silence, calls the witness to say aloud after him, "I swear by Almighty God to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" No paltry symbol is added to the simple solemnity of this declaration, which appears likely to be far more binding on the conscience of him who makes it before the judge and in the silence of the crowded court.

A feature of Scotch trials, which appears to be of more doubtful influence, is the verdict "Not proven." This midway verdict may terminate a dubious case more speedily, and may often open an escape when evidence is not sufficient. Still, when a jury dreads the responsibility or difficulty of a decision, it will be tempted to glide into this easy neutral judgment, and the really innocent are only half acquitted, which is the same as nominally acquitted, but morally condemned.

The deep boom of the one o'clock gun from the Castle, which occurs every day in Edinburgh, is a startling reminder of the flight of time, and the need of punctuality. It is amusing to see every one in Princes Street consulting his or her time-keeper, and correcting any loss or gain. It is particularly interesting to climb beforehand to a point like Salisbury Cross, where the Castle and Carlton Hill are both visible. On the latter hill is the electric ball which slides down its staff exactly at one o'clock, and then from the Castle leaps forth a sudden flame, and slowly after comes the report.

Our children required to continue their education, and we soon found that in this article Edinburgh has the highest advantage. Besides large and splendid endowed schools for the poor, there are admirable schools for boys and girls of a higher class. Elder girls as well as boys have classes to themselves, so that they can pursue advanced courses of learning. These are not boarding-schools, and no notice whatever is required on taking a child away. The fees are very moderate, and are paid in advance, which is an excellent system for all parties. There are no

bills to send in, and no arrears or disputes. Of the famed University, the Museums, and other educational advantages, space does not allow me to speak. There are also constant opportunities of hearing first-rate music, and also lecturers and speakers, at the Philosophical Institution and other places.

We were invited to one of the first houses in Edinburgh on Hallowe'en night, and among other amusements the party tried their skill in "ducking for apples." Instead, however, of the ancient mode of trying to seize a rosy apple floating in water with your mouth, and thus splashing yourself and others, a fork was employed. According to age, the youngest coming first, each child or person stood on a chair with fork in hand poised over a bucket of water, in which swam the golden, large American apples.

The apples are gently put in motion round the bucket, and the fork let fall from above. It has hit one, but glanced off, and the little aimer is disappointed. Presently it dashes through the skin, and the apple turns round, with the heavy fork hanging below it in the water. The apples belong to the striker, and as the youngest and then the elders and even grey-headed sires fail or win, the mirth is kept up on the weird night of Hallowe'en.

It is pleasant to walk the quiet streets on Sunday. Scarcely a cab stands for hire, though they may be had for invalids, etc., at double fare. The tramway horses and drivers get their seventh day rest, and the railway whistle is hushed.

We were in town on the Fast Day—a day formerly observed with great strictness. Still, the members of Presbyterian churches assemble, in preparation for the Communion, twice a year; but to the general public it is a holiday, and I regret to say there was much drunkenness in the streets that day.

If you enter any of the churches, the first thing you will notice will be several large metal basins placed in the porch, with grave elders standing as guardians behind them. You hear some coin rattle in the basin, which reminds you that the Scotch collection is made before the service instead of after it, and every week. You fumble for a piece of money, and you observe that it seems by no means a very rich collection, as the proportion of halfpence is considerable. However, almost every one gives something—this is, after all, but a supplementary collection, as there are many subscriptions of other sorts. Possibly you may be edified before service commences by the precentor reading long lists of banns of marriage, and other notices. You will note the general absence of organ or instrument, and the precentor in his high desk, with his choir about him below the pulpit. It will strike you that the psalms are very uncouth in their rhythm, and that the people keep their seats in singing, but rise to pray. The service will be plain reading of Scripture; no liturgy or form of prayer; and a sermon, often pretty long, sometimes dry and doctrinal, but also often in a very high and impressive style of thought and of rhetoric.

Religious topics occupy an unusually large place both in public and private life in Edinburgh. These topics are not so much of a Christian and spiritual as of an ecclesiastical and external kind. There is not much difference in Scotland as to matters of doctrine and the essentials of religion; yet the divisions on points of Church government and order are strong, and to a stranger sometimes perplexing. Episcopalians, Independents, Baptists, Methodists,

and other denominations, form only a small proportion of the whole community, the bulk of the people belonging to the three great sections of Presbyterians, the Established Church, the Free Church, and the United Presbyterians—the latter formed from a reunion of various seceders from the Kirk. Residuaries, Free, and U. Ps. are the colloquial names of these three bodies, on the principles of which, and on the merits of particular ministers, much local conversation turns.

Underneath this outward form there is, however, a deep sense of true religion, pervading social and domestic life. To give a recent illustration of this, Edinburgh was the first city to lend to the American evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, a world-wide reputation, and nowhere were their efforts more warmly approved and aided, not by ministers only, but laymen of all classes and denominations.

One of the most interesting meetings we attended referred to an institution of which Edinburgh may well be proud—the Medical Missionary Dispensary. There is a dispensary open in the Cowgate for the relief of disease, managed by some of the leading medical men, clergy, and gentlemen of the city. The effort is to combine religious healing with medical. Kind ladies come and read suitable books, as well as the Bible, to the patients as they wait for attention.

The students admitted there are learning to combine medical skill with missionary work. In Edinburgh they connect with their visits and physical inquiries suitable inquiries as to the religious condition and welfare of those who seek their help. After this training they go forth under the patronage of a society as medical missionaries of the Cross to foreign lands, as to China, India, Japan, Africa, Syria, and other parts. Some of these men have been singularly useful in both departments of labour.\*

There are few cities so haunted with ghosts of those who once played a distinguished part in chivalry, statesmanship, war, letters, and religion as Edinburgh. The well-read person cannot fail to meet such glorious and touching reminiscences at every turn—often statues embody them.

Among the things Edinburgh possesses in special distinction is one which a friend told me fairly silenced a rather boastful and talkative American. He had been showing this gentleman all the lions of the place, but of every scene or building the American would look away, saying, "Ah, you should see this or that in my country—I guess you would be rather surprised." At last my friend was a little weary and nettled, and he tartly said, "Well, Mr. —, I shall show you no more—it is not worth while; there is nothing to interest you." They were then passing the Greyfriars' Churchyard, and walking in, he led the American right before the solemn graves of the old Covenanting martyrs. He stood and looked, and read the inscriptions all from top to bottom. Then he took off his hat and silently read them over again, and turned to his companion with glistering eyes, and with a sigh of emotion he said, "Ah, sir, there is something grand, indeed; and we have nothing like that in our country."

\* As a memorial of the great African explorer and philanthropist, David Livingstone, a college or institution for the special training of medical missionaries is now being founded. Contributions in aid of this object are invited, and no nobler or more practical form of Christian beneficence could be devised. Contributions may be sent to the Rev. John Lowe, Superintendent, 56, George Square; or, to Dr. Omond, Treasurer of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society.





*From the Painting by C. Baxter.*

**ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.**



## EARLY CIVILISATION.

BY GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY, OXFORD, AND CANON OF CANTERBURY.

## IV.—PHœNICIA.

ONE of the earliest Oriental civilisations was that of Phœnicia. Philo of Byblos, a Syro-Phœnician Greek, who wrote in the early part of the second century after Christ, and professed to present his countrymen with a translation of an old Phœnician history composed by a native priest, called Sanchoniathon, claimed for Phœnicia a precedence over every other known nation in respect of science, art, and civilisation generally. According to him, Thoth (Taautus), the Egyptian god of learning, whom the Greeks identified with Mercury, was a Phœnician, who had instructed the Egyptians in theology. Osiris had come from Egypt to Phœnicia, and having there studied and been initiated into the native mysteries, had carried back to his own countrymen the knowledge of letters, and invented the threefold system of Egyptian writing. Kronos, a Phœnician king, had introduced civilisation into Greece, and established Athenê there as queen of Attica. This same monarch was the progenitor of the Jewish nation through his only son, Jeoud. Civilisation in all its branches had originated in Phœnicia. Here masonry, agriculture, fishing, navigation, astronomy, music, metallurgy had been discovered and first practised. From Phœnicia the stream of knowledge had flowed out to other countries, which had all derived from this source their art and science, their writing and literature, their religion and theosophy.

The claims of Philo-Byblius, or Sanchoniathon, whichever was the real author of the work in question, which is largely quoted by Eusebius, most certainly exceed the truth. As Mr. Kenrick well observes, "If it be safe to pronounce in any case on priority of knowledge and civilisation, it is in awarding to Egypt precedence over Phœnicia."\* But still, though Phœnician authors might exaggerate the antiquity and early civilisation of their country, they must undoubtedly have had a basis of truth to rest upon. It would have been ridiculous to claim priority over all other races and nations, unless in general repute their antiquity was regarded as considerable. We can entertain no reasonable doubt that they were among the nations whose origin went back the furthest, and who might thus be considered entitled to compete for the prize of antiquity without putting forward a wholly absurd pretension.

And the conclusion which we should thus draw from the claim set up in the work ascribed to Sanchoniathon is borne out by various other considerations. In the earliest Greek literature—the Homeric poems—whose date we cannot bring ourselves to place later than about B.C. 1000, the Phœnicians are already regarded as among the great nations of the earth, and the most advanced in art and civilisation. "It is to this people," says Mr. Gladstone,† "that we must look as the esta-

lished merchants, hardiest navigators, and furthest explorers of those days. To them alone, as a body, in the whole Homeric world of flesh and blood, does Homer give the distinctive epithet of 'ship-renowned.' He accords it, indeed, to the airy Phœacians; but in all probability that element of their character is borrowed from the Phœnicians; and, if so, the reason of the derivation can only be that the Phœnicians were for that age the type of a nautical people. To them only does he assign the epithets, which belong to the knavery of trade, *polytropoi* and *tróktai*. When we hear of their ships in Egypt or in Greece, the circumstance is mentioned as if their coming was in the usual course of their commercial operations." The Mediterranean of Homer's time, and of the still earlier age which he strives to depict, is, in fact, a "Phœnician lake." The Phœnicians have settlements in various parts of it, and trade with all the countries whose shores it washes. No other nation interferes with them, or even seeks to share in their profits. They are the established carriers between land and land, and supply to each the foreign commodities that it requires.

This early nautical skill and addiction to commerce is celebrated by the historians no less than by the poets. Herodotus, who places the Trojan War\* about B.C. 1250, represents the Phœnicians as trading with Argos several generations earlier, and as then offering for sale on the shores of the Peloponnese the wares of Egypt and Assyria.† At a date at least as remote he regards the Phœnicians as slave-dealers who kidnapped defenceless persons in the countries to which they had access, and sold them to the dwellers in other Mediterranean regions.‡ The Jewish historians assign to Sidon a very remote antiquity,§ and attest the great maritime knowledge and naval skill of the Phœnicians at the time when their own people first developed a tendency to commercial speculation.|| This, however, was not till about B.C. 1000, a date long subsequent to the times of which Homer and Herodotus bear witness.

Besides their pre-eminence in nautical matters, the Phœnicians were also in these early ages proficient in various elegant and ornamental arts. In Phœnicia were produced, according to Homer, the noblest works of metallic skill, and the choicest specimens of embroidery. The prize assigned by Achilles for the foot-race at the funeral of Patroclus was,¶

"A bowl of solid silver, deftly wrought,  
That held six measures, and in beauty far

\* See the "Vita Homeri," sec. 33; and compare the "History," ii. 145.

† Herod. i. 1.

‡ Ibid. ii. 64.

§ See Gen. x. 15, where Sidon is made the firstborn of Canaan; and compare the mention of "great Sidon" in Joshua (xi. 8).

|| 1 Kings ix. 27, viii. 18.

¶ Hom. "Il." xxiii. 741—744.

\* See Kenrick's "Phœnicia," p. 286.

† "Homer, and the Homeric Age," vol. i. p. 220.

Surpassed whatever else the world could boast;  
 Since men of Sidon, skilled in glyptic art,  
 Had made it, and Phœnician mariners  
 Had brought it with them over the dark sea."

The choicest gift that Menelaüs could offer to Telemachus when he took his departure from his Court is described as follows:—\*

"Of all the chattels that my house contains,  
 The noblest and most beautiful, a bowl  
 Wrought deftly, all of silver, but with lips  
 Gold-sprinkled, by Hephestus shaped and framed,  
 Which Phœdimus once gave me, Sidon's king."

When Hecuba was anxious to conciliate Athené by a costly and precious offering, she went to her wardrobe, and selected from the many vestments there in store, which were all of them

"The cunning work of Sidon's well-skilled dames,"†  
 one of special and extraordinary beauty,

"Fairest of all  
 In its rich broiery, and amplest too;  
 Which blazed as 'twere a star, and lowest lay  
 Of all the garments."‡

Of a very similar character were the artistic works which Hiram, the Phœnician artificer, lent by the King of Tyre to Solomon, constructed at Jerusalem for the ornamentation of the Temple. Hiram was "skilful to work in gold, and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone, and in timber, in purple, in blue, and in fine linen (white?), and in crimson; also to grave any manner of graving."§ He cast for Solomon, "in the plain of Jordan, in the clay ground between Succoth and Zarthan,"|| the two great bronze pillars, called Jachin and Boaz, each of them twenty-seven feet high, and with capitals five and a half feet high,¶ which stood before the Temple on either side of the porch, adorned with pomegranates and "nets of checker work and wreaths of chain work,"\*\* real marvels of glyptic skill! He made, moreover, a "molten sea,"†† or great bronze laver, supported on twelve oxen, of the same material, together with ten movable lavers, that went on wheels, and were ornamented with lions, oxen, and cherubim.‡‡ The lesser vessels and implements used in the service, "the pots, the shovels, and the basons," are likewise expressly said to have been his work.§§ We may reasonably conclude that he had also the general superintendence of the internal decoration of the Temple, the carving of cedar and fir and olive, and the covering of the carved work with gold, as well as the incrustation of the woodwork in places with marbles and precious stones.¶¶ Whether we are to attribute to him, or to others his compatriots, the entire series of Solomon's works—the house of the forest of Lebanon,¶¶ with

its "four rows of cedar pillars and cedar beams upon the pillars," the throne of judgment, carved in ivory and overlaid with the purest gold, guarded by lions upon its six steps,\* and the "porch for the throne where he might judge"†—is, perhaps, doubtful; but the predominant judgment of the best critics appears to be that in all these and other works of the time we have, if not Phœnician workmanship, at any rate Phœnician influence.‡ The general preference of wood to stone for building, and especially of cedar; the ornamentation by pomegranates and gourds and palms and lilies, Syrian products; the use of isolated pillars, etc., all point to Phœnicia, rather than to Egypt or Assyria, as the country which furnished the great Jewish monarch with his models, and supplied the "motives" or ideas of his various works and constructions.

The exact character and degree of excellency of the architecture and glyptic or plastic art which the Phœnicians practised is, to some extent, open to question. The works of art still in existence, which can be ascribed with even a fair degree of probability to the Phœnicians, are scanty in the extreme; and even if they were more numerous, we should still be scarcely justified in drawing any positive conclusions from data that are so uncertain. A few rock tombs of doubtful antiquity, and a single sarcophagus of an Egyptian type,§ constitute pretty nearly all the remains that the country itself has hitherto furnished; and upon these it is evidently not safe to build any definite theory. If we might accept confidently the view of Mr. Layard,|| that the entire series of embossed and engraved vessels which he discovered at Nimrud are "the work of Phœnician artists, brought expressly from Tyre, or carried away amongst the captives when their cities were taken by the Assyrians," we should have perhaps sufficient grounds for forming a judgment. The dishes, plates, bowls, and cups in question are in excellent taste, elegant in shape, delicately and chastely ornamented with fanciful designs representing conventional forms, or sometimes men and animals, and skilfully embossed by a process which is still employed by modern silversmiths.¶ Their positive attribution to Phœnicia would justify the highest estimate that has ever yet been formed of Phœnician artistic power and skill in metallurgy. But it must not be forgotten or concealed that it is conjecture only which assigns them to Phœnicia, and that there is perhaps equal reason for regarding them as the work of native Assyrians.\*\*

Besides navigation, architecture, metallurgy, and embroidery, the Phœnicians excelled also at a very early date in the manufacture of glass, in dyeing, and perhaps in music. The Romans of imperial times believed that the honour of actually inventing glass belonged to the Phœnician city of Sidon;†† and though in this they were probably mistaken, since glass was known in Egypt as early as the Pyramid period,‡‡ yet there can be no doubt that the Sidonians produced glass at a remote date, and were proficient

\* Hom. "Od." iv. 614–618.

† Hom. "Il." vi. 239.

‡ Ibid. 202–5.

§ See 2 Chron. ii. 14.

|| 1 Kings vii. 46. Compare the "Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund" for January, 1875, p. 81.

¶ 1 Kings vii. 15, 16.

\*\* Ibid. verse 17.

†† Ibid. verse 23.

‡‡ Ibid. verse 27–30.

§§ Ibid. verse 45. Compare 2 Chron. iv. 16, where we are told "The pots also, and the shovels, and the fleshhooks, and all their instruments, and Hiram make to King Solomon for the house of the Lord of bright brass."

¶¶ See 1 Chron. xxix. 2, and 2 Chron. iii. 6.

¶¶ 1 Kings vii. 2.

\* Ibid. x. 18–20; 2 Chron. ix. 17–19.

† 1 Kings vii. 7.

‡ See Kenrick, "Phœnicia," pp. 251–3.

§ On the sarcophagus of Eshmunazar, see the article on Sidon in Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," vol. iii. p. 1850.

|| "Nineveh and Babylon," p. 102.

¶ Ibid. p. 193, note.

\*\* See the author's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. i. pp. 459, 460; first edition.

†† See Plin. "H. N." xxxvi. 65.

‡‡ Rawlinson's "Herodotus," vol. ii. p. 291, second edition; Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians," vol. iii. p. 83.

in its manufacture. "They knew the effect of an addition of manganese to the grit of sand and soda in making the glass clearer. They used the blowpipe, the lathe, and the graver, and cast mirrors of glass. They must also have been acquainted with the art of imitating precious stones, and colouring glass by means of metallic oxides. The 'pillar of emerald,' which Herodotus speaks of (ii., 44) in the Temple of Hercules at Tyre, 'shining brightly in the night,' can hardly have been anything else than a hollow cylinder of green glass, in which, as at Gades, a lamp burnt perpetually."\* What was the amount of excellence whereto they attained is uncertain; but the fame of the Sidonian glass in early times would seem to imply that they surpassed the artists of both Assyria† and Egypt.

The art of dyeing textile fabrics with the juice of the *murex trunculus* and *buccinum lapillus*‡ is notoriously one which the Phœnicians carried to a high pitch of perfection; and "Tyrian purple" was everywhere regarded as the most beautiful of all known hues. Various tints were produced by different modes of manipulating the dye, which, according to the process used, made the fabric whereto it was applied scarlet, bright crimson, purple, or even blue. The "crimson and purple and blue," in which Hiram was skilful to work (2 Chron. ii. 14), were probably all produced by the native dyers from the shellfish in question. So peculiarly Phœnician was the manufacture considered, that the ordinary colour resulting from the dye received the name of *phœnix* or *phœniceos* (Lat., *punicus*), i.e., "the Phœnician colour." Metallic and vegetable agents were, no doubt, also employed; but the use of the shellfish predominated, and alone conferred on the Phœnician dyers their great reputation.

The Phœnicians of Sidon were declared by their native historian§ to have invented music. As the invention belongs to antediluvian times (Gen. iv., 21), this claim must of course be disallowed; but the musical taste of the people is sufficiently indicated by the fact that they gave their name to instruments, which the Greeks received from them and retained in use for centuries. A particular kind of lyre or cithern was known, at least as early as the time of Herodotus,|| by the name of *phœnix*. It was usually enclosed by the two horns of an oryx, or large antelope, which were probably joined near their upper ends by a transverse bar of wood, from which the strings were carried to the bottom. Another instrument was known as the *lyro-phœnix* or *lyro-phœnikion*,¶ which differed probably from the *phœnix* by having at its base the shell of a tortoise, or some other hollow contrivance, intended to act as a sounding board. It is not unlikely that the scientific cultivation of music among the Jews, which belongs especially to the time of David and Solomon,\*\* was a result of the close and friendly intercourse which then existed between the court of Jerusalem and that of Tyre.††

But the great glory of the Phœnicians, and the plainest mark of their early civilisation, is their invention of alphabetic writing. Other nations—notably the Egyptians and Babylonians—had anticipated them in the invention of a method whereby articulate sounds were represented to the eye by forms and figures. But the systems which these nations introduced and employed were not alphabetic; they were cumbrous and complicated, unsuited for ordinary or extensive use, and such as to require for their mastery a special and almost professional training.\* Both employed a large number of *ideographs*, or signs of ideas; both used numerous *determinatives*;† both had a redundancy of signs for one and the same sound; both employed certain signs sometimes in one, sometimes in another manner.‡ In one respect the Babylonian and Egyptian methods differed, and the latter approached to the verge of being an alphabetic system. The Babylonian characters did not represent the elementary sounds of human articulation,§ but stood for complete syllables, for a consonant with a vowel, before or after, or for the combination of two consonants with a vowel between them; the Egyptians proceeded beyond this; they went so far as to decompose the syllable, and possessed signs which were "letters" in the exact modern sense. But they never wrote with these signs exclusively. Their system was from first to last a jumble, in which symbolic and determinative signs were mixed up with phonetic ones, and in which the phonetic ones were of two classes, alphabetic and syllabic, in which, moreover, the ideographic signs might take an accidental phonetic value at the commencement of certain words, and the alphabetic and syllabic characters might also be employed ideographically. It was left for the Phœnicians to seize on the one feature of Egyptian writing, which was capable of universal application, to disentangle it from the confused jumble of heterogeneous principles with which it was bound up, and to form a system of writing in which there should be no intermixture of any other method. To do this was to take a step in advance greater than any which had been previously taken; it was, as has been well said, "to consummate the union of the written and spoken word, to emancipate once for all the spirit of man from the swaddling clothes of primitive symbolism, and to allow it at length to have its full and free development, by giving it an instrument worthy of it, perfect in respect of clearness, of elasticity, and of convenience for use."||

The complicated and cumbrous systems of the Babylonians and Egyptians could never have become general or have been of any great use to mankind. The method adopted by the Phœnicians rapidly proved its excellence by showing itself fruitful and

\* Kenrick, "Phœnicia," p. 249.

† On Assyrian glass, see Layard, "Nineveh and Babylon," pp. 104-7, and the remarks of Sir D. Brewster in the same work, pp. 674-6.

‡ This subject is well treated by Mr. Kenrick ("Phœnicia," pp. 238-247, and 265-269).

§ Saichoniaton, ed. Orelli, p. 82.

|| Herod. iv. 192.

¶ The lyro-phœnix (λυροφœνιξ) is mentioned by Athenæus ("Deipnosoph." 175 D., 183 D.); the lyro-phœnikion (λυροφœνικιον) by Pollux ("Onomast." iv. 50).

\*\* See "Dictionary of the Bible," ad. voc. "Music," vol. ii. p. 443, col. 1.

†† See 2 Sam. v. 11; 1 Kings v. 1-18, ix. 11-27; 1 Chron. xxii. 4; 2 Chron. ii. 3-16, viii. 18, ix. 21.

\* M. Lenormant well observes, with respect to the Egyptian writing—"Elle constitue sans contredit le plus perfectionné des systèmes d'écriture primitifs qui commencèrent par le pur idéogramme, mais combien ce système est encore grossier, confus, et imparfait! Que d'obscurités et d'incertitudes dans la lecture! Que de chances de confusions et d'erreurs, dont une étude très-prolongée et une grande pratique pouvaient seules préserver! Quelle extrême complication." (*Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne*, vol. iii., p. 100.) And he concludes that a system of writing so complicated, the mastery of which required so long an apprenticeship, could not be very widely spread among the mass of the people, but must have been the almost exclusive possession of professional scribes, who formed a class apart from the rest of the nation.

† *Determinatives* are signs prefixed to a word, or added after it, in order to show what kind of word it is; whether, for instance, it is the name of a god, of a man, of a place, of a month, of a metal, etc. For their use in Egyptian, see Lepsius's "Alphabet Hieroglyphique," Planches, A., Nos. 5 and 6. For their use in Babylonian and Assyrian, see Oppert's "Expedition Scientifique en Mésopotamie," vol. ii. pp. 28-32.

‡ That is, sometimes phonetically, sometimes ideographically.

§ If there is an exception, it is in the case of the vowels, which, being syllables, had signs assigned to them.

|| Lenormant, "Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne," vol. iii. p. 110.

overspreading the earth. It is one of the chief marks of genius to see to the roots of things, to discern the one in the many, and to grasp the *simple* principle, which is alone of universal applicability. This mark of genius the Phœnicians showed. The form of writing, which, according to a universal tradition,\* was invented by them, possessed the quality of simplicity in perfection, and was no sooner discovered than it began to spread. Adopted readily by the neighbouring nations, it was soon carried far and wide over the Asiatic continent, and under slightly modified forms is found to have been in use from the shores of the Indian Ocean to those of the Euxine, and from the Ægean to the remotest parts of Hindostan. Nor was it content with these conquests. It crossed the sea which separates Asia from Europe, was carried to Crete, to Thera, to Greece, to Sicily, to Italy, and to Spain. It also made a lodgment on the African sea-board, and ere many centuries were gone by prevailed from the borders of Egypt to the Atlantic Ocean. Accepted by the two greatest peoples of antiquity—the Greeks and Romans—it passed from them to the nations of Northern Europe, and has thus become the system of almost the whole civilised world.

Such then was the character of Phœnician civilisation. With regard to its date, we are not aware that in modern times any very remote antiquity has been claimed for it. The writers who exalt beyond all reasonable measure the antiquity of Egypt are content with a very moderate estimate for that of the Phœnicians. No traces of the Phœnician cities are found in the early Egyptian monuments, which give in great detail the geography of Syria,† and it is thought likely that the people itself did not settle on the coast of the Mediterranean, or even reach Syria, until about B.C. 2400 or 2300.‡ A native tradition, reported by Herodotus,§ assigned the building of the great Temple of Hercules (Melkarth) at Tyre, which was probably coeval with the city,|| to about B.C. 2750, or from three to four centuries earlier. But it is urged that this estimate was one based on generations,¶ and that therefore it is not to be depended on. It should also be noted that authorities of considerable weight contradict the statement made to Herodotus. Josephus, for instance, says that Tyre was founded two hundred and forty years only before the building of Solomon's Temple,\*\* which would make the date of the settlement (according to the commonly received chronology) B.C. 1252. Again, Justin, or rather Trogus Pompeius, whom he copied, lays it down that the year of the foundation was that which immediately preceded the year of the capture of Troy,†† which he probably placed about B.C. 1200.‡‡ Tyre, however, was certainly built before the entrance of the Israelites into Canaan under Joshua, since it is spoken of as a well-known place in the important work which bears Joshua's name §§—

\* Plin. "H. N." v. 12; Mela. l. 12; Diod. Sic. v. 24; Tacit. "Ann." xi. 14; Lucan. "Pharsalia," iii. 220, 221; Clem. Alex. "Strom." l. 16; etc.

† See Lenormant, "Manuel," vol. iii. p. 9.

‡ Ibid. p. 11.

§ Herod. ii. 44.

|| So said the Tyrians themselves—"Ἐφεσσαν ἔμα Τύρον οἰκομένην καὶ τοῖς Ἰσραὴλ τοῦ Θεοῦ Ἰσχυρόναι." ("Herod." l. s. c.)

¶ Lenormant, "Manuel," vol. iii. p. 9.

\*\* Ant. Jud. viii. 3.

†† Justin. xviii. 3: "Post multos annos Sidonii naves appulsi Tyron urbem ante annum Trojane cladis condiderunt."

‡‡ The date of Eratosthenes was B.C. 1184; that of Castor and the Parian marble, B.C. 1200; that of Herodotus and Thucydides, B.C. 1250.

§§ Josh. xix. 29: "And then the coast turneth to Ramah, and to the strong city, Tyre."

the "Domesday Book," as it has been called, of the Hebrew nation. That entrance can scarcely be dated later than B.C. 1400,\* so that Tyre must certainly have existed in the fifteenth century before our era. As Sidon was, according to all accounts, considerably more ancient than Tyre, we must allow at least another century for the period of Sidonian preponderance—an estimate which will make the old Phœnician capital date from at least B.C. 1550-1500.

We do not think there are any sufficient grounds for throwing back the *origines* of the Phœnicians, or, at any rate, of Phœnician civilisation, to a time anterior to this. All the necessities of the case are met by such a date as B.C. 1550. The Phœnician civilisation represented by Homer *must* have existed prior to B.C. 1000, and is imagined by the poet to have been as he represents it, two or three centuries earlier. The Jewish records do not exhibit the civilisation in detail until the eleventh century B.C.; nor does the use of the phrase "Great Zidon" in Joshua,† if we regard civilisation as implied in it, carry back the flourishing condition of the nation much beyond B.C. 1400. The monuments of Egypt furnish, we believe, no evidence of Phœnician art or commerce anterior to the eighteenth dynasty—B.C. 1500-1300. We are inclined to believe that the original emigration of the Phœnicians from the shores of the Persian Gulf to those of the Mediterranean‡ may have taken place as far back as B.C. 1800, or even earlier; but we see no indication of their having become a commercial, or a manufacturing, or a literary people until, at least, three centuries later. To sum up, we agree with the conclusion to which Mr. Kenrick came in 1855:—"The commencement of the period of Phœnician commercial activity cannot be historically fixed; it *may* ascend to the *sixteenth or seventeenth* century B.C.; it may be several centuries earlier."§ But we incline, on the whole, to prefer the latest date which he mentions, and are disposed to regard the sixteenth century B.C. as that which saw the first appearance of the Phœnicians as a civilised and civilising nation.

## A TALE OF A LOTTERY TICKET.¶

I.

NOT very long ago I paid a visit to Burladingen, to see my old friend Meyer, with whom when a boy I had sat on the same bench at school, and whom I had not seen for many years. Some years since I had heard rumours of his becoming suddenly rich by winning a prize in the Frankfort lottery, but as he had never alluded to any such matter in his correspondence, I did not place much faith in the rumour. On my expressing a wish to know what foundation there had been for the report, he gave me the following singular narrative:—

It is now more than thirty years since I took up

\* Bunsen and Lepsius maintain the lower date of B.C. 1250; but it is impossible to reconcile their views with the statements of Scripture.

† Josh. xi. 8.

‡ See Herod. i. 1, vii. 89; Justin. xviii. 3, sec. 2; Strab. xvi. p. 1000; and compare the author's "Herodotus," vol. vi. pp. 196, 197.

§ "Phœnicia," p. 340.

¶ Our story, suggested by the article on "Lotteries" in the January part, is from Auerbach, of whom a recent eminent critic says that "on social topics he portrays the German national character with true artistic skill, and is a faithful exponent of his time and people, and representative of popular currents of thought." Happily in this country the modes of life and currents of thought, so far as the people are concerned, are now widely different.



my abode in this little place. I have stuck to my post hitherto, and here I hope to remain so long as heaven grants me health and strength to fulfil the duties of my pastorate. Yonder, by the churchyard wall, where the alder-trees bloom and the redbreast makes its nest, is the spot I have chosen for my last resting-place. But you want to hear the story of the lottery ticket—the single cross of my quiet life. Well, I will tell it you.

The event took place about the tenth year of my pastorate. At that time my unmarried sister kept house for me. I had a young assistant, more for companionship than for any need I had of him. He came to me from the university; his name was Lean, and very lean he was, long, lank, and thin, but a thoroughly good-hearted fellow, and, moreover, a capital player on the violin. He came of a good family, and, what is very uncommon, he brought with him a good store of cash, which he spent freely, and seemed intent on getting rid of—not at all in self-indulgence, but in relieving others and making sad folks glad. Of course, his money went too fast, and, as will happen to such generous souls, he rather outran the constable, and, his credit being good, got a little in debt.

Another companion, who was constantly in and out of the Parsonage, was my cousin Niesler, the deputy postmaster. You must remember him—an undersized, broad-shouldered fellow, who often went out with us on our rambles. He used to wear a red cap, and had the habit of fencing, quarte and tierce, with his walking-stick in the air. He was a sworn enemy to study and brain-bothering, as he called it, and though he might have done much better had he chosen, had accepted the humble post he held, rather than submit to the examination to which, as a candidate for anything better, he would have been subjected.

A third companion was Littler, one of the most steady and sedulous students of the day, and whom you must recollect, for when you came to see me on my sick-bed you found him keeping watch at my side. He always volunteered to watch by the sick, out of pure tender-heartedness, I am sure, though he would give as a reason the fine opportunity it gave him for study when all the house was quiet.

One Saturday morning we four were sitting together over a late breakfast. It was one of those gloomy autumn days that seem made to sadden and depress the spirits. We could not go out, for it rained incessantly, and the mud was half a foot deep—had we attempted it we should only have been driven back drenched and dirty. At such times companionship is doubly desirable. My curate and I did not smoke, but Littler, who did everything by rule, smoked regularly one cigar after breakfast. As for my cousin, he would have smoked all day long if he could, and whenever he was not at his office he puffed away continually, lighting one cigar at the ashes of another. I took down my guitar when breakfast was done—you see it is still hanging in its old place, though the strings are gone and the green ribbon has turned yellow with age—but then I twanged it bravely and sang to its tinkling, while the curate fiddled an accompaniment.

In the middle of our music came the beadle, who in our village is also the postman, and brought us the newspaper, our famous "Swabian Mercury." You city folks who get newspapers in such abundance, and waste them, or give them to the cook to

light the fire with, you don't know what a treasure a newspaper is to a country parson on a rainy day, when all is boggy out of doors. There we learn how the world wags; what the court is doing; what the army; what the police and the rogues. There we have the new literature announced; the state of the arts; the political, the critical, the musical, the poetical, all at one glance—a sort of microcosm or little world in panoramic view.

I seized the newspaper. Littler, whose turn it was to preach to-morrow, went off to his lodgings to prepare his sermon. We three who remained divided the newspaper between us, the old "Mercury" allowing us a couple of leaves each. The first paragraph that met my eye was an announcement that the Frankfort lottery was to be drawn that day. Now four of us had clubbed together to buy a half-ticket. I know that gaming in lotteries is not to be defended, but my superiors had done the same thing, and I did not at that time see the evil of gambling in such matters, as I do now. The partners in the ticket were—the curate, my sister the house-keeper, myself, and Master Schick. This Schick was a rather remarkable fellow. He was a cabinet-maker by trade, but having little of that work in the village, he also kept a general shop for the sale of household necessaries, which shop was mostly cared for by his sisters, a pair of old maids, who managed his domestic affairs. In his youth he had travelled a good deal, as is the custom of German apprentices before settling in any place, having wandered as far as Constantinople in one direction and Copenhagen in another. He was tolerably well to do, most hospitably inclined, simple and credulous as a child, and in his talk had Constantinople and Copenhagen continually at his tongue's end. Best of all, he was good at the violoncello, and we found his bass indispensable at our evening concerts.

"To-day is the drawing of the Frankfort lottery," said I to the curate.

"Oh, bad luck," he returned, laughingly; "there goes the herd of swine just past the window, a sure sign we shall lose. But stop, we can have some sport out of it, lose or win. When Master Schick comes to-night with his bass, we will have a letter brought in—first-of-April fashion—with news that we have won a prize. Schick will be ready to leap out of his skin, and we shall see him skip from Constantinople to Copenhagen and back again in no time."

My cousin the deputy readily joined in. The curate gave him the last letter from the collector, and he imitated the handwriting dexterously, writing as follows: "Honoured sir,—We have great pleasure in apprising you that your ticket, No. 17,377, has gained the prize in this day's drawing of a hundred thousand dollars. We await your directions as to the disposal of the money—whether you wish it invested in securities or forwarded to you in cash. A prompt reply will oblige,—yours, etc."

The writing was skilfully done, the address on the cover especially so. Then he drew a *fac simile* of the postage-stamp with black-lead, sealed it, and went over to the post-office, where, under pretence of searching for a letter for me, he mixed it unobserved with others, and came away.

We were seated at our music in the evening at Schick's house (for it was his turn to play the host), and Master Schick was flourishing his bow with his usual vigour, when the beadle came in with a letter

in his hand. "Here is a letter for you, Mr. Lean," he said; "I have been to the parsonage, and they said you were here."

The curate took the letter with an air of indifference. "Ah, pshaw!" said he; "another apologetic scrawl from the collector. I know what's in it well enough. 'Sorry to inform you—fortune not favourable this time—hope better luck next year—new lottery—grand prizes,' etc., etc. Pooh, who wants to read that stuff?"

He thrust the letter in his pocket without opening it, and led off a fresh movement.

When the sonata came to a close, "Mr. Curate," said Schick, "we might as well see what is in the letter, I think. I don't suppose there's a prize for us, but we may as well know."

"Pooh!" replied Lean; "there is nothing, you may depend; and it is against my rule to open letters at night—one sleeps the better by letting them wait."

But Master Schick was urgent, and the deputy seconding him, the curate drew forth the letter and broke the seal. Then, as he read, his hand was seen to shake and tremble.

The deputy took the letter. Schick, steadying himself with both arms on the table, stared with all his eyes, as my cousin read aloud. He read slowly, pretending a difficulty with the writing, and held the paper so near the light that it all but caught fire. But Master Schick had seen the contents, and springing up, he hurled his fiddle-bow against the wall, kicked the bass-viol indignantly, and leaped about the room shouting, "Constantinople! Copenhagen! No more shavings! no more sawdust! no more beggarly pennyworths over the counter! Sister Lizzy! Sister Madge! come down; come here!"

The two old maids came in, and as he hugged first one and then the other round the neck, he kept crying out, "No more shavings and sawdust! No more beggarly shop! Hooray, Margaret—Constantinople! Hooray, Lizzy—Copenhagen! Fifty thousand Constantinoples! Half the ticket means fifty thousand: that in four parts is twelve thousand five hundred—Copenhagen! I reckon five hundred for wheel-greasing, and there remains for each of us twelve thousand—Constantinople! a thousand dozen Copenhagens! Be quiet now, will you. Look you, I'll have no squandering. I've not been round the world for nothing. Here, Lizzy! here, Madge! here is my hand upon it, and these gentlemen are witnesses. I have always vowed that when I won a prize I would lie in bed three days, just to save myself from playing the fool and making ducks and drakes of the money. You shall see that I know how to bridle myself. We will invest the cash in Government stock—nothing safer than that; the State can't be a bankrupt. Mr. Rector, Mr. Curate, we'll have the money here in cash—hard cash—rouleaux of yellow gold! Hooray! Constantinople! Copenhagen!"

The elder sister, Lizzie, as soon as she could put in a word, cried out, "I knew it, I knew it—Madge can bear witness. The first thing I saw when I looked out of window this morning was the shepherd leading his flock to pasture; and I said we should have luck to-day; didn't I, Madge?"

"None of that," said Schick; "none of your stupid superstitions; get rid of that nonsense. Copenhagen! Constantinople!—that's all stuff."

"She is right," said Madge; "but really it was the swineherd, and not the shepherd."

"Come now," said the deputy, "let's have no superstitions—sheep or pigs, it don't matter." He was the only one of us who had courage to speak a word. As for the curate and me, we took the opportunity to steal away, and went over to Littler's lodgings at the inn.

There we soon heard that Schick had been to the parsonage, and had sent my nephew, the son of a married sister of mine, who was on a brief visit to us, to the Dolphin for a huge jug of wine, and that he was awaiting our return to make merry over our good fortune. By this time our joke was assuming an aspect I did not at all like; and, at my request, Littler, who did not approve of what we had done, undertook, as a disinterested person, to undeceive Master Schick; and I promised to help in the matter.

As we were leaving the inn, the landlord congratulated the curate on his luck, observing that it must be specially welcome to him just now.

"Why to me specially?"

"Why? because credit is a good horse, but sometimes he casts a shoe. I am not speaking on my own account, you see, and I hope you won't take it ill."

But the curate took it very ill, and all the way home he was muttering to himself. It was plain to him that all the world knew the melancholy fact that his funds were run low.

We came to the parsonage. My sister met me at the entrance, and complained that Master Schick was certainly not quite right in his head, and would not stir from the place. My nephew, who had got an inkling from a few words he had overheard of what was going, had said to him, "Your bird is still in the bush, not in the hand, and you may not succeed in putting salt on his tail after all."

"You are a pretty fellow," said Schick, "to think of being a parson, and yet have no more faith than that."

As we came into the room, "Mr. Rector," said Schick, and his face glowed with eagerness, "I have a request to make; let me see our lucky-bird, our lottery-ticket."

I opened my writing-desk and gave it him, together with the enclosure that came with it, in which it lay.

"The number is right," he said, holding the papers in his hand caressingly; "I was afraid a figure might be wrong, and that would have ruined us."

I took the letter from him, and said, "Look here! this letter must have travelled amazingly quick; it must have been sent express to have got here so soon. And see," I added, turning to Littler, "the writing is not like that of the former letter; do you compare them." And putting the two letters into Littler's hands, I left him to finish with Schick.

The deputy, seeing himself betrayed, left the room, and then Littler explained to poor Schick how, for the sake of mere sport, he had been deceived by his companions—pointing him to the forged postage-stamp, a glance at which was sufficient.

As I caught the expression of poor Schick's visage my heart smote me bitterly for the part I had played.

I felt sorry for him then, and now, even at this long distance of time, I feel distressed at the remembrance of the whole thing. He said not a word, nor did he look either of us in the face, but went away, taking with him both the letters and the ticket.

We promised ourselves to compensate Master Schick in some way for the trick played upon him; but that is easier said than done.

## Varieties.

**COLONIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.**—Excluding colonies which are mere advanced fortresses, and our dependencies, like India, West Africa, and the West Indies, which the white race can never properly colonise, Mr. Forster, in his famous speech during the recess, showed that our colonies occupy upwards of 6,000,000 square miles (including, that is, the vast area of the north-west territory in British America). Of the unoccupied areas of the new continents in the temperate regions, eighty per cent. belong to Great Britain and the United States together, and forty-four per cent. to Great Britain alone. Our coast-line in the temperate regions is 21,000 miles, their whole coast-line being 70,000, so that we have two-sevenths of the whole, while, including the United States, English-speaking men hold three-sevenths of it. Mr. Forster calculated that the population of these colonies in the temperate regions, now about 6,600,000, would be by the end of the century 15,000,000. By the middle of the next century the British population of our colonies would probably be 82,000,000, against only 63,000,000 in these islands. Here, then, is a vast power at our disposal, and for which we are responsible.

**PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.**—It makes one sick to hear men sing the praises of the fine education of our prisons. How much better and holier were it to tell us of an education that would save the necessity of a prison school! I like well to see the lifeboat with her brave and devoted crew; but with far more pleasure, from the window of my old country manse, I used to look out at the Bell Rock Tower, standing erect amid the stormy waters, where, in the mists of the day, the bell was rung, and in the darkness of the night the light was kindled, and thereby the mariners were not saved from the wreck, but saved from being wrecked at all. Instead of first punishing crime, and then, through means of a prison education, trying to prevent its repetition, we appeal to men's common sense, common interest, humanity, and Christianity, if it were not better to support a plan which would reverse this process and seek to prevent, that there may be no occasion to punish.—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

**FACTORY CHILDREN.**—In an inquiry as to the state of factories in Scottish towns, Dr. Irvine gave it as his opinion that the town population would soon die out if they were not constantly recruited from the country. Dr. Irvine was in favour of the inspecting surgeons having power to report on the sanitary condition of factories. They would be better from such supervision, he said, to prevent overcrowding of rooms, long detention in over-heated rooms, and the use of deleterious and poisonous substances in manufacture. "Strange things," he added, "are done in factories and public works. For instance, in the making of iron masts, hollow tubes, etc., small children are selected to go into the tubes to hold the ends of the rivets; and in consequence of the great noise the drums of the children's ears get split, and they become quite deaf. The children are tempted by high wages to go into this employment; but it is as bad as that of the old chimney-sweepers. The children are made permanently deaf. It is pretty much the same in the case of boiler-making, which also impairs the hearing."

**PORTSMOUTH SOLDIERS' INSTITUTE.**—This institution owes its formation almost wholly to the untiring efforts of Miss Robinson, "the soldiers' friend." Originally the Government promised her a site for the erection of the institution; but on it being represented to Lord Cardwell that the promoters were desirous of using it for religious and "sectarian" purposes, the grant of the land was ungenerously revoked. Miss Robinson, however, persevered in her efforts. The old Fountain Hotel, in the High Street, which figures so conspicuously in the nautical stories of Marryat, was purchased, to which, as funds came in, other buildings were attached. The institute contains tea-rooms, dining-rooms, billiard-rooms, smoking-rooms, etc., and a large lecture-room, capable of seating eight hundred and fifty persons, was opened on the occasion of its anniversary. In garrison towns, after the soldier has left the barracks and its necessary but monotonous duties in the background, there is little choice for him in the way of recreation. The object of the promoters has been to provide him with the means of healthy and rational amusement when he is off duty, and their efforts have been so far successful that the troops are now provided with all the conveniences of a club at a merely nominal

expense. No intoxicating drinks are sold; but while Miss Robinson is closely identified with the temperance movement, no one is asked to sign the pledge. A pledge-book, however, is kept in the bar for those wishing to do so; and since the opening of the institute a year ago one hundred and ninety-five names have been enrolled. Two thousand seven hundred and forty persons have been lodged during the same period, and the daily average of men using the institute is one hundred and fifty; and although, in consequence of a room being set apart for Bible-classes, the patronage of the military authorities is still withheld, the accommodation furnished is inadequate to the demand. The institute is also particularly valuable to the families of soldiers arriving and embarking, as their condition during the trooping season, which is confined to the winter months, is often pitiable, from their inability to find decent shelter, and also from their oftentimes destitute condition. It appeared from the balance-sheet that there was a surplus in hand of £1,119 17s. 4d.

**EXPECTING TOO MUCH.**—A well-known German florist related, in a high state of irritation, his troubles in this way. He said—"I have so much drouble mit de ladies ven dey come to buy mine Rose; dey vants him hardy, dey vants him doubles, dey vants him moonly, dey vants him fragrant, dey vants him nice-gooler, dey vants him ebery dings in one Rose. I hopes I am not vat you calls von uncalled man, but I have somedimes to say to dat ladies, 'Madame, I never often sees dat ladies dat vas rich, dat vas good temper, dat vas youngs, dat vas clever, dat vas perfection in one ladies. I see her much not!'"—*The Garden.*

**SMUGGLING.**—In the year 1874 there were 1,157 seizures made of smuggled goods in the United Kingdom, 53 less than in the preceding year; and 1,094 persons were convicted of smuggling, being 80 less than in the preceding year. The quantity of tobacco and cigars seized in 1874 was 10,738 lbs., and of spirits 266 gallons, both being materially less than in the preceding year. The Commissioners of Customs state that from the reports made to them, and from their own inquiries and observations, they have no reason to doubt that smuggling is gradually diminishing. Instances still occur of smuggling such as was common in the early part of the century, by running cargoes of spirits in small kegs or tubs which have been previously sunk at a convenient distance from the shore. In one case, near Freshwater, some of a gang of men were seized in the night, carrying nine kegs of smuggled brandy, which had been brought over in a small vessel from France, and twelve more kegs were found in ditches in the neighbourhood; three men were convicted in £100 penalty, or six months' imprisonment. One of these, a small farmer, paid the penalty, and was released. The kegs had been brought ashore by fishermen.

**SURVEY SHIPS FOR PRACTICAL USE.**—A correspondent of "Land and Water" thinks that the investigation of all matters that might improve our fisheries ought to be undertaken by the nation, which spends much money in remote scientific researches. "There is the Challenger, that has now been acquiring valuable information for the whole world, but I would suggest that, although this ought to be done, the other ought not to be left undone. We know that there are numerous fishing-banks off our islands, and that at one time they were most valuable; but at the present time information is vague, some saying they are as valuable as ever, while others say they are not worth a bawbee. We ought, however, to give them the benefit of the doubt, and have the fisheries properly examined. This ought to be done on a similar system to the work at present nearly complete in the Challenger. Let a ship be put in commission for three or five years to carefully examine all the seas, at all seasons, round England, Ireland, and Scotland; let the scientific staff be composed of the best men that can be procured, augmented by volunteers—and plenty of the latter would be found among the professors of our colleges and the amateurs belonging to the different societies; or the vessel might only be commissioned for a year, the work to be continued if there was a likelihood of good results. Such a proposition cannot be called unreasonable, as it would add not only to our knowledge of the fish, but also to that of tides, currents, and such like, now very imperfectly known. Also, why should we gain information for the whole world while we neglect our own seas!"



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



HIRAM HARDHEAD AGAIN.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE LOST WAY.

"ONWARD, dear friends!" cried Jacob, as he saw the provincials retreating towards the Bedford road; "onward, or the flying and the pursuers will be both upon us!"

On they rode, as quickly as good horses could bear

No. 1267.—APRIL 8, 1876.

them, but there was little danger to be apprehended from flight or pursuit. The militia retired but a short distance, the regulars turned and marched on to Concord; yet here the real difficulties of the Quaker company began.

Through every lane and bye-way, along the public road and across the fields, men on foot and on horseback came pouring to the scene of action with a haste that stayed for no hindrance and brooked no delay. The Bedford road was rough and narrow in those



days; but with many a stoppage and many a turning aside the travellers pushed on, reached the little town, and found rest at its single inn. All sorts of rumours followed them there; some said that General Gage had sent out large reinforcements to his expedition, and the regulars were wasting the country with fire and sword; others said there was sharp fighting at Concord and Lexington; but late in the evening it was ascertained that the expedition, reinforcements and all, had been driven back to Boston, and that the provincials were assembling to besiege the town and prevent Gage and the four thousand men under his command from taking vengeance on the surrounding country, as it was believed they would.

All that night the hoofs of horses and the tramp of hurrying feet were heard throughout the land. Men to whom the news was brought, in the midst of their farm-work on the hills of New Hampshire or the valleys of Connecticut, unyoked their teams from plough and wagon and rode post to lend a hand to the good cause under the walls of Boston. The next day dawned through heavy and threatening clouds. April weather can change as quickly in the new as in the old England, but on the travellers went, being anxious to get out of the disturbed districts.

They had gone out of their course by taking the Bedford road, and to recover it were obliged to traverse wild and broken bye-ways, where their progress met with more serious interruptions than in the preceding day. Now it was a troop of Minute Men from some of the western towns that dashed through and parted the company; then it was a corps of mounted militia in full gallop, from whom they had to scatter away and take refuge on either side. To add to their perils, a blinding storm of hail burst on them when climbing a steep and wooded hill, and in the midst of it a body of Green Mountain Boys, on half-wild horses, with Hiram Hardhead in their van, mounted on a steed as lean and crazy as himself, and prophesying with all his might, came down like a whirlwind. There was no chance for the travellers but to fly out of their way as best they could: probably none of them ever knew exactly how they accomplished it, for these things are instinctively done. But when the rush and the storm were past sufficiently for them to see and think, a part of the company, consisting of Jacob, with Hannah Armstrong behind him, Constance, and Philip, found themselves together at the opening of a narrow glade at some distance from the path they had left.

The path was quickly regained, but they looked round in vain for the rest of the company. "No doubt they have gone forward, expecting us to follow, and are hidden from our sight by yonder tall trees;" and Jacob pointed to a thick clump that almost barred the way: "let us make haste to overtake them. I would not willingly be parted from friend Caleb, for he knows the country much better than I do."

They did make haste, and passed the clump of trees, but could see nothing of their friends. Another fierce hailstorm obliged them to take refuge in the nearest shade, and when it was over they passed on again, every one of the four believing that path to be the very same which Caleb had chosen when the rush of armed men made it expedient to quit the public road. Their progress was impeded by nothing of the kind now; there was no sound of voice or step, no human figure to be seen on the wild hill-side, which they continued to climb. The hailstorms had

given place to heavy and constant rain; the shades of evening were falling fast when they reached the end of the bye-path; but instead of the public road to which Caleb said it would lead them, there opened before them two ways, more rough and wild than that they had traversed, the one on the right hand leading up to still higher ground, and the other on the left descending to a deep valley, overgrown with shrubs and brushwood.

"I fear we have lost our way; the Lord direct us!" said Jacob; but as he spoke they heard a sound like a din of mingled voices. There was a company of some kind coming down the right-hand path; but in a minute or two Constance and Philip, who were a little in advance, discovered that the said company consisted of their old acquaintance, Vanderslock, the Dutch lumberman, mounted on his shaggy horse, with his Frau behind him, clasping her loving lord round the waist with both arms, and scolding in sound Dutch at the top of her shrill voice; while a silent, unconcerned-looking man, who might have been a lumberer too, rode side by side with them on an equally shaggy creature, which also carried a wicker-basket, with a couple of axes tied to its handles. The Dutch lady ceased as she caught sight of the party; and Constance lost no time in saluting her old friend of the Holyoke Woods, and inquiring if he could tell them the way to Harmony, a Quaker village, where Jacob intended to rest for the night, and expected to meet the wagons.

"Oh, Miss Telamere," cried the Dutchman, "you are all misconducted; you are all stray sheeps; Harmony is laid miles"—here he made a gesture demonstrative of distance, but in doing so, somehow displaced the straw-pad which served his fair partner for a pillion. Down she went, with a shriek that made the woodlands ring; and down went he, for the lady never lost her hold on his waist, and, both being of the short and solid build, rolled a considerable way down the turfy slope, while the docile, intelligent horse stood still on the spot where they left it till the wedded pair scrambled up again, nothing the worse but for mud, and commenced a grand matrimonial squabble in their native tongue.

By this time Jacob had addressed a similar inquiry to the unconcerned-looking man, who rode on with a composed manner worthy of his appearance, and answered in the same fashion, "Well, I guess you're many a mile out of the right track for Harmony."

"So much the worse for us, friend; and canst thou direct us to any place where we could find shelter for the night; the horses are spent, and the women are both wet and weary," said Jacob.

"I expect there's no place of the kind nearer than my own location," and the lumberer pointed down the wild valley. "If you all come along, I promise you shelter and share of the victuals I have got."

"I thankfully accept thy offer, friend, and will pay whatever thou mayest justly ask," said Jacob.

"No, no," cried the lumberer; "I want no thanks, and I'll have no payment. I'm a woodsman, and never take nothin' from travellers;" and he led the way down the steep path on the left hand, followed by the whole party, with the remounted Vanderslocks carrying on their contest in the rear.

"Dost thou live here, friend?" inquired the Quaker, as they made their way through the thick underwood.

"I guess I do, when I'm at home. Old Canoe left me his block-house, which you'll see this minute. I don't know what his real name was, but he built the house himself, to keep the valley and the trout stream he had bought from the Indians clear of squatters, and lived in it fifty years and more. He was a good friend to me, I can tell you, when I sloped away from Amhurst's army, having got enough of the soldiering business; and a good house he left me; but one gets tired at times o' livin' by himself among the trees and the wild creature, so sometimes I lumbers and sometimes I peddles. They know me a good ways round about. My name's Green Crossland, but they mostly calls me Greenland—so may you, if you like, I never takes it amiss. I went up last fall to the Holyoke Hills to help Vanderslock there in the lumberin' line. They're honest folks, him and his frau, though she does scold a bit. It's my opinion every woman follows that trade. I would have stopped up there, and so would Vanderslock, but there's such a mighty raising of militia by a young crackskull—Archdale's his name, I think—and people that won't sarve gets called enemies to their country,—that we sloped, to be at peace here for a bit. Aint that a nice location?" continued Greenland, as he drew up in front of a habitation placed in the narrowest part of the valley, which was there a mere pass, and just leaving room for a beautiful stream on the one side and a grassy path on the other. It was a regular block-house of the old colonial times, square and low. The walls were of logs and the roof was of shingles; both were moss-grown, but weather-tight and substantial, and round the house, at a sufficient distance to enclose ground enough for a good garden, ran a strong fence made of the trunks of trees firmly wedged together, with one narrow but massive gate, which its owner said would keep out bears or Indians till the man got his rifle loaded.

The gate was securely locked, but Greenland had the key in his pocket, and opened it before his guests. The ground within was covered with young corn, a wild crop, he said, that grew from the droppings of last fall. Water from the stream was ingeniously introduced by a wooden pipe passing through the fence, but not to be seen on the outside, for the block-house had been expected to stand sieges in its time. Thus there was some provender for the horses. Jacob, Philip, and the Vanderslocks exerted themselves to get supplies for the tired and hungry creatures, and put them up as best they could in the only outbuilding that existed there—a shed behind the house.

"I takes them indoors when there's few on them in the winter time; but that aint the case now, and I never does the like before ladies; not that they came often to Block-house Hollow—that's the name o' this place; you're the first I've seen in it for five years passed last Candlemas," said Greenland, as he conducted Constance and Hannah into his mansion, of which the woodsman was not a little proud. It consisted of one large room with a well-made earthen floor, a hearth paved with tiles, a wide chimney, and two very small windows. There was a loft above, accessible by a rough step-ladder, a very good place, the master said, to keep bits o' stores in, and fire out of on Indians that might want to burn the house; but the high place of his pride was a small room opening from the large one, which Greenland called his private parlour. He showed them the treasures

laid up there; they consisted of a chest of drawers with an old family Bible on the top: "It was the only thing saved," he said, "when the French Iroquois burned our village—New Canaan, they called it, on the borders of Maine; my father and mother's wedding-day and our seven birthdays is entered in it. There was not a livin' soul of the family left but myself, for I happened to be with Amhurst's army at the time." Besides the drawers and the Bible, there was a rocking-chair that had been occupied by his grandmother. The one small window was draped with a French officer's cloak, all garnished with gold lace, which Greenland had obtained somehow before he "sloped" out of military life. A pair of silver-mounted pistols similarly come by, and a china teapot, ornamented a small mahogany table in one corner; and in the other, as his crowning triumph, he showed them a real bedstead made of native oak by the hands of old Canoe. "There," said he; "you may sleep like queens; look, 'tis a good straw mattress, a nice bolster of goose feathers, mind, and two red blankets; I never slept in it myself, bein' better accustomed to dry grass beside the kitchen fire; but just see this," and he took from one of the drawers, and unfolded for their admiration, a patchwork quilt of many-coloured stuffs, cut in various shapes and artistically sewn together. "It took five aunts of mine to make that quilt; they were all single when they began it, but the last of them got married before it was finished; there was no old maids in the country then, you see. Now, ladies, that's all the fine things I have to show you; I had a Sunday suit of store clothes in them drawers once, but Tubal Cain Jenkins, down in Deluge Town, borrowed them to get married in, and next mornin', before he was up, his brother Noah got them on, started off to see his friends in New York, and hasn't been heard of since. Come along, till I see about gettin' something for the supper."

Greenland's kitchen, or family room, was not overfurnished. It contained a deal table, a settee hewn out of the trunk of an oak, some square logs which might be sat upon or burned as occasion required, a pile of dry grass in one of the chimney-corners, and a heap of firewood in the other. The household utensils were equally primitive; an iron pot and a rude spit, an old gridiron, and two rusty knives, a few wooden plates and a dish, a pewter tankard and two drinking horns, all arranged on one shelf, were the entire supply, and Greenland said "few woodsmen had such a lot o' things to set before folks." He went up to his store in the loft, and brought down a bag of hard biscuits, a quantity of venison and trout cured by the smoke of green wood, and warranted to keep for years, a large wooden bottle of cider, and a dish of wild honeycombs in fine preservation, at the same time informing them that he had corn to boil and flour to bake up there. Hannah found a birch broom behind the door, and with it made the floor and hearth clean, then kindled a fire, and spread the table, Constance assisting, while the master of the house went out to help the men. And when at last their ostler work was done, and they all sat round the uncovered board, where Hannah said the grace and distributed the fare exactly as she used to do in the parlour at the Elms, there was not a more thankful or cheerful company in the province that evening.

"Ah," said Greenland, laying down the biscuit on which he had been making mighty way,

and casting an admiring glance at the Quakeress, "it's true what my father used to say, 'No man has got a home except there's a woman in it.' Here we are all set and sarved like princes. I never saw such a fire as that on the block-house hearth before. What a poor comfusticated lot we would have been, if you and the young lady had not come here, mistress."

"Thou art right, friend," said Jacob; "the Lord himself saw that it was not good for man to be alone, even in Eden; and for mine own part, I have never seen a bachelor whose life was to be admired either at home or abroad."

The prudent Quakeress said nothing, but Constance, having some skill in such matters, took note that Greenland ever after paid her particular attentions, and took frequent occasion to let her understand how well he could provide for a wife.

They talked over the strange news of the day—what the travellers had seen at Lexington and heard at Bedford. How little the events which so mightily moved the land, and called forth its men, young and old to arms, told on the quiet spirits seated by that block-house fire, differing in experience, education, and everything, except the love of peace and the horror of war.

"Friend Crossland," said Jacob, at last, "my company and I have had a long day's travel, and would fain retire to rest."

"Well," said Greenland, "there's a nice bed for the ladies in my parlour, plenty of dry grass for us men folks to sleep on here beside the fire, and my friends, the Vanderslocks, will have a good shake-down behind the wood, yonder; it's a real warm corner."

"Well arranged, friend Crossland; if thou hast no objection, the impression is on my mind to pray with thee and thy friends before we all go to sleep, which is, indeed, our emblem of going from this life; or wilt thou pray with us thyself?" said Jacob.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Quaker, I'm a poor hand in the religion line. My father was a Cameronian, and kept us well posted up in the Catechism and the Confession, but between soldierin' and slopin', pedlin' and lumberin', they have clean slipped out o' my mind; only I does my best endeavour to fear the Lord an' keep a grip o' the Commandments. Give us a bit of a prayer yourself; there'll be none on us the worse for it," said Greenland.

Thus invited, Jacob officiated as the woodman's chaplain. Afterwards Greenland went out to see that all was safe and bar his gate. "I never locks it when I'm at home; locks may go wrong with a man, but bars can't," he said; and on his return he brought his guests the gratifying intelligence that the rain was over, and the clear sky promised fine weather for the coming day. In a short time the company were disposed of according to their host's arrangement, and sleep soon fell upon the tired travellers. The bed assigned to Constance and Hannah in Greenland's private parlour was singularly comfortable and well kept for a woodman's cabin. The one window of the room was close upon it; and both dropped asleep, lulled by the murmur of the stream that flowed past that side of the block-house. It was a long, sound slumber, earned by a day of travel in the wilds. But they were roused from it when the day was creeping in by a sound which Constance had never heard before and never

afterwards forgot—a prolonged, shrill, unearthly yell—loud, as if uttered by a legion of evil spirits; and Hannah, as she sprang out of bed, exclaimed, "May the Lord have mercy upon us; it is the Indian war-whoop!"

## NOTES FROM A DIARY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The following notes are from the diary of an Irish gentleman, preserved as a family relic for more than a century. They were evidently written for the perusal of friends, and describe a visit which he made to this country for the purpose of purchasing a commission, at the time of the coronation of George III. The extracts we make present a lively picture of the England of a hundred years ago, and touch also upon some incidents of historical interest.

### I.

ON Monday morning, the 30th day of August, 1761, I embarked on board the good ship the *King of Prussia*, Captain Gardner, bound to Bristol, at the Cove of Corke. At seven that morning we weighed anchor and got under sail, in company with the *Towey* man-of-war of forty guns, having several ships under her convoy, bound to the West Indies. Captain French, of Corke, bound to Bristol, sailed about an hour before us. At nine we parted company with the fleet, and bore away after Captain French, who was two leagues ahead of us; a moderate gale of wind at north-west.

At twelve we fell in with a fleet of ships bound to the westward, convoyed by one man-of-war. Our captain hid his best men, for fear of being pressed, till we had passed the man-of-war, who soon, after inquiring our course, left us. At four this afternoon came up with Captain French, and bid him the go-bye; I could perceive a kind of emulation between the captains, whose ship sailed the best, but ours has greatly the advantage. Being extremely sea-sick most part of this day, left the deck at six in the evening, and betook myself to the cabin, where I found my fellow-passengers in much the same situation; their names were Captain Greenfield, on half-pay; Mr. Van Nost, the famous statuary; Mr. Morris, a young gentleman going to the Temple; and Mrs. Ashcroft, a Quaker lady, going to her husband.

The ship rolling very much this night, could not sleep, but, falling into a dose, was, about seven o'clock, awakened by the cries of the sailors, "Land! land!" which proved to be the Island of Lundy, distant about five leagues. This island is about three miles in length, of an oblong form, situated at the mouth of Bristol Channel, high, and at most places inaccessible; at present uninhabited, but some time ago the rendezvous of one Benson, who here carried on a most extensive smuggling trade, till at length, ousted by the king's officers from thence, who hanged one of his captains, and forced himself to fly. I was extremely diverted here with an odd custom of the sailors about paying their bottle and pound; every one who has never been at sea before being obliged by that to give the sailors a bottle of rum and pound of sugar, or be tucked up to the yard-arm, and from thence ducked three several times in the sea. All our passengers, to avoid that disagreeable circumstance, were obliged to comply

with it. At eight this morning, having dressed myself and gone on deck, saw plainly the mainland of England on our starboard quarter, which, as informed by the captain, was part of Cornwall, distant about six leagues. At eleven, being abreast of Lundy Isle, saw a small skiff standing for us, which proved to be a fishing-boat from Ilfracombe, being under great way, at the rate of eight and a half knots an hour; was obliged to shorten sail till she came up with us. We got out of her a pilot to carry us up channel. We could now see Captain French, whom we ran out of sight the night before, crowding all his sails between us and the Welsh shore.

Having got in our pilot, we stood away, and run for it as before. About two were abreast of Ilfracombe, a port town in Devonshire, and at four came up to Minehead, where were several ships at anchor. At nightfall sailed between the Holms, two islands twenty-two leagues from Lundy, on one of which, called the flat Holms, is a light-house, from whence came off to us another pilot, who carried us up to King's Road, where we came to an anchor about twelve that night. Here were four men-of-war and several large outward-bound ships. As soon as we came to an anchor I went to bed, and slept for three hours heartily, which greatly refreshed me. At the turn of the tide we again weighed to run up to Bristol, and hearing them, got up and came on deck; it being just dawn of day could see Captain French at anchor close under our stern, he having come up five hours after us. As soon as we had set sail, came on board us a man-of-war's boat to impress our hands, which the captain was aware of, and hid his best men in the hold. Among the men-of-war's men I knew one Dunroach, that served his time to Mrs. Mills, and has been in the navy since the commencement of the war. At King's Road saw a man hanging in chains at high-water, who suffered there for murder. A very fine country on each side of us as we come up, finely cultivated and adorned with gentlemen's seats. At seven passed by Pill, a small, straggling town within five miles of Bristol, inhabited chiefly by seafaring people. Mr. Southwell's house near this place looks charmingly from the water. Nothing, especially to one coming in from the sea, can equal the variety of the country sweets on each side of the River Severn. As you come up here, the trees, houses, agreeable villas of the merchants of Bristol, all contribute to make it delicious to the eye. At nine passed the Hot Wells, where we saw a vast concourse of gentry; and, being towed up by a large boat, arrived safely at the Custom House Quay amidst an innumerable number of ships.

Having landed, Mr. Morris and I took up our lodging at the White Hart, in Broad Street, the landlord of which, being an obliging person, showed us everything worth seeing in and about Bristol, which took us up this and the following day. Bristol is an ancient, rich, and populous city, somewhat larger than the city of Corke, in Ireland, the streets extremely narrow and badly contrived, but many handsome structures both public and private. The church of St. Mary's, Redcliffe, is a fine old building in the Gothic taste, computed a mile in circumference, the altar-piece finely painted by Mr. Hogarth, which cost the city 500 guineas. It represents the ascension of our Lord, the sealing of the tomb, and the two angels in white apparel appearing to Mary Magda-

lene and Simon Peter, and telling them their Lord was not there, but gone before them into Galilee. Here, likewise, is the monument of the great Sir William Penn, the first settler of Pennsylvania, who here lies buried. There are several other public places and fine squares, as Queen's Square, where stands a handsome equestrian statue, in brass, of his late Majesty; eighteen parish churches of an ancient structure, but extremely handsome. One custom they have, peculiar, I believe, to themselves, that the daughter of every free man of the city is, by an Act of Queen Elizabeth's, free, and her husband entitled to the same favour. We had the pleasure of seeing most of the gentry of Gloucestershire walk in procession to St. Thomas's Church, this being their anniversary feast, and saw them dine at the Assembly Room. The design of this institution is to raise a fund to put out the poor boys of that shire to free tradesmen of Bristol, by which means they in time become useful members of society, and arrive at great riches. They made a handsome appearance, and were preceded by the boys dressed decently and each of them carrying a white wand. They that day raised £800 for that charity. Having visited the Hot Wells, near Bristol, my friend the Templar and I took seats in the stage-coach for London, or, as they called it then, "the machine which goes in two days." We paid £1 7s. each, and are ordered to be at the White Lyon, in Broad Street, by four o'clock Fryday morning.

This morning, at four, we set out from the White Lyon for London, accompanied by two gentlemen more. This machine is a very easie and safe carriage. At six we came to the famous city of Bath, distance about eleven miles, having stayed here for an hour to satisfy our curiosity, by the particular indulgence of our coachman, who, by-the-by, was well paid for that favour. Bath is the handsomest city in England, as they told us, small, but as they told us, on account of the waters, extremely neat and gay. The circus will, when finished, be a most complete building. Near this place they get the famous stone called Bath stone, very soft and easily worked, but grows by degrees extremely durable. From Bath we came to Chippenham, where we breakfasted, a small, neat, market town, full of French officers who are here upon their parole not to go above a mile from town. From Chippenham we came to Calne, a market town; nothing remarkable in it, but the first town we met with on the borders of Wiltshire, which is somewhere here parted from Gloucestershire. About half way from this to Marlborough is a vast plain, called Marlborough Downs, seven miles in circumference, a fine country, but scarce a tree or shrub to be seen. Not far from this lies the town of Marlborough, a pretty, neat town, built of brick and tile. Here we dined, and got a fresh relay of horses. From thence we passed on to Hungerford, a small town in the county of Berks; and making no delay here, arrived at six in the evening at Newberry, a large and neat town, where we propose staying this night, having to-day travelled sixty-five miles, sleeping the night before in Somersetshire, breakfasting in Gloucestershire, dining in Wiltshire, and supping in Berkshire. Newberry is a handsome and large town, pleasantly situated on the River Kennett, noted for being the birth-place of Jack of Newberry, who on a certain occasion brought into the field an 100 clothiers of his own employing, to help his sovereign. Its trade is



chiefly in the woollen manufacture, which is here carried on very extensively; has a very handsome market-house and church, and is just fifty miles from Hyde Park in London.

*Saturday, Sept.*—This morning, at five, left Newberry, and passing through several market-towns, came, about nine o'clock, to the town of Reading, a large, and (as they tell me) the prettiest country town in England, the shire town of Berkshire, and famous for being the burying-place of Henry II and the celebrated Fair Rosamond. The church in which these monuments stand was built in the reign of William Rufus. From Reading we came to Maidenhead, a pretty town near the borders of Middlesex, the River Thames flowing hard by. That river we passed at this place over a large stone bridge, and came to a small town called Slough, in Middlesex, where we dined, and went to see the famous Castle of Windsor, formerly a hunting seat for our kings, now the country residence of the Duke of Cumberland, who is ranger of the forest adjacent to it. In this castle, which is extremely magnificent, are several fine pieces of painting, &c. Hercules, spinning for Omphale, Queen of Lydia, drawn by the famous Rubens, is inimitable. Leaving this sweet place with regret, we went to see Eton School, a fine old building adjacent to it, accounted the first school in England.

Having dined, we set out from hence and came to Colnebrook, a small town near this place. We crossed Hounslow Heath, a large common famous for robberies. Here we saw several gibbets on the heath. I reckoned, as we passed them, nine malefactors hanging in chains—a most shocking sight. Before we crossed this heath, we met with an alarming circumstance, that not a little disturbed us. Having stopped to take a glass of wine at an inn between Colnebrook and Hounslow, while we were within, the coachman, or some associate of the highwaymen who frequented that place, drew the powder of the pistols we left in the coach, and left the balls in the barrels. This we should not have found out till too late, and we should have been inevitably robbed, had not I, by mere accident, expressed my fears of meeting highwaymen, and at the same time proposed that each gentleman should take a pistol and stand on the defensive in case we were attacked. This we agreed on, and on trying mine we found out the cheat. We immediately recharged, and were hardly done when a man well mounted and genteely dressed rode up to the coach door, presented his pistol, and demanded our watches and money. We parleyed, and told him the mistake he lay under if he thought our pistols were not charged, and at the same time assured him that if he did not immediately ride off, we would fire at him. He took us at our words, and rode away at a full gallop. We thought the coachman was in the secret, but durst not openly express our opinion. Having in this manner got rid of our dangerous visitor, we drove to Hounslow, a town not far from the heath; and making no delay there, drove through Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Kensington, at which place his Majesty is waiting for the first news of his intended queen's landing, which is expected every moment. Here is a fine seat in which his majesty generally resided during the summer season. Leaving this fine place, we came to Knightsbridge, and from thence to London, about seven o'clock in the evening, and put up at the Bell, at the back of a new church on the Strand, without any further accident, God be thanked.

*Sunday Morning.*—Was agreeably surprised with the ringing of bells, firing the park and Tower guns, and other demonstrations of joy on the news of the queen's landing at Harwich on the 6th instant, at five in the evening, after a ten days' voyage. My friend and I dressed and went to St. Martin's Church, and afterwards walked in the park, saw a vast crowd of nobility and gentry at St. James's, going to pay their compliments on the intended queen's arrival. The remainder of this and the next day was spent in search of Colonel Graeme, but without success. On Tuesday morning I found out Mr. Gosling, who lived on Tower Hill, and is agent to the colonel. Was informed that the colonel soon after his arrival had taken a country seat at a place called Isleworth, about nine miles from town, and directed me to Colonel Alexander Harvie, who had married Mrs. Graeme's sister, for further accounts of him, and lived at Red Lyon's Square. Thither I immediately went, and to my great joy found my cousin and family there, having come up to town the night before. My cousin on reading my aunt's letter, and thereby knowing who I was, very affectionately bade me welcome, and presented me to the company as his dear cousin, and insisted on my removing immediately from my former lodging to this house. I was here agreeably entertained for a week, and carried by the colonel to see the curiosities in and about this great city. We went that night to Drury Lane playhouse, where I saw Mr. Garrick act Richard III.

This evening, about three o'clock, our intended queen arrived at St. James's, where she was received by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Chamberlain; then by H.R.H. the Duke of York, who handed her up the steps, and was met by his Majesty half way. The princess made an offer of kneeling on his Majesty's approach, but he prevented her by catching her in his arms, and carried her upstairs, kissing her hand all the way. He then presented her to his mother and brothers and sisters, who all congratulated her on her happy arrival. Their majesties then withdrew, and about nine o'clock that evening the princess, preceded by 120 ladies in extreme rich dresses, was handed to the Chapel Royal by the Duke of York, attended by six young ladies (daughters of dukes) as her bridesmaids, and her train supported by six ladies (daughters of earls). The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duke of Cumberland gave her hand to his majesty.

After the ceremony there was a public drawing-room, and the evening concluded with splendid illuminations and all other demonstrations of joy.

Spent the remainder of this week at Mr. Harvie's; went to Covent Garden playhouse to see "Romeo and Juliet"; went the next night to Vauxhall, where we saw a vast number of company, dressed most richly, heard several fine pieces of music.

*14th September.*—Saw the grand procession of the Lord Mayor and aldermen going to court to pay their compliments of congratulation on the happy nuptials. The cavalcade consisted of 300 coaches.

Next Sunday the colonel carried me to court, where I saw their majesties and the rest of the royal family at chapel. The king was dressed in a suit of gold brocade; a tall, genteel person, his face much disfigured with a scorbutic disorder. Her majesty was dressed in white and silver, and a crosslet of jewels on her head; low of stature,

extremely pale, and, in my opinion, ordinary. Duke of York much lower than the king, of a fair complexion, round-faced, and good features. Lady Augusta, the king's eldest sister, tall and majestic, a good face, something like the Duke of York, but running greatly into flesh. Her dress was white and silver, adorned with a number of jewels, the rest of the young princes and princesses very like each other, and in general a very handsome set. Her majesty came just after the king, and was handed by her chamberlain, the Duke of Manchester. After prayers, there was a most brilliant court, and their majesties retired at three.

Saw this day at court Monsieur Bussy, the French ambassador; Morocco and Tripoli ambassadors, dressed in their country fashions. Most of this week spent in company with the colonel's family in viewing the public places, they not having seen them before. Saw the curiosities of the Tower, the Mansion House, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Monument—reckoned 750 steps to the top—and, taking boat at London Bridge, was carried to Westminster Abbey, where we saw the monuments of our late kings and other persons whose memories deserved to be recorded to posterity. Sat in Edward the Confessor's chair, and was obliged to pay the fine. Sat in the chairs the king and queen are to be crowned in; was prevented from seeing the rest by the number of

workmen who were here employed in erecting seats for the nobility and others for the coronation, which is fixed for the 22nd. Went from hence to buy seats for that magnificent sight, and after trying several places, at last procured tickets for the Abbey for the colonel's and Mr. Harvie's families at the low rate of £120. Nothing could exceed the infatuation of the people to see that ceremony. Strangers, flocking from all parts, which makes the tickets bear a high price. Sir Alexander Grant, a Scottish baronet, and relation of Colonel Graeme's wife, gave 100 guineas for a room in New Palace Yard to see the procession, I therefore have my choice, being complimented by Sir Alexander either to see the coronation or the procession, but chose the former.

17th instant.—Went with the Colonel's family to his seat at Isleworth—a magnificent house, and furnished in the newest taste, pleasantly situated on the River Thames, and having a good view of Richmond Gardens, which are on the other side the river. Spent our time very pleasantly here till the 21st, the day before the coronation, having seen while here Richmond, a royal seat of the king's, and remarkable for its fine walks and gardens, not to be equalled in Europe; Kew, the residence of his majesty when Prince of Wales; and Kensington, another palace belonging to his majesty, and much admired for its fine walks and neighbourhood of London.

## THE BORDER LANDS OF ISLAM.

### I.—SLAVS AND TURKS.

EVENTS have anew directed attention to those frontier lands of Eastern Europe where diverse races, professing conflicting faiths, meet and mingle, and where for centuries rival empires have contended for ascendancy. Albania, Dalmatia, and Croatia, with the adjoining territories of Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Bosnia, anciently known as Illyricum—although the name was afterwards applied to a wider region—mark on the Adriatic coast the dividing line between Christianity and Islamism. Of the border lands which fill up the great Danubian plain, and stretch from the Balkans to the Carpathian Mountains, Servia and Bulgaria correspond for the most part to Mœsia and Wallachia, and Moldavia, now Roumania, to Roman Dacia. The Noricum and Pannonia of the ancients, represented by the lower part of Hungary, Slavonia, Carinthia, Carniola, and other Austrian territories between the Inn, the Danube, and the Save, look directly towards the dominions of the Sultan, and form the Christian frontiers which bound his sway to the north.

The Ottoman empire in Europe in its widest extent in the seventeenth century embraced within its northern boundaries, besides the countries above-named, the whole of Hungary and the lands now held by Russia on the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof. The Turkish border provinces, of which we purpose in a series of papers to give some account, are the countries on the Adriatic, the Save, and the Danube. Some of these Turkey has already lost, while others she holds with an enfeebled grasp. Dalmatia and part of Croatia now own the rule of Austria; Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania have attained to a quasi-independence; revolt is rampant in Bosnia and the Herzegovina; nor is there any security that her rule over the warlike Albanians and the plodding Bulgarians will be indefinitely prolonged.

As connected with the decline of the Turkish rule in Europe, and with the unsolved problem known as the Eastern question, the future of these border provinces is a subject which increasingly engages the anxious thoughts of European statesmen. Without attempting to forecast that future, we may opportunely refer to the history, the religions, the political condition, the material resources, and physical features of lands so full of past interest and present importance.

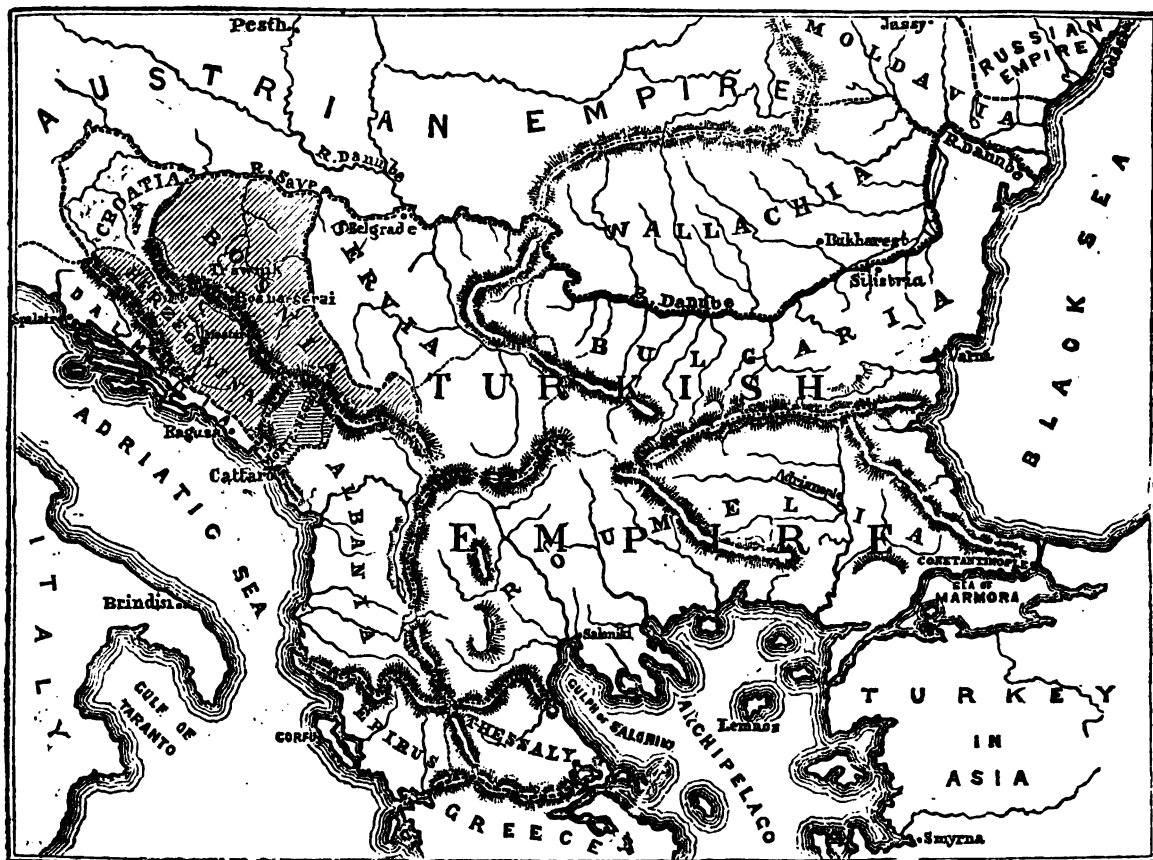
This first paper of our series we shall, however, devote to a rapid glance at the origin, rise, and character of the Slavs and Turks, the subject and dominant races of European Turkey. To appreciate the relative positions of Christians and Mohammedans, of the oppressed and the oppressors, at the present day, it will be needful to take into account their respective historical antecedents.

After the downfall of the western part of the Roman empire, and the removal of the seat of government from Rome to Constantinople, the regions which now compose modern Turkey owned for ages the sway of the Greek or Byzantine emperors; and centuries before the appearance of the Turks in Europe there hung upon the skirts of the empire, and gradually pressed down upon its European provinces from their settlements near the Carpathian Mountains, certain tribes variously named by ancient writers, but which, coming into distinct historical light in the beginning of the sixth century, were known as Slavs or Slavonians.

Much obscurity rests on the origin of these Slavonian tribes. At a very early period they are supposed to have emerged from their home in Asia, and, as their language proves, they belong to the same great Indo-European family as the Greeks, Latins, Germans, and Scandinavians. Some writers

hold them to be the same as the ancient Assyrians from the marked affinity between the Assyrian and the Slavonic languages. However this may be, it is certain that they found a footing in Europe long before the Goths and Huns, although they first became known as dwelling with these warlike tribes on the Don and the Danube. From time to time the Slavs made inroads on the Greek empire. In one of these incursions, having attacked and defeated the Byzantine troops, they advanced upon Constantinople, and it required all the courage and address

described as belonging to their ancestors — tall stature, fair hair, and blue eyes. Their common origin and similarity of language have given rise to a spirit of nationality which may yet be fruitful of great results. Their numbers in Europe are, according to some eighty-five, and according to others not less than a hundred millions, being about one-third of the whole population. The Bulgarians, Serbians, Bosnians, and Croats of Turkey, together with the small tribe of Montenegrins, amount to upwards of seven millions. In Russia there are thirty-five



of Belisarius to free the capital and induce them to retire to the Danube. Count Valerian Krasinski describes the uncivilised and pagan Slavs as tall in stature and strongly built, and with hair of a reddish colour. Without shirt or cloak they went into battle, each man clothed with only a pair of short trousers. Armed with bows and spears, they fought on foot, and preferred defiles and difficult passes to combat in the open field.

From first to last, the influx of the Slavonic tribes into Europe must have been enormous. On the north side of the Carpathian Mountains, they extended their settlements from Luneburg, over Mecklenburg, Pomerania, Brandenburg, Saxony, Bohemia, Moravia, Poland, and Russia; and spreading southwards into the Greek provinces, they formed the kingdoms of Slavonia, Bosnia, Servia, and Dalmatia. Their possessions, indeed, extended over Europe from the Don to the Elbe, and from the Baltic to the Adriatic.

The physical characteristics of the Slavs of the present day are, generally speaking, those we have

millions of Muscovite Slavs and ten millions of Ruthenians belonging to the same race, whilst the Poles, also Slavs, form a population of twenty millions, divided between Russia, Austria, and Prussia; and the Illyrians, Austrian Croats, Dalmatians, Silesians of Austria, Bohemians, Moravians, and Hungarians, exclusive of the Magyar tribe, constitute eighteen millions of the population of the Austrian empire. The Slavs, it is curious to observe, are nowhere ruled by a native dynasty, for the emperors of Russia are more German than Slavonic. The one reigning family of Slavonic origin is that represented by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh; and he rules, not over Slavs, but Germans. On the Baltic the Slavonic tribes have, in the course of time, become entirely Germanised, as in Southern Turkey and Greece they have also lost their distinctive features and language, and become absorbed by the Greek population.

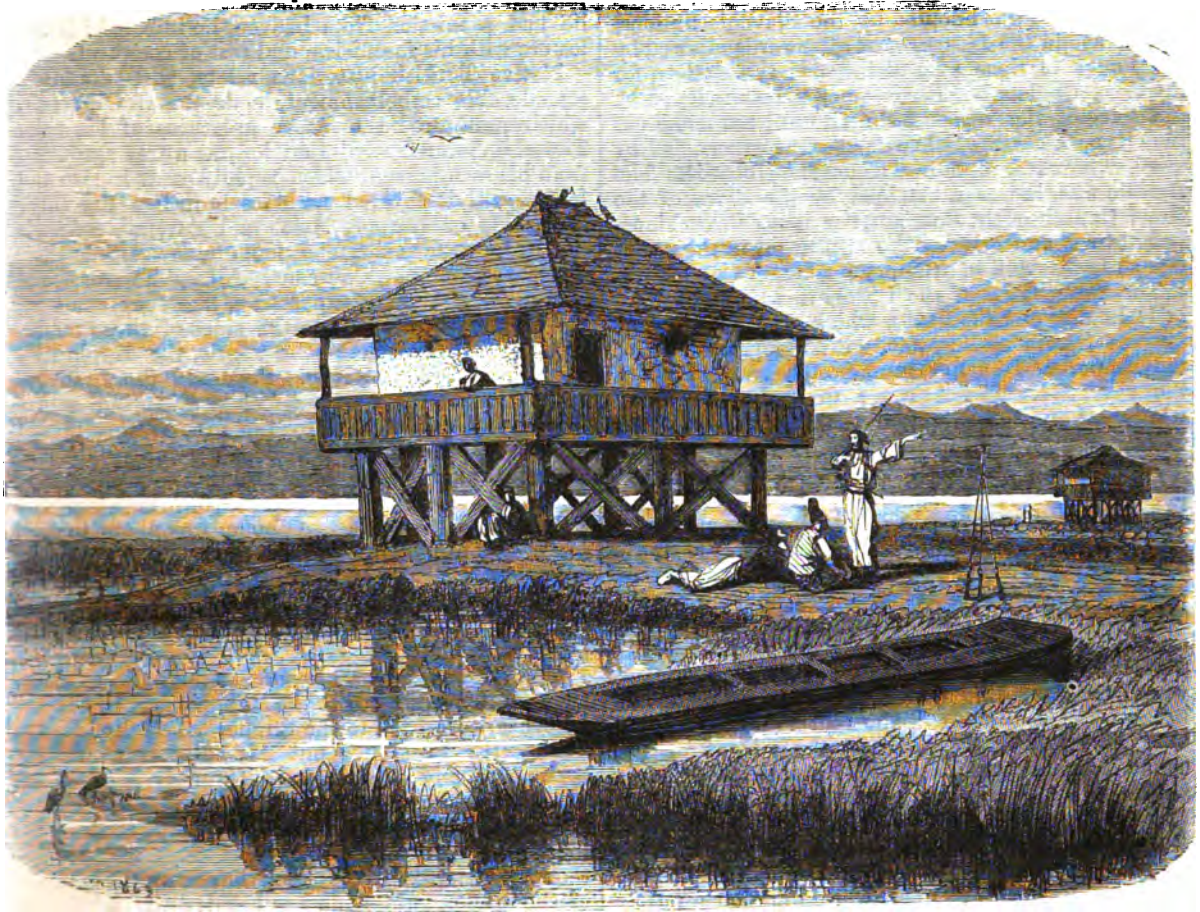
It is a remarkable circumstance that the occupation of the Morea by Slavs for about two centuries has been until recently entirely overlooked by modern



writers. This interesting fact, first brought forward by Fallmerayer, in his "History of the Morea during the Middle Ages," not only shows how completely the Greek provinces were overrun by the Slavic tribes, but also explains, in a satisfactory manner, the origin of the name Morea itself. The derivation from the Greek word, signifying mulberry-tree, is much more forced and less reasonable than from the Slavonic word *Móró*, the sea. Morea

the present day used to denote the condition of a slave.

There is reason to believe that the ancient Slavs of Southern Europe had the same superstitious observances as their northern brethren; but their early conversion to Christianity prevented the establishment of idolatry in the Greek provinces which they inhabited. Some of these provinces had embraced Christianity in the time of the apostles, and, naturally,



BLOCK-HOUSE ON THE TURKISH FRONTIER.

became thus the natural term by which the Slavs designated the sea-girt peninsula. The Byzantine writers, it may also be observed, never used the word *Morea*, but only *Peloponnesus*. The Slavic names of many places in the Morea is another clear proof of the prolonged occupation of that part of Europe by the invaders. After repeated efforts by successive Greek emperors, Basil I, or the Macedonian, finally subjected the Slavonian peoples in the Morea, after which they were doubtless completely Hellenised by the Greek religion and civilisation.

The favourite derivation of the name Slav is from the word *Slava*, "Glory;" and it is spelt variously, Slav, Slave, Sclave, or Schlave. Nearly all the Slavic tribes have been for ages under the yoke of foreign rulers; and the name Slav, whatever its derivation, has been with various modifications to

the stranger tribes came under its influence. The church of Thessalonica, the modern Salonica, is distinguished for the part it took in the enlightenment of the Slavs. The annals of the Christian church of that celebrated city is unbroken from the day of St. Paul's arrival there until the present time. Tafel traces the history of Thessalonica in great detail through the middle ages, and shows how, after the invasion of the Goths, it was the means of converting the Slavs, and through them the Bulgarians, to the Christian faith.

The Slavonian language consists of various dialects, the principal of which are the Bohemian, Polish, Lusatian or Wend, Russian, Bulgarian, Illyrian, Croatian, and Carinthian. Some of these are again subdivided into sub-dialects. So much are these dialects allied, that it is said a Slav from Northern Europe could make himself understood to his brother Slav on



the Danube. It has been questioned whether the Slavs possessed any written alphabet of their own before their conversion to Christianity. When pagans, they wrote with lines and incisions; and after their conversion they used the Greek and Latin letters until the invention of the Cyrillic alphabet. The Cyrillic alphabet was called after Cyrillus, who was sent in 863 with his brother, Methodius, into Moravia by the Emperor Michael, at the request of the recently and partially-converted Slavs there settled, to translate the Scriptures into their language, and instruct them in their Christian duties. That alphabet was adopted by the Slavonic nations, and its use in the Liturgy was afterwards allowed by the Popes to those who abandoned the Eastern for the Western church. It continued to be employed by the Slavs of the Western church until the middle of the eleventh century, when its use was superseded by another Slavonic alphabet, called the Glagolic. The Cyrillic was, however, retained by the Slavs of the Greek Church, as the Russians, Servians, Wallachians, Bulgarians, and others, who still use it in their religious services and in ordinary books.

The Slavic tribe of the Chrobati, who had settled in Dalmatia, and the Serbs, who had also settled in modern Serbia and Bosnia, with the permission of the Emperor Heraclius, renounced paganism about the year 634. The Avars, a Central Asian tribe, whose conquests had threatened the very existence of the empire, were finally conquered by aid of the Slavs, and expelled or absorbed into the Slavonic population. "From the Euxine to the Adriatic," says Gibbon, "in the state of captives or subjects or allies or enemies of the Greek empire, the Slavs overspread the land." Towards the close of the ninth century migrations had ceased, and the various tribes began to consolidate into separate kingdoms and betake themselves to peaceful pursuits. The Slavs, indeed, as represented by ancient writers, were less a warlike than an industrious people—living by agriculture and the rearing of flocks and herds. Immediately prior to the advent of the Turks into Europe in the fourteenth century, the various Slavish peoples were settled where they now are, and were known as Servians or Serbians, Bosnians, and Bulgarians, and under their native rulers were almost entirely independent of the empire. The two former were kingdoms purely Slavonic. The Bulgars, a warlike Tartar tribe, had, in 679, conquered the Slavs in Mœsia; but though warlike they were not numerous, and after having given their name to the country, they gradually adopted the language and manners of the conquered Slavs. The Wallachians, the descendants of the ancient Roman colony of Dacians, to the north of the Danube, presented to the invading Turks, as they do now, a character distinct, both in appearance and language, from their Slavic neighbours.

The Turks, or Turkomans, entered Europe from Asia in the year 1352, and at that time the Greek empire was but little fitted to contend with its new and formidable assailants. These strangers in Europe—alien alike in race and religion—were of Tartar origin, and belonged to the Mongolian variety of mankind; although from intermixture with the contiguous Caucasian races their original characteristics had been largely modified. The Ottoman Turks—destined to extinguish the Eastern empire of the Romans, and to terrify Christian Europe by their formidable valour and Mohammedan fanaticism

—take their name from Othman, or Osman, the head of a tribe which attained to independence in Asia Minor on the decay of the Seljukian dynasty of the Turks. The Turkish historians celebrate the beauty of Othman's person, and the strength and length of his arms. He was an univalued horseman, and acquired the name of Kara, or Black, from the jet colour of his hair. In Asia Minor his power increased with his conquests over neighbouring Turkish tribes and with the extension of his territories. Having proclaimed himself as the especial defender and propagator of the Mohammedan faith, and declared he had a mission from heaven, he infected his followers with his fanaticism and lust of conquest.

Native Turkish historians relate, with doubtless considerable embellishment, a dream of Othman's, which prefigured the future greatness of his race. The slumberer fancied that he saw a tree sprouting from his own person, which rapidly grew in size and foliage, till it covered with its branches the three continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Beneath the tree four enormous mountains raised their snowy summits—Caucasus, Atlas, Taurus, and Hæmus—apparently supporting, like four columns, the vast leafy tent. From the sides of these mountains issued four rivers—the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Danube, and the Nile. Suddenly the branches and leaves of the tree assumed a glittering, sabre-like aspect, and, moved by the breeze, they turned towards Constantinople. That capital—placed at the junction of two seas and two continents—seemed like a noble diamond set in a ring between two sapphires and emeralds. Othman was about to celebrate his nuptials with the Byzantine city, the capital of the world, by placing the ring on his finger, when he awoke. By dint of the Koran and the sword the dream of Othman was realised by his successors.

Othman left two sons—Orchan and Ala-ed-deen. Orchan, the conqueror of the Mongols and the captor of Brusa, succeeded to the throne, which he desired his brother to share; but Ala-ed-deen would not consent to any joint sovereignty or division of his father's territories. "Since, brother," said Orchan, "you will not accept the flocks and herds that I offer thee, be thou the shepherd of my people; be thou my vizier." Orchan took the personal command of the armies, while his brother devoted himself to state policy and organisation. It was by Ala-ed-deen that the Janissaries were originated. This famous corps, called Yeni Tscheri, or new troops, which did so much to advance the Ottoman power, was entirely composed of Christian children taken in battle and in sieges, and compelled to embrace the Mohammedan faith; they were trained to warlike exercises from earliest years, and subjected to stringent discipline. The work of Ala-ed-deen was systematised by Bajazet I, the first chief of the house of Othman, who changed the title of emir, borne by his predecessors, for that of sultan. After being nearly destroyed at the battle of Angora, the Janissaries were resuscitated by Amaruth, and received their perfect organisation at Adrianople in 1389. This celebrated body continued for more than four hundred years, and until its extinction in 1826, a formidable power in the Ottoman empire. Originally raised from a tribute of Christian youths, they became at length composed of native-born Mussulmans. It is a singular feature in Ottoman history that the European provinces of the Greek

empire should be conquered by renegades from the Christian faith.

When, in 1336, all North-western Asia Minor was included in the Ottoman territories, nothing lay between them and Constantinople but the waters of the calm and narrow Bosphorus. While Orchan was the first Turkish potentate who set foot upon the soil of Europe, Amurath, his son and successor, gradually wrenched from the empire its European territory. In 1360 he captured Adrianople. And now, for the first time, the invading Mohammedans encountered those Christianised Slavonic races with whom for ages they have waged hostilities or held in subjection and cruelly oppressed. Forgetting their quarrels, and making common cause against the Ottoman power, the Servians, the Bulgarians, the Bosnians, the Wallachians, and the Hungarians marched out to meet the invaders. In the battle of Kosseva which ensued, the allied Christians were completely defeated. This decisive battle was fought in 1363. Henceforth the Turks made good their position in Europe. The struggle was one between diverse races and religions—between the Christian Slavs and the followers of Mahomet. No Christian power of the West aided the Christian dwellers on the Danube in this momentous contest.

Adrianople became, for the time being, the seat of Turkish supremacy. Bulgaria was already overrun and annexed; and now Bajazet, the son of Amurath, subdued Servia. Bosnia and Wallachia shared the fate of Servia. All that remained unconquered of the Greek empire was Constantinople and its immediately surrounding territory. It was reserved to Mahomet II, by the capture of the queen-like city on the Bosphorus, to entirely overthrow the feeble remnant of imperial power.

This great event took place in 1453, nearly a hundred years after the Turks had entered Europe. Founded by the Emperor Constantine on the site of Byzantium as the new capital of his dominions, and named after its founder, Constantinople had continued the seat of the Greek power for a thousand years after the fall of the Western empire. It had been besieged by the Arabs, the Slavs, and the Crusaders, and had successfully resisted every attack. The proud city—the seat of the Greek patriarchate as well as of the imperial power—fell at length to the Ottoman, and the church of St. Sophia became a Mohammedan mosque.

The Moslem power continued to extend until it embraced the whole of the south-eastern corner of Europe, the south-western corner of Asia, and the north-eastern corner of Africa. Its decline dates from the crushing overthrow of the Ottoman forces at the hands of John Sobieski before Vienna in 1683. In its present reduced dimensions, excluding Greece and the islands, but still including the dependent states of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, Turkey in Europe extends 700 miles from west to east, and 650 miles from north to south; that is, in the one case, from the western border of Croatia to the Channel of Constantinople or the mouths of the Danube, and in the other, from the extremity of Moldavia to the frontier of Greece,—upwards of 200,000 square miles. On its northern boundaries it is overshadowed by the two great military monarchies of Austria and Russia. From Dalmatia to Moldavia stretches a long belt of country skirting the Turkish territory, known as the Austrian military frontiers. This belt—a true border land—in-

cludes the southernmost parts of Croatia, Slavonia, Hungary, and Transylvania. In this territory, 900 miles in length, every peasant is a soldier, and the administration of civil affairs is conducted by officers of the Austrian Frontier Corps. The object of this singular system, when founded by Maria Theresa, was to protect her provinces from Turkish attacks; it is now retained mainly for police and customs purposes. Our illustration will give an idea of the military stations or block-houses which form the *cordon*. These are wooden buildings about two hundred paces distant from each other, fifteen or twenty feet square, and raised on upright trunks of trees to a height of six feet from the ground, in order to keep them dry when the river overflows its banks. They are surrounded by a sort of verandah, in which the soldiers of the guard, composed of a corporal's party, from five to ten men, may generally be seen lounging. Each post is provided with a large bell, by means of which it is calculated that the alarm can be spread along the whole southern frontier of the Austrian territory in the space of four hours. Block-houses are also planted along the Turkish frontier.

The passage of the Hellespont by the Ottomans in the fourteenth century was the introduction to its western shore of a new race, with peculiar habits, a strange language, and a creed as entirely foreign to the native Greeks of the empire as to the Slavs, who for the most part belonged to the Greek Church.

The Ottomans came to Europe as a garrison, and to this day, among the vanquished people, they occupy very much the position of a foreign army of occupation. They are the conquerors, the lords of the soil, the ruling caste. It is their inability to assimilate the ideas of the West, and to shake themselves free from the stagnation and fatalism engendered by their religion, which has led to the gradual decline of their power in Europe, and which will at no distant date lead to its entire extinction.

The Ottoman race is, from various causes, steadily decreasing in European Turkey, and it is remarkable how small a minority of its inhabitants it really forms. The numbers of the various races which compose the population of the country at the present time, as given in Mr. Farley's recent book, "Turks and Christians," are as follows:—

Ottomans . . . .	1,150,000
Slavonians . . . .	7,200,000
Greeks . . . . .	1,450,000
Albanians . . . . .	1,500,000
Roumanians . . . .	4,000,000
Armenians . . . . .	400,000
Jews . . . . .	70,000
Tartars . . . . .	16,000
Gipsies . . . . .	214,000

Total . . . . . 16,000,000

While according to religious profession there are:—

Mussulmans . . . .	3,200,000
Greeks and Armenians . .	11,600,000
Catholics . . . . .	890,000
Jews . . . . .	70,000
Other sects . . . . .	240,000

Total . . . . . 16,000,000

From the above it appears that the Mussulmans exceed the Turks of Tartar origin by upwards of two

millions. This is accounted for by the accessions to the Mohammedan ranks from the Christian populations. In Bosnia and Albania Mohammedans and Christians are not far from equal. In all the other provinces the disparity is very great. The causes of the defection of many of the Christian Slavs to the faith of their adversaries we shall afterwards notice.

The language spoken by the Ottoman Turks is the most polished of all the Turkish idioms, and in poetry they display genius and taste; but it cannot be said that education is advanced or appreciated among the great body of the race. "The utmost," says Mr. Consul Blunt, "that a Turk will attempt to follow is the old beaten track of his ancestors in merely learning to read the Koran, and to write sufficiently well to be able to write a letter with tolerable correctness and elegance. The Turkish schoolmaster is totally ignorant of geography, general history, natural science, and modern languages; indeed, the Turks deem such knowledge to be quite useless." The Turk has, besides, no appreciation of art.

The word Turk, we may by the way remark, which means rustic, or clown, is never used by the Turks as their proper designation, but is applied to the Turkomans and other tribes of Central Asia. Osmanli—or followers of Othman, or Osman—is the name by which they choose to designate themselves. The present Sultan of Turkey, Abdul-Aziz, is the thirty-third in direct male descent from the founder of the empire.

The Osmanli are all Mohammedans, and Islam is the religion of the state, but all other religions are freely tolerated. Both the law and religion being founded on the Koran, the clergy and the lawyers form but a single order, divided, however, into two classes, the ministers of religion and the ministers of justice. This order is the Ulema, the chief of which is the Grand Mufti, who is of equal rank with the Grand Vizier. European Turkey is rich in natural resources, but they are undeveloped. Whatever material progress has been made of late years is owing, not to the Ottomans, but to the Christian subjects of the Porto. The Slavs are for the most part the rayahs, or tillers of the soil; the Greeks have in their hands the commerce of the country; the Armenians are the bankers. The Turks alone compose the ranks of the army; and, as the administrative officials of the empire, they are, as a class, entirely unscrupulous and corrupt.

## A TALE OF A LOTTERY TICKET.

### CHAPTER II.

THE little shop that was kept by Schick's sisters was supplied with goods by a dealer named Kori, who lived at Hechingen, a mile or two distant from our village. Kori used to come on Sunday to hear Littler preach—a custom which showed his good sense and sound judgment. He was a sort of an oracle in our village—a man of fine character, whose word was invariably true, as his acts were honest and kind. On the Sunday morning, Littler's landlord, who was going to Hechingen to pay his weekly visit to his old bedridden mother, met Kori as he was coming to church.

"Good morning, Master Hood; what is the news at Burladingen?"

"Nothing that I know of—but stop; there is news, though. Our rector and three others with him have gained the grand prize in the Frankfort lottery."

"Hush! hush! don't say that so loud, and don't say it at all again to any one. It is of no consequence that you have told me; but as soon as you get home go to the rector, and tell him to keep the thing as quiet as he can. It is forbidden to us by the law to have anything to do with the Frankfort lottery. If it gets known the Government will assuredly take the prize, and most likely will inflict a fine into the bargain. Be sure you warn the rector not to let the affair be known."

That morning Littler preached a most masterly sermon. He spoke for the best part of an hour, and yet my simple-hearted people did not think it long. But you know what a way he has of fixing the attention and rousing the emotions of the most indifferent.

Master Schick was not at church, nor was either of his sisters. We sent my nephew to his house to make inquiries, and learned that he was in bed, but was not sick.

That puzzled me. Did the man think there was a prize after all? I knew not what to make of it.

When the afternoon service was over, we four companions set out for a walk to Steinen, to take my nephew home, as he would return to school on the morrow. We had got about half-way there, when I saw my brother-in-law and his wife coming to meet us. My sister, a stout matronly woman, lifted her hands above her head and clapped them rapidly together as soon as she saw us. I said to my nephew, "Your mother is glad to see you home again."

When we met, my brother-in-law and sister congratulated me on my good fortune, and, before I had time to utter a word, the former said, "Now, your reverence, you must help me to buy the little farm which adjoins our own. I have three thousand dollars saved towards it; you must give me the other two thousand; then we shall be able to afford to send the youngster to the Latin School, and he shall be a clergyman like yourself."

I replied that he was in error—I had won nothing.

"You need have no secrets with me; I shall not be such a fool as to betray you to the Government. I have seen Kori this morning. He has warned me sharply that the affair must be kept secret. But you are safe with me."

What was the use of all my affirmations? Kori had said it, and he had never told an untruth in his life.

When we came to the house my sister took me into a private room, and wept for joy that Providence had made me the cause of so much happiness to the family—that it was my lot, not only to prepare them for the better life, but also to make them prosperous in this. She did not suffer me to speak a word, and in her raptures and ecstasies would listen to nothing.

And now I began to see that I *had* gained a prize, but that it was a very sorry one. I had gained such an insight into the soul of man as it was not at all refreshing to have. I was the pride of my family, and especially of this married sister, who was really a woman of good principle and sound understanding. And now what a wrench her mind had undergone! She complained, with tears, that I was so mistrustful, and wanted to know how she had deserved that of

me. And when I assured her that I could contribute but little towards the contemplated purchase, she all but upbraided me for my heartless indifference to their welfare.

What should I do? Should I confirm my statement with an oath? No, I would not stoop to that. I was profoundly annoyed that my word was not believed. I saw now, that though all my life long I had systematically sacrificed my worldly interests to those of my relatives, yet a single denial of what it was out of my power to grant had served to blot out the past entirely.

I left the wine they had poured out standing on the table, and we turned our faces homeward. It was no loving look that my brother-in-law and his wife cast on me as, with my three friends, I retraced my steps.

On our way back we met Littler's landlord. He drew me aside, and, after congratulating me, gave me the warning with which Kori had charged him.

Should I tell this man also that all was a delusion? Should I go from house to house and say to all my parishioners, "My dear people, my mad cousin, the deputy, has played a stupid trick, which I ought to have prevented, but did not"? The bare idea was bewildering.

Government did not punish me, but I was punished; and I may say that to this day I have not ceased to regret having thoughtlessly transgressed the law. I was ashamed to return the kind greetings of my poor peasants. "Each one of them knows," I said to myself, "that their pastor has played in the lottery; how can I tell them from the pulpit that they must bear poverty and privation with patience, and be always obedient to the laws?"

That Sunday was the most miserable day of my whole life. I told Littler how unhappy I felt. He said I was suffering a just chastisement, but that I ought not to take it too seriously; and he comforted me with the assurance that no one would condemn me so severely as I condemned myself. The curate, however, persisted in regarding the affair as a capital joke, and said, for his part, he thought it ought not to be allowed to drop.

On Monday morning the newspaper came as usual, but there was no letter from the Lottery office. Now this was the day for the meeting of the clerical conference at Lowen. I went with Littler and the curate, and we were the first at the meeting, which was held at the hotel in the market-place.

Lowen is also a post town, and there lay on the large table in the room where we met a bag of money addressed to Joseph Meyer, a namesake of mine in the place, who was a Jew and a money-changer. A clergyman came in and shook hands with my curate, who, I suppose by way of not letting the joke drop, pointed to the money, saying, with a sort of sly wink, "The first instalment of the cash—but not a word about it, you know!" The rest of the company having arrived, the conference began.

When it was over and we all sat chatting together at the table, I found that Lean's friend had not been altogether silent on the subject of the lottery prize, since I was congratulated on all sides. I explained that the thing was all a joke, but they only laughed.

And would you believe it? I was repeatedly subjected to the most humiliating experiences through that ridiculous joke. I saw on all sides that people began to esteem and reverence me because I was

rich. My small merits began to assume most extraordinary proportions, and to everything I said and did a new importance was attached. The merest civility from me was now a thing sought after, and the slightest act on my part of kindness to another was esteemed a remarkable instance of condescension; all arising from the idea folks had got that I was a wealthy man. On the other hand, I was often made conscious of the unpleasant fact that many of my people were imbibing the notion that I was far from being as generous as I ought to be, and were hinting to one another that I was really becoming stingy and penurious. The misery and privation of the poor around me—for there was great distress at the time—drove me to do all I could for their relief and comfort; but my utmost exertions and severest self-denial brought me little goodwill, because everybody thought it was my duty to do more.

Soon came a new trouble. We had been playing tricks with Fortune, and now Fortune played us tricks in her turn. On the Thursday morning the beadle brought the curate a complete swarm of letters. From all sides poured in notes of congratulation, and every note contained "a little bill," with a modest and respectful request for the settlement of the same. At first, before perusing the shoal of epistles, Lean felt flattered by the amount of his correspondence, and boasted of the number of his friends, observing that he had never thought he had half so many; but his countenance fell when he found his friends were all duns, and that his credit had fallen to so low an ebb. He paid them all off, and that was as much as he could do. He was a wiser man afterwards, though hardly so bright and merry.

For many days we had heard nothing of Master Schick, and I grew more than a little uneasy on his account. Why should he lie in bed day after day since he was not sick, nor had he won a prize that might tempt him to play the fool with his money? I called at his house and insisted on seeing him, and then it came out that he was not lying a-bed. The sisters, after some hesitation, said he was gone on a journey; and on my inquiring whither he was gone, they assured me they did not know.

I was sitting in my study one morning conversing with Littler, when in walks Master Schick, his brown, weather-beaten face beaming with satisfaction.

"Good morning, reverence; a thousand good mornings to you."

"What! friend Schick, is that you? And where have you been all this time?"

"To Frankfort. I have been to fetch the money myself."

"The money! What money?"

"Our money."

"Our money! How much then?"

Schick made a long pause, and looking at me with the queerest expression in his little, foxy eyes, "Come," said he, "guess you how much."

I did not guess, but allowed him to enjoy the consciousness that he had paid us back in our own coin. At length he deliberately produced three *rouleaux* from his pocket, each of the value of a thousand dollars, and laid them on the table.

"There," he said, "are your three portions; I have my own safe at home."

Then he vouchsafed us a history of his proceedings.



"You see," he said, "I could tamper with the post delivery as well as you, and had just as much right to do so as you had. You received no letter on the Monday morning, because I had waylaid the beadle and taken it from him. It was addressed to you, but I read it, of course, and then I made up my mind. Though we had not gained the grand prize, we had won twelve thousand dollars, and as I had the ticket in my possession, I resolved to go and claim the money in person. It was paid me down on the nail on my producing the ticket, and now you see we have each our shares. One thing more: you all owe me three dollars each, for I have spent twelve dollars in my journey to and fro."

I am ashamed to confess it, but the truth must out. Though the prize was not inconsiderable, I imagined that it ought to have been much more; and such a miserable infatuation clings to gold, that I really began to mistrust poor Shopkeeper Schick, and to suspect that he might have played us foul. True, thought I, we can procure an official list of the prizes, and easily ascertain the prize that corresponds to our own number. But what if I did that, and found Schick to be dishonest; how should I deal with him, an old, though humble friend, and one of my congregation? Oh! it is a veritable incubus when the money-bag weighs upon the soul.

My unworthy suspicion had no foundation; Schick had acted honourably, and as I ought to have known that he would act.

When I sent several hundred dollars to my sister at Steinin, she scarcely thanked me for them; and after dividing the whole of my gains, as well as those of my unmarried sister, at her request, with the rest of our relations, there was not one of them who did not think he was fairly entitled to more than he received. I had no return of gratitude, but many murmurings, and I have heartily wished a thousand times that I had never won a penny.

To the present day, however, I pass for a wealthy man, and all I do and say has more weight than it would have if folks knew how poor I am. That is all the interest I get for my capital.

With these words the rector finished his story. In the evening we made a call on Master Schick, who gave us a charming solo on his violoncello, and made us stay to supper, which was admirably prepared by the two old maids his sisters. On the walls of his room I observed three large prints, handsomely framed. The one on the right was a view of Constantinople, the one on the left a view of Copenhagen, the centre-piece being a view of Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

## NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

### CATERPILLAR ECCENTRICITIES.

A CATERPILLAR, according to the popular notion, is a "creeping thing," unpleasing to man and injurious to vegetation; a creature leading a life of little sensibility, having nothing to do but to eat and grow fat; scarcely conscious of suffering even when pounced upon by a parent bird, and doomed to glide smoothly down the eager throat of a hungry nestling. Gardeners almost universally believe, and most collectors of insects hope, that the insect races are nearly if not quite devoid of feeling,

but from undeniable quarters we have now got information that changes the aspect of affairs. It may be considered as proved, what had long been suspected by certain physiologists, that insects possess a nervous system, extending its ramifications throughout the body, and it may be in some way not yet disclosed to us, centralising its sensibilities in a portion of the frame, which, if this be true, would be as cognisant of what passes in the remoter members, as is the brain of man of the sensations in his fingers or toes.

Granted a nervous system, therefore, it will have sensations painful or pleasant, according to circumstances, and the humblest caterpillar that feeds on plant or tree may not in its obscurity have the happiness we might think inseparable from its condition. Caterpillar life, we imagine, has its shadowy as well as its sunny side; and, as a rearer of divers species, natives of these British Isles, I, for my own part, have noticed peculiarities of habit which might lead to the inference that some caterpillars are naturally of a happier disposition than others. It is usual amongst us bipeds to account for some displays of irritability or petulance by saying that the persons so affected have either an over-sensitive or an over-taxed nervous system. May we come to the same conclusion with regard to those caterpillars that are apt to conduct themselves in an unamiable manner towards their fellows of the same race? Of course I do not speak of such evil-disposed caterpillars as those of the satellite moth (*Scopelosoma satellitia*), whose delight it is to prey upon the bodies of their brethren, and who deserve to be excluded from all respectable caterpillar society. Nor do I note such an eccentricity as that lately recorded of a brood of the caterpillars of the purple hairstreak butterfly (*Thecla quercus*), where a portion attacked and devoured the chrysalids of those that had grown up the fastest. Here we may suppose a kind of mania, induced by confinement or injudicious feeding. But less explainable are the oddities of those caterpillars given to inflict petty annoyances upon their near relatives, or upon other caterpillars, in the way of snapping at or attempting to bite their neighbours' skins; pushing them about, crawling over them, or seizing leaves which they are engaged in nibbling. These doings cannot be put down to the influence of an artificial mode of life, since caterpillars at large are found to be guilty of these habits, and not merely caterpillars confined in breeding-cages. Where an eccentricity marks a species, may it be that the poor creatures suffer more or less from "nerves"? Nor are all the larger caterpillars conspicuous for suavity.

The caterpillars of several of the hawk moths belonging to the modern genus *Smerinthus*, which are furnished with a horn or appendage at the hinder extremity of the body, frequently lose the whole or part of this through the unfriendly attack of others of the same brood. Should two of some size meet by chance, each sways its head to and fro in a hostile manner, and the one in the more advantageous position will throw the other from the twig, or perhaps inflict a bite upon it. The quaintly-shaped caterpillar of the "puss" (*Dieranura vinula*) is often to be seen with its two horns unfairly shortened by a brother that has taken advantage of its sluggishness during the digestive process. Many of the geometer, or "looper" caterpillars, are very restless, and as they crawl about they pass over the bodies of

others with as little consideration as if they were inanimate objects. Occasionally the sufferer takes it patiently, but at times, especially at the season of "ecdysis," or change of skin, this occasions violent contortions, and the jerk may chance to throw both to the ground, there to be devoured by some predacious enemy of caterpillars.

#### THE LEOPARDS AND TIGERS OF OUR LONDON PARKS.

There are two moths—not at all uncommon in most of our London parks, and also to be discovered in some of the metropolitan squares—that have nothing ferocious about them, except their names. The caterpillar of one of these, however—that of the species designated the leopard moth (*Zenura Asculi*)—brings to the ground many a promising branch of elm, lime, or horse-chestnut that gladdened the eye of the stroller; and now and then, should the attacks made by the caterpillars be persisted in, the whole tree succumbs, and some heavy gale brings it to the ground. At the present moment this species seems to surpass in activity the goat moth, the caterpillar of which has been credited with the destruction of a number of the oldest trees our parks boasted, trees dating from the Stuart period, or even earlier. As the leopard moth passes more rapidly through its transformations than the "goat," it might be more injurious to trees but for one circumstance. It is usually at early morn that the moths, showy with their leopard-like spottings, emerge from the chrysalis condition, and dry their wings on the trunks of trees. Cockney sparrows, being early birds to a proverb, are then astir, and a large moiety of the moths are dislodged to afford food for the birds or their young. In June or July the surviving mother moths, by means of a long ovipositor, thrust their eggs under crannies in the bark; and under this the newly-hatched caterpillars feed until they are strong enough to pierce the wood. Increasing in size, they cut burrows or passages in various directions, mining in the trunks as well as in the branches, though seemingly preferring the latter. For these operations the structure of the caterpillar is well fitted, the body being pliant and very muscular, while a horny plate behind the head serves both for a shield and a lever. The chrysalis is also endued with the power of motion, which is unusual in the chrysalids of moths, and wriggles up and down the mines made by the caterpillar, aided by a double series of hooks along the sides of its body. Our friends across the Channel call the moth the "Coquette"; I suppose, from its light movement on the wing, though the name is inappropriate in one sense, as the male moths are the principal flyers.

The great tiger moth (*Arotia Caja*) appears more particularly in London parks recently formed, where some of the ground lies waste, and grows banks of dead nettle and chickweed, these supplying the favourite food of the species, though the caterpillar—familiar to youngsters by the name of "Woolly Bear"—also shows itself in parks kept in trim order, hiding then under the lower leaves of hollyhocks and other garden plants. Rarely do we see the tiger moth in flight, for it is sluggish, and if prompted to move, shuffles through the grass in a mouse-like fashion. The tigrine name does not suit the species very well, for pretty as is the brown and creamy white of the fore wings, contrasting with the

scarlet and black of the hind wings, it does not suggest to us the spots of the carnivorous quadruped. The prolific mothers of the race deposit the large number of eight hundred eggs during the summer; but the young tigers do not associate on the "happy family" principle. After spending a few weeks in eating, they hibernate when the nights get cold, not having the comfortable shelter enjoyed by their brethren, the wood-eating leopards, but roughing it through the winter as best they may, in odd corners or beneath clumps of low herbage. Before the caterpillar arrives at its final stage of growth, displaying long hairs with a silken hoariness that shows out well beside the black hairs below, it passes through the number of no less than eight changes of skin, casting off all its hairs each time—a circumstance some have doubted, yet it is easily proved by any one who will take the trouble to rear it. The cocoon, so largely made up of the hairs of the caterpillar, and in which the chrysalis only abides a fortnight, does not contain many of these hairs entire. With due caution, the caterpillar snips off such portions of its hair as it deems requisite to interweave with the silk. Hence, one entomologist assumes that the species is more tender skinned than other species, which pull up their hairs by the roots.

J. C.

#### WEATHER PROVERBS.

##### April.

WE now come to April—the first month of the spring—ever associated in our minds with "sound of vernal showers." It is seldom we are disappointed in this expectation, and when we are our crops suffer greatly. Every one accordingly anxiously looks for rain, and rejoices to see it falling on the fields and gardens.

"In April, Dove's flood  
Is worth a king's good."

This saying, which is applied to the River Dove, in Derbyshire, is equally true of all streams, as the floods show there has been an abundance of rain. Thunder, as a harbinger of storms, is also indirectly welcome to the husbandman:—

"When April blows his horn,  
It's good for hay and corn."

"If it thunders on All Fools' Day,  
It brings good crops of corn and hay."

Cold, however, appears to be the most desirable accompaniment of rain during April, if the experience of our forefathers embodied in various proverbs is to count for anything:—

"A cold April  
The barn will fill."

"Cold April gives bread and wine."

"It is not April without a frosty crown."

"April wears a white hat."

The early part of April is often called the black-thorn winter, from the fact that the white blossoms of the thorn are then in flower, while the weather is nearly always cold. This month and May are very

rightly called the keys of the year, as the weather experienced during them most materially influences agricultural prospects:—

"Betwixt April and May if there be rain,  
'Tis worth more than oxen and wain."

"April rains for men, May for beasts,"

which means that a wet April is of special benefit to corn crops, a wet May to grass lands.

With the exception of a local proverb and the one quoted among the examples in March, both referring to the first three days of April, there is no saying attached to any particular day in April. The proverb alluded to above is common in Huntingdon; it is to the effect that there will be a flood in June if the first three days of April are foggy.

As Easter Day this year falls on the 16th of April, the proverbs connected with that day find their proper place here:—

"A rainy Easter betokens a good harvest."

"A good deal of rain on Easter Day  
Gives a crop of good grass but little good hay."

"Late Easter, long cold spring."

"If the sun shine on Easter Day, it shines on Whit  
Sunday likewise."

The time of Easter, however, varies so much, that it is obvious no reliance can in any way be placed on these prognostications.

## Varieties.

**POPEY IN AMERICA.**—An American priest, a seceder from the Church of Rome, in giving a public lecture in the Opera House, Philadelphia, said, "The number of Roman Catholics is greatly over-estimated, and among Americans they make very few converts. Calculating in their manner—that is, including every man, woman, and child—we will not find 5,000,000. Of the children they lose at least fifty per cent.—seventy-five per cent. of boys and twenty-five per cent. of girls. If the immigration of Catholics should cease to-day, in less than twenty years three-fourths of the Catholic churches would be closed for want of worshippers. Among all the pew-holders in the Roman churches in this city there are not ten per cent. native Americans. Catholicism is not an indigenous plant here, but of foreign growth, and does not thrive. But the leaders are shrewd. They know how to display to the best advantage. It is a blessing, indeed, for our glorious country that things are not as they want to make us believe."

**DRUNKENNESS IN LANCASHIRE.**—The Annual Police Returns of South Lancashire will be not a little surprise and discouragement to those who trust in paternal legislation. They can be no surprise at all to those who have duly recognised the great facts which govern what is called the growth of intemperance. The state of things disclosed, however, is most lamentable, and the duty of doing what can be done to check it, if we can only find out what that is, most imperative. It is a poor consolation to be told that serious crimes are rather decreasing than otherwise, and that the general increase is in cases of actual intoxication and the smaller offences immediately arising from it. A man habitually or very frequently drunk is spoilt altogether. He is brutalised himself; his domestic duties, if he has any, are neglected; he surrounds himself with misery, degradation, and crime; and even if his tendency is not to actual robbery or to violence, the results are really the same. He is the man who breeds and fosters that incurable plague of modern civilisation, the ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-taught, ill-mannered family, ever defying all the wiles of benevolence and all the arts of legislation. A population of drunkards is a population of brutes, and very bad brutes too, not much the better for generally keeping

on the windy side of law, and being objects of disgust rather than of hostility. So we may as well say at once, it matters very little to be told that burglaries, perhaps, or homicides are diminishing. What the public have latterly been giving their special attention to, with hopes and expectations more or less sanguine, is the repression of drunkenness by early closing hours, and by the increased interference of the police for the enforcement of the new provisions. But it would appear from the Lancashire statistics that the milder regimen adopted either has not succeeded at all, or the proof of its success depends on careful analysis. Doubtless there are many considerations to be taken into account, but the visible fact is an enormous increase of intoxication. It is significantly described in the paper before us as the general propensity of Lancashire people to get drunk when they can. [We happened to visit Blackpool, the favourite Lancashire watering-place, during the Brewster Sessions, last summer, and heard the astounding statement that in that town there is a public-house or gin-shop to every seventy inhabitants.]

**LONDON INSTITUTION.**—Mr. Edward B. Nicholson, Principal Librarian and Superintendent of the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, gives the following statement:—"The library of the London Institution contains some 60,000 volumes, and is, I think, generally admitted to be, as a whole, much superior to that of the Corporation. In some departments—as the history and topography of the United Kingdom—it is singularly rich. The list of scientific periodicals—English, German, and French—which lie on its tables is most ample; and I believe that in no other metropolitan library can Parliamentary papers be so certainly and so quickly obtained by the reader, who, indeed, has rarely to wait five minutes for any book whatever. The room (ninety-six feet by forty-six feet) is one of the largest, handsomest, and best lighted in London; the locality, Finsbury Circus, is about the quietest and pleasantest in the City, and is at the same time less than three hundred yards from the Moorgate Street and Broad Street stations of the Metropolitan line, and the Liverpool Street stations of the North London and Great Eastern. And yet this library is the great failure of the London Institution. The fortunes of the Institution have somewhat fluctuated since it was founded by a vast subscription of the merchants of London, with Porson as its first librarian. But for some short time past, despite the smallness of its income (about £3,000), it has been on the high road to prosperity; its news and magazine rooms are well frequented, its theatre is filled twice a week during some four months in the year by audiences who enjoy the privilege of listening to lecturers of the highest distinction; its circulating library rapidly increases in extent, usefulness, and popularity; and the number of members' shares which lapse from time to time is now quite insufficient to supply the public demand for them. But the City has ceased to be the residence of the professional and commercial men who form the bulk of the nine hundred members. During business hours they cannot come to read; after business they go home to the country or to distant parts of town; and so, for more years than can be told, this fine library has attracted only some twenty readers a day. Last February, however, the Board of Management resolved that in future each member should receive as many cards of admission to the library as he wished to give away."

**HOMES FOR THE POOR IN LONDON.**—Under this title Miss Octavia Hill has reprinted, in pamphlet form, some articles formerly contributed to magazines, and also the substance of a report to the Local Government Board on a proposed co-operation of volunteers and poor-law officials. They are republished now in consequence of the passing of Mr. Cross's Artisans' Dwellings Bill. By that Act two separate classes of powers are given. There is a power to destroy, and there is a power to construct. Miss Hill, as far as appears, has had to do exclusively with purchased buildings. Touching her work in its early stages, she narrates how she managed the work and Mr. Ruskin found the money. The first three houses were purchased for £750. The scheme has been in operation about a year and a half (this was in 1866). "The financial result is that the scheme has paid five per cent. interest on all the capital; has repaid £48 of the capital; sets of two rooms have been let for little more than the rent of one, the houses have been kept in repair, all expenses have been met for taxes, ground rent, and insurance." Altogether, we learn, Mr. Ruskin risked at first upwards of £3,000 on the scheme; and he has been repaid in every case. That is the material result; and as for the moral result, who can tell the advantage to the inmates of these courts, once squalid and miserable, now clean and decent, of the altered state of things, conducive alike to honesty, morality, and religion, under which they come to live?



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"RECOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper*



AT THE INDIAN CAMP.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MAIN-ROUGE AND HIS FOLLOWING.

FROM tales related by her father and old neighbours at the Elms, Constance knew what a signal of death and destruction the Indian war-whoop was. She sprang up also, and the two peeped out of the window, which was so constructed in the thick log wall that those within could see without

being seen. A glorious morning had broken on the wooded hills and the wild valley, but its light showed them that the enclosure around the house was occupied by Indians, arrayed somewhat like the Mohawks, and fully armed with rifle and tomahawk. Greenland's gate stood wide open, some active member of the tribe having climbed over and withdrawn the bars, thus admitting the rest, while all within the block-house were asleep. A band of stern old warriors had stationed themselves round the building,

No. 1268.—APRIL 15, 1876.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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with their rifles pointed at its windows. I call them "rifles," as the familiar word for fire-arms nowadays, but in truth they were ruder and "smoothbore" weapons. Beyond them the young men of the tribe flourished their tomahawks with gestures of savage fury; and on the hill-side, just above the stream, another group were busy kindling a fire.

Constance and Hannah flung on their clothes, and hurried out to give the alarm; but the men were all astir—indeed, no living man could sleep in such a din, for whoop after whoop rose from without, followed by thundering knocks with the butt-ends of muskets at the door.

"It's strong," said Greenland, "and will stand a good deal o' cavin'. What brings the varmints to my place, I wonder? I never had a quarrel with them, and their nearest settlement is miles away on the borders of the Mohawk country. Howsomever, there's mischief in their heads when they open their throats that way; but I'm thankful there's two rifles here, my own and Vanderslock's. I wish the stock of powder and ball was bigger, but it aint, so we must lose nothing. The loopholes in the loft will give us the best aim. I'm a pretty good marksman myself, so I'll take the front one. Vanderslock's a good shot—he'll take the back, I know; and Mr. Quaker, you and the boy could blaze away with the pistols from the windows, and frighten the savages if you did no more."

"I have no pistols, friend," said Jacob. "I hold it contrary to a Christian's duty to carry or use any weapons of the kind, for if his Master sees good, he can deliver him from all danger, and if not, the Lord's will be done. But I will tell thee what I will do for our common defence, which is, indeed, the safest way, seeing thy munitions of war are but scanty: I will parley from this window with the chief of the Indians, for I know him to be Main-rouge, a raging heathen in his wrath, but otherwise just and reasonable; since thou hast no quarrel, it may be some mistake that has brought them here."

"Well, ole man, it's no doubt a Christian way to spend the fag end o' your time, and there's not much of a better chance for us; but while you're parleyin' I'll just get ready my rifle. Do you the same, Vanderslock; and every one o' you, especially the ladies, keep well away to the corners, for fear o' them savages firin' straight in when he opens the window."

Undeterred by that danger, Jacob opened the shutter of a small unglazed aperture above the settle, out of which he had previously taken a cautious look, and said to the yelling savages in a quiet tone, "Friends, what is your business here?" Calm courage generally commands the respect of the red men. Their whoops ceased; their ferocious faces turned towards Jacob. Some of them pointed their rifles at him, others flourished their tomahawks, but the Quaker did not shrink; and a man of larger frame than most of the Indian race, but as gaunt and spare as they commonly are, advanced to parley with him. His buffalo robe, rich in its rude embroidery, his belt made of silver plates and scarlet leather, and the number of weapons, both European and Indian, stuck in it, the superior brilliancy of his war-paint, and the peculiar crown of feathers with which his head was decorated, all proclaimed him to be the chief of his tribe, the redoubtable Main-rouge.

One who looked on that Indian's face could well believe Lieutenant Gray's account of him; there was such a look of iron sternness about the brow and

mouth, and such concentrated fire in the deep-set eyes. Thick as the war-paint was, it could not conceal the furrows which a hard life, or hard thoughts, rather than time, had made there; for the chief was still upright, active, and sinewy as any of his tribe."

"We want Major Danby's squaw," he said, after a considerable survey of Jacob.

"And what might be thy business with her, friend?" inquired the time-gaining Quaker.

"Our squaws are waiting for the woman."

The haughty, vindictive malice of the Indian's look, and the yell from his people that followed, for the moment appalled even Jacob.

"Major Danby's squaw is not here, and we know nothing about her," he said. "We are travellers from Boston, who have lost our way, and taken shelter in this block-house for the night."

"Do you keep a store of big lies ready to tell Indians?" said Main-rouge.

"I am one of Penn's people, friend." And Jacob made a large display of his drab coat. "Didst thou ever know any of them to tell the Indians lies?"

"No; but let me see the women you have with you," said the unconvinced chief.

It was now plain for whom the party were mistaken by the vengeful red men; and by Jacob's advice, Constance, Hannah, and the Frau at once stood up on the settle, where their faces could be most plainly seen through the little window. The Indians crowded to the spot, and gazed up at them, but a general head-shaking and look of disappointment announced that their eager pursuit was foiled, for fortunately neither Constance nor Hannah in the least resembled Major Danby's squaw.

The next moment hoarse voices spoke out among the Wampanoags. They were evidently suggesting that the woman wanted was hidden in the house, for every eye glared with savage indignation—every hand brandished hatchet or rifle, and another war-whoop burst from all the warriors except Main-rouge himself. He stood gazing on Constance with such fixed earnestness, that in spite of her resolution not to seem afraid, the girl trembled in every limb.

"Whose squaw are you?" he said at length.

"I am nobody's squaw; I am not married, chief," said poor Constance.

"Whose daughter are you, then?" and the Indian came close up to the window.

"I am the daughter of Squire Delamere, of the Elms," said Constance.

"The great house on the banks of the Connecticut, at the foot of the Hoosac hills?" he inquired.

"The same," she said; and was about to step down, when the Indian made an urgent sign for her to stay.

"Listen;" and he spoke slowly. "Twenty winters ago, when I was with Montcalm and his people among the Great Lakes, and all the warriors of our tribe were with me, the Mohawks, who had taken up the hatchet for the English, fell upon our settlement. All the women and children who could get away fled to the borders of Massachusetts, the land that was once our own, and my wife and her five little ones wandered as far as the banks of the Connecticut. There your father found them shivering under a tree one day, when the snow was falling fast. He knew I loved the French and hated the English; but he took my wife and children home to his house, kept them at free living, and suffered none of his people to deal unkindly with them, till

I and my warriors came back, and drove the Mohawks out of our settlement. Then he sent them safely to me, loaded with blankets and stuffs, bread and white man's meat, and guarded by his men, that no enemy might find them by the way; and then I swore that if ever he or his came to want or extremity, I would help and stand by them, though they had killed my father. Therefore fear nothing; you are Delamere's daughter—your face tells me so, and Delamere's daughter is mine."

He turned and spoke in their own language to the warriors, who had by this time silently gathered round him; for some of them understood English, though the greater part did not.

"My noble father," said Constance, while the tears sprang to her eyes, "from how many voices have I heard of your generous deeds!"

"Yes, my daughter," said the Quaker; "and the bread he cast on those wild waters so long ago seems returning this day to benefit not only his child, but, it may be, our whole company."

As Jacob spoke, a strong odour of burning wood began to fill the house; there was a crackling sound somewhere above, and a yell of triumph came from the hill-side. The youths who kindled the fire there had been amusing themselves unobserved and unchecked all the time of the parley by flinging blazing brands at the roof of the block-house. Many had fallen short, but the aim was at last successful. Greenland went up to the loft to see what was the matter, and rushed down with the intelligence that the roof was in flames, and the old place would burn like tinder. With that announcement he unbarred the door, and every one made the best of their way out, for the smoke was now suffocating. Greenland darted back for his rifle and the family Bible—there was no time to save anything else. The burning roof fell in upon the loft, the loft fell into the rooms below, a shower of sparks and a column of flame went up to the morning sky, and the comfortable substantial block-house, with all its owner's treasured chattels, was a burning mass that must soon be reduced to ashes. The sight of it woke up the destructive instincts of the Indian tribe, with the exception of Main-rouge and a few old warriors who stood apart, looking on the scene with haughty unconcern. The entire band danced round the blazing building with the most frightful yells and brandishing of weapons, which, however, they did not turn upon the whites, but allowed the men to get the horses and their travelling gear out of the shed, while Constance and Hannah, at a sign from the chief, retired for safety behind him and his company. The Frau followed their example, but nobody—not even Greenland, who knew the surrounding wilds—made the slightest attempt to escape, for they knew it would be worse than useless. The Indian never loses an opportunity of carrying away captive or hostage for whom ransom may be exacted or claims enforced. The excited plebeians and the composed patricians had the same watchful eye upon them.

The wild dance went on for some time, getting more furiously triumphant at every crash of the burning walls, till the chief, thinking his following had been sufficiently indulged in their taste for mischief, issued his marching orders, which were directly obeyed.

A couple of powerful Indians disarmed Vanderslock and Greenland of their rifles, but left the latter his Bible. "I knew it was the only thing the var-

mints wouldn't take from me, and maybe the best worth savin'," he said, in after moralising. The tribe had a sort of respect for the book he carried so carefully, supposing it to be the "white man's medicine," or amulet, and by way of security, passed round it, under Greenland's arm, the strong bark rope, with which they bound his right and the Dutchman's left together, knowing that, attached to such a figure as Vanderslock, it was not possible for the active woodsman to run away. Constance, Philip, and the Quaker, with Hannah behind him, were allowed their horses. The frau got possession of her husband's shaggy steed, and rode triumphant on his saddle with a stout basket of household goods before her; but they rode in single file, after the fashion of the red man's march. There was always an Indian or two close by every bridle, and thus the luckless company set forth from Block-house Hollow across the wild and wooded hills to the Wampanoag settlement, on the borders of the Mohawk country.

At the same hour, Caleb Sewell and three of Jacob's men set out on their backward way to search and inquire for the missing four. The rest of the party, though, like them, driven aside by the onward rush of the Green Mountain Boys and the blinding hailstorm, had under Caleb's guidance regained the path, and proceeded for some distance before they missed their companions. When about to turn and seek for them, the report of a traveller whom they chanced to meet, and who had seen persons answering to their description far ahead, made them push on. They reached Harmony at the fall of night, but found that their friends had not arrived there, and the wagons had gone forward. The men in charge of them having heard the news of the insurrection, thought it best to get out of the disturbed province as soon as they could.

Caleb and his company stayed at the Quaker village for the night, the rest remained there all the next day, while he and his three assistants rode over the ground they had traversed as far as Bedford, inquiring in every direction for the lost travellers. No certain intelligence of them could be obtained, but from vague accounts which they had of some such people being seen on the public road and at village inns, the searchers concluded that their missing ones were still before them; and after another night's rest in Harmony, the company continued their journey, inquiring and advertising for the four at every stage, but inquiring and advertising in vain, for they had mistaken the wrong path for the right one, and in travelling, as in life, such mistakes are apt to have serious consequences.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—LIFE IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

In those days the province of New York had two strongly contrasted divisions. Its seaward side, inhabited by the descendants of Dutch, French, and English colonists, was the seat of cultivation, wealth, and commerce, rivalling those of the mother-country; but its inland and largest half was the territory of the Six Nations, those remnants of the aboriginal race who had sought refuge in that central land from the white man's advance on north and south, and maintained there the rude independence and primitive fashions of their fathers.

The summer tourist, in his wanderings among the highlands of the Upper Hudson, still meets with many a memorial of the long-banished people,

besides the beautiful river that bears the Mohawk's name; but at the time of our story every tribe had its own settlement or village. That of the Wampanoags lay nearest to the Massachusetts frontier, and hither Main-rouge and his following hastened with their prizes.

It was a fatiguing march for the whites and their poor horses, hurried through the rough and tangled ways of a forest land, on which it seemed that no axe had been lifted, for clearing or human habitation there was none, with no rest allowed but a short time at noon, on a grassy spot where a living spring gleamed and bubbled up at the root of a giant tree. There the Indians drank water and dozed on the grass, with some always wide awake and keeping watch over the spoil. Long and very quick marches are the fashion with most barbarous races. When the sun began to decline, they were all afoot once more, and through the cool, clear night their silent march went on, for Indians rarely speak in transit; but the morning was well advanced before they came in sight of the settlement. It was an open valley, surrounded by low and grassy hills, with wood-crowned heights beyond them. The village stood in its centre, on the banks of a winding stream; the morning sun was shining on the pleasant hills, on the low roofs, and on the laughing waters; and as they descended the beaten path that led from the uplands to the valley, the whole scene looked so pastoral and peaceful, that it reminded Constance of the shepherd life and Arcadian vales of which old poets sung.

The fair fancy was quickly dispelled. Scarcely had they come within hearing distance, when a whoop, more shrill and discordant than that of the warriors round the block-house, burst from the village, and out of it came rushing a band of hags, withered, wizened, and wicked-looking enough for witches about to begin some vengeful spell, and every one flourishing a birch-rod, that might have met the requirements of any of the old school teachers, by whom that instrument was believed to play an important part in the improvement of the youthful mind. These were the ladies said to be in waiting for Mrs. Major Danby; and Jacob's reflection on the bread which Delamere had cast on the wild waters was soon proved to be true. Indian indignation will vent itself on the first of the offender's race it can reach; and the interesting company yelled and flourished their birches at Constance and Hannah in a style which made it evident that one white woman would serve their turn as well as another.

Before they could get sufficiently near to do any damage, the chief stopped their progress with an imperious gesture and some words of command, which his warriors seconded by each addressing his liege lady in a similar manner; whereon the gentle fair ones, looking considerably disappointed, but without a word, after the fashion of Indian women, retired to their domestic affairs, and Main-rouge and his following entered the village. A curious sight it was for the party of whites, now relieved from apprehensions of immediate danger, to see the wigwams of which it was composed, low, brown and weather-stained, half tents, half houses, made partly of timber and partly of prepared skins, without chimneys or glazed windows, the smoke making its egress by a hole in the roof, and the light finding entrance by open slits in the wall. Yet, for the requirements of Indian life, they were not uncomfortable homes; there was no appearance of want or

squalor about them. Robust red children played at every open door; women were busy about the fires within; savoury odours of venison and wild fowl in progress of cooking pervaded the atmosphere; all round the village a broad belt of growing corn, with scarcely a fence or landmark to divide the fields, gave promise that bread would be plenty among them before the next fall; and beyond it, horses and cattle in considerable numbers grazed on the abundant herbage of the valley. The Wampanoags were well-to-do, according to their wants and ways; and looking on that prosperous though secluded settlement, one might have guessed how things went with the tribes of the western world before the white man's foot, and all the ills which that ominous "plant" predicted, were known upon the soil.

"Welcome home, my daughter," said the chief, as he assisted Constance from her saddle at the door of his own wigwam, with courtesy scarcely to be expected from an old warrior of the red race. "Welcome home; and fear nothing, you or your friends, for neither man nor woman shall lift hand against you;" and he gallantly handed her in, giving Jacob and Hannah a sign to follow, and by a similar motion committing the Vanderslocks and Greenland to the charge of some of his following, doubtless known to be trusty and discreet. His dwelling was worthy of an Indian chief. The premises properly consisted of three wigwams, the principal being in the centre, and the inferior one on each side of it. They were for the accommodation of his retinue. Some of them were hired people, but the greater part were slaves—captives taken in war with other tribes—and many of them sent as presents to him by friendly chiefs; but their exact number his white prizes never knew.

The hired men did his hunting business, and brought home from the abundantly-stocked woods venison, bison meat, and wild fowl enough to supply his ample household; the rest did all manner of work without and within doors, and being slaves, the men were expected to do as much as the women, with which exception all difference between the faring of free and bond man ended.

The central wigwam was the private residence of Main-rouge, and a princely mansion of the kind it was, consisting of a great hall, with a fireplace at the upper end, and several smaller apartments partitioned off on either side by curtains of skin, so thick and well-secured that they formed very good substitutes for our lath and plaster.

That hall was the place of state, of council, and of feasting; there the chief sat in Indian splendour, on a low log settle, covered with a bearskin, wearing his embroidered robe, his wampum belt, and his moccasins, covered with beads and shells, to receive visits of ceremony from the chiefs of other tribes or the agents of white authorities, to give judgment in cases of dispute or accusation among his people, and to hold high festival in celebration of some glorious victory or advantageous marriage.

He sat there now, not in such solemn state, but with his white guests, for the three were treated as such. His attendants spread a liberal table before them. It was simply a board supported by uprights and trestles, but heaped with the best of Indian fare; and having spread it, they retired to the farther end of the hall, where they squatted on the floor till the great people had finished, and then shared the remnants of the feast among themselves. The red man

does nothing—at least in a friendly way—without time and ceremony. It was not till they had eaten the morning meal together, and he had made them a short speech, setting forth how welcome they were to his wigwam, that the chief inquired of Jacob if Hannah was his squaw, what relation he was to Squire Delamere and his daughter, where the party were going when they rested for the night at the block-house. This was the opportunity for which the prudent Quaker had waited. Trading with the Indians had given him some knowledge of their character and ways, and he at once replied to the chief's questions with full particulars regarding himself and his companions. "Thou perceivest," he added, "that I am thus separated from my wife and daughter, my friends and servants, not to speak of my household goods, which were sent on before; that Delamere's daughter and the boy Philip, who is her page, and Delamere's housekeeper, this honest woman, whose name is Hannah Armstrong, were all placed under my charge by himself before he went on the war-path, because of the loving friendship that was between us, and that it behoves me to guide them safely to Philadelphia, and keep them in my house there supplied with all things necessary till he returns. Wherefore I beseech thee, for the sake of Delamere, and thy remembrance of his good deeds done to thy family, to agree with me on the terms of ransom for us all, and be sure that whatsoever thou askest in reason I will pay. Let some of thy people accompany us to the borders of Pennsylvania—for truly we know not this country—or let them go onward with us to the city and receive the ransom."

"I will take no ransom for Delamere's daughter or Delamere's friends; he took none for my wife and five children when I was on the war-path against his people; they shall dwell in my wigwams and share my venison till such times as I can send them with fitting guides and guards to Philadelphia; for the Six Nations are disturbed concerning what side they should take in the dispute between King George and the people of the land; other tribes are remembering their ancient battles and enmities, and the Mingoes have already taken up the hatchet."

They all thanked him, but he cut their acknowledgments short with the stately courtesy of an Indian chief, saying to Constance in particular: "You are young, and think only of the present; but I remember the past, and the six that shivered under the tree in the falling snow."

"Are they all with you yet, chief?" she ventured to say, for her curiosity on the point had been roused by seeing an old dame, as withered and as wizened as any of the ladies with the birch, superintending things in general about the wigwam.

"No," said Main-rouge; "they are all in the spirit country; the wife that loved me, the four sons that fought by my side, and the daughter that was the light of my days. I kindled the night fire for one after another, to light them on their journey to the happy hunting-ground; but I kindled none for her: she died far beyond the great waters; my daughter married a Frenchman, and went with him to his father's land. They made much of her there: she had all things rich and fine; but in their great towns and lofty houses she pined for the woods, and so departed early on that journey which all the living must take."

Main-rouge—his own name was Masotes, but he

dropped it for the more distinguished title—was a remarkable man in his day.

Like the famous King Philip, whom he reckoned among his ancestors, he had received an English education, being sent to New York for that purpose, when very young, by his father. The old chief had been always friendly to the English, and a great admirer of their arts and learning, yet his son, to whom such opportunities of acquiring both were given, not only returned to Indian life and habits, but took the French side in the succeeding war, and proved faithful to the cause he had adopted even when it was ruined. The choice had been disastrous to himself and his people, yet no chief had greater authority over his tribe, or was held in higher respect by the Six Nations for wisdom, valour, and faithfulness to covenant or treaty, and doubtless he would have honourably kept his promise to the three, but for one of those temptations of family interest and affection which at times prove too strong for the red man as well as for the white.

He kept it well. In the mean time, had Constance been the only daughter of the redoubtable Red-hand, she could not have experienced more kindness and consideration. The chief himself, having some remembrance of the attentions to which white ladies were accustomed, would gallantly hand her to a seat by his side on the bearskin-covered settle, and divide with his own red hands her portion of the best with which his board was furnished. Jacob and Hannah were scarcely less distinguished in the wigwam. Philip, for being her page, was admitted to a place in the hall. Greenland and Vanderslock were unbound, and they, together with Frau, being known to be strangers and lumberers, were made free of the inferior dwellings as humble but welcome guests. The little company thus felt themselves safe among the savage tribe, with whom their chief's word was law; and though much dissatisfaction had prevailed in the village because his expedition furnished no sacrifice for the Indian Nemesis, yet the whole population, finding there was nothing of the kind to be had, at once got reconciled to the strangers.

They were making themselves at home in the new society, where it was evident their sojourn might be for some time, when one morning a great bustle throughout the village, and shouts not unlike the war-whoop, announced some distinguished arrival. Constance looked out among the rest, and saw that it was a Mohawk chief, with an ample following of warriors in full array; but that chief was no other than Kashutan, the handsome Indian whom she had once mistaken for Sydney Archdale. The discovery was not cheering under present circumstances. Moreover, she perceived, at the same instant, that the young Mohawk had caught sight of herself, and recognised her, too, though he betrayed no sign of the like among the warriors. Yet, when the ceremonious greetings with which Main-rouge and his people welcomed their visitors were finished, and the most distinguished were thronging into the hall, the old chief conducted him to the retired corner where she had taken her seat, and said, "This is my nephew; his name is Kashutan; he is the son of Shingis, chief of the Puma tribe of Mohawks, whose fame is known to the Six Nations and all the pale faces in this land."

Miss Delamere dropped a deep curtsy, and said she was happy to make the acquaintance of a gentleman so distinguished. The young Mohawk made the



same graceful bow with which he had stepped out of her way in Harbour Street, and said some words which his uncle interpreted to mean that the sight of her face was as pleasant to him as the sunshine after rain.

"These are his warriors," continued old Red-hand, introducing the formidable array that now filled the hall, and he made them a short speech, setting forth, as Constance afterwards learned, her father's rank and wealth and her own prospects of inheriting his large estate.

The Mohawks were reckoned, not only the handsomest and most ferocious, but also the most polite of the Six Nations, and in those respects all their tribes were said to be excelled by that of the Puma, or American tiger, the special patron of Kashutan and his people, for, as the knightly orders of the middle ages selected their patrons from among the canonized, the clans of red men found theirs among the wild dwellers of their native forests. Moreover, they were best acquainted with white manners and customs, having been the faithful allies of the English for almost a century, and constantly engaged in trade with their merchants or agents. The entire company did reverence to the squire's daughter. It might have been observed that the younger braves bowed much the lowest, and those who had English enough said, "Wish the missy a good day." Constance made the best acknowledgments she could think of, and all parties seemed satisfied that the correct thing had been done; but the peculiar etiquette of these gentry of the wilderness was exemplified when the chief presented his less notable guests, including their familiar acquaintance, Jacob Stoughton. They went through the whole ceremonial of introduction with as much solemn formality as if one of them had never seen the Quaker before, but when it was finished Kashutan and several of his warriors shook hands with him in the most friendly manner; and some of them inquired, in tolerable English, after his fellow-merchants, with whom they had traded in Boston.

### DOWN A COAL MINE.

I WAS a long time in the coal district, residing with a brother, then holding a curacy there, before it struck me to go down a mine. I decided on the Rosebridge pit, at Ince, near Wigan, the deepest, and at the same time one of the best managed in England. The Rosebridge is the deepest in a single drop, being about seven hundred and forty-five yards. The Duckinfield is still a deeper mine, but it is reached in two stages. Owing to the kindness of one of the managers, I found but little difficulty in getting permission to go down, although but few ladies ever make the descent; and accompanied by two friends, arrayed in my most unsoilable and unspoilable costume, I started in very good spirits.

We first went through the engine-house, where several women were engaged in constantly rubbing parts of the machinery with oil. There were two large and beautiful engines at work—one for the up shaft and one for the down. A dial with hands like a clock was opposite each, which showed the engineers when to turn off steam. Everything seemed perfectly easy, regular, and systematic.

The great chains which held the cages were steeped in tar to prevent friction, and wound round the beam with the ease and pliancy of india-rubber.

After examining everything of interest in the engine-house, we took our places in the cage—an iron framework, capable of holding eight people; it was in four compartments, where two persons could stand in each; underneath was space for two coal tubs.

At first when we started the sensation was a cold rushing noise, then intense suffocating, sulphury heat, with a terrible rush of hot air as we passed the region of the furnaces; then an awful sense of being whirled up, up, up, at a fearful speed, the wind still rushing; then the cage gently touched the ground. For a moment I felt completely stupid, we had come down a clean drop of half a mile in fifty seconds, and reached the bottom so easily that I could not tell exactly when we stopped.

I shall never forget the feeling of darkness. It reminded me instantly of "the darkness that might be felt," thick, heavy, impenetrable. On getting out of the cage I groped my way blindly, the feeble light of our Davy lamps making the gloom still more intense. There was a rush of cold, fresh air, which came sighing and sobbing through invisible passages, and which made me shiver all over after the fierce heat I had just passed through.

In a few minutes I began to get used to the obscurity, the lamps burned a little brighter, and I saw more plainly where I stood. A wide vaulted chamber, about twelve feet high, the walls of broken and irregular masses of slate and granite; the roof propped in every direction with great beams; huge masses of rock apparently ready to fall; immense jutting shelves of slate; several men sitting in a corner chopping wood; dark corridors, gloomy, endless, mysterious, branching off in all directions; a rushing of air like distant thunder—that was my first experience of a coal mine; but collier and coal were alike invisible.

Our guide led us up one of the passages a little way, and into a room with an irregularly arched roof but level slate floor, containing a table covered with mathematical instruments, a desk, and a rude bench all round. We sat down, and in a few minutes were joined by the overseer, a polite, gentlemanly man, who was to be our escort to the workings, nearly a mile and a half distant. There was a terrible and deafening sound as of the banging of doors, and a rush of cold air, and he explained to us that that was how the pit was ventilated. About three miles distant was another shaft like the one we came down, which supplied the fresh air. Its huge furnaces were situated about half-way up the shaft, and men were constantly heaping coals on day and night—never did anything else. These fires made a draught, and the fresh air was so drawn through the pit; and he showed us a wonderful method they had for measuring how many thousand feet of pure air rushed through daily.

We then walked along the widest of the corridors for a considerable distance. It was laid with little tramways, and we often had to stand close against the wall to permit the tenders guiding their tubs to pass, which they did at railway speed. Sometimes the place was too low to admit of our walking upright, our conductor often warning us to mind our heads. Again it would rise to ten feet. Sometimes we could hardly pass between the tram lines and the

wall, and again we could walk three abreast. It was a terribly long, tortuous way; and despite the careful propping, the roof looked in many places as if it would come tumbling down, and considering the enormous pressure, it is wonderful that it does not.

At last we came to the working, the deepest seam then open in England except one—the very deepest in active mining. It was scarcely four feet high, appearing very long, in reality about forty yards, and they had then mined nearly ten feet from the opening. We had to creep in, and the heat was intense. I shall not easily forget the scene; the men, half naked, lying on their faces, their lamps, like stars, twinkling far away in the darkness, and only half revealing their dusky figures; the dull, measured thud of the pick echoing far in the distance; and the lithe, wiry boys silently filling the tubs and wheeling them away. One of the men offered me his pick, which I took, and after two or three efforts succeeded in dislodging a large piece of coal. Of course, I was then called on to "pay my footing." Another showed me by the flame of his lamp that there was a little "fire damp," but nothing dangerous, the Rosebridge being one of the safest coal pits known, never having had an explosion.

I did not stay very long in the workings, the heat being too great, and I felt truly glad to get out into the cool corridor again, very much pleased with all I had seen, and inclined to say that meeting colliers on their own ground, they were not nearly so bad as they appeared to be in my intercourse with them above ground, when visiting their families in their homes. I had found them perfectly civil, obliging, and good-humoured, and I could not help wishing they brought some of their good qualities out into the light of day. We made our way back by another passage, neither so wide nor well-ventilated as the one we came by, passing a very snug-looking stable wall filled with hay, and containing two or three nice little ponies luxuriating in idleness; they had little to do since the laying down of the "trams." We reached the "shaft" thoroughly tired, and the sensation going up was even worse than coming down. I must confess I was glad to get once more into the sunshine, light, and pure air,—tarry, tired, and grimy as I was, but much pleased with my adventure, after having spent five hours half a mile underground.

### On Hearing the Chiff-Chaff,

THE EARLIEST AND SMALLEST OF OUR MIGRATORY BIRDS.

WHERE mighty forest trees uprear  
Their leafless boughs on high,  
We listen with attentive ear,  
And watch with practised eye,

While music from the loosened throat  
Of many a winter bird,  
In liquid sweetness, note on note,  
Through all the wood is heard.

But not the trill of merry thrush,  
Or blackbird's cadence clear,  
Or twittering finch, in tree or bush,  
Can satisfy our ear.

Ah, what is that short simple song  
Which trembles through the air?  
That is the voice for which we long—  
Our favourite hails us there.

Two syllables are all the store  
Of music in its breast,  
But like a fountain running o'er,  
Its twin notes never rest.

It tells us that the nightingale  
Will soon be on its way,  
And that the swallow without fail  
Will keep its ordered day.

It heralds the bright winged crowd,  
Which flock from over seas;  
It harbingers the concert loud  
Of vernal melodies.

Therefore we love those twin notes plain  
For more than meets the ear,  
As pledges of the glorious strain  
Which crowns the perfect year.

So, in our hearts, a still small voice  
Comes preluding the song  
With which the glorious saints rejoice  
In heaven's exultant throng!

RICHARD WILTON.

### A Song of Land at Sea.

"Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything."—*Tempest*, scene 1.

SOFT wind, low piping through the shrouds all day,  
Dost thou not whisper of the woods to me?  
Oh for thy wings, that I might speed away  
Over this trackless waste of weary sea!

Sing on, sweet wind, a song of summer leaves,  
Lispings, through trembling shadows in the lane,  
Of roses nodding under moss-grown eaves,  
Of raindrops tinkling on the cottage pane.

Under thy pinions bent the springing wheat,  
The large field-daisies bowed their starry crowns,  
The wild thyme sighed to thee, and faintly sweet  
The scent of gorse was blown across the downs.

Soft wind, low piping through the shrouds to me,  
What would I give to roam where thou hast been!  
A thousand furlongs of this restless sea  
For one lone mile of moor or woodland green!

SARAH DOUDNEY.

### THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

FRANCIS JOSEPH, the first Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary, is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable of living European sovereigns. He was born on August 18th, 1830, and on December 2nd, 1848, at the early age of eighteen, ascended the throne, in consequence of the resignation of his uncle, Ferdinand I, who declared that the condition of the period claimed "younger shoulders" (*jüngere kräfte*) to grapple with it. To Ferdinand's

life in his retirement at Prague, and his recent decease there, we had lately occasion to refer in the article on "Uncrowned Kings" ("Leisure Hour" for January).

At the time of Francis Joseph's accession to the throne his rebellious capital had just been reduced by the efforts of Prince Windischgrätz; but Hungary and the eastern part of the monarchy had practically rendered itself independent of its legitimate sovereign and separated from Austria proper. At that moment it seemed as if the entire disruption of the empire of Rudolph of Hapsburg were imminent, for in the south also the Italian provinces were either in rebellion or could but with difficulty be contained by the iron hand of Radetzki. In March, 1849, King Charles Albert of Sardinia renewed the hostilities which had been brought to a close at Custoza twelve months previously, but within three days the entire war was terminated by the battle of Novara, and Charles Albert compelled to resign the throne. The Hungarian insurrection was put down by the aid of the Russians, and at Villagos all that remained of the Hungarian army and Honveds were compelled to surrender. The integrity of the monarchy was once more secured. It may be noticed that at the siege of Raab the emperor himself was one of the first to scale the walls, and his example so animated his troops that the town was taken at the very first assault.

Francis Joseph never thought of ruling Austria on the old patriarchal plan which had broken down in 1848; but immediately the revolution was suppressed, he granted some liberal reforms, the first of which was the establishment of the Council of the Empire, for the examination of all new laws about to be passed. In 1854 he married the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, who was then scarcely seventeen years old, and was generally considered one of the most beautiful of European princesses. Both the emperor and empress undertook, in 1857, a journey to Lombardy and Venetia, with the avowed object of conciliating their Italian subjects. The reception with which they met appeared satisfactory at the time, but no more than two years later the disaffection that had remained smouldering under the ashes would have broken out in open rebellion had not the war Austria then sustained against France and Sardinia compelled the entire cession of Lombardy to the Emperor of the French, who was to make it over to King Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia.

This war of 1859 was the first break in the until then uninterrupted good fortune of Francis Joseph, and its teachings were not lost on him. In 1860 he called into his counsel Count Goluchowski, by whose advice representative constitutions were given to each of the component parts of the empire, and these were followed in the month of February, 1861, by Herr von Schmerling's so-called February patent for the establishment of a central parliament for the whole empire. To this the Hungarian Diet, at the instigation of Déák, took exception, and during four years the Reichsrath sat as a kind of rump parliament, at the end of which it was indefinitely prorogued. The resistance of both Hungary and Bohemia, as well as the lukewarmness of the Poles of Galicia, prevented the success of Baron von Schmerling's constitutional plan; and in 1865 a political deadlock supervened. About this time the Schleswig-Holstein conflict, in which Austria took a part in

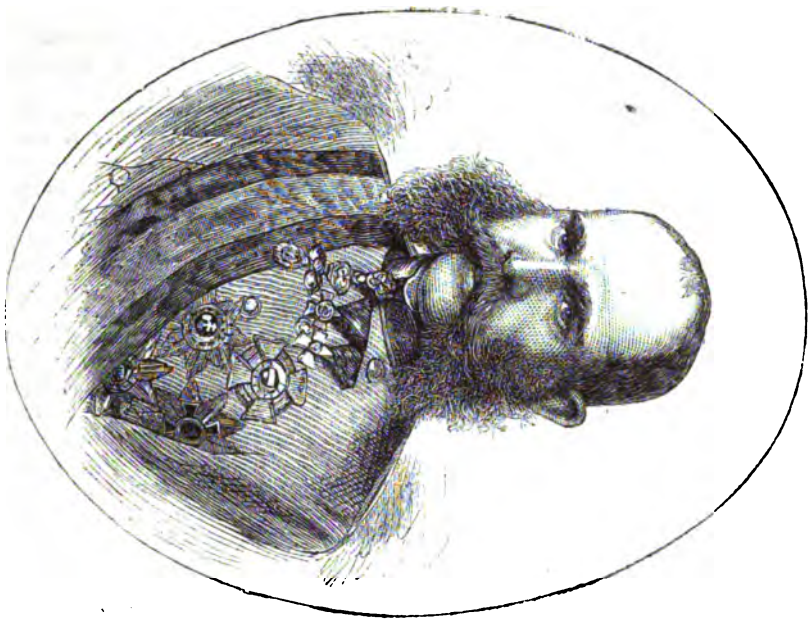
unison with Prussia, had been brought to a termination by the treaty of Vienna of August, 1864; and on the question of the disposal of the conquered provinces, and other points, disagreement ensued between the two allies, which was at first patched up by the treaty of Gastein in 1865, but in the end had to be fought out by the sword. The Austro-Prussian War of 1866 must be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers.

The kingdom of Italy, which had been constituted despite the opposition of Austria, joined in the fray, and although the Austrian troops fought bravely throughout, and were successful against the Italians both by land and by sea, the campaign in Bohemia proved disastrous; and to put an end to the bloodshed, Francis Joseph acquiesced in most of the demands of his northern opponent. He ceded Venetia to Italy, which by-the-by had been a foregone conclusion since the beginning of the war, and in Germany he made all the moral and most of the material concessions that were asked of him. By the treaty of Prague Austria withdrew from the German Confederation, and consented to the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, and Hesse by Prussia. In doing so the empire disconnected itself from all those ties which had until then attached it to Germany, and from that moment it became a "self-contained" monarchy.

The disasters of the war of 1866 were the stepping-stone to the entire reorganisation of the Austrian empire. Count Beust, whom Francis Joseph appointed his Prime Minister in 1867, effected a settlement with Hungary, by which the Austrian Reichsrath and the Hungarian Diet were to attend each to its own concerns, and all imperial matters were to be decided on by delegations from these two parliaments.

The Austro-Hungarian settlement, called *Ausgleich*, still in force, has put an end to the continual conflict between the two portions of the monarchy. In all other departments extensive reforms have likewise taken place since 1866, and so well has the Emperor understood to adopt proper measures just when they were wanted—that is to say, neither too soon nor too late—that a writer in the "Quarterly Review" was fully justified in remarking, some time ago, that Sadowa had been to Austria what Jena has been to Prussia, an everlasting boon evolved from apparent ruin.

An account of the life of Francis Joseph I must necessarily be co-extensive and almost identical with a history of the Austria of our own day. Thoroughly has this illustrious monarch succeeded in assimilating and identifying himself with his people, or rather his peoples, as we ought to say, considering the multiplicity of nationalities over which he rules. Having ascended the throne a mere youth and under gigantic difficulties, he has always proved equal to the high position he holds. By the union of the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria he has two daughters and one son. The eldest daughter, the Archduchess Gisela, is married to the heir-presumptive to the throne of Bavaria, Prince Leopold; and it may be remarked that Francis Joseph was a grandfather at the early age of forty-four, and the Empress styled herself a grandmother before she was thirty-seven. The Archduke Rudolph was born in August, 1858, and all that is known of him leads us to infer that he will some day be a worthy successor of his illustrious father.



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.





## NOTES FROM A DIARY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

## II.

21st September.—Came to town in company with Colonel G. and his family, and was obliged to go that night to Westminster Hall, being obliged to that inconvenience on account of the number of spectators, which would make it difficult for us to get to our places in the morning. At twelve reached our seats, and were extremely diverted with the chat of several very agreeable ladies, with which we amused ourselves till morning. Daylight breaking, we discovered an agreeable sight as I ever before beheld—the galleries filled with ladies and gentlemen dressed in the utmost taste. About nine o'clock their majesties came privately in chairs from St. James's into the Hall. The king went to a room which they call the Court of Wards, and the queen into that belonging to the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. The nobility and others who were to walk in the procession were mustered and ranged by the officers of arms in the Court of Request, Painted Chamber, and House of Lords, from whence the whole cavalcade was conducted into Westminster Hall. Their majesties being robed, came into the Hall, and took their seats at the upper end, under magnificent canopies of crimson velvet; the queen's chair was on the left hand of the king's. In about half-an-hour the Hall gate was thrown open, when the Bishop of Rochester, as Dean of Westminster, preceded by the choristers, singers, and prebendaries, brought the Bible and the following regalia to the king, viz., St. Edward's crown, rested on a cushion of cloth of gold; the orb with the cross; a scepter with the dove on the top; another tipt with a cross; and a staff of beaten gold, commonly called St. Edward's staff. The queen's regalia were brought at the same time, viz., her crown, upon a cushion of cloth of gold; a scepter, with a cross; and a rod of ivory, with a dove. These were severally laid before their majesties, and afterwards delivered to the officers who were to bear them in the procession.

Being willing to see the procession pass through the streets while the officers at arms were marshalling the cavalcade, I found means to get out of the Hall, and with my cousin hastened to Sir Alexander Grant's room in New Palace Yard, where from the windows we had a most extensive view of the whole. As my dear Irish friends could not enjoy a sight which few that were present then will probably ever see again, I will endeavour to describe it as minutely as I can, while the circumstances and details are fresh in my memory, though any description must fall far short of the reality. First, then, conceive to yourselves the fronts of the houses in all the streets that could command the least view lined with scaffolding, like so many galleries raised one above another to the very roofs. These were covered with carpets and cloths of different colours, which presented a pleasing variety to the eye: and if you consider the brilliant appearance of the spectators who were seated in them—many being richly drest—you will easily imagine that this was no indifferent part of the show. The streets below were crowded with the mob, who made a pretty contrast to the company above; and add to this, that though we had nothing but wet and cloudy weather for some time before,

the day cleared up and the sun shone out, as it wore in compliment to the grand festival.

The platform on which the procession was to be made was covered with blue bayze, and had, on account of the uncertainty of the weather, a kind of shelving roof covered with sail-cloth; but, as the day grew fine, the sail-cloth was removed, which gave not only a more extensive view, but also let in the light upon every part of the procession. Inside, the platform was lined with the Foot Guards, and many gentlemen put on soldier's clothes to have a nearer view. Outside the platform were stationed at proper distances the Horse Guards, whose horses greatly incommenced the people that pressed incessantly on them, though luckily no great mischief, as I have heard, was done. It was not unpleasant to see several tipping the horse soldiers slyly from time to time, some with half-crowns, some with shillings, as they could muster up the cash, to let them pass between the horses to get nearer the platform, after which those unconscionable gentry drove them back again. Everything being regularly adjusted in the Hall, the procession, as follows, began to move towards the Abbey between eleven and twelve o'clock, viz. :—

The King's Herb Woman with her six Maids, strewing the way with herbs.

The Dean's Beadle of Westminster with his staff.

The High Constable of Westminster with his staff, in a scarlet cloak.

A Fife.

Four Drums.

The Drum-Major.

Eight Trumpets.

A Kettle-Drum.

Eight Trumpets.

The Sergeant Trumpeter.

The Six Clerks in Chancery.

The Closet Keepers of the Chapel Royal.

The King's Chaplains having dignities.

The Sheriffs of London.

The Aldermen of London.

Masters in Chancery.

The King's Sergeants-at-Law.

The Solicitor-General. The Attorney-General.

The King's Ancient Sergeant.

Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber.

Barons of the Exchequer and Justices of both Benches, two and two.

Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Master of the Rolls. Chief Justice of King's Bench.

Children of the Choir of Westminster in surplices.

Organ Blower. Groom of the Vestry.

Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal in scarlet mantles.

Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal in scarlet gown.

Prebendaries of Westminster in surplices and cope.

The Dean of Westminster in surplice and rich cope.

The Master of the Jewel Office, with one of his Officers by him, both in scarlet.

Two Pursuivants of Scotland.

Bath King of Arms, in his habit of the Order, and crown in his hand.

**Knights of the Bath, not peers, in the full habit of the Order, two and two, carrying their caps and feathers.**

**Blue Mantle. Pursuivant Rouge Dragon ditto.**

**Privy Counsellors, not peers.**

**His Majesty's Vice-Chamberlain, Hon. W. Finch.**

**Earl Powis, Comptroller of the Household.**

**Treasurer of the Household, the Earl of Thomond.**

**Rouge Croix Pursuivant. Portcullis ditto.**

**Heralds of Scotland.**

**Baronesses in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.**

**Barons in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.**

**Norfolk Herald Extraordinary.**

**Bishops in their rochets, their caps in their hands, two and two.**

**Blank Coursier Herald. Brunswick ditto.**

**Viscountesses in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.**

**Viscounts in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.**

**Lancaster Herald. Somerset Herald.**

**Countesses in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.**

**Earls in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.**

**Windsor Herald. Richmond Herald.**

**Marchionesses in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.**

**Marquises in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.**

**York Herald. Chester Herald.**

**Duchesses in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.**

**Dukes in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands, two and two.**

**The Lord Chamberlain of the Household, the Duke of Devonshire.**

**Ulster, Clarencieux, Norroy Kings of Arms.**

**Lord Privy Seal**

**in his robes of estate, his coronet in his hand, being Earl Temple.**

**The Lord Chancellor in his robes of estate, and coronet in his hand, bearing the purse.**

**Lord Archbishop of Canterbury in his rochet, with his cap in his hand, Dr. Thos. Secker.**

**Two Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber in proper mantles, white hats in their hands, representing the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy.**

**Sir Wm. Breton. Sir Thos. Robinson.**

**The Queen's Vice-Chamberlain.**

**Lord Viscount Cantelupe.**

**Two Gentlemen Ushers.**

**The Ivory Rod with the Dove, borne by the**

**Earl of Northampton in his robes, and**

**The Queen's Lord Chamberlain, the Duke of Manchester, in his robes, with the coronet and staff in his hand, and the Scepter with the Cross, borne by the Duke of Rutland in his robes.**

**The Queen's Crown, borne by the Duke of Bolton, in his robes of estate.**

**Bishop of } THE QUEEN { Bishop of  
Norwich. } in her royal robes. { Lincoln.**

**On her head a circlet of gold adorned with jewels, going under a canopy of cloth of gold, borne by sixteen Barons of the Cinque Ports. Her train supported by Her Royal Highness Princess Augusta in her robes of state, assisted by six**

**Earls' daughters,**

**viz. :-**

**Lady Mary Grey,**

**Lady Elizabeth Montague,**

**Lady Jane Stewart,**

**Lady Selina Hastings,**

**Lady Heneage Finch,**

**Lady Mary Douglass.**

**Princess Augusta's Coronet,**

**borne by the Marquis of Carnarvon.**

**Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Ancaster.**

**Two Women of Her Majesty's Bed-chamber.**

**The King's Regalia, viz. :-**

**St. Edward's Crown, borne by the Duke of Kingstown (robes).**

**The Golden Spurs, borne by the Earl of Sussex (robes).**

**The Scepter with the Cross, borne by the Duke of Marlborough in his robes.**

**The Second Sword, borne by Earl of Suffolk (robes).**

**The Third Sword, borne by Earl of Sutherland (robes).**

**Usher of the White Rod.**

**Lord Mayor of London in his gown, collar, and jewel, bearing the City Mace, Sir M. Blockistoun.**

**Lyon King of Arms of Scotland, carrying his crown in his hand,**

**John Campbell Hooke, Esq.**

**Carter Principal King of Arms, carrying his crown,**

**Stephen Martin Leake, Esq.**

**Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, with his rod,**

**Sir Septimus Robinson.**

**The Lord Great Chamberlain of England in his robes and coronet, and white staff in his hand.**

**His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland in his robes of state, coronet in hand, his train borne by**

**The Hon. J. Fitzwilliam.**

**H.R.H. the Duke of York in his robes, coronet in hand, train-bearer Colonel Brudenell.**

**Earl Marshal in his robes, coronet and staff,**

**Earl of Effingham.**

**The Sword of State, borne by the Earl of Huntingdon in his robes.**

**Lord High Constable of England in his robes, with coronet and staff in his hands,**

**Duke of Bedford.**

**Earl of Erroll, High Constable of Scotland, in his robes, with coronet and staff.**

**The Scepter with the Dove, borne by the Duke of Richmond in his robes.**

**St. Edward's Crown, borne by Earl Talbot, Lord High Steward, in his robes.**

**Sergeants-at-Arms at each side.**

**The Orb, borne by the Duke of Somerset (robes).**

**Gentleman carrying Lord High Steward's Staff.**

**Gentleman carrying the Lord High Steward's Coronet.**

**The Pateu, carried by the Bishop of Rochester.**

**The Chalice, carried by the Bishop of Chester.**

**The Bible, carried by the Bishop of Carlisle.**

**Bishop of } THE KING { Bishop of  
Hereford. } in his royal robes. { Durham.**

**On his head a cap of estate adorned with jewels, going under a canopy of cloth of gold, borne by sixteen Barons of the Cinque Ports. His train supported by six Lords, eldest sons of peers, viz. :- Viscount Mandeville, Marquis of Harlington.**

**Lord Howard, Lord Grey, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Newnham, and at the end of the train, the Master of the Robes,**

**Hon. J. Brudenell.**

**The Standard Bearer of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners.**

**Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard in his robes.**

**Captain of the Horse in Waiting in his robes.**

**Captain Band of Gentlemen Pensioners in his robes.**

**Lieut. of the Band Gentlemen Pensioners in his robes.**

**A Gentleman of the King's Bed-Chamber.**

**Two Grooms of the Bed-Chamber.**

**Ensign of the Yeoman of the Guard.**

**Lieut. of the Yeoman of the Guard.**

Gentlemen 2 Sergeants-  
Pensioners. at-Arms.

2 Sergeants-  
Gentlemen at-Arms. Pensioners.

Gentlemen  
Pensioners.

## Exempts.

The Clerk of the Cheque to the Yeoman of the Guard,  
who closed this grand procession.

N.B.—All Knights of the Garter, Thistle, or Bath wore the  
collars of their respective orders.

I shall not attempt to describe the splendour and magnificence of the whole, and words must fall short of that joy and satisfaction which the spectators felt and expressed, especially as their majesties passed by, on whose countenances a dignity suited to their station, tempered with the most amiable complacency, was impressed. It was observable that as their majesties and nobility passed the corner, which commanded a view of Westminster Bridge, they stopped short, and looked back at the people, whose appearance (as they all had their hats off, and were thick planted on the ground, which rose gradually) I can compare to nothing but a pavement of heads and faces.

Having now gratified my eyes with the sight of this most grand procession, I hastened to my station in Westminster Abbey, and had the good fortune to arrive there before the procession, and took my seat in the first row in the gallery, behind the seats appropriated for the nobility, close to the square platform which was erected near the altar, with an ascent of three steps, for their majesties to be crowned on. As soon as the king and queen entered the Abbey, the choir struck up with an anthem, and after they were seated, divine service began; the Litany was chaunted by the Bishops of Chester and Chichester, and the responses made by the whole choir, accompanied by the entire band of music. Then the first part of the Communion Service was read, after which a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Salisbury, since created Archbishop of York, which only lasted fifteen minutes. This done, his majesty subscribed the Declaration and took the coronation oath, the solemnity of which seemed to strike him with an unspeakable awe and reverence, as it did most of the spectators, and I could not help reflecting on the glorious privilege which the English enjoy of binding their kings by the most sacred ties of conscience and religion.

The king was then anointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury with the oyl preserved for that purpose, first on the crown of his head, then his breast, and lastly the palms of his hands. After which, he was presented with the golden spurs and girt with the sword, and was then invested with the coronation robes—the “armills,” as they are called, or bracelets—and the imperial pall.

The orb with the cross was put into his majesty's left hand, and the ring was put upon the fourth finger of his majesty's right hand, by the archbishop, who then delivered the scepter with the cross, and the other with the dove; and, being assisted by several bishops, he lastly placed the crown reverently upon his majesty's head.

A profound, awful silence had reigned until this moment, when at the very instant the crown was let fall on the king's head, a man who had been placed upon the top of the Abbey dome, from whence he could look down into the chancel, with a flag which he dropt as the signal thereof, the park and Tower guns that moment began to fire; the trumpets sounded, and the Abbey echoed with the shouts and acclamations of the people. The peers and peeresses, who before had their coronets in their hands, now

put them on, as the bishops did their caps, and the deputy Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy their hats. The Knights of the Bath in particular made a most splendid figure when they put on their caps, which were adorned with large plumes of white feathers; the kings of arms also put on their coronets. Silence again assumed her reign, and, the shouts ceasing, the archbishop proceeded with the rest of the divine service; and after he presented the Bible to his majesty, and solemnly read the benedictions, the king kissed the archbishops one after another as they knelt before him. The Te Deum was now performed, and this being ended, his majesty was elevated on a superb throne, which all the peers approached in their order, and did their several homages.

The coronation of the queen was performed in nearly the same manner with that of the king. The archbishop anointed her with the holy oyl on the head and breast, and after he had put the crown on her head, the Princess Augusta and the peeresses put on their coronets. Her majesty then received the scepter with the cross and the ivory rod with the dove, and was then conducted to a magnificent throne on the left hand of his majesty. The next and last ceremony was their receiving the Holy Communion, which they both received with a reverence that pleased every eye.

Prayers being over, the king and queen retired into St. Edward's Chapel, just behind the altar. Here their majesties received each of them a crown of state; and gold medals, struck on the occasion, were scattered amongst the nobility, silver ones being thrown among the populace as they came along. Everything now being completed in the Abbey, a procession was formed back again to Westminster Hall in much the same manner as before, save with this difference, that the king and queen wore their crowns on their heads, as did the peeresses and peers their coronets, the knights, etc., their caps. As it was late before we left the Abbey, the spectators had but a very dim and gloomy view of the procession as they returned. I had the precaution, ere they set out from the Abbey, to endeavour to be before them at the Hall, but had like to have been greatly disappointed, having, in pressing through the crowd, lost my ticket; but by the interest of one of the officers on guard (Captain Salter, of the Foot Guards), and the prevailing eloquence of half-a-crown, I got admittance, and immediately repaired to my first station at the third row of the first gallery, on the left-hand side, within twelve or fifteen yards of their majesties' thrones. I had flattered myself that a new scene of grandeur would have been presented to us in the return of the procession, from the reflexion of the lights, which were in number above three thousand, placed in gilt chandeliers hung up in the Hall, but was disappointed, as they were ordered not to be lighted until his majesty entered. Not even the brilliancy of the ladies' jewels, or the greater lustre of their eyes, had power to render our darkness visible. For a time the whole was confusion, irregularity, and disorder. However, we were afterwards amply recompensed for this partial eclipse by the bright picture which the sudden lighting of the chandeliers presented to us on the king's entrance.

Their majesties walked to the upper end of the Hall, where a platform was raised, with several ascents of steps, and then the king and queen, in

rich chairs of state, and the royal family sat at table on each side, down the whole length of the Hall. The rest of the company were seated at long tables, in the middle of which were placed, on elevations painted to represent marble, the deserts, etc. The nobility sat according to their rank, the peers outside, their ladies inside. At each table were represented in sweetmeats the different coronets of the nobility. Triumphal arches, grottoes, etc., all finely illuminated. Indeed, it is impossible for me justly to describe the splendour thereof, so magnificent a building as that of Westminster Hall lighted up with over three thousand wax lights in splendid branches; our crowned heads, almost the whole nobility, with the *élits* of the gentry, all most superbly arrayed, and adorned with a profusion of the most splendid jewels, and also the galleries on each side crowded with company all elegantly and richly drest. To conceive all this in its lustre, I am conscious it is absolutely necessary one must have been present. Their majesties' table was covered with three courses, at the first of which Earl Talbot, as Lord Steward of the Household, rode up from the Hall gate to the steps of the throne, and on his returning the spectators were presented with an unexpected sight in his lordship's backing his horse, that he might keep his face still towards the king.

Between the first and second course the champion of England, — Dymocke, Esq., in whose family it has been hereditary these 400 years, was introduced into the Hall on the grey horse his late majesty rode at the battle of Dettingen, in a suit of complete armour. The horse, as well as the rider, had his head adorned with a plume of red, blue, and white feathers, and was led by two of the king's grooms; his lance carried before him by an esquire. The Earl of Effingham, as Earl Marshal of England, rode on his left hand; the Duke of Bedford, as Lord High Constable, on his right. A herald-at-arms marched at a short distance before him, having in his hand the challenge, which at the Hall gate he first read as follows:—

"If any person of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay Our Sovereign Lord King George the third, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, grandson and next heir to Our Sovereign Lord King George the second, the last king deceased, to be right heir to the imperial crown of this kingdom of Great Britain, etc., or that he ought not to enjoy the same, Here is His Champion, who saith that he lyeth, and is a false Traytor, being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall appoint."

This being audibly read, the champion threw down his gauntlet in defiance, the trumpets sounded, etc.; but finding none so hardy as to dispute his majesty's title with him, his gauntlet was taken up and given to him, and he proceeded, attended as before, to the middle of the Hall, where the same challenge was again read over; and lastly they proceeded to the foot of the throne, where the ceremony was again acted over, which, being ended, a gilt cup of wine was reached by the Lord Chamberlain to his majesty, who, rising, drank to the health of his champion, and presenting him with it, the champion drank to his majesty's health, and returned back in the same state as before, carrying with him the cup as his fee. The ceremony of the champion being over, the heralds proclaimed aloud in three several

places of the Hall his majesty's titles in Latin, French, and English.

To enumerate the several dishes that were provided for the dinner, and sent from temporary kitchens erected in Cotton Garden, would be impossible. No less than sixty haunches of venison, with a surprising quantity of all sorts of game, were laid up for this grand feast; but that which chiefly attracted our eyes was their majesties' desert, in which the confectioner had lavished all his ingenuity in rock-work and other emblematical figures. The other deserts were no less admirable for their devices. There was not the greatest order imaginable observed during the dinner, some of the company, especially the aldermen and those from the city, were as eager to satisfy their craving appetites as if indulging their stomachs at a member of parliament's treat or mayor's feast. This being no very agreeable sight to the gentry in the galleries, some of whom had been there since the night before, and had brought little or no eatables with them, they therefore endeavoured to come in for a share of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs to be tied together—nay, even garters (I will not say of a different sex) were united to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine. Some had been so provident as to bring baskets with them, which were let down from the galleries like prisoners' boxes out of the gaols, with a "pray remember the poor," and the nobility were so obliging as to furnish them with the best their tables afforded.

Their majesties, having dined and performed all the solemnities and ceremonies of this busie day, retired to St. James's at half an hour after ten at night, and were followed by the nobility. After they were departed, the illustrious mobility were admitted, according to ancient custom, into the Hall, which they immediately cleared of all the moveables—such as the victuals, cloths, plates, dishes, and, in short, everything that could stick to their fingers. Thus this most grand ceremony ended, to the satisfaction of every one. The city of London seemed to be in a blaze, and the night was concluded with every demonstration of joy the most loyal subjects could invent in honour to the best of kings.

#### THE SCIENCE OF BILL-STICKING.

THERE was a time, within the memory of persons who have not passed far beyond the middle term of life, when the practice of bill-sticking was open to everybody, and when any man who had bills to stick might stick them wherever it pleased his fancy. The dead walls, the gable ends of houses, the wooden fences of gardens, the palings of private grounds, the hoardings of builders, the shutters of shops to let, and countless other available areas, were all free warren open for the reception of bills, placards, proclamations, and announcements of every kind with which anybody chose to adorn them. Such freedom prevailed during the whole period of the existence of the State lotteries and for years after they had been abolished. Some of the effects of this general licence could not have been very pleasant to house-proprietors, who ran the risk of their premises being, in case they remained long unlet, literally buried alive under successive layers of printed sheets and bill-stickers' paste. It is a fact that shops and pre-



mises without tenants often became so sunk and embedded in the bill-stickers' contributions that they had to be laboriously dug out when the new tenant appeared. No small task it was to get rid of the accumulations of months or years; to decorticate, as one may say, the front of a house which had been so long choked and smothered with the productions of the printer.

It was the lottery-office contractors who first really discovered the importance of bill-sticking in a commercial point of view, and who set the example which has since been so persistently followed. The lottery placards were not only stuck up all about London, but in every city and market-town of the provinces; and it was the practice for bands of bill-stickers to travel the kingdom during the whole of the interval between the announcement of the scheme and the drawing of the prizes, posting up fresh bills—each of a more promising character than its predecessor—from time to time, in order to keep the general interest alive. It was the lottery-office keepers also who first originated the practice of printing placards in separate sections, to be formed into wholes by the care and skill of the bill-sticker, who combined their several parts on the walls and hoardings. Before this time, the largest placards were the royal and municipal proclamations, which were printed on a sheet little larger than demy, and covering about four square feet of surface; and that for the simple reason that the printing presses of the day (there were no printing machines in existence) could execute nothing larger. When Earl Stanhope improved the hand-press, much larger sheets could be printed, and were printed, and the placards increased in size. At the present time there is really no limit to the size of a poster, as it can be printed in separate portions, and these may be numerous enough, if need be, to cover the side of a house—an exploit which is actually sometimes accomplished. In the early stages of bill-sticking the task was often confided to women, and was paid for at a very low rate—a fact which shows us the low estimate traders had formed of the value of such a mode of advertising. But they were taught better by the example of the lottery projectors; and even before the lotteries were put down the entire commercial world had become perfectly well aware of the advantage derivable from keeping their names and their doings constantly before the eye of the public.

Between forty and fifty years ago (one cannot be quite exact) bill-sticking had arrived at its perigee, and, relatively to the population of the country, flourished far more extensively than it does now, for reasons which we shall presently see. Then, a traveller bound for the metropolis would take his place on the top of a coach, starting, say, a hundred miles away—north, west, or south, it didn't matter. For the first fifty miles of his route he saw nothing to remind him of London, but he had scarcely done half the journey when he would be warned of its termination by the spectacle of bills of all sizes and colours on the long walls, park-palings, cottage-gables, sheds, outbuildings, and other points of vantage, setting forth the merits of this and that particular article which he was sure to want at some time or other, and displaying in large capitals the name and address of the dealer. These announcements became more numerous as he drew near to town, and did not cease on his arrival, though they would then be crowded out of view for the most part

by rival displays. The dead walls of the London of that day were in a manner fought for by rival bill-stickers—each man, when quarrels arose, doing his best to cover up his antagonist's work by his own performance. So fierce was their hostility at times in certain localities, that a placard which remained legible for twenty-four hours was thought to have a long life. It may have been partly due to this unsatisfactory state of things that bill-sticking took its grand start upwards, which dated, if we are not much mistaken, from about the year 1832-3.

Some genius conceived the idea of climbing to the upper gable angles and chimney sides, and of covering the entire surfaces of empty houses with bills and placards. To carry out his purpose he invented the "joints," a simple apparatus plagiarised from the fishing-rod, familiar to every observant Londoner, by means of which a printed sheet of any size, being first pasted on the back, may be mounted to any height and fixed to any spot where there is room for it. It would not do, of course, to run up a long paragraph of small print to the height of thirty or forty feet, where nobody could read it without a telescope; and so it was necessary to study brevity in all such lofty announcements. And brief enough some of them were. There was "MECHI'S PASTE" in letters a yard long, or thereabouts, staring down upon all the world, and from all sorts of elevations, and rivalling the very chimney-tops, and doing so for four or five years without intermission. There was "CABBURN'S OIL," not quite so aspiring though quite as ubiquitous. There was "WARREN'S BLACKING," with that fierce Tom cat glassing himself in a brightly polished boot. There was "MOSES FOR CLOTHING;" and there were the names of popular actors and of the theatres at which they performed, and it was but rarely that any such high-flying banners sported more than half-a-dozen words. By degrees this mode of advertising by a few brief words began to spread itself lower down. It was recognised that London pedestrians are not given to stopping in the streets to spell over long bills; that the thing to be done is to catch their eye as they pass, and teach them by a single word or short phrase what you want them to know. How thoroughly this lesson has been learned and acted on would be seen by anybody who could compare the bills and placards of the first two decades of the century with those exhibited now.

About this time bill-sticking began in a measure to be superseded by a new method of advertising—that is, by stencilling. A few words being all that was wanted, it was easy to cut these out of a sheet of stiff paper, and by drawing a well-charged paint-brush over the sheet, to achieve the inscription, so to speak, at a single stroke. The thing was done in a few seconds; and ere long it was done on all sides, so that one could hardly walk a mile in any direction without seeing it. All through the London suburbs, wherever there was a practicable surface, the stencillers went to work, not unfrequently inscribing the very pavement on which they trod with puffs of Volus's Pills or of Rubber's Cure for Rheumatism. As they advanced into the country they applied their process to the trunks of trees, the bars of field gates, the felled timber by the wayside, the planks of cow-sheds, or any substance whatever on which paint could be made to adhere. This sort of thing was gall and wormwood to the independent bill-stickers, and naturally made them bitter foes to the inno-

vators. The effect of their enmity was soon seen in the ruthless blotting out of the inscriptions along the whole line of route the stencillers had taken. So vigorous was the opposition that a stenciller returning from a day's expedition would not seldom find the whole of his day's work defaced.

Some forty years ago there were bill-sticking companies in London, who undertook to do the work more thoroughly than isolated individuals could. One part of their plan was to monopolise the best sites for posting by leasing them from the owners of property. They did not succeed in their monopoly, and they had to dissolve; but they did succeed in creating a species of property which had not existed before—a property, to wit, in bill-stickable surfaces. So it is that for many years past what may be called the common ground (or wall) of the bill-sticker has been growing more and more circumscribed, while the preserves have been proportionately extending. Builders used to complain of the trespass on their hoardings by the stickers, and, to deter them from such aggression, would nail up a board with "Stick no Bills" upon it. They do not do that now, save in exceptional cases; they rather lease the hoarding to an independent sticker, and allow him to do the best he can with it. A hoarding may be worth from twenty pounds to hundreds, according to the extent of surface it presents and the time for which it is available, so that a thriving builder may actually receive a considerable rental from bill-stickers. Again, there are in London acres of dead wall belonging to factories, workshops, cattle-layers, and other buildings admirably fitted for posting. Many of these, in fact most of them, which used to be free are now leased out, and if any piratical paste-pot should dare to invade them, the aggressor would assuredly smart for it. How this property plan, which seems to have been borrowed from the French (who to our knowledge have practised it for more than fifty years past), has affected the individual bill-stickers we cannot say; but it has answered extremely well for the advertisers. Under the old system, or rather no system, when he of the paste-pot took the bills and stuck them where he liked, and was paid so much a hundred for doing it, the owner of the bills had no means of knowing whether the work was honestly done or not. There was nothing to prevent a rogue from posting part of the bills and destroying the rest, or selling them for waste paper. But under the new system an advertiser need supply no extra bills; he knows where each of them will be affixed, and, better still, he knows they will not be overlaid or removed so long as he pays for their remaining.

The idea of movable hoardings—hoardings that should travel about—which, like Mohammed, should go to the mountain which would not come to them, was probably due to some ingenious old sticker who reluctated at the notion of paying rent for his pasting-ground. However that may be, certain it is that about the year 1848, famous for revolutions, there appeared in London streets a number of monster wooden boxes, wide as a wild-beast van, and even more lofty, stuck all over with placards of every description, and drawn by a single horse in the very last of his locomotive stages. They crawled along the streets at the rate of a mile an hour—they stopped frequently at public-houses to refresh—they lagged in Cheapside and Cornhill, and sauntered about the Mansion House and the Bank; and wherever there was a crowd, whether to laugh at Punch or to hoot a pick-

pocket, there they would pull up and take it easy, and give the old horse his nosebag. Perhaps if the first inventor of this modest machine had been allowed to stand alone, he might have made a fortune; but the "getters-up-behind" came to his assistance—the travelling hoardings became portentously numerous—they stopped the way here—they blocked the route there—they choked the main thoroughfares everywhere—until at length coachmen, cabmen, carmen, 'busmen, and the whole fraternity of the whip rose against them with one voice, demanding their abolition, and abolished they accordingly were by the municipal authorities, to the great convenience of the public.

We said above, that, relatively to the population, bill-sticking had declined of late years, and of this we have adduced incidentally some proof. But the era of declension dates properly from the establishment of railways, which by the year 1840 had become pretty general throughout the country. When the coaches had been beaten off the road, it was no longer of any use to stick up bills along the coaching routes, and that practice had to be discontinued; then the custom began of advertising by neat placards affixed to the interiors of railway carriages. These, which were intended to be permanent, were productions of a kind far superior to anything hitherto seen, and no expense was spared in getting them up. By-and-by it was found that the numerous railway-stations, with their long-boarded and sheltered platforms, presented a capital field for the display of placards, which could there be placed under the protection of the railway staff safe from injury or removal. In course of time this method of advertising grew in favour, and was eagerly embraced by a superior class of traders, who turned it to good account. When colour-printing came into vogue as a method of advertising, it was at the railway-stations that it made its most powerful appeals for public favour. Admirable decorative designs and artistic works of real merit vied with each other, not only at all the London termini, but at all the chief stations in the kingdom; and to this day most of the masterpieces of the placard colour-printers meet the eye of the traveller as he begins and ends his railway journey. It is not only at the railway-stations, however, that the coloured and pictorial placard or cartoon is to be seen. The largest cartoons are affixed to the walls and hoardings in all parts of London and in the great provincial towns; many of them cover an area of a hundred square feet, and some of them even double that. These monster sheets are generally scenes from some favourite drama, representations of wonderful exploits in the circus, or colossal portraits or full lengths of some public favourite who thinks proper thus to announce his advent. The cost of producing some of these pictures must be very great, looking to the merit of the design and the labour of printing them in colour—to say nothing of the trouble and skill of the poster, who has to mount them piecemeal to a height of twenty to forty feet.

Other causes of the declension of general bill-sticking were, the abolition of the paper-duty and of the duty on advertisements, which, taken together, led to the rise of the cheap newspapers, in which advertisements can now be inserted at a twentieth part of the cost of printing bills, not to mention that of sticking them up. Many thousands of advertisements are now published daily in newspapers

which, forty years ago, had they been published at all, would have appeared in the form of handbills or small posting-bills.

The number of bill-stickers in London is an unknown quantity, not to be ascertained by any method of calculation with which we are acquainted. The number of professed bill-posters, as they are styled, is about twenty, according to the "Directory." These are a substantial and respectable class of men, who for the most part combine with posting the business of advertising agency, and the carrying out of any and every means of advertising that has been devised. They know the best method of securing publicity—can tell you where and when to placard—where and when to advertise; and their advice is often of real value. They will contract for any amount of placarding, advertising, or handbilling; and it is to them that the originators of any new speculation for which the approbation of the public is indispensable have recourse in the first instance.

Meanwhile, the individual bill-sticker pursues his independent course, and sticks his bills, when he can get a job, wherever he can find room for them. His occupation is but an humble one, but he is likely to retain possession of it, for there are reasons enough why he should not be extinguished. Thus there is often occasion to have bills posted in localities where there are no private or preserved hoardings—as in cases of lost property, small auction sales, trade announcements applicable to but limited districts, parish affairs, local lectures or concerts, and various other matters interesting only to the immediate neighbourhood. If the paste-pot and brush do not engage the whole of his time, there is no harm that we can see in his filling up the rest of it as a mourner or a mute at a funeral, or as an auctioneer's out-door porter, or as a responsible messenger, or in any other capacity (save that of a peripatetic sandwich—that would be too bad) in which he could earn an honest shilling. One sometimes sees curious specimens of his art on the walls and palings of the suburban roads. Thus it is not uncommon to find a dozen or more impressions of the same placard stuck side by side in a row; or a couple of long-bodied posters stuck one over the other in the form of St. Andrew's cross; or a row of bills shall be stuck up diagonally instead of upright, heel to toe, as it were, producing a kind of zigzag effect; or bills shall lie along horizontally, as if they had gone to bed, so that one gets a crick in the neck by attempting to read them; and lastly, it sometimes happens, though rarely, that a bill shall be stuck on upside-down, so that to read it at all one should stand on one's head. It would be unfair, however, to attribute all these various phenomena to the whims and vagaries of the subject of our sketch, who, to say the truth, is not at all given to such flights of imagination. They are in all cases, we will undertake to say, due to the literal instructions of the proprietors of the placards, and may serve to illustrate that intense desire for publicity and notoriety which is one of the characteristics of the London trader. Perhaps, however, exception may be made in respect to the few bills that are stuck on upside-down, for there is a report current that a certain forlorn bill-sticker, living somewhere in the purlieus of Whitefriars, is innocent of the art of reading print—that he gets his wife to arrange all his bills right side upwards in his wallet before he sallies forth to stick them up, and that it is to her

remissness or oversight that the astonished pedestrian owes the occasional spectacle of a placard on a wall wrong side upward, and a ragged urchin standing on his head and offering to read it to you "right off for a brown, sir."

## THE DATE OF EASTER.

IN the ecclesiastical year, according to the rule in the Prayer-book, "Easter day (on which the other movable feasts and holy days depend) is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the 21st day of March; and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after."

Now, look at the almanack on the wrapper of the "Leisure Hour" (which our readers should note is specially prepared for it each month by Mr. Dunkin, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, and contains some valuable astronomical notes). The full moon next after the 21st March is set down for April 8. The first Sunday after this is April 9, whereas the true date for Easter is April 16. This discrepancy has sorely exercised many minds, as on previous occasions, when the Church Calendar and the astronomers seemed to be at variance.

The truth is that the rule in the Prayer-book is wrong in two points, and needs correction. It is wrong in referring to the visible moon in the heavens, and wrong in referring to full moon instead of the fourteenth day after the Calendar moon of March. The Calendar moon falls on March 27, the fourteenth day after which is April 9, the first Sunday after which is April 16, Easter Sunday.

The error of referring to the moon in the heavens is obvious, for it is full moon at different times in different places. Why, even within so short a distance as London and Westminster, if the real moon were taken, Easter might fall on one Sunday in St. Paul's, and not till the following Sunday in Westminster Abbey! This was amusingly demonstrated by the late Professor de Morgan in the "Companion to the Almanack," for 1845: "The difference of longitude of the cathedral and the abbey is about seven seconds, say six seconds, to make sure of the argument; that is, the clock of St. Paul's, the more eastward of the two, ought to be more than six seconds faster than that of the abbey (or, now, of its neighbour, Big Ben). Hence Sunday morning begins at St. Paul's six seconds before it begins at Westminster Abbey. Now, suppose Easter regulated strictly by the Paschal full moon, as implied by the Act of Parliament, and suppose that on a Saturday evening at the abbey the Paschal full moon happens at three seconds *before* midnight, then at St. Paul's it will happen three seconds *after* midnight, on Sunday morning. That is, the Sunday just named is the next after the Paschal full moon at the abbey, and is Easter Sunday. But at St. Paul's the Paschal full moon falls on a Sunday, and Easter Sunday is the next Sunday after." It is time, therefore, that Convocation, or Parliament (as Prof. de Morgan seems to affirm that the error is due to the legislation), alter the rule, as long ago altered by Pope Gregory XIII, under advice of Clavius, or Schüssle, astronomer and mathematician.



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Cooper.*



THE INDIAN COUNCIL

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XX.—THE MOHAWK'S WOOING.

THE Mohawks had come on one of those long visits of half-pleasure, half-business, which the braves of friendly tribes are apt to pay to each other in critical times. Councils were to be held on the subject of which side their united forces should take in the strife which threatened to divide the American

continent. There was also a good deal of hunting and feasting to be done, the former necessarily preceding the latter, as so large an influx of guests required extra provisions, and all supplies were brought from the woods. Their young chief had also a private affair to transact in his uncle's territory. His meeting with Constance there was no doubt unexpected. While the braves of both tribes were preparing to set forth on a grand hunt, she saw him and the old chief in earnest consultation

No. 1269.—APRIL 22, 1876.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.  
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behind the wigwam, where there was both shade and space. Main-rouge appeared to be hesitating about something on which his nephew's heart was set, judging from the persuasive eagerness of the young man's address; but at length it seemed that the uncle was won over to his views, and the matter settled between them.

The braves were gone a-hunting for the greater part of the day, and when they returned towards evening well provided with game, they sat smoking in groups before every wigwam, while the squaws prepared the feast. When the feast had been spread and done justice to, and pipes and talk again occupied the warriors around the evening fires, Constance was sitting alone, in a sort of natural harbour formed by a stooping-tree, in that same shady space where the uncle and nephew had held their conference. The chief's people had constructed a mossy seat for her there; it was a more pleasant place of retirement than her own small chamber in the warm season which had now set in, and some such place was requisite for a white lady in an Indian settlement where no drawing-room society could be expected. She sat there, in the soft and scented twilight of May, thinking of her old home at the Elms, of her father, and of Sydney Archdale, when something like the rustling of leaves made her look up, and close by her side she saw the young Mohawk with his belt full of knives, his hatchet in his hand, and his eyes earnestly bent on her. It was by a great effort of prudence that Constance kept her seat; she had been warned by both Hannah and the Quaker not to appear frightened at any extraordinary movement on the part of the Indians, due to their savage instincts. She therefore sat still, and tried to look as if nothing had happened; but it was difficult to do when the Mohawk stepped out before her and commenced at once a dance and a song. The dance was at first slow and monotonous, and the song low and plaintive, as if it told some sad and tender tale in the liquid words of his Indian tongue. But the one increased in rapidity and the other in volume, till the dance was a succession of bounds and the song a continuation of whoops; while at the same time Kashutan pulled knife after knife from his belt and flung them about in the most furious fashion with his left hand, and with his right flourished the hatchet on all sides, his teeth gnashing, and his eyes glaring like miniature furnaces; till poor Constance, believing that her hour was come, and too much terrified to attempt to escape—which, indeed, would have been useless—leant back on the seat and covered her face with her hands. All at once, however, the Mohawk's mood changed, he let his hatchet fall at her feet, moved backward and forward with a step that seemed to indicate pain or trouble, while his hand was laid alternately on his breast and brow, and his face took an expression so soft and sorrowful that Constance, after seeing its previous fury, could scarcely believe her eyes.

With that look his motion suddenly ceased, and he stood still before her for some minutes, as if expecting a response; then he seemed to conclude that his performance was not appreciated, and, looking disconcerted and ashamed, Kashutan turned and walked away. Not knowing what to make of it, Constance rose, and was walking away too, but in a different direction; she thought of asking Hannah's opinion on the subject, when steps approached, and the old chief and his nephew were both by her side.

"Is my daughter afraid of her Indian brother?" said Main-rouge, handing her back to the mossy seat, and taking his place beside her, while the young man stood modestly behind them. "Is the pale-faced woman, who can read books and write letters, less gifted with understanding than the daughter of the red man, whose only school was the hearth of the wigwam and the paths of the woods?"

"Father," said Constance—she had learned something of his own style by this time—"it is not possible for man or woman to understand the tongue and the customs to which they are strangers."

"You speak truly," said the old chief; "yet I thought such things made themselves known to the young of every race and language."

It presently appeared that by that song and dance his nephew was declaring his love for Delamere's daughter. It was an ancient custom of the Puma tribe—lovers had employed it for many generations to set forth their great and strong affection; but those who were false-hearted or but faintly moved did not use it, lest pining sickness or death should come to them before the nearest spring or fall. The first part reveals how the lover is subdued and enslaved by the maiden's beauty and excellency; the second declares the valiant deeds he will do for her sake against the enemies of her people; and the third proclaims that if his love is not returned, he will live without a squaw and die with sorrow.

Constance had never before heard of that remarkable custom; yet there are many such among the Indian tribes. Wanting in chivalry as the red man must ever appear in European eyes, and degraded as the condition of the red woman may seem, there is an underlying vein of noble sentiment in the Indian character, for both their history and traditions abound with instances of the most romantic love and the most devoted friendship.

"Consider, now, my daughter," continued old Red-hand, "that Kashutan is the son of a great chief, Shingis, the most famous warrior of all the tribes of the Mohawk. He sought my sister in her youth, and she fled with him from our settlement; it was no disgrace, but we were angry because he went on the war-path with the English, while we took up the hatchet for the French. These things are past, like the leaves that were then on the trees; my sister is the mother of Kashutan; Shingis has gone to the spirit country, and has left him a great inheritance of spoils taken in war, and goods purchased in peace. My nephew possesses herds of cattle and horses and companies of slaves; his corn-fields are large and fruitful as those that the white men plough; in his wigwam are stores of cloth and linen, rum and gunpowder; he speaks first after the old men at the council fire, because of the wisdom that is known to be in his youth; and when he takes up the hatchet, a thousand warriors will follow him on the war-path. Your own eyes tell you that Kashutan is a comely brave. Many an Indian maid smiles upon him when he sits at the feast, or plays in the sports of the young men; the daughters of renowned chiefs in all our settlements would be well pleased to dwell in his wigwam, but he seeks only the white man's daughter."

From the day of their meeting in Harbour Street Constance had an inkling of the young chief's sentiments regarding herself, but she was not prepared for the suit so directly made by both nephew and uncle. Of course it was highly flattering to a young

lady's pride to have the love dance of the Puma tribe—which ensured death or sickness to the faint or false-hearted wooer—performed before her by a gentleman with a following of a thousand warriors, and his uncle, the redoubted chief of the Wampanoags, to plead his cause in her native tongue; but in her present position it was highly dangerous too. She was no coquette by nature or education, and yet her woman's wit suggested, as the only safe course, a temporising policy which would not drive the wild wooer to despair, for the brandishing of his hatchet was still in her memory. So, with as much self-possession as she could assume, Constance set forth what high respect she had for the son of the famous Shingis, how much she felt complimented by his choice of her as a squaw, and how unworthy of that exalted position, and unfit to fulfil its duties, she was as a white woman.

"You know, father, the customs of my race are different from those of the red people," she said, "and your nephew must know the same. Hands like mine would be useless in his wigwam; I can neither cook venison, tan skins, nor hoe corn. Many an Indian maid, who can do all these things, whose ways and language are his own, would, I am sure, be proud to call such a handsome and distinguished chief her husband."

Here the young Mohawk's impatience getting the better of his modesty, made him demand of his uncle the meaning of her words, whereon Main-rouge invited him to come forward, interpreted what Constance had said, and translated Kashutan's reply. It was to the effect that he would never expect from her the usual accomplishments of Indian married ladies; that his mother would manage the affairs of wigwam and cornfield, and superintend the labours of his hired people and slaves; that the whole following should wait upon Delamere's daughter, and she should have everything that white ladies were accustomed to; that himself should behave to her like a white squire, only that he believed some of them did not keep the promises they made to their squaws, but he would; and his uncle endorsed the declaration by assuring Constance that Kashutan always kept his word as became an Indian chief, and that he had learned how to behave to white ladies from a young squire who spoke the Mohawk tongue, and often visited the tribe in his father's days.

"I have talked with him," said the old chief; "he had more wisdom than the Great Spirit allows to most of the pale faces, and was handsome, too, for one of his race, having some resemblance to my nephew, for the squire was about his years. His name was Archdale; he knew your father and his house; his own kindred dwelt somewhere on the banks of the Connecticut. Have you ever heard of them, my daughter?"

Constance knew he was speaking of Sydney; she recollected that the latter had taken refuge among the Mohawks when the Government search after him was hot and the captain first came to the Elms. She recalled the bunch of wild-wood flowers he had once left on her window-sill; the guise in which she had seen him last, and his resemblance to Red-hand's nephew. He was a colonel now, at the head of a militia regiment raised in her native place, and in a great measure consisting of the tenantry on her father's estate, as well as that of the Plantation; and there by her side stood the man she had mis-

taken for him, the Indian chief whom he had instructed on the devoirs expected by white ladies, and who was bent with all the resolution of his red nature on taking his place in her good graces. Main-rouge had asked the question in all sincerity, and with no suspicion of the bond that had been between them; yet it was a minute or two before she could answer with sufficient composure: "I knew them well; they were neighbours to my father, and had as good an estate as his own."

Some Indian words passed between the old chief and his nephew. The latter seemed to make an eager inquiry, and the former turned to Constance. "Do you know if the young man is there still? Kashutan would fain hear of him, for indeed they were friends."

"I have not been in that part of the country for a long time; but when I was living in Boston with my friends who are here now, I was told that he was raising a regiment of militia for the defence of the province." No girl of her years could have spoken more judiciously, though it was somewhat at hazard. The answer appeared to satisfy the chiefs, old and young; but, urged by his nephew, Main-rouge returned to the main subject.

"Kashutan has laid open his mind to you in the sacred love-dance of his tribe, and also by my tongue," he said. "What answer does my daughter give to her red brother, that his hunting may not be uncertain and his dreams troubled?"

"I pray you, father, consider that I am young and a stranger to both my Indian brother and his people; and also that it is not customary, nor thought prudent among us, for a maid to declare her mind at once. Give me time to think over the matter, for it is of great importance to me. Besides, my father has not been consulted; and you, wise chief, know well that neither among the Indians nor the pale-faces is it thought right for a daughter to make any such contract without her father's knowledge and consent."

Once more the uncle and nephew talked in their own tongue, and then old Red-hand said: "Your father could have no objection to the son of Shingis, who is above any white squire he could choose for you; but we will not trespass on the customs of your people. Take time, as the white women do, to try the truth and constancy of their lovers. My nephew will not be found wanting to you in anything. But they have lighted the council-fire, and the dews of night are falling;" and rising quickly, he took Constance by the hand and led her to the wigwam.

Like the supreme court of ancient Athens, the Indian council holds its sittings by night. The council-fire was lighted in the midst of an open space at the end of the village, set round with trees which their fathers had planted; for all summer assemblies were held there ever since the Wampanoags settled in the valley. The dignitaries of both tribes sat round the fire on logs; behind them the common braves stood in a double circle; but the general public, including boys and squaws, were rigidly barred out, and they spent the time in domestic industry, quarrels, and sports, which kept the whole village astir while the council lasted.

While all were thus occupied, Constance took the opportunity to inform Hannah of the Mohawk's proposal, in hopes that the good woman's knowledge of Indian life and character might enable her to give

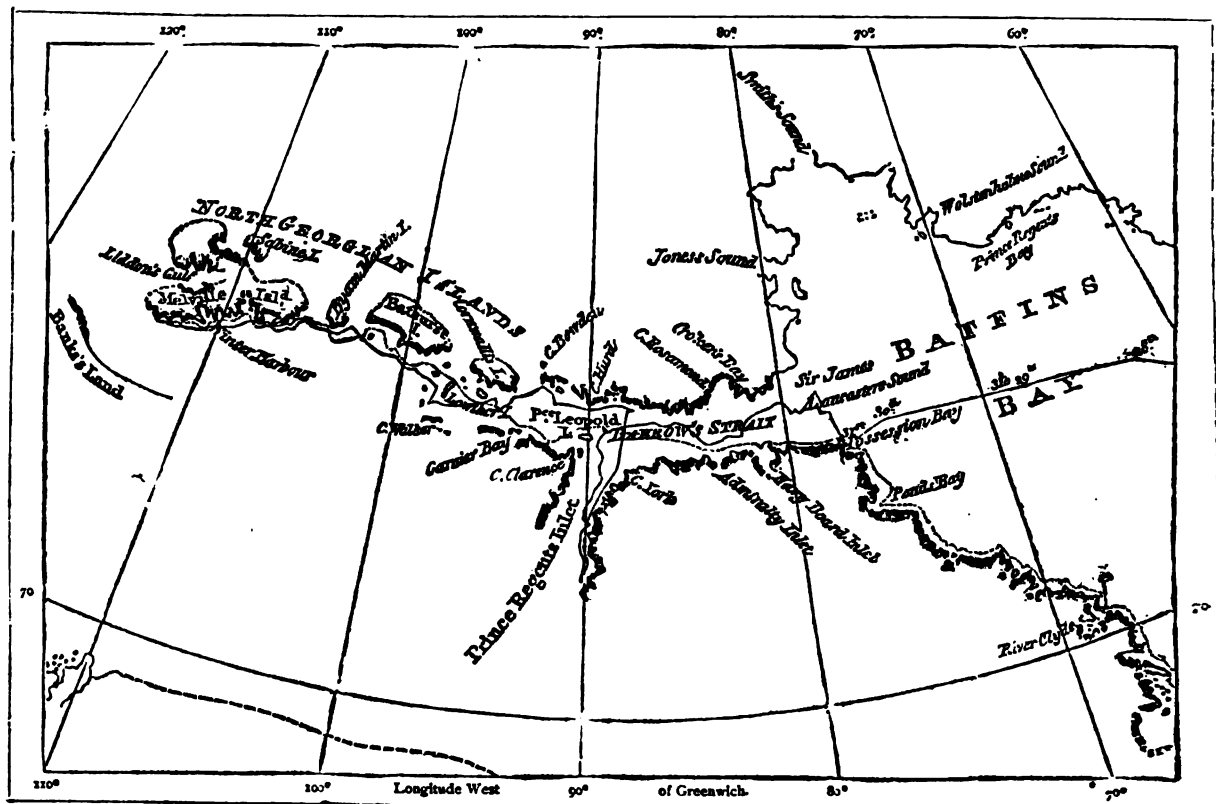
practical advice as to the best mode of staving off the intended honour. She found the Quakeress seated in a corner of the deserted hall, reading Greenland's Bible by the light of a pine torch.

At the first revelation, Hannah looked frightened for a minute, and then said, with her usual calmness, "Child, it is a perilous business, and one which may prove, even to thy youth, the dangers that follow upon outward fairness which so many covet. I cannot advise thee to anything better than that which thou hast done. To gain time is the only safe course. Help may come to us by the bands of backwoodsmen who will now be marching eastward to aid the people of Massachusetts. At any rate, put thy trust in the Lord, and he will open a way of escape before thee. By his good providence, I hope friend Greenland is by this time safe out of the

Indian country. He slipped away two days ago, and does not yet seem to be missed. He is well accustomed to journey in the wilderness, and prayed me to go with him. I think these woods inspire men with vain notions of earthly affection; but when I would not venture it, or leave friend Jacob and thee behind, he left me his Bible in token of remembrance, and promised, if he could find his way to Philadelphia, to make known our case to friend Caleb and Rachel, who are no doubt there, and will take every lawful means to free us from the hands of these forest Philistines. Therefore, child, keep a good heart; but we that remain here had need to take care, and seem to know nothing of the matter, for if they thought we were taking any measures to frustrate their design, or get thee out of their tents of Kedar, our lives would not be safe for a day."

## ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER, F.R.G.S.



MAP SHOWING THE TRACK OF PARRY'S FIRST VOYAGE, 1819-20.

### VII.—PARRY'S FIRST VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE (1819-20).

WHEN Ross returned, in 1818, he informed his crews that there would be, in all probability, another Arctic Expedition in 1819, and that, to such as were disposed to volunteer for it, the Government would find employment in the interim. Upon hearing this almost the whole of his crews volunteered, and the new expedition had thus the great advantage of starting with a body of men whose capacities

were known, and who were already practised in ice navigation. Nor was this the only way in which the new expedition benefited by the voyage of 1818. Ross had narrowed the areas within which it was possible that a north-west passage might be found; and the instructions now issued clearly pointed out several localities which were to be rigorously examined, instead of leaving the commander bewildered

by the looseness of his directions. Ross, however, was sent to the right-about, and Lieutenant W. E. Parry reigned in his stead.

Parry sailed on May 12th, 1819, in the *Hecla*, with Lieutenant Liddon, as his second in command, on board the *Griper*.\* It was contemplated that the expedition might winter in the ice, and it was prepared and provisioned accordingly. The ships were first of all directed to proceed to, and to well examine, Lancaster Sound, with the express object of discovering a north-west passage. If they could not succeed in gaining the sound, or if it proved to be a *cul de sac*, they were instructed to search for a passage in several other directions. But these need not even be mentioned, as Parry's time was entirely occupied in exploring the inlet to which his attention was first directed. He accomplished a marvellous voyage, sailing up the sound farther to the west than any ship has proceeded either before or since his time, penetrating well-nigh half across the unknown regions which were between Baffin's Bay and Bering's Straits, and eventually extricated his ships, and brought them home almost uninjured. But the great and distinguishing merit of this expedition consists in the fact that the ships wintered in a high latitude, on one of the most sterile shores known on the earth's surface, and in one of its coldest regions, and did so successfully, subsisting upon its own resources; and had the geographical results which were obtained been of far less importance, the forethought which Parry displayed during his long detention in the ice, the excellent discipline which he maintained, and the readiness with which he met every demand that was made upon his invention, would have been more than sufficient to make him a man of mark. He proved that it was possible to sojourn long in high latitudes in safety, and without excessive discomfort; and later Arctic voyagers, who have profited by his experience, have not very materially improved upon the methods which he adopted.

By August 1st the voyagers were fairly at the entrance of Lancaster's Sound.† They did not come thus far without exertion, nor without a certain amount of risk, but we must pass over the earlier part of the voyage, as our space will only admit of reference to its most important features. The winds were favourable and the sea was open, and by the close of August 3rd they ran over the spot where the Croker Mountains had been placed by Ross. "It is more easy," said Parry, "to imagine than to describe the almost breathless anxiety which was now visible in every countenance, while, as the breeze increased to a fresh gale, we ran quickly up the sound. The mastheads were crowded by the officers and men during the whole afternoon; and an unconcerned observer, if any could have been unconcerned on such an occasion, would have been amused by the eagerness with which the various reports from the crow's-nest were received, all, however, hitherto favourable to our most sanguine hopes."

So they ran on prosperously until the 5th, nearly

to 90° w. long., when, finding ice stretching across Barrow's Strait, they turned southwards down a promising opening, some ten leagues wide, which was subsequently called Prince Regent's Inlet. On the 8th, after they had sailed down this inlet for about one hundred and twenty miles, they were again stopped by ice, and Parry promptly retraced his course into Barrow's Strait; but they were so much hindered by one cause or another that he did not until the 20th regain the meridian at which he had arrived on the 5th. They then got clear of ice, and sailed rapidly to the west, on the 22nd discovering the great opening between Cornwallis Island and Cape Bowden, since named Wellington Channel, about which so much has been written in connection with the last voyage of Sir John Franklin.

The difficulties with their compasses which navigators experience in this part of the Arctic regions, through proximity to the northern magnetic pole, has been casually adverted to in the voyage of Ross. Parry was troubled by them, however, to a far greater extent than his predecessor. Whilst sailing up Baffin's Bay and through Barrow's Strait, he well-nigh passed half round the magnetic pole, always, it was true, at a considerable distance. The early voyagers in Davis's Strait, even so early as the Elizabethan period, remarked to how large an extent the north of the magnetic needle varied hereabouts from the north pole of the earth, but they never observed the extreme variation that Parry did, for he not only saw his needles point due *west* instead of north, but eventually arrived at a spot where they pointed due *south*—that is to say, he got to a place where the magnetic variation amounted to 180°. Beyond this, in all regions in the vicinity of the magnetic pole, compasses act so sluggishly as to be practically useless for the purposes of navigation; and for weeks together Parry had to shape his course independently of his compasses. So long as the weather was clear this was not a matter of extreme difficulty; but unfortunately the Arctic regions, even in the summer time, are terribly afflicted by fogs, and when they come on navigation becomes trebly perilous. The following quotation places this vividly before the reader:—"The fog came on again as thick as before; fortunately, however, we had previously been enabled to take notice of several pieces of ice, by steering for each of which in succession we came to the edge of a floe, along which our course was to be pursued to the westward. As long as we had this guidance, we advanced with great confidence; but as soon as we came to the end of the floe, which then turned off to the southward, the circumstances under which we were sailing were, perhaps, such as have never occurred since the early days of navigation. To the northward was the land; the ice, as we supposed, to the southward; the compasses useless; and the sun completely obscured by a fog so thick that the *Griper* could only now and then be seen at a cable's length astern. We had literally, therefore, no mode of regulating our course but by once more trusting to the steadiness of the wind; and it was not a little amusing, as well as novel, to see the quartermaster conning the ship by looking at the dog-vane." Steering by the wind is all very well so long as the wind is steady, but it is obvious that had it veered round either to the right or to the left the ships would have been in imminent peril of wreck, either through running on the land or into the ice.

\* Liddon made only this one Arctic voyage, and his name is not again recorded in history. The *Hecla* was a bomb of 375 tons, and the *Griper* had been a gun-brig of 175 tons. Both were fitted up and strengthened expressly for the Arctic regions, and both were rigged as barques. The officers and crew amounted to ninety-four persons. Beechey (who had been with Franklin in the *Trent* in 1818) was Lieutenant of the *Hecla*, and Sabine was again astronomer.

† From this point, the proceedings of the expedition can be traced on the accompanying map, which has been accurately reproduced from Parry's account of the voyage. The firm line shows the outward track, and the dotted line the homeward one.



On the 4th September, 1819, the voyagers crossed the meridian of 110° west of Greenwich, and thereby became entitled by Act of Parliament to the sum of five thousand pounds. They continued to press on with varying fortunes, sometimes vexed by contrary winds, impeded by ice, or hindered by fogs, but by the exercise of unremitting care, and through seizing every opportunity which offered, succeeded in getting farther and farther in the desired direction. At length this happy state of affairs came to an end. To avoid a strong gale, they beat up to the land to their north (Melville Island) to get into shelter, and anchored, for the first time since leaving the coast of Norfolk, in a little bay which was named after the ships. "It appeared to mark," said Parry, "in a very decided manner, the completion of one stage of our voyage." And so it really did, for after vainly struggling for a few days more to get still farther to the west, they perceived that they could not do better than take up their quarters in the little bay; and, once entered therein, they found themselves sealed up by frost for more than ten months. They had carried on active operations to the very last practicable moment, and had reason to be glad that the resolution to stop was taken when it was, for two days later the thermometer showed 33° below freezing-point, and the sea outside the harbour was completely frozen as far as the eye could see.\*

Winter came on rapidly, and they had to make instant preparations to meet it. The whole of the masts were dismantled, except the lower ones and the Hecla's topmast; the lower yards were lashed fore and aft amidships, at a sufficient height to support the planks of the housing intended to be erected over the decks, and the whole of this framework was roofed over with cloth, and thus formed a comfortable shelter from snow and wind. The boats, spars, running rigging, and sails were removed on shore, in order to give as much room as possible for exercise on board whenever the weather should be too inclement for walking on land. "I dreaded," said Parry, "the want of employment as one of the worst evils that was likely to befall us;" but there does not appear to have been at any time during their long winter a dearth of occupation, for the active mind of the commander, being well-convinced that idle hands would surely get into mischief, took care to provide everybody not only with work, but with amusement. To this end, amongst other things, he suggested the formation of a royal Arctic theatre on board the Hecla, which proved a successful device for maintaining harmony and passing time. These theatrical performances were free from the

objectionable atmosphere usually surrounding the stage. We may be sure that they were long and loudly applauded, as clapping of hands and stamping of feet answered the double purpose of cheering the performers and warming the audience, who, at the time the representations were given, enjoyed a temperature hovering about zero of Fahrenheit.

This, however, was by no means the greatest cold they experienced. On January 11, 1820, at noon, the temperature was 81° below freezing-point, or much below the freezing-point of mercury. "Yet," said Parry, "the weather being quite calm, we walked on shore for an hour without inconvenience, the sensation of cold depending much more on the degree of wind than on the absolute temperature of the atmosphere." On the whole, February was their most severe month, the thermometer never rising above 49° below freezing-point, and sometimes being 20° lower. During the extreme temperatures of these coldest months, many frost-bites occurred through the men being improperly shod; for the crews had been supplied with thick leather fishermen's boots, so little had the special requirements been understood of the service upon which they were engaged. Directly the men went out of doors, their boots became as hard as iron, circulation of the blood was checked, and frost-bites speedily followed. With characteristic promptitude, Parry applied a remedy directly he perceived the evil, and by having canvas boots made, soled with raw hide and lined with blanketing, he soon put an end to the danger of frost-bitten feet.

There was one occasion on which all personal considerations had to be thrown to the winds, and officers and men had alike to work in the open air, regardless of the severity of the climate. On February 24, when the thermometer registered 76° below freezing-point, Captain Sabine's wooden observatory on shore was found to be on fire. All ran instantly to extinguish the flames, and in three-quarters of an hour they were got under, fortunately, without doing much injury. "The appearance," wrote the commander, "which our faces presented at the fire was a curious one, almost every nose and cheek having become quite white with frost-bites in five minutes after being exposed to the weather; so that it was deemed necessary for the medical gentlemen, together with some others appointed to assist them, to go constantly round to rub with snow the parts affected in order to restore animation. Notwithstanding this precaution, we had an addition of no less than sixteen men to the sick-lists in consequence of this accident. There were four or five cases in which the patients were confined for several weeks; but John Smith, of the Artillery, who was Captain Sabine's servant, and who, together with Sergeant Martin, happened to be in the house at the time the fire broke out, was unfortunate enough to suffer much more severely. In their anxiety to save the dipping-needle, of which they knew the value, they immediately ran out with it; and Smith, not having time to put on his gloves, had his fingers in half-an-hour so benumbed, and the animation so completely suspended, that on his being taken on board by Mr. Edwards, and having his hands plunged into a basin of cold water, the surface of the water was immediately frozen by the intense cold thus suddenly communicated to it; and, notwithstanding the most unremitting attention paid to them by the medical gentlemen, it was found necessary, some time after,

\* The harbour was already frozen when they determined to winter in it, and a canal 4083 yards had to be cut before the ships were placed in position. This great undertaking was carried out in a couple of days. Two parallel cuts, rather wider apart than the breadth of the larger ship, were first made with the ice-saws, and then other cross-cuts were made, at right angles to the first one, at intervals of ten to twenty feet, "thus dividing the ice into a number of rectangular pieces, which it was again necessary to subdivide diagonally, in order to give room for their being floated out of the canal. To facilitate the latter part of the process, the seamen, who are always fond of doing things in their own way, took advantage of a fresh northerly breeze, by setting some boats' sails upon the pieces of ice, a contrivance which saved both time and labour." At last it became impracticable to float the pieces of ice out, and they were sunk under the rest of the ice. "To effect this it was necessary for a certain number of men to stand upon one end of the piece which it was intended to sink, while other parties hauling upon ropes attached to the opposite end, dragged the block underneath. The officers of both ships took the lead in this employ, several of them standing up to their knees in water frequently during the day, with the thermometer at 12°, and never higher than 16°" (twenty to sixteen degrees below freezing-point). At half-past one p.m., on Sept. 20th, they began to track the ships along, and at a quarter-past three reached their winter quarters, and hailed the event with three loud and hearty cheers from both ships' companies.

to resort to the amputation of a part of four fingers on one hand, and three on the other."

With returning day, hopes of a speedy release were raised; \* but they were doomed to disappointment; and month after month went by without the least apparent change in the solidity of the ice round about them. Even on the 1st of May, by which time the sun remained perpetually above the horizon, the weather was so bad that Captain Sabine's house on shore was almost covered with the drifting snow; and they were obliged to communicate with the astronomer and his attendants "through a small window, from which the snow was, with much labour, cleared away, the door being quite inaccessible. The gale and snowdrift continued on the following day, when we had literally to dig out the sentries, who attended to the fire at the house, in order to have them relieved." On viewing the sea, at the end of May, from a hill in the vicinity of their harbour, they found that there was not much to encourage their hopes of advancement to the westward. "The sea still presented the same unbroken and continuous surface of solid and impenetrable ice, and this ice could not be less than six to seven feet in thickness, as we knew it to be about the ships.† When to this circumstance was added the consideration that scarcely the slightest symptom of thawing had yet appeared, and that in three weeks from this period the sun would again begin to decline to the southward, it must be confessed that the most sanguine and enthusiastic among us had some reason to be staggered in the expectation we had formed of the complete accomplishment of our enterprise."

Clearly, it would be long ere the ships would be free to move, and, to occupy their spare moments, Parry determined to make a journey across Melville Island. Although so many Arctic expeditions had gone out before this one, sledge travelling, as it is practised now, had not been invented. They actually started on this trip across the island dragging their baggage on a cart! As this unfortunate vehicle had to go over hill and dale, across morasses, down gullies, up ravines, and over rocks, there is little wonder that it eventually broke down, and had to be abandoned. But the plucky seamen succeeded in crossing the island from south to north, almost at its narrowest point, and looked down on the boundless frozen waste beyond. It was hard to say whether they were gazing over sea or plain, nor was the question decided until they found salt water by digging through a floe which was fourteen feet four inches thick. They returned to the ship after an absence of fifteen days, having made considerable collections in natural history, besides having determined with respectable accuracy the extent of the island upon whose shores they had wintered.‡

The month of June passed without the slightest prospect of the ships being released, although the ice in the harbour was gradually becoming thinner and thinner. By the end of the first week in July its thickness was reduced to about two feet, and there were holes in it, in some places, right through to the sea. In a week more the boats were able to go to and fro between the ships and the shore, and on the 26th they weighed anchor and ran about three-quarters of a mile out to sea. The ice outside the harbour "was still quite continuous and unbroken, with the same appearance of solidity as it had during the winter, except that the pools of water were numerous upon its surface." From this date they struggled incessantly for thirty days to get to the west, but were never able to get so far as the westernmost extremity of Melville Island. Over and over again they were in imminent peril of being driven on shore by the irresistible pressure of the floes, and on one occasion, destruction seeming inevitable, Parry got so far as to determine to cut holes in the decks, to let the provision casks float out of the hold immediately the vessel should sink. The floes were thicker than they had ever before been observed, and penned the ships up in a narrow lane of water between their margin and the land. On August 9th, wrote Parry, a piece of a floe, "which came near us in the afternoon, and which had since drifted back a few hundred yards to the eastward, received the pressure of the whole body of ice as it came in. It split across in various directions, with a considerable crash, and presently afterwards we saw a part, several hundred tons in weight, raised slowly and majestically, as if by the application of a screw, and deposited on another part of the floe from which it had broken, presenting towards us the surface that had split, which was a fine blue colour, and very solid and transparent. I sent Lieutenant Beechey to measure its thickness, which proved to be forty-two feet; and, as it was a piece of a regular floe, this measurement may serve to give some idea of the general thickness of the ice in this neighbourhood."

After observing that a strong easterly wind blew for thirty-six hours without the ice shifting a single yard, Parry could not help inferring that there was no space in which it was at liberty to move to the westward; and was led to consider whether it would not be advisable, whenever the ice would allow them to stir, to sacrifice a few miles of westing, and to run along the margin of the floes in order to endeavour to find an opening leading to the southward, by taking advantage of which they might be enabled to prosecute the voyage to the westward in a lower latitude. "I was," said he, "the more inclined to make this attempt from its having long become evident to us that the navigation of this part of the Polar Sea is only to be performed by watching the occasional openings between the ice and the shore; and that, therefore, a continuity of land is essential, if not absolutely necessary, for this purpose. Such a continuity of land, which was here about to fail us, must necessarily be furnished by the northern coast of America, in whatsoever latitude it may be found." This passage is one out of many which might be quoted to show how sound the opinions of Parry often were. The memorable voyage of McClure, upon which he discovered a north-west passage, was performed in the manner foreshadowed by Parry. McClure hugged the northern

\* The sun reappeared early in February, after an absence of about three months.

† On the 23rd of March they dug a hole through the ice near the ships, and found that it was six and a half feet thick, and had eight inches of snow in its surface. This ice had been formed in one winter.

‡ On this journey they used to travel by night and dine at midnight—in broad daylight, however—and to sleep at noon, which was undoubtedly the best way of proceeding, as the snow was hardest at night, and they enjoyed the warmest part of the day while they were at rest. Captain Sabine acted as collector, besides performing his other duties. Some years ago, whilst I was attending a book-auction, three volumes were put up for sale, entitled "The Melville Island Herbarium." They contained a collection of plants made on this journey by Sabine, and had been subsequently named by the prince of botanists, Robert Brown. Nobody present seemed to be aware of their value, and they were knocked down to the writer.

coast-line of America\* until he found himself hampered in the straits between the mainland and the archipelago to its north, and he then, despairing of making a passage by completely following the shores of the continent, boldly struck up to the north, along the western side of Bank's Land. He all but arrived at the meridian at which Parry had stopped, and came within sight of Melville Island, but he was unable to sail across the strait which separated the two islands. Like all others who have been in this region, he found it filled with impenetrable ice of the heaviest class, which only occasionally moved a slight distance off the land. No ship has ever passed through this strait—and, perhaps, no ship ever will, for in this neighbourhood, it seems, from the prodigious thickness of the floes (sometimes sixty feet and upwards), that in many seasons the amount which dissolves during the summer does not equal the mass that congeals during the winter. The tidal movements of the almost landlocked sea amongst the centre of the Arctic Archipelago are extremely feeble,† nor can the wind operate with the same vigour upon the ice, which encumbers it, that it

\* It has been already pointed out that McClure made his voyage in the reverse direction, namely, from Bering's Straits towards the Atlantic.

† Professor Haughton maintains that the impenetrability of the ice at this part of the Arctic regions is caused by the still water occasioned by the meeting of the Davis's Strait and Bering's Strait tides.

would if it were in a more open situation. Thus the floes remain year by year almost stationary, and their thickness does not perceptibly diminish—perhaps, indeed, constantly augments.

"There was something peculiar about the south-west extremity of Melville Island," said Parry, as he turned away to try for a passage through some opening to the south; but, though he searched carefully, he found no breach which offered a fair prospect of success. Favoured by good winds, the ships ran out of Lancaster's Sound into Baffin's Bay within six days after they were put about, and gained our shores by the last days of October, with their crews in robust health, and little the worse for their adventures. Their good health was no doubt very much due to their success in the chase during the latter part of their stay on the shores of Melville Island, though, had there been better sportsmen on board, they might have lived much better. As it was, they secured 3 musk-oxen, 24 reindeer, 68 hares, 53 geese, 59 ducks, and 144 ptarmigan, which yielded altogether 3,766 lbs. of fresh meat. The ptarmigan especially were relished by the seamen, and on one of them being asked how he had fared, after returning from a little adventure on shore, he replied, "Why, the Duke of Wellington never lived so well. We had grouse for breakfast, grouse for dinner, and grouse for supper, to be sure!"

## BOY AND MAN:

A STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

CHAPTER I.—"WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH OUR BOYS?"

"The greatest reverence is due to a child."—*Jurinal*.

ONE cold morning towards the end of March, about five-and-forty years ago, a little boy, closely buttoned up in a great-coat of pepper-and-salt broadcloth reaching nearly to his heels, alighted from a hackney-coach at the gateway of the George and Blue Boar in High Holborn. His fingers, tightly encased in Woodstock gloves, were so cold that he could scarcely move them; for it had been an old-fashioned winter, and this month of March had "come in like a lion," with bitter winds and frosts. The jarvey who had driven him stamped his feet upon the pavement, and beat his breast with his great red hands impatiently, while waiting for his fare.

"How much?" said the boy, as he strove in vain to feel his way to his pocket.

"Five shilling, master."

"Five shillings? Why, how many miles do you call it from Gracechurch Street?"

"Never mind the miles; that's my fare; I shall want another shilling for waiting if you don't look sharp."

"Go along with you," the ostler interposed, as he was taking down the boy's luggage from the coach; "you didn't ought to be hard upon a school-boy; he's going to boarding-school, he is, by the High-flyer, to Bedworth; have a conscience!"

"Never you mind," replied the jarvey; "he's got a lot of money in his pocket, I know."

"It doesn't matter what I've got," said the boy; "Mr. Judd gave me three shillings for you, and there it is."

"Oh, there it is at last, is it? Well, you can tell Mr. Judd—"

"No, I can't; I shan't see him again for three long months; but he told me I was not to pay more than three shillings, and I don't mean to."

So saying, the young traveller trotted off into the inn parlour, and began to warm his fingers at the fire. In a few minutes the guard of the High-flyer looked into the room.

"Ready, mister?" he asked. "Are you inside or out?"

"Inside."

"Inside? there's four insides already, besides the baby. I'd rather go out if I was you; ten to one but you'll be as sick as a cat before you've got far, with all the windows shut."

"Mr. Judd said I was to go inside," said the boy; "he took an inside place on purpose; else I'd much rather go on the box."

"You can't have the box anyhow," said the guard; "it isn't likely; and if you're booked inside, why, they must make room for you, that's all."

The coach was in the inn yard, and seemed to be pretty well loaded; the top was piled up with boxes, hair trunks, and hampers; there were eight or nine outside passengers, and the narrow inside was apparently full already.

"Another coming?" cried one of the party, as the guard opened the door. She was a stout woman, and ought to have had two places for herself alone. "Another coming? there is no room, guard, and you know it." ~



"Only a little way, ma'am; he's not going through."  
 "I shouldn't care if he did go through," the stout lady answered; "and the sooner the better. Are you booked?"

The boy would gladly have made his escape, but the door was now shut and the coach had started, and was rumbling slowly over the stones towards Highgate and the North. So the sour-looking woman



AT THE GEORGE AND BLUE BOAR.

"Yes; my books are in the trunk outside."  
 "Don't you think you would be a deal more comfortable if you were with them? not but what you'll have enough of their company before you come this way again, I dare say."

was fain to express her discontent by spreading herself out to prevent his sitting near her, and by treading upon his cold toes when he was about to settle down between her two opposite neighbours.



John Armiger was an orphan. There were not so many Cyrils, Cuthberts, Augustines, and Guys in those days as there are now, and his only Christian name was John; he had lost both his parents at an early age, and had been brought up under the care of an aunt, who, with her husband, the Mr. Judd already named, was very kind to him, and very anxious to do her duty by him. John was now eleven years old, and it was thought necessary for his good education that he should go to a boarding-school. A boarding-school had been recommended to them by a neighbour, a Mr. Waddy, who knew somebody who had children there; and chiefly upon that gentleman's representation of the excellent discipline, instruction, and general conduct of the establishment, they had decided on committing their nephew to the tender care of Mr. Bearward and his "lady" at Cubbinghame.

"I had rather," Mrs. Judd remarked, "that Mr. Bearward had said more about his wife and less about his matron in his letters; but I dare say in a large school like this there's plenty of room for both. And Mr. Waddy speaks so highly of all the arrangements, that I suppose we can't do better than decide upon it." And it was decided upon accordingly.

In truth, the school was as good as many other boarding-schools in those days, and enjoyed a high reputation. It was healthily "situate"; the buildings were extensive and commodious; the master was an M.A. of Oxford and a clergyman. It was generally pretty full, the number of pupils being about eighty; and it was understood that no boy could be admitted without a personal introduction such as Mr. Judd's neighbour had so kindly offered, though it was not upon record that any pupil had ever been rejected for want of such recommendation. John Armiger was now fairly on his way to Cubbinghame, and with good courage, notwithstanding the inconveniences of his beginning. He had had a drive of three or four miles already outside a stage-coach, in the early morning, from his home at Peckham; had been landed in Gracechurch Street, and immediately put into a hackney-coach and transferred to the spot where we first met with him. He was a delicate boy in some respects, but clever, and generally able to take care of himself, though he had never been from home before, and everything outside his own customary circle was strange to him.

"Boys must go out into the world" was one of Mr. Judd's favourite axioms. "They must get used to hardships and temptations while they are young, or they will never be able to face them in after-life. Boys always get strong at school. John will come back better in health and more of a man; it's the regularity and discipline that does it; and the sooner he gets into it the better. Besides, what is to be done with boys if they are not sent to school?"

With such arguments Mr. Judd was accustomed to reply to his wife's misgivings, and to her wish expressed, with much reserve and hesitation, that the child might remain at home, attending a day-school as he had done hitherto, for another year. Mr. Judd was not unkind, and he believed that what he thought and said on this subject was real wisdom. If John Armiger had been his own son he would have done exactly the same thing for him; and Mrs. Judd, although not quite satisfied with the arrangement, concluded that her husband, being a man, must know best about boys, and so adopted his conclusion.

Yes, boys must endure hardships; but that is no reason why they should be exposed to them rashly or unnecessarily: and they must learn to meet temptations, and to wrestle with them; but they might learn by some safer and more promising method than experience. A boy may be taught to swim by throwing him into deep water, but he must be watched and assisted or he will very likely be drowned. It is not desirable for children to be kept too long in leading-strings; but when a boy is first left to walk alone we do not place him among rocks and precipices, but on a smooth floor; and even then the mother stands over him with careful arms, and "runs to catch him as he falls." It may be in some instances a necessity—a choice of evils—that boys should be sent early into the world and left to battle, almost alone, with the trials and temptations which abound there. But then—away with all false pretences on the subject!—do not let us argue that it is good for a child of tender years to be so tried; he may grow up pure and strong in spite of such exposure, for there is no evil upon the earth which is not sometimes overruled for good. But evil is evil still, and in a large school where boys of all ages, tempers, and characters meet together, and there is no guarantee for proper training, influence, and supervision, as was very generally the case at the period of this history, the innocence of childhood may very soon be lost—and lost for ever. We are taught, even as men and women, to pray daily, "Lead us not into temptation." Why, then, should we pretend that it is good for our little ones to be sent forth unprotected into such perilous paths? It is a convenient doctrine, however, and a comfortable one, if only we can be seriously convinced of it. It saves a great deal of trouble, and silences many scruples and misgivings; and so little children are sent away to take their chance, and to sink or swim in the great sea of school life as their fathers have done before them. The Lacedæmonians exposed their weak and sickly children upon the barren mountains, to live or die, as fate would have it, which was a still easier solution of the question.

This is a digression, and the less to be excused because it is too late now for Mr. Judd to profit by it if he had been so disposed. Schools, both for high and low, are vastly better now and more carefully administered than they were in those days. Let us hope also that parents and guardians are more particular in their inquiries and more judicious in their selection than was he.

While we have been thus moralising, little John Armiger has been jolted down upon his bearings, with a nursery-maid on his left hand having a baby in her arms, and the mother of the baby on his right. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," he says to the latter, seeing her draw from her reticule an orange, some fragments of sponge-cake, and two hard-boiled eggs, all pounded and mixed up together in consequence of his sudden descent upon them, making, as the lady says, "a terrible mess" upon her knitting, which happen to be in the same receptacle.

"I'm very sorry," he adds, turning to the baby, which has received a poke from his elbow and has begun to cry.

"Children are always a nuisance," the fat lady opposite remarks, "and boys in particular."

Johnny felt that he had not injured her, so why should she complain; he strongly suspected also that she had usurped his seat in the coach, which

had been engaged by his uncle three days before, and he felt angry with her.

"It's all your fault," he said; "if you had not trodden on my toes with your great heavy feet just as the coach jolted so, I should not have gone down so suddenly; and I believe you did it on purpose."

"Great heavy feet!" exclaimed the lady, "did ever anybody hear such impudence? I declare children are most detestable."

A plain Friend, or Quaker, who occupied the fourth corner in the coach, interceded at this point. "Consider," said he, "wast thee never a child theeelf?"

"I never was a boy," she answered. "I never was a rude, ill-mannered boy; I have not that to answer for, though I have had enough to do with boys, unfortunately; I know them well."

"And I shall never be a woman," answered John. "I'm glad of that. But I beg your pardon, ma'am, again," he continued, turning to his neighbour, who was still occupied with her knitting; "I didn't mean it for you, and I couldn't help what I did, could I?"

"I don't think you could," she answered, kindly, "it was not your fault."

The plain Friend tried to make peace between all parties, but with indifferent success; the stout lady with "the heavy feet" was implacable.

"I'll let your master know," she said, "what sort of a boy you are. I'll find out where you're going before you leave this coach, and write to him this night; so make yourself easy about that."

The coach now stopped for a few minutes at an inn, and John Armiger, anxious to escape from his difficulties, and feeling rather squeamish with the closeness and movement of the vehicle, let down the window and called to the guard. "Open the door," he said; "I'll go outside."

The guard was just climbing up to his seat, but he swung himself down again, lowered the step and bade the boy "look sharp," for the road was heavy, and there was no time to spare. Johnny clambered up as quickly as he could to the seat pointed out to him, and the guard followed, gave the word "all right," and off they went again.

## ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT"

April.

**T**HIS month, which is so gladly welcomed by us all, as introducing the spring-time of the year, has rightly been called the "flower-producing month," for it is at this season that nature begins again to exert her reproductive powers, awakening the earth from its winter's sleep, and—

"Making it all one emerald."

On this account April was regarded by the Romans as Venus's month, and it is therefore affirmed by some that Aprilis was originally spelt Aphrilis, derived from the word Aphrodite, the Greek name of Venus. Some think, however, it comes from the Latin *Aperio*, as denoting the time when the buds of trees begin to open.

From time immemorial a very amusing practice has existed, on the 1st of April, of ridiculing and playing practical jokes upon people, the day, in consequence, being popularly designated "April Fools' Day." From whence this custom was originally derived, it is almost impossible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion; and although endless conjectures have been, from time to time, started to account for and explain its origin, yet none of these can be regarded as altogether probable. It must be remembered that many of our popular customs have come down to us through a long succession of years, and have often, in the meantime, lost much of their identity. When, therefore, we have to look for their origin in the far-off mists of antiquity, it is no easy task to trace their course backward through past centuries, and, after doing so, to be quite sure that we have reached the true fountain-head of our in-

quiries. This is undoubtedly the case with regard to the anniversary of April Fools' Day, and therefore we cannot be surprised that antiquarians are at variance in their opinions respecting its origin. It should be remarked that its observance is not confined to this country, but is prevalent in some parts of the continent. Thus the French have their April Fools' Day, and call the person imposed upon an April fish, "*Poisson d'Avril*;" and Bellingham,\* in his "*Etymology of French Proverbs*" (1656), incidentally alluding to the custom, explains it in the following manner. He considers the word *poisson* is corrupted, through the ignorance of the people, from *passion*, and that length of time has nearly defaced the original intention, which was as follows:—As the Passion of our Saviour took place about this time of the year, and as the Jews sent Christ backwards and forwards to mock and torment him, i.e., from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod back again to Pilate, this ridiculous custom took its rise from thence, by which we send about from one place to another such persons as we think proper objects of ridicule. In Germany, the making of an April fool is described in the phrase, "*Einem zum April shicken*;" and in Toren's book of travels (1750) the custom is referred to as existing among the Swedes. Southey, too, in his "*Letters from Spain and Portugal*," says:—"On the Sunday and Monday preceding Lent, as on the first day of April in England, people are privileged here (Lisbon) to play the fool. It is thought very jocose to pour

\* See Brand's "*Popular Antiquities*," 1840, vol. i. p. 135.

water on any person who passes, or throw powder on his face; but to do both is the perfection of wit." Colonel Pearce also, in his "Asiatic Researches" (vol. ii. p. 334), tells us that in India during the Huli Festival, when mirth and festivity reign among the Hindoos of every class, "one class of diversion is to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the person sent. The Huli Festival is always in March, and the last day is the general holiday."

Douce, alluding to this subject, says that he is "convinced that the ancient ceremony of the feast of fools has no connection whatever with the custom of making fools on the first of April. The making of April fools, after all the conjectures which have been formed touching its origin, is certainly borrowed by us from the French."

In "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1760, the following amusing description of this day is given:—

"The first of April, some do say,  
Is set apart for *All Fools' Day*;  
But why the people call it so,  
Nor I nor they themselves do know.  
But on this day are people sent  
On purpose for pure merriment;  
And though the day is known before,  
Yet frequently there is great store  
Of these forgetfuls to be found,  
Who're sent to dance *Moll Dixon's round*;  
And, having tried each shop and stall,  
And disappointed at them all,  
At last some tells them of the cheat,  
Then they return from the pursuit,  
And straightway home with shame they run,  
And others laugh at what is done.  
But 'tis a thing to be disputed,  
Which is the greatest *fool* reputed,  
The man that innocently went,  
Or he that him design'dly sent."

Swift, in his journal to Stella, under March 31st, 1713, has the following entry:—"This evening Lady Masham, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I were contriving a *lie* for to-morrow, that Mr. Noble, who was hanged last Saturday, was recovered by his friends, and then seized again by the sheriff, and is now in a messenger's hands at the Black Swan in Holborn. We are all to send to our friends to know whether they have heard anything of it, and so we hope it will spread." Mr. Hampson relates a curious tale of a French lady, who on April 1st, 1817, pocketed a watch in a friend's house, and when charged with the fact before the police, she said it was "*Un poisson d'Avril*" (an April joke). On denying that the watch was in her possession, a messenger was sent to her apartments, who found it on a chimney-piece. Upon which the lady said she had made the messenger *un poisson d'Avril*. She was convicted and imprisoned until April 1st, 1818, and then to be discharged. "*Comme un poisson d'Avril*" (Brand's "Pop. Antiq." 1849, vol. i. p. 139).

In Ward's "Wars of the Elements" (1708, p. 55), in his epitaph on the French prophet who was to make his resurrection on the 25th of May, he says:—

"O' th' first of April had the scene been laid,  
I should have laugh'd to've seen the living made  
Such April fools and blockheads of the dead."

Addison, speaking of the ridiculous practices connected with the 1st of April, says:—"This act of wit is well enough when confined to one day in a twelve-month; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years who are for making April fools every day in the year. These gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of 'Biters'—a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production."

The Fifth Sunday in Lent (April 2) is commonly called "Care," or "Passion" Sunday. In the northern counties, and in Scotland, it is customary on this day to eat "carlings," which are grey peas, steeped all night in water, and then fried the following day with butter. Hone quotes an account of a robbery in the year 1825, in which we find a reference to this custom. "It appeared that a man named Hindmarch had been at Newcastle on Carling Sunday—a day so termed because it is the custom of the lower orders in the north of England to eat immense quantities of small peas, called 'carlings,' fried in butter, pepper, and salt, on the second Sunday before Easter—and that on his way home, about half-past ten, his watch was snatched from him." A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" tells us that on the north-east coast of England, where the custom is attended with much augury, its origin is ascribed by some to the loss of a ship freighted with peas on the coast of Northumberland. Carling is the foundation-beam of a ship or the beam of the keel.

Palm Sunday (April 9) was in the Roman Catholic times of this country celebrated with great pomp and show. It appears that boughs of trees, after being blessed and then fumed with frankincense, were carried in a procession of a most elaborate description, in which the priests took part. Formerly, too, we are told that little crosses of palm were made and blessed by the priests, and afterwards sold as safeguards against disease. Now-a-days, however, the return of Palm Sunday is simply marked in London by the appearance in the shop-windows of sprigs of willow-buds, which, in the absence of palm, are employed as its substitute. Miss Baker, in her "Northamptonshire Glossary" (1854, vol. i. p. 232), tell us that in some parts of that county it is customary for both rich and poor to eat figs on this day. On the Saturday previous the market at Northampton is abundantly supplied with figs, and more are purchased at this time than throughout the rest of the year. The same custom, a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" says, exists in some parts of Oxfordshire, from whence it is called "Fig Sunday." A very pretty practice exists in South Wales at this season, and one which might well be copied by other districts. On Palm Sunday persons assemble in the churchyards, and spread fresh flowers upon the graves of their friends and relatives. The day is called in consequence "Flowering Sunday."

Maundy Thursday (April 13th), the day before Good Friday, is supposed by some to allude to the *mandatum*, or commandment, which Christ gave to his disciples on that day, to love one another as he had loved them; while by others it is supposed to be derived from *mandatum*, or command, that being the first word of the anthem sung on that day, "A new commandment I give unto you." Others again allege that the name arose from the *maunds*, or baskets of gifts, which it was an ancient custom for Christians to present to one another at this time, in

token of the mutual affection which Christ urged upon his people.

Formerly, it was customary for the sovereign of England (as still abroad) to have brought before him as many poor persons as he was years old, and with his own hands to wash their feet, at the same time distributing amongst them clothes and money. One of the earliest instances on record of observing this custom is preserved in the "Rotulus Misæ, or roll of the wardrobe expenses of the fourteenth year of King John," in which we find an item of fourteen shillings and one penny for alms distributed at Rochester on Maundy Thursday. In the year 1560 Queen Elizabeth, says Agnes Strickland ("Lives of the Queens of England," 1864, vol. iii. p. 144), kept her Maundy after the old fashion, in the great hall of the court of Westminster, by washing the feet of twenty poor women, and then gave gowns to every woman, and one of them had the royal robe in which her Majesty officiated on this occasion. The queen drank to each woman in a new white cup, and then gave her the cup. The same afternoon she gave, in St. James's Park, a public alm of twopence each to upwards of two thousand poor men, women, and children, both whole and lame. Charles II, we are told, observed the custom used by his predecessors, and on Maundy Thursday washed the feet of the poor, distributing to them afterwards presents of various kinds. James II was the last sovereign who followed out the ceremonial in its full extent.

The queen's Maundy money, however, is still annually distributed in Whitehall Chapel during divine service, and many are the anxious and eager applicants who find their way thither on this occasion.

From the earliest ages of Christianity, Good Friday has always been observed as a solemn fast, and been marked with that special respect which its sanctity demands. In ancient times it was called Long Friday, from the length of the religious services; and by our forefathers it was termed Holy Friday. Of late years, however, there seems to have been a growing inclination on the part of many to observe it as a high holiday; and the very fact that on this day excursion trains begin running, and entertainments of a very varied character are everywhere advertised, unmistakably prove the truth of this statement. Alluding to some of the old and obsolete customs connected with Good Friday, we find that a sermon was preached in the afternoon at Paul's Cross, at which the lord mayor and aldermen attended in their robes. "Creeping to the cross" was one of the old Popish ceremonies practised; and Hospiman tells us how the kings of England were in the habit of hallowing rings with much ceremony, the wearing of which was believed to ward off sickness. In the confession of Margaret Johnson, in 1633, a reputed witch, she says: "Good Friday is one constant day for a generall meeting of witches, and that on Good Friday last they had a generall meeting neere Pendle water syde;" and Mr. Hampson quotes an old charm for curing the bewitched:—

"Upon Good Friday  
I will fast while I may,  
Until I hear them knell  
Our Lord's own bell!"\*

In the metropolis, and indeed in most parts of

England, one of the first sounds one hears, on Good Friday morning, is that of "Hot cross buns!" Most of us are familiar with the cry of the street buns-vendors on this occasion:—

"Hot cross buns!  
One a penny, buns,  
Two a penny, buns,  
One a penny, two a penny,  
Hot cross buns!"

In many counties a peculiar charm is believed to be attached to buns made on Good Friday, and such as are not eaten are carefully laid aside and preserved, as being an infallible cure for certain complaints. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" tells us that it was customary in East Yorkshire to keep "a hot cross bun" from one Good Friday to the next, as it was reputed not to turn mouldy, and to protect the house from fire. There can be no doubt that the practice of making hot cross buns originated in the desire of marking on the only food anciently allowed a symbol of the Crucifixion ("English Encyclopædia," vol. iv. p. 433); but the custom of having some sort of consecrated bread is of great antiquity. The Jews and Greeks had cakes. Jeremiah (chap. xlv. 19) says, "Did we make her cakes to worship her?" The Greeks gave the name of *βουν* (boun) to their sacred bread.

In some parts of Lancashire Good Friday is termed "Cracklin Friday," as on this day it is customary for children to go with small baskets from house to house, begging small wheaten cakes, which are something like the Jews' Passover bread, but made shorter, or richer, by having butter or lard mixed with the flour.\*

In the London Docks a curious custom is observed by the crews of the Portuguese and South American vessels. It is called the "flogging of Judas Iscariot," and is thus described in the "Times" of April 5th, 1874:—"At daybreak a block of wood, roughly carved to imitate the betrayer, and clothed in an ordinary sailor's suit, with a red worsted cap on its head, was hoisted by a rope round its neck into the fore-rigging. The crews of the various vessels then went to chapel; and on their return, about 11 a.m., the figure was lowered from the rigging, and cast into the dock, and ducked three times. It was then hoisted on board, and after being kicked round the deck, was lashed to the capstan. The crew, who had worked themselves into a state of frantic excitement, then, with knotted ropes, lashed the effigy till every vestige of clothing had been cut to tatters. During this process the ship's bell kept up an incessant clang, and the captains of the ships served out grog to the men. Those not engaged in the flogging kept up a sort of rude chant, intermixed with denunciations of the betrayer. The ceremony ended with the burning of the effigy, amid the jeers of the crowd."

Easter, held in commemoration of our Lord's Resurrection from the dead, is the most ancient feast in observance, and governs the whole of the other movable festivals throughout the year. In the Greek and Latin Churches it is called *Pascha* (πάσχα), the name given to the Passover, held by the Jews on the same day as that on which our Saviour held his paschal feast. Various etymologies have been given to the word Easter. Bede says it was derived from a goddess called *Eostre*. Wheatly says it is from

\* See Brand's "Pop. Antiq." 1849, vol. i. p. 151.

\* Harland and Wilkinson's "Lancashire Folk-Lore," 1867, p. 237.



the Saxon *Oster*, to rise. Another derivation is from the Anglo-Saxon *Yst*, a storm, the time of Easter being subject to tempestuous weather ("English Encyclopedia," vol. iii. p. 738). In accordance with an old superstition, some people always make a point of having some part of their dress new on Easter Day, for fear of ill-fortune befalling them if they should fail to observe this practice. Thus, Poor Robin says:—

"At Easter let your clothes be new,  
Or else be sure you will it rue."

It was once almost a universal custom among Christians to give to one another, at this season, pasch, or pace eggs. "Even in Scotland," says a correspondent of "Book of Days" (vol. i. p. 425), "where the great festivals have for centuries been suppressed, the young people still get their hard-boiled dyed eggs, which they roll about, or throw, and finally eat." A writer of the "Gentleman's Magazine" (1783) considers the egg at Easter an emblem of the resurrection, in the same manner as the chicken, entombed, as it were, in the egg, is in due time brought to life. In some parts of Cheshire, pasch eggs are begged for at the farm-houses by the children, who sing a short doggrel:—

"Eggs, bacon, apples, or cheese,  
Bread or corn, if you please,  
Or any good thing that will make us merry."

In some counties the absurd practice of "lifting," or "heaving," is practised. The men lift the women on Easter Monday, and the women lift the men on Easter Tuesday. It appears to be a custom of very long standing. Agnes Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England" (1864, vol. i. p. 303), narrates how, on the Easter Monday of 1290, seven of Queen Eleanor's ladies invaded the chamber of King Edward I, and seizing their majestic master, proceeded to "heave him in his chair till he was glad to pay a fine of fourteen pounds, and enjoy his own peace and be set at liberty." In Durham, on Easter Monday, the men claim the right of taking off the women's shoes, and the next day the women retaliate. Formerly, at Easter and Whitsuntide, the mayor, aldermen, and sheriff of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, with a great number of the burgesses, went every year to the Forth, or Little Mall of the town, with the mace, sword, and cap of maintenance carried before them, and patronised the playing at hand-ball, dancing, and other amusements, and sometimes joined in the ball-play. In London, since the passing of the Act of Parliament making Easter Monday a bank holiday, it has become in consequence such a complete holiday that business of every kind is suspended.

The Sunday after Easter is in England popularly called Low Sunday, and in the Roman Church it goes by the name of *Dominica in Albis*. St. George's Day (April 23) was formerly observed in this country. In a council held in the first year of the reign of Henry V, it was decreed that the feast of St. George should be celebrated; and, we are told, it was from this time kept in many places with great splendour. In the year 1667, however, Queen Elizabeth commanded its observance to be discontinued; but James I revived it again. At Windsor, on installations and feasts on St. George's Day, the king's spurs became the fee of the choristers. In

the "Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VII" we find this entry under the year 1495:—"Oct. 1. At Windsor. To the children for the spouses." At one time blue coats were worn by people of fashion on this day, "probably because," says Dr. Forster, "blue was the fashionable colour of Britain, over which St. George presides." Others think it was in imitation of the blue robe worn by the Knights of the Garter.

Aubrey, in his "Natural History of Wiltshire," records the following proverb:—

"St. George cries *goc*;  
St. Mark cries *hoc*."

On St. Mark's Eve (April 24) many weird and highly superstitious practices are observed in some parts of England. One of these—the watching the church porch—is most graphically described by the poet Montgomery ("Vigil of St. Mark"), and we have therefore subjoined it:—

"'Tis now,' replied the village belle,  
'St. Mark's mysterious eve;  
And all that old traditions tell  
I tremblingly believe.

'Now, when the midnight signal tolls,  
Along the churchyard green,  
A mournful train of sentenced souls  
In winding sheets are seen.

'The ghosts of all whom death shall doom  
Within the coming year,  
In pale procession walk the gloom  
Amid the silence drear.'

Jamieson mentions a superstitious usage practised in the northern counties. The ashes are *riddled*, or sifted, on the hearth. Should any of the family be doomed to die within the course of the year, the shoe, it is believed, will be impressed on the ashes. Pennant (quoted by Brand) says that in North Wales "no farmer dares to hold his team on St. Mark's Day, because, as they believe, one man's team was *marked* that did work that day with the loss of an ox."

On the last day of April—the eve of May—various preparations are made in many of the counties for the celebration of May Day. Thus Dryden, in his "Palamon and Arcite," says:—

"Waked, as her custom was, before the day,  
To do th' observance due to sprightly May,  
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep  
The vigils of her night, and breaks their rugged sleep."

A correspondent of "Once-a-Week" tells us that every proprietor of a flower-garden in the neighbourhood of Torquay receives visits from a great number of young women, who beg "some flowers for their May-dolls." On the following day, early in the morning, they call at every house to show these, at the same time collecting any small gratuities that may be given them.

In Lancashire the evening preceding May Day is called "Mischief Night." Young men and women play each other tricks by placing branches of trees or flowers before their doors. These, it must be added, have a symbolical meaning; for example, a "thorn" implies "scorn," etc.; and in consequence of the uncomplimentary expressions they sometimes convey much ill-feeling is engendered.

# IZAAK WALTON.

ENCOURAGED by the success of the reprint of the first edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the same publisher (Elliot Stock) has issued a fac-simile of the first edition of another notable book of the seventeenth century, Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler." Not only in typography, but in paper, binding, title-page illustration, and other details, the reprint is as nearly as possible a reproduction of the original, which (as in the case of the Bunyan book) was kindly lent by Mr. R. S. Holford. The quaint, but on the whole accurate, illustrations form a curious feature of the work. One page (217), with portion of the music of the "Angler's Song," seems at first to be accidentally stitched upside down, but it was evidently so printed on purpose to enable the persons singing the air and second part to read the music with the book held between them while standing face to face. In old Scotch psalm-books of the sixteenth and seventeenth century this arrangement is frequent, two of the four parts of the music being printed upside down, so that one book served four singers. The date of the first edition of the "Complete Angler" is 1653.

A full account of Izaak Walton and the "Complete Angler" appeared in a recent volume of the "Leisure Hour" (1874, p. 149), with a portrait.



Being a Discourse of  
**FISH and FISHING,**  
 Not unworthy the perusal of most *Anglers*.

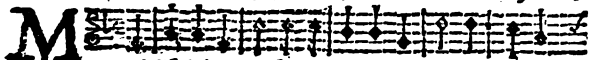
*Simon Peter said, I go a fishing: and they said, We also will go with thee. John 21.3.*

London, Printed by T. Moxey for RICH. MARRIOTT, in  
 G. Dunstons Churchyard Fleetstreet, 1653.

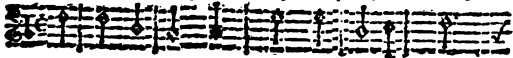


## The ANGLERS Song.

For two Voices, Treble and Bass, CANTUS. Mr. Henry Lawes



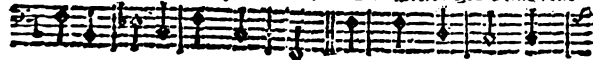
Man's life is but vain; for 'tis subject to pain, and sorrow,



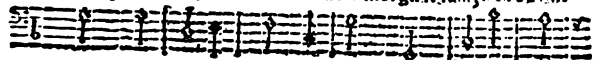
and there as a bubble 'tis a hodge-podge of business, and money, and



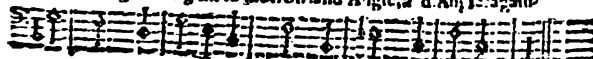
care, and care, and money, and trouble. But we'll take no care when the



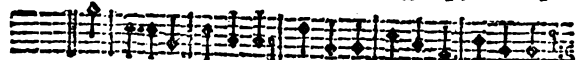
weather proves fair, nor will we vex now though it rains; 'till some



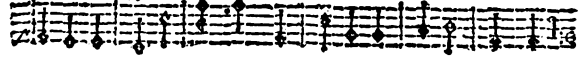
all turn, we are singing till some day we shall be singing in heaven.



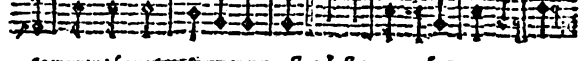
Man's life is but vain; for 'tis subject to pain, and sorrow,



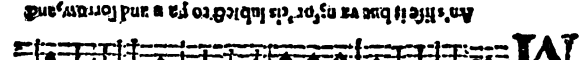
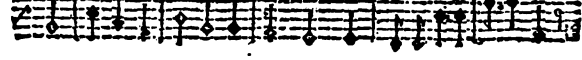
their lives are but vain; for 'tis subject to pain, and sorrow,



and there as a bubble 'tis a hodge-podge of business, and money, and



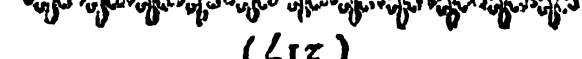
care, and care, and money, and trouble. But we'll take no care when the



weather proves fair, nor will we vex now though it rains; 'till some



all turn, we are singing till some day we shall be singing in heaven.



By Mrs. Henry Lawes.  
 BASS S.  
 The ANGLERS Song.

(217)

## Varieties.

**WINNING AN EMPEROR.**—The following romantic story has obtained circulation on the continent. The Empress of Austria is the youngest daughter of Duke Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, and sister of the ex-Queen Sophia of Naples. Francis Joseph was to have been affianced to the Princess Sophia, to make acquaintance with whom he went on a visit to his uncle's castle of Possenhoffen, where his four young lady consins had been born and brought up. The Princess Elizabeth, then in her sixteenth year, and remarkably beautiful, was not to have been allowed to see the young Emperor, both because on account of her youth she was not supposed to be "out," and also because being much handsomer than her sisters, the wily Duke desired to secure his imperial nephew for his eldest daughter before the former should have been allowed to catch sight of his youngest, as he felt very sure that the hand of such a beauty as she promised to be would be sought far and wide when it should be in the matrimonial market. So the young lady was told that she was to stay with her governess, and not to presume to show herself in the drawing-room during the visit of the Austrian cousin. But being lively, spirited, and brimful of curiosity to see the youthful Emperor who had so suddenly succeeded to the troubled but brilliant crown of Austria,\* the Princess Elizabeth contrived to give her attendants the slip, and to hide herself in a corridor, along which the imperial guest, who had arrived an hour before, and was then dressing for dinner in the rooms set apart for his reception, would have to pass in going to the banqueting-hall. As the young sovereign passed along the corridor, the Princess, who was watching him, sprang out of her hiding-place, laughing at the success of her manoeuvre, and crying gaily, "Cousin Franz! Cousin Franz! I wanted to see you, but they wouldn't let me; and so I hid myself here to see you go by." It appears that Cupid's bow, so innocently shot off by the merry girl, who had no thought beyond the gratification of her curiosity to see the grand young cousin, whose quality as Emperor had excited her imagination, went straight to the mark. What passed between the two young people has never transpired; but, a few minutes later, the imperial guest entered the drawing-room to rejoin his relatives and courtiers, who were awaiting his appearance, and introduced the Princess as "The Empress of Austria, my engaged wife." The anger of the elder sisters was quite appalling, as was, perhaps, quite natural under the circumstances. The young Princess dined that day in the banqueting-hall, seated beside the "Cousin Franz" so suddenly metamorphosed into her "imperial spouse;" and the Duke, though vexed for the disappointment of his eldest daughter, had at least the satisfaction of having this splendid match secured for his youngest. The marriage took place when the Princess had reached the age of sixteen, and all her husband's subjects were enchanted with her youthful beauty and her remarkable grace and kindness.

**NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.**—From the "Newspaper Press Directory for 1876" we extract the following on the present position of the Newspaper Press:—"There are now published in the United Kingdom 1,642 newspapers, distributed as follows:—England—London, 320; Provinces, 956—total 1,276; Wales, 57; Scotland, 152; Ireland, 138; Isles, 19. Of these there are—daily papers, England, 98; Wales 2; Scotland, 16; Ireland, 19; Isles, 1. On reference to the first edition of this Directory (1846) we find the following facts—viz., that in that year there were published in the United Kingdom 351 journals; of these 14 were issued daily—viz., England, 12; Ireland, 2; but in 1876 there are now established and circulated 1,642 papers, of which no fewer than 136 are issued daily. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 657, of which 238 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, Roman Catholics, and other Christian communities.

**THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOL.**—The Bible holds an honoured place in the public schools of London. It is not used, as of old, as a lesson-book, lightly esteemed by children, who considered the study of it a task, but used by the head teachers as the basis of high moral and religious training. What was well urged by Sir Charles Reed, the Chairman of the London School Board, in 1870, is now generally received and acted upon. "Their work was education. How could the mere instruction of the head be dignified by the name of education? It promoted cleverness

and sharpness, but it would never empty gaols and supersede reformatories. To secure this the conscience must be dealt with, the moral nature must be cultivated. Of what advantage would it be to turn out clever thieves, and more daring and skilled criminals? The ratepayers ask for results of another kind, in obedience to law, truthfulness, purity, and conscientiousness. The country demanded good character; character was formed by good habits, good habits meant right-doing; right-doing was neither more nor less than righteousness, that 'righteousness which exalteth a nation,' and this, he maintained, could be based only upon the Bible." In this spirit the Board adopted the following plain resolutions, only three members out of forty-eight opposing the proposition. The following resolution was subsequently passed, with only three dissentients, as affirming the general principle to be followed:—"That in the schools provided by the Board the Bible shall be read, and there shall be given therefrom such explanations and such instruction in the principles of religion and morality as is suitable to the capacities of children; provided always—1. That in such explanations and instruction the provisions of the Act in sections 7 and 14 be strictly observed both in letter and spirit, and that no attempt be made in any such schools to attach children to any particular denomination. 2. That in regard of any particular school, the Board shall consider and determine, upon any application by managers, parents, or ratepayers of the district, who may show special cause for exception of the school from the operation of this resolution, in whole or in part. 3. That any instruction given from the Bible shall be given by the head teachers alone and not by any manager or visitor." This was before any single school was built: and now what is the experience? That in the five years one hundred and sixty schools are in full work; that in every one of these the Bible is daily read, prayers offered, and hymns sung; that thus about 130,000 children receive instruction in their moral and religious duties without any approach to the distinctive doctrinal teachings of churches, without offence to any parent, and to the manifest advantage of the children themselves. Except some Jewish children, none have been withdrawn, and no single parent has ever complained of the nature of the instruction given. Of the value of this instruction we have now some proof. The Government, who give grants for proficiency in all other subjects, do not include religion. No inspector is allowed to examine in it, and no reward is given for it. This being the case, a member of the Board, Mr. Francis Peck, has instituted prizes for an annual voluntary examination in Bible lessons taught by the Board teachers. He has placed at the disposal of the Religious Tract Society £5,000, the interest of which, £200, is made up by that Society to £500, for the gift of Bibles and Testaments annually to the successful competitors. On March 12th, 1875, 22,011 boys and girls entered for this examination, and in the present year above 50,000 have entered. The "religious difficulty," thought to be insurmountable, is thus easily solved, and the nation has the satisfaction of knowing that the practical religion of daily life is taught to every child in the common schools of the three kingdoms, without sectarian bias, and by the responsible teachers of the schools.

**LAW DEFINED.**—The word "Law" is used in our language in many various senses. It sometimes means a mere habit, or a tendency; and sometimes it merely expresses the general uniform sequences of phenomena which we observe in external nature. Dismissing these and other metaphorical usages of the term, and dealing only with the word "Law" as it applies to man, to his rights and duties, we find one great line of distinction between the modes in which the term is employed. In one class of meanings, "Law" comprises general doctrines of right and wrong, and of man's general duties towards his Creator and towards his neighbour; whereas in another class of meanings "Law" is narrowed towards the precise sense of a definite imperative rule of conduct prescribed by a political superior, who has the power and the will to enforce by practical means the observance of such rule. "Law" in the first and ampler sense may be called "Moral Law"; in its narrower and stricter sense it is generally called "Positive Law."—*Sir Edward Creasy.*

**THE DOG TAX.**—In the year ended the 31st of December, 1874, the dog tax yielded £313,017 against £294,065 in the previous year. Next year 75,806 more dogs were brought into charge, making an increase to the revenue of £18,952, but, "there is still a large number of dogs uncharged."



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



CONSTANCE AND OSUNA.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XXI.—A SHORT WAY WITH A RIVAL.

AS gaining time was the best course which she could think of, or her friend advise, Constance resolved to persevere in it. To some extent that was not difficult. The article is of little value in savage life, except in striking down an enemy on the war-path. The Indian is never in a hurry; and Red-

hand and his nephew strictly kept their promise not to trespass on the customs of her people. Both were bent on the match nevertheless; the white squire's daughter, with her fair face and ample prospects, was not to be let slip through their fingers. They had a shrewd suspicion that her father and friends in Massachusetts would scarcely consider the son of Shingis an eligible alliance, notwithstanding the number of scalps his sire had taken.

Main-rouge was too well versed in the white man's



fashions and opinions to be mistaken on that subject. He had evidently made up his mind to get the business done before any intelligence of it could reach them, and took his measures accordingly. A watch, such as Indians alone could keep, was set upon all the white people in his dominion; warriors, squaws, even children, took note of all their movements, though escape, without guides, and unacquainted with the surrounding wilds as they were, could only present the chances of dying from hardships in the wilderness, or falling into worse hands among the native tribes. When Jacob ventured to remind him of his promise to send them all safe to Philadelphia for Delamere's sake, the statesman of the woods replied with a look that prevented further applications on that score: "Has the son of Penn so little patience or good manners that he cannot wait for his red father's leisure from entertaining guests and holding councils on weighty affairs?"

At the same time, the old chief took every opportunity to plead his nephew's cause with Constance, which his powers of speaking English enabled him to do better than most red men. He assured her, over and over again, that Kashutan would be a white husband to her; that all his kin, including the old squaw, his mother, would be white relations to her also; that her marriage should be according to the laws of her people, celebrated by a frontier justice with whom he was acquainted; and described with great unction the succeeding ceremonies, festal and serious, which should take place in his own and Kashutan's territory, from those performed by the sorcerers to ensure the happiness of the wedded pair, to the bridal feast held in his own wigwam (for was she not his daughter?), and the still more magnificent festivities with which the young chief's mother would welcome her home.

At times the old Masates, who had been educated among the merchants of New York, would commend the Indian life to her choice as so much happier than that of the white people.

"The years of the pale faces," he said, "are worn away in toil; they hew down the woods and make corn lands more than they want for bread; they build towns and villages that cannot be moved, and strange diseases fall upon the inhabitants and wither their youth; they set up forges and factories, schools and stores, and these prove houses of bondage and labour to them and to their children. The Indian dwells in the woods and rejoices in his freedom. The passing seasons find him strong as the trees, till his time to depart for the spirit country is come. He goes forth to hunt in the freshness of the morning, and returns laden with venison and game enough to spread a feast in his wigwam. Then he smokes with his friends by the winter fire, or rests in the summer shade."

"But your squaws work continually," said Constance.

"True, my daughter," replied the Indian moralist; "and it is best they should; without work our squaws would be taking foolish whims and causing mischief, as many of the white women do. Had Major Danby's squaw been dressing skins or hoeing corn, our tribe had not lost the daughter of their former chief, nor got occasion of wrath against her. But the Great Spirit has appointed that every race should follow the fashions of life most fit for them, so the red and the pale faces differ in customs as well as in colour."

However approved of by kith and kin, courtship is an affair of great secrecy among the Indian tribes; no doubt the secret adds to the romance, and the wooer's part in the play ill accords with the red man's idea of masculine dignity.

While his uncle thus sapped and mined the approaches to his chosen lady's heart, Kashutan paid her no public attentions; but he was daily sending gifts of furs and feathers, Indian ornaments, some of them of beautiful workmanship, strings of uncommonly large beads and bright-coloured pebbles, such as Constance had never seen before. Curious enough, those offerings to her shrine were generally transmitted by the hands of Philip, exactly as Sydney Archdale's presents and messages used to be, and quite as carefully hidden from all prying eyes as the latter were from the notice of her father. Kashutan had taken the boy in a manner under his protection, as, indeed, did most of the warriors, for Philip's good nature and activity recommended him to their favour; but the chief had specially enlisted him in his service by the bestowment of a buffalo robe and an English fowling-piece; so the page carried not only his presents, but his praises, to Constance. "Indeed, miss, he is a fine man—a gentleman, I may say, and not so very copper-coloured after all; it's a pity he can't speak English to tell you his mind, for I am sure he is far more in love with you than ever Mr. Sydney was, with his goings on about Liberty and Minute Men."

To consign the nephew of Main-rouge to despair would not have been a safe course for a lady in his position; so the lover's gifts were graciously accepted, and his praises heard with scarcely a rebuke to the gained-over Philip.

There was much truth in them; it was an honest and devoted love that made the noble young Mohawk, in spite of the difference of race, language, and manners, her unredeemable bondsman. He would steal round the wigwam when there was no observer near, to catch a glimpse of her in her own room through the slit in its wall which served for a window; he would stand in some hidden corner from which she could be seen, gazing upon her as long as he was unnoticed by brave or squaw; and at such times the chief of the Puma tribe had a look so sad and tender, that Constance wished from her heart he had fixed his affections on some Indian maid who could give him in return a love that had not been lavished away like her own.

By chance she discovered that there was one in the village to whom that wish was at least friendly. As the time of the Mohawk's visit wore on with hunts, feasts, and councils—nights through which the whole village were awake, and days which the entire community slept away—Constance observed among the unmarried girls (there were none but girls unmarried there) who sat in groups under convenient trees, watching the evening sports of the young men, or danced in circles on the open ground while the youthful warriors stood contemplating their performance, one whom her companions called Osuna. She had a large share of the beauty which passes from the Indian woman with early youth; a tall, slender, and finely-moulded figure; a clear though brown complexion; the features of her race, softened till they became almost classical, and an abundant growth of dark and lustrous hair. Osuna had many admirers; feathers and beads were thrown to her in the dancing circle, as bouquets are flung to

favourite performers on the stage, but she never stooped to pick them up as the rest did, a certain sign that none of the braves who threw them had found favour in her eyes. Constance had by this time got in some degree acquainted with the daughters of the tribe; they paid her great respect as the adopted daughter of the much-reverenced Red-hand; admired her dress, though it was now well-worn homespun, and imitated her style of braiding and ornamenting with wild flowers the hair that was still more abundant and beautiful than their own. But Osuna kept aloof from the fair stranger. Sometimes Constance thought she looked askance at her, too, till one day, after Kashutan had taken a long gazing turn, and gone his way, Constance stepped out to the little arbour where his love-dance had been performed, and to her astonishment saw Osuna sitting on the ground behind the stooping tree, and weeping bitterly.

The griefs of others found a ready sympathiser in Delamere's daughter; her father's generous mind had descended to her gentler nature. She stole round to the Indian girl, sat down beside her, and made every sign of cheer and comfort she could think of, having no other language that Osuna could understand.

At first the Indian girl looked surprised, and inclined to be angry, then she wiped her eyes with the handkerchief Constance offered her, and finally fixed them on a necklace of large beads and beautiful pebbles—Kashutan's latest gift, which his fair one chanced to be wearing. Osuna looked at the necklace so long and admiringly that Constance imagined the nearer inspection of it might console her for the time; and taking it from her own neck, she was about to point out its beauties, when the Indian girl, before she was aware, snatched the shining string from her hand, thrust it under the folds of her own cotton robe, which were tightly gathered round her breast, sprang up, and ran away.

Constance never again saw the necklace, but from that day Osuna was her particular friend; she brought her wild flowers and berries from the woods, wild birds' eggs roasted in the hot ashes, and fresh fish caught by herself in the streams. While the married ladies and slaves do all the work, the Indian maids are not expected to do anything but dress and amuse themselves; like the nuns of Italy in former days, they enjoy all the pleasures of life before they take the vows. Thus, Osuna had ample time to show her friendship to the white woman, and Constance being naturally interested took the first opportunity to learn something regarding her new friend from the only person with whom she could converse, Kashutan's uncle.

"She is the daughter of the chief who led the tribe when I left them," he said; "a man wise in the council and valiant on the war-path. He was not of my descent, but his fathers had been chiefs on the banks of the Connecticut, and the braves made choice of him in my stead. The thing happened in this way: When the French lost their strong places and trading ports, my warriors said, 'We will go with them no longer, but be brothers to the English, for they will give us rum;' then I flung my speech-belt in their faces, and said, 'I will not be the chief of false men,' and went far west, where I lived hunting with Boon and his people for many a year, and Osuna's father led the Wampanoags. When he was called to the spirit land, and left no

son, the warriors sent messengers to me, saying, 'The hatchet is about to be lifted between King George and the pale faces here; come and lead us again, and we will take what side you think best on the war-path.' So I came."

"Osuna is of good descent, then?" said Constance.

"She is," said Red-hand; "her mother found a brave warrior to bring her home venison; and so might Osuna, but her dream is of my nephew, Kashutan."

"Well, father," said Constance—she understood now why the Indian girl sat weeping on the ground, and hid away the necklace—"would she not make him a more fitting squaw than the daughter of a stranger?"

"She would, my daughter; his mother and his people think so. But we cannot say to the stream that flows to the sunset, turn, and go the way of the morning, for that is the better course; no more can we say to the heart of the youth or the maiden, turn from yonder stranger, and go to such and such of thine own kindred, for they are a better choice. Besides," continued the old chief, and his face darkened almost to a frown, "my daughter would not surely cast away from herself such a noble and honourable match as the Chief of the Mohawks? for such my nephew shall be when he has chosen his side and gone forth on the war-path."

Constance said no more on that subject; but the luckless love of the Indian girl took hold on her imagination, and enlisted her sympathies, the more because her own young dream had been so strangely crossed. She admired Osuna's generosity of mind, that could take into friendship a successful, though unwilling, rival. It is the reflection of our own characters that we are apt to see in others. The real deceiver is generally within, and so it was with Constance. But there came a day that showed her the true state of the case.

The village was particularly quiet one forenoon; the chiefs and their braves had gone on a grand hunt; the squaws were more than usually busy preparing for a feast which was to take place on their return. Hannah was assisting those of the chief's household. She had become popular among them, on account of her domestic skill. Jacob and the Vanderslocks were with the men who kept the cattle in the wild meadows of the valley; Philip had been allowed to go with the hunt; and Constance sat alone under the stooping tree, weaving a basket of fine osiers and porcupine quills, an art which she had learned from the Indian girls. It was a beautiful bright day of early summer—the days of June had come by this time—and Osuna tripped up to her, looking almost as bright, with a wild rose of uncommon size and sweetness in her hand.

As Constance admired and praised the lovely flower, the Indian girl gave her to understand by signs, of which Osuna was a perfect mistress, that she knew a place where such roses grew in abundance, and wild strawberries could be gathered by thousands, at the same time offering to show Constance the spot if she would accompany her. Such a trip was quite to the New England girl's mind. She laid aside her basket, and followed Osuna with as light a step as her own. The latter made a sort of circuit round the back of the village, evidently avoiding the observation of its inhabitants, till at some distance beyond the last wigwam and the

place of the council-fire, they suddenly came on a bend of the stream which wound through both village and valley. Here, in the shade of overhanging willows, was moored a small and highly ornamented canoe, in which Constance had seen the Indian girl paddling up and down stream on her fishing expeditions. Osuna signed to her to step in, and without fear or misgiving in stepped Constance, seating herself so as to preserve the balance of the light vessel, and her companion, with an approving smile at her dexterity, unmoored the canoe and paddled away. The current was with them. Though smooth it was a rapid one, and the white girl was not aware of the speed they were making. The country around was unknown to her, but the course of that stream was from one scene of wild beauty to another. Now it swept round the base of a wooded hill, a thick forest on one side, and opposite it wide prairie lands, where sight failed in the distance; then it murmured through a narrow glen, where the boughs met overhead, and plants laden with summer blooms bent to the water below; and anon emerged on a grassy dell, open to sun and sky in the centre, and on either side shaded by old, majestic trees.

Not even on the windings of her own Connecticut, where Sydney rowed and herself steered the boat long ago in their happy playtime, before questions of government and taxation had divided their people and their paths, did Constance rejoice more in the sweetness of summer and the loveliness of nature.

The strange birds, the wild flowers for which she had no name, and the landscape so fair and free in sunshine or in shade, all delighted the girl who had lived so long in restraint and fear among the wigwams.

Osuna seemed to enjoy the voyage as much as her companion. They made known their pleasure to each other by signs so expressive that speech was hardly needful, and all went pleasantly till they reached the end of one of those green and quiet dells, sunny in the middle and shady on either side. There the stream turned sharply down a steep so thickly wooded that its course seemed to be lost in the darkness. Osuna paused at a safe distance above the descent, where a little creek indented the sloping bank, and pointed out to Constance a thicket but a few steps removed, in which the promised roses grew in clusters, making her at the same time a sign to land and gather them, while she kept the canoe from floating down the stream. It was but a moment's work for the active girl. Constance reached the thicket and gathered some splendid clusters; but turning to wave them in triumph to her companion, she saw Osuna paddling up stream at a rate which made sign or call alike hopeless. In her desperation she ran down to the water's edge, crying, "Osuna! Osuna!" but the Indian girl never looked back. In another minute the canoe was lost to sight behind the overhanging trees, and Constance was left alone in the trackless wild.

## A TRIP TO PALMYRA AND THE DESERT.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WRIGHT, B.A., OF DAMASCUS.

### IV.

LET us pass on to the examination of the famous tombs, the most interesting objects in Palmyra, lest we be supposed to have also caught the column mania.

On my first visit to Palmyra, I arrived equipped for a thorough exploration of the tombs. A traveller of fame, who had visited the ruins immediately before me, urged me to take ladders and ropes and grappling-irons for the ascent of the towers. In accordance with this advice, I made ample preparations. A trusty carpenter was employed to make three 30-foot ladders. Choice poplar-trees were carefully split up and fitted with oak rounds from Baahan. Powerful hemp ropes were specially manufactured, and mighty grappling-irons were prepared. I sometimes thought if I could get up the ruin so as to fit on the grappling-irons, I might be able to dispense with them altogether; but then what is the use of following advice by halves? so I did as I was advised, that nothing might be wanting to enable me to reach those lofty resting-places of the dead which all my predecessors had sighed in vain to ransack.

I had once had some skill in climbing to rooks' nests, but I was not then quite thirteen stone weight. I determined, however, that in this case the right hand should not forget its cunning, and for weeks before our departure I kept running up 80-foot ladders like a hodman and climbing the slack rope like a middy. A large grey mule was provided to carry the climbing apparatus to Palmyra. That

mule was a wag. He would rush into the centre of a crowd with his ladders on his back, stop suddenly, and with the most comical expression on his countenance, wheel right round and make a clean sweep of the party. And sometimes he would take a fancy to a cavalier, and go tilting after him down the plain at speed, evidently with intent to ram him down. Remonstrance was unavailing, for a 30-foot ladder reaches farther than a whip; and with these he would go point blank at the most wrathful horseman. A Turkish soldier, who had got a punch in the back, rushed up valiantly to chastise "the father of ladders," but before he reached the object of his wrath a sweep of the ladders unhorsed him, to the great amusement of all the spectators. I also advise future travellers who go the old monotonous road to take a mule laden with ladders, for ours gave us more than he cost in amusement; and the cry, "There is the father of ladders," was the most potent spell to drive away sleep and save us from breaking our necks.

I shall never forget the consternation with which I first saw the tomb towers. There they towered up to heaven more than one hundred feet high, most of them horribly cracked and toppling over. Even the stones seemed rotten; and was I to throw a grappling-hook over those lofty pinnacles, and commence slack-rope practice up those "bowing walls," which were only waiting for an excuse to fall? Around the base of the mountain, on all sides, these huge towers

of death lifted their heads aloft, grim and inaccessible. I was in a dreadful dilemma. If, on the one hand, I attempted to scale the towers, I was certain to break my neck, and if I failed, I was certain to become an object of ridicule to my party, who placed to my credit all the eccentricities and misdemeanours of the "father of ladders," and who had already some misgivings about my sanity.

What was to be done? I thought of pointing out the awkward questions that might be raised by my insurance company in case of an accident on the slack rope, or of explaining the irreparable loss my family and church would sustain should anything untoward happen; but I knew that I could not get the barbarians to comprehend what was meant by a company to insure people against dying, and pay them when they were dead, and I believed that they would look very lightly on what I considered a loss. I kept my secret, and for three days I explored everything that could be explored in Palmyra—interviewed the inhabitants from a missionary point of view, measured columns, stepped distances, explored cellars, bought antiques, copied inscriptions, and wrote copious notes, but never once went near the towers, all the time looking for some *Deus ex machina* to extricate me from my difficulty—some bloodthirsty razzia by the Bedawin, or some other dreadful thing which might render the exploration of the towers impossible. Every time my eye caught the ladders or towers my heart sunk within me.

"When are you going to do the towers?" said one of our party, sarcastically. The question could be put off no longer. Notice was given that forty men, with pickaxes, spades, and baskets, would be employed on the following morning, at six piastres for the day. The following morning, before the sun had tipped the towers with gold, one hundred men were surging about our tent, drawn by the prospect of earning a shilling. I began to pick out the strongest looking, and those who had the best tools, and to set them apart from the crowd; but suddenly the whole crowd would move across to join the chosen few. After an hour spent in vain in trying to make a selection, the crowd hit upon a solution. "Give us," said they, "three or four piastres apiece, and take us all." Eighty were easier taken than forty, and so we lessened the fee and doubled the number of workmen. It was the saddest sight I saw at Tadmor, the number of idle, able, hungry men wanting employment and willing to work, and the fields lying uncultivated. But did any enterprising man with capital attempt to utilise the resources of the place, the Turks would encourage him by taxing every tree he planted, and by holding him responsible for all arrears while the place was unoccupied. One old man, whom we were going to reject, held out his withered arms, and jumping off the ground with a force that might have shaken out his few remaining teeth, shouted, "Let me go; let me earn three piastres; I can work as well as any of them." The plucky old man got his three piastres, and was one of the most useful of the party.

We started for the invasion of the tombs, a motley but formidable band. Six men were told off to the ladders, two to the ropes, and the remainder, in companies of eight each, were placed under the charge of our military guards. We were a noisy multitude, as we swarmed down through the ruins to disturb the bones of the haughty Palmyrenes; and it was my last hope that should the towers prove unscaleable

we might somehow take them by screaming, as the French took the Bastille.

We first proceeded to Abu Sahil, the most ancient cemetery, south of the entrance of Tadmor. Here were groups of towers, and the plain all round was full of mounds, which were supposed to mark the position of large excavated cave tombs. According to local tradition, a camel passing over one of these had once suddenly disappeared, having fallen through the roof into the tomb. Immense treasures, especially in works of art, were alleged to have been found in these tombs. Our ten companies of eight were told off under military leaders to drive shafts into the most promising mounds, and prizes were offered on a graduated scale to the first, second, and third, etc., companies who should strike fresh tombs. The digging detachment commenced with a will, and we left them under the generalship of one European, supported by eight Turkish soldiers, and started for the towers. We began quietly with the smallest towers, and proceeded steadily to the largest, and in less than three hours of hard work we had thoroughly explored all the towers. We had only twice recourse to the ladders, and even then I think we might have dispensed with them. The ropes were used for measuring, and the grappling-irons were not used at all. We can now assure all those who sighed to explore the upper storeys of the tomb towers, and whose imaginations revelled in their undisturbed treasure, that the highest recesses had been ransacked before we scaled them, and that nothing remained but a few mummies, and a great number of bones and skulls. We brought away a number of skulls, choosing those that seemed most unlike each other, and one mummy very carefully wrapped up in many folds of cloth of a texture and colour much resembling what is used in Palmyra at the present day. The bodies had all been embalmed, and all the skulls were full of olive stones broken. We saw many pieces of mutilated statuary; but it was, as a rule, so stiff and conventional that we could not much blame the barbarian iconoclasts. The pieces were generally of a woman reclining on a couch, raised on her elbow, attended by a fawn, and receiving a cup from the hand of a slave who stood at the foot of the couch. So common was this type, with slight variations, that one would suppose the Tadmor belles never did anything but recline on couches, with a stereotyped simper on their faces, and receive sherbet from deferential slaves. Most of the heads were broken off, and of these I have two—one of a Palmyrene beauty, with turban carefully folded, and a broad jewelled band across the forehead horizontally, and others extending diagonally from the middle of the forehead towards the ear on each side, with jewels in each as large as beans. The other head is of the Greek type, with hair coming far down on the forehead, and holes in the eyes for jewels.

The towers were all of the same type, some of them being large and others small; some of them well finished, and others of undressed stones. I have a photograph of the most perfect of these monuments, and it may be used to correct Wood and Dawkins' plan of the same mausoleum, which is drawn much out of proportion. Great liberties have been taken by tourists with this monument. It is said to have been erected by *Gichos*, though the man had his name written up *Iamlichos*, twice, both in



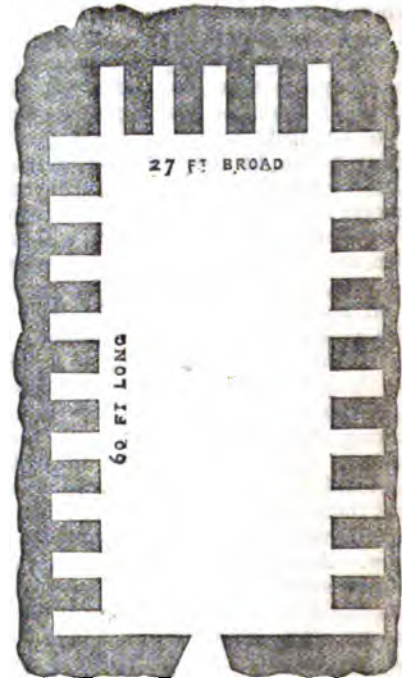
Greek and Palmyrene, so that he that runneth might read. The date,\* also, is given eighty years too early, and theories in archaeology, and on the ante-Roman refinement of the Palmyrenes, have been founded on the mistake. The mausoleum is a marvel inside of beautiful carving and rich colours; but as it has been often described, we shall pass to another and taller one, which has attracted less the attention of the tourists, and which we explored very thoroughly.

Kasr eth-Thuniyeh is thirty-three and a half feet square at the base, and twenty-five feet eight inches square above the basement. Its height is one hundred and eleven feet, and it comprises six storeys, reached by stone stairs now much broken down. It has also underground an immense vault, full of bones of wild animals and men, with pieces of mummy cloths, etc. Opposite the door, down the centre of the building, there is a long hall with a very beautiful panelled stone ceiling. In each side of the hall are four recesses in the wall, about the length and breadth of a large coffin. Shelves were placed in these recesses, leaving room for dead bodies to be run in between them. The upper storeys were like the first, except that they were not so ornate, and contained more recesses in the sides, some of them as many as eight. My companion, Mr. Cotesworth, found by actual counting, that there were places for 480 bodies in this one tower. Any one with a steady head, who can jump across a chasm six or seven feet wide and one hundred feet deep, need not fear to reach the top of this monument, and he will be well rewarded for his pains. From this point he will get his best idea of the ruins and dimensions of Palmyra. In moister regions ivy and moss soon wrap ruins about so closely that they cannot be seen; but here every polished shaft lies where it fell, as clean as it left the hands of the workmen, so that he will have a bird's-eye view of all the ruins, in their desolate grandeur; and even where the sand has covered the streets and foundations of houses, he will be able to trace the exact position which they occupied. He will be able, also, to trace the outer wall of Zenobia's Tadmor, and to conjecture the point at which the final struggle with Rome took place.

Having thoroughly *done* the towers, we returned to the diggers, and found that they had toiled with about the same success as ourselves. In every place the barbarians and wild beasts had preceded us. The mummies had been torn from their cerements and their bones scattered through the vault. Skulls, mutilated statuary, consisting chiefly of reclining females with pine-cones in their hands, coins and clay tablets, with Palmyrene inscriptions, were our rewards. One slab contained two figures, two feet three inches high, both holding up one bunch of grapes (see p. 280). It had also Palmyrene inscriptions† between the heads of the statues and beneath their

feet, and the drapery, like that of all the other figures, was of many folds and creases. On the low corner of one of the slabs I saw in very minute Greek the name of the establishment that supplied the ornament.

These vaults are supposed to be the most ancient tombs of Palmyra. They have a general resemblance to the lowest storeys of the tomb towers. They are large caves, tunnelled under the ground, of different sizes, and one which I measured was sixty feet long by twenty-seven broad, and seven or eight feet high, and contained nine recesses for bodies in each side, and five in the farther end. These recesses were of the length and general dimensions of those in the towers, but their sides were cemented, and they had shelves of broad thin tiles, burnt almost as hard as pottery. Four or five of these shelves were fitted into each of the recesses by the cement, the one above the other, and into these shelves the bodies



PLAN OF VAULT AT PALMYRA.

were placed with their feet out. Doubtless Isaiah had such a vault of the dead in view when he described the commotion that would be produced by the arrival of the Chaldean monarch. "Hell" (*sheol*) "from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming. It stirreth up the dead for thee."

Having spent eight hours among the tombs, we were much in need of a bath, and one of the finest baths in the world was at hand. We hurried to the fountain south of the entrance of the city, called Ephca, and plunged in. The water was warm, but not uncomfortably so, and one soon ceased to be distressed by the disagreeable smell of sulphur. It was a part of our plan to explore as far as possible this subterranean river, and so leaving a guard at the entrance, I swam in with a candle. The river turned in under the Jebel el Mantar. Sometimes the roof rose fifteen or twenty feet above the water, and sometimes it was so close to the water as scarcely to

cannot translate. The tablet was brought to Damascus by the Russian consul, to whom I am indebted for the photograph from which the engraving is taken. It is now in St. Petersburg.

\* Wood and Dawkins gave the date of this monument as 314 of the Seleucidæ Era, corresponding to the second year of the Christian Era, and, as far as I am aware, all who have written on Palmyra, except Waddington, have followed their reading. The inscription is in Greek and Palmyrene, and is written above the door as well as on the tablet beneath the niche on the façade. Wood and Dawkins declare that inasmuch as the shape of the letters contradicted "a rule established by antiquarians," they "were careful in examining the date, which is very legible in both inscriptions." I have twice examined the date, and I have it in photograph, and it corresponds to 82 of the Christian Era, not to 2, as Wood and Dawkins assert.

† The inscription between the heads of the figures reads thus:—"Figures of Balaatga and Allasha, children of Buna, son of Jashabi." The inscription below the figures reverses and amplifies the other, "In the month of Kanun (November) year 400 (64 A.D.). These two like-figures are those of Allasha of Balaatga, children of Buna, son of Jashabi, son of Belsazar, son of Hiram-Babal." The last word I







THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1787.

*H. Ramsay del.*



leave me room to pass. The breadth also varied from seven to twelve feet, and in several places where I dived I estimated the depth to be from eight to ten feet. As I proceeded, the water became sensibly warmer and the air more difficult to breathe, and the flame of the candle grew smaller and smaller, and finally went out altogether. I penetrated between 300 and 400 yards, and the cavern still continued broad and deep; but when the light went out I was left in darkness that might be felt. There is no resting-place after one leaves the entrance, as the water has scooped out and undermined the perpendicular sides, and the water is not buoyant; but as it is warm, one can stay in it a long time without receiving any harm. I floated out of the darkness, having received no harm except a few bumps, and having spent in the water about an hour and a quarter. I question, however, if it would be possible to penetrate into the cavern much farther than I went, owing to the sulphurous atmosphere. The aqueduct seems to be natural. The sides and roof are composed of a gravelly clay, which seems to be always falling in, and I saw no traces of man except at the entrance, where there is some cutting in the rock to let the water out. An altar which stood at the mouth of the cavern gave it the name Fount Ephca. The date of the dedication of the altar was the 20th of October, 162. The grotto is much used as a bath still, and we seldom visited it without startling the nymphs of the village; and I am told that the Bedawin are so fond of it that a number of them are drowned in it every year. A considerable volume of water issues from the cavern, and forms a little river. A slight steam rises from the water, and the stones are stained by the sulphur; but after passing over the sandy bed of the stream for a few hundred yards, the water loses much of its disagreeable taste. It is used chiefly for washing and for irrigating the gardens, but it is also drunk and considered wholesome by the natives.

The fountain of Ephca has been erroneously supposed to have been the principal source of the city. To the left of the entrance to Palmyra there are the ruins of an aqueduct of massive, well-dressed stones, which once brought water to the city proper. This was constructed to contain a volume of water eight feet high by four feet broad. About the same place there passed into the city an underground aqueduct which was conducted down the middle of the grand colonnade. It is first tapped near the triumphal arch, at a depth of eight or ten feet below the pavement, and it flows out of the city north of the Great Temple, and is used for all purposes, especially for irrigation. This water is drawn from a fountain called *Abu Fawaris*, which lies about five miles due west of the Castle of Tadmor. The water is good, but perceptibly impregnated with sulphur, and, as all the channels have been choked up for hundreds of years, people busy themselves in conjecturing whence the Palmyrenes got their water-supply. There is no doubt that the *Abu Fawaris* fountain was their chief source, but the waters of Ephca were also utilised, and the houses had cisterns for rain-water, as we discovered in several places.

The castle of Palmyra is perhaps the most conspicuous object in the neighbourhood, and well deserves a visit, not on its own account, but on account of the unparalleled view which it commands. We rode up the mountain to near the top, and when it became too steep for our horses, we left them

with a guard, and proceeded on foot. A deep ditch surrounds the castle, and partridges were sunning themselves about its edges. We climbed up into the castle by the rough face of an almost perpendicular rock, but we saw the remains of a broken bridge across the ditch, which once gave easy access to the castle, and there are still marks of horses having been stabled within it. The castle stands on the highest peak on the highest summit, impregnable to any force in the desert; but the present structure is built of small stones quarried out of the ditch and rifled from the ruins, and is doubtless a late effort of the Moslems. The castle is still entire, and the rooms, which were arched and cemented, are all in a good state of preservation. From its battlements we had an uninterrupted view on all sides. The Dawara range of mountains on which we stood stretched away north-east towards the Euphrates, and near the eastern base of the mountain we saw the village of Arak, with about fifteen huts and a Turkish garrison. We could trace distinctly the old wall of Tadmor, extending down the mountain from outside the castle in a south-eastern direction, and curving round the city. Away beyond east and south was the flat yellow desert, patched and seamed with glistening salt. Far to the south, past the shoulder of *Jebel Mantar*, stood a solitary tower, called *Kasr el Hazûn*; and on the horizon beyond there appeared a low range of mountains, known as *Jebel el 'Aleib*. To the west, over a wavy highland of limestone hills, we could clearly discern through the blue mists the lofty outline of Lebanon and the snows of the Cedar mountain. What a watch-tower, from which an enemy might be descried while he was yet several days' journey from the place! Beneath us, the city, half surrounded by its gardens, lay calm as a city of the dead, and supremely lovely even in desolation. As we stand on the battlements we see at a glance the appropriateness of its name. Tadmor in Syriac means "wonderful," and in Arabic "ruin." The Syriac and Arabic name still clings to the "wonderful ruin," while the Roman name Palmyra is absolutely unknown. The name Tadmor has been supposed to mean in Hebrew "city of palm-trees," and it has been taken for granted that Palmyra is the Greek translation of the word; but the word Tadmor is not Hebrew, and the word Palmyra is not Greek. The meaning of the word should be sought for in the language of the people who frequented those fountains before the time of Solomon, for though he built\* Tadmor in the wilderness, he did not change its name. The great King of Israel, having extended his kingdom by conquest to the north and east, "built Tadmor in the wilderness, and the store cities of Hamath." He found the important station, Tadmor in the desert, supplied with water, and forming the link between east and west, and he enlarged and fortified, and doubtless garrisoned it, the better to consolidate his empire and to draw the wealth of the Indies into his little kingdom. Doubtless Tadmor was then, as now, an open and unsafe resting-place for the bearers of the commodities he so much desired; and he made it not only a strong outpost, but a secure haven.

The Bible† and local tradition unite in declaring that "Solomon built Tadmor in the wilderness ;

\* The Hebrew word to build often means to restore or rebuild, never, as far as I am aware, to found. See Josh. vi. 26; Am. ix. 14; Ps. cxxii. 3, cxlvii. 2, etc. The name Tadmor is, I believe, Sanscrit.

† Once and only once (2 Chron. viii. 4) is Tadmor mentioned in the Bible. The Tadmor in 2 Kings ix. 13, is Tamar in the Hebrew text, and



but who built the Tadmor of Odainathus and Zenobia? Who polished and poised those columns now strewn on the plain before us? for not a vestige remains of the Tadmor of Solomon. As being the most remote, Tadmor was probably one of the first places wrested from the feeble successors of Solomon, and for a thousand years it disappears from history, having become, in all probability, a "wonderful ruin" in the eyes of the savage hordes that encamped about its fountains. Palmyra, however, as the convenient half-way house between the

merchants had escaped with their treasures to beyond the Euphrates. For the next three hundred years Tadmor continued to grow in wealth and power, and in the cultivation of all the arts of war and peace. Tadmor flourished, like Switzerland, a free republic, surrounded by mighty and despotic empires. Her architects and sculptors adorned her with edifices which excite the wonder of the world, and she became the congenial home of the greatest philosopher of his age, Longinus, the author of the Sublime, and prime minister of Zenobia. Odainathus,



PALMYRENE FIGURES

commercial cities of Phœnicia and of the Seleucids on the Mediterranean and the eastern realms about and beyond the Persian Gulf, rose into a wealthy and independent state. Secure in her surrounding desert, like sea-girt England, Palmyra, as the channel of East India merchandise, grew in wealth, but not in strength; and about half a century before the Christian era she comes on the stage of Roman history for the first time, when Mark Antony attempted to plunder her merchant princes. He entered the city with his cavalry alone, but the

one of her senators, rose to the proud position of holding the balance of power between Rome and Parthia, and of avenging the Roman arms, and wearing the Roman purple; and his widow, Zenobia, victorious over the Roman legions, reigned, Queen of the East, from the Nile to the Euphrates. From the time of Mark Antony to the time of Aurelian the city had so grown in strength that the latter was unable to take it with his victorious armies, though only defended by the remnants of Zenobia's troops, and Tadmor did not surrender till Zenobia, who had escaped to raise fresh succour, was brought back a prisoner from the banks of the Euphrates.

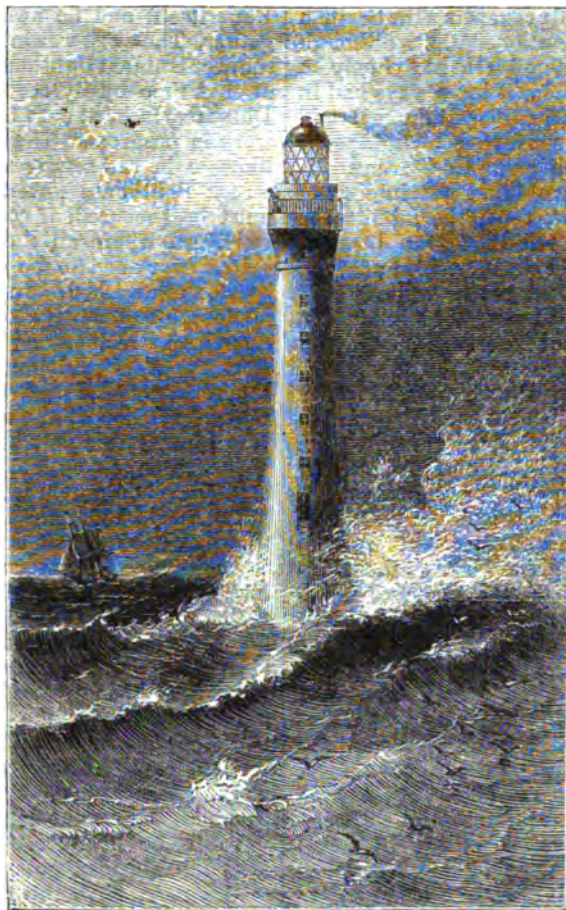
is said to be "in the land," and is now identified as a ruin at Kurnub in the land of Juda. Every peasant in Palmyra talks familiarly of King Solomon, and yet there is not a Bible in the place, nor would they take one.



### CHICKEN ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

**T**HE subject of lighthouses has a peculiar attraction for the inhabitants of this country. This is not to be wondered at when we think of our insular position, the vast amount of property we have afloat, and the immense number of our countrymen who earn their living on the sea. Britain occupies a foremost place among maritime nations as to the

and upon savage rocks just rearing their heads above the surges of the ocean. The character of the building is always adapted to the situation. In the case of sea-cliffs, all that is needed is simply to clear a solid rest for the lantern, and sufficient space nearby for the dwellings of the keepers. It is otherwise, however, when the light has to be exhibited from low



CHICKEN ROCK LIGHT, ISLE OF MAN.

lighting up of its coasts. Scarce a headland, island, rock, or shoal, from Galway to Yarmouth, and the Land's End to Shetland, now remains unguarded so far as the interests of navigation require. Most of this work has been accomplished within the last hundred years, involving an amount of engineering skill, enterprise, and money, which it is difficult to estimate.

Lighthouses vary much as to size, situation, and importance, but as a rule they are erected on the most exposed sites, where the winds blow fiercest and the breakers are wildest—on the tops of sea-cliffs, where the birds make their home, on solitary isles,

outlying tongues of land. Then a tower of at least 120 feet has to be erected, usually of strong masonry, to support the lantern at a height which will permit the rays of the lamp to extend for miles across the sea, it being a well-known fact that, owing to the roundness of the earth, the length to which a light can be seen depends, within certain limits, on its height above the level of the sea, as well as the brilliancy and power of the flame. In the case of rock towers, such as the Eddystone, the conditions are wholly changed. The engineer must prepare all his materials at a shore establishment, convey them with great care in suitable vessels for miles to the



rugged rock, and there, amid all the vicissitudes of winds and waves, form out of them a tower which for ages shall sustain the shock of ocean and hold out to the mariner the lamp of warning.

The lighthouses of this country are under the management of three distinct boards, incorporated by Act of Parliament. The Trinity Board, having its head-quarters in London, conducts all affairs relating to the coasts of England; the Board of Commissioners of Northern Lights, having its head-quarters in Edinburgh, attends to all matters connected with the coasts of Scotland; and the Ballast Board of Dublin, having its head-quarters in Dublin, looks after all matters relating to the coasts of Ireland. A royal commission appointed to inquire into the condition of the British lights in 1861, reported to Parliament very favourably, and especially regarding the Scottish lights. Here it may be mentioned that, although the Northern Lighthouse Board consists chiefly of members of the legal profession, it has always had in its service officers of high scientific attainment and practical skill in all matters relating to lighthouse engineering and duty. The name of Stevenson is well known to all who have taken any interest in lighthouse matters. Robert, the father, built the well-known tower on the Bell Rock, the light of which was first exhibited in February, 1811; Allan, the son, built the classic tower on the wild rocks of Skerryvore, the light of which was first exhibited in February, 1844; David and Thomas, the present engineers to the board, lately erected the substantial tower on the savage rock of Dhu-Heartach, fifteen miles s.s.w. of Iona. The history of the first undertaking was written by Robert Stevenson in the form of a goodly-sized folio; the history of the second by Allan Stevenson, in the form of a companion volume to his father's. Both are regarded as classic works in this department of marine engineering. A long and graphic account of the great work on the Dhu-Heartach rock appeared in the "Scotsman" newspaper in November, 1871, and was widely copied by the daily press. A fresh interest was created in the minds of many in regard to the lighthouses, for a new generation had sprung up for active life since the days of Bell Rock and Skerryvore. Since Dhu-Heartach was finished, the Messrs. Stevenson have completed an important edifice on the Chicken Rock, near the south end of the Isle of Man. An account of this great undertaking also appeared in the "Scotsman" newspaper.\*

"The Chicken Rock is a tidal rock, lying three-quarters of a mile south of the Calf of Man. It is exposed to the unbroken force of those heavy waves which rush up St. George's Channel from the Atlantic during south-west gales. At high-water only the merest patch is to be seen, but at low-water spring-tides an uneven surface of nearly 8,000 square feet. It had the appearance of two knolls of rock united by a low band, lying respectively north and south of each other. The tower now occupies the site of the southern one. The rock consists of hard quartzose schist. It rises out of comparatively deep water, and stands in the midst of a rapid tideway. Its existence has long been a source of anxiety to

mariners frequenting the Irish Sea, and especially to the Liverpool shipping leaving or entering that sea by the North Channel. When the two lighthouses were built on the Calf Island, as far back as 1818, it was part of the design that the two towers in one should point over the rock by day, and their lights in one the site of the rock by night. This was all very well in clear weather, but when fog hung over the Calf land and obscured the lights, the mariner required to be cautious in his movements. The importance of improving on the Calf lights was a few years ago urged on the lighthouse authorities, and the result was that the Northern Lighthouse Commissioners, within whose jurisdiction the Isle of Man lies, resolved, with the approval of the Board of Trade, to erect a first-class stone tower on the Chicken Rock itself, and do away with the Calf lights altogether. The work was intrusted to the Messrs. Stevenson, the eminent lighthouse engineers, who, although at that time busily occupied with the enterprise on Dhu-Heartach, at once took steps to put the Chicken work in progress. There is a good deal of family likeness in the arrangements necessary for building a rock lighthouse tower. Suitable blocks of stone must be procured, a convenient site chosen for the workyard where all the material is to be prepared, skilled workmen to be employed, and a proper sea service established. In this instance a contract was made for the supply of stones from the granite quarries at Dalbeattie; the little fishing village of Port St. Mary's, distant four-and-a-half miles from the rock, was selected as the site of the workyard; the preparation of the stones was let by contract to Mr. Hunter, builder, Trinity; a numerous staff of workmen employed, both for shore and rock, and a suitable vessel purchased to act as steam-tender.

In April, 1869, the first landing of workmen on the rock took place, and by autumn the pit for the foundation of the tower was finished. It was formed in the broad part of the south end. Meantime Port St. Mary's had assumed a livelier aspect than usual. Small vessels were arriving in the harbour deeply laden with rough granite blocks from Dumfriesshire, a tramway had been laid down between the pier and the workyard for the transport of the stones on bogies, immense travelling cranes had been erected for moving the blocks when under the hands of the workmen in the yard, the sharp chink of the mason's iron mallet and the ring of the blacksmith's anvil were to be heard all day long, while the smart attending steamer, going out and in from day to day to the rock, gave the usually quiet port quite an air of importance. From 1869 to 1873 the workyard was a busy place, no less than a hundred men being employed in various capacities while the operations were in full play. There all the rough blocks were cut and dressed, and, on the adjusting platform, stone fitted to stone and course to course before being shipped for the rock. There, also, all the internal fittings were prepared, to be afterwards removed and fixed when the stone-work of the tower was completed. In this respect it differed little from the way in which the materials of Skerryvore were prepared at Hynish, and those of Dhu-Heartach at Erraid.

In one important point the Chicken Rock undertaking differed from its predecessors of a similar character. At Bell Rock, Skerryvore, and Dhu-Heartach, one great object of the engineer was to erect a barrack on the rock as early as possible to

\* Both narratives were from the pen of Mr. Morris, the accomplished librarian to the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Believing that this article is of permanent value, whether viewed in connection with our national system of lighthouses, or the attractions of Manland, we have thought it worthy of reproduction in our columns. The illustration of the Chicken Rock Tower which heads this article is copied from an accurate drawing kindly lent for our present purpose.

lodge the workmen. This was desirable in each instance, owing to the distance from the shore establishment, the loss of time in passing to and fro, and the discomfort of the men when afloat in rough water. In this instance it was different. A short run from St. Mary's took the workmen out to the rock, every available chance of landing could be speedily taken advantage of, and the close attendance of the tender gave assurance of speedy rescue in case of any sudden change in the weather or sea. This, however, threw additional responsibility on the sea department; it involved more work with the boats, and proportionate risk to the men, as well as the fitting up of the ship as a barrack to accommodate the workmen when the tides were early or late. All the food of the rockmen was cooked on board, and sent ashore to them when at work. The sea department proved a very efficient one. At the commencement of the undertaking the engineers purchased the first-class Clyde deep-sea tug *Terrible*, 155 tons and 70 horse-power, and had her properly fitted up for the service. The duty of the tender was to tow two 25-ton lighters out to the rock when stones were needed and could be landed, and to carry out the workmen, land them, and wait upon them. For the purpose of landing, the ship was provided with two large quarter boats, and every man furnished with a cork life-belt, which he was compelled to wear every time he entered a boat, no matter what the state of the sea. This was a rule which even visitors had to comply with; and no one who has stood on the Chicken Rock and seen the ebb-tide rushing by like a mighty river, boiling up with many a swirl for hundreds of yards to leeward, will wonder at the stringent character of this precaution. Even a capsizing with belts was not desirable.

The work on the rock, as we have indicated, was tidal. The landings varied in length according to the state of the tides and the weather—sometimes not an hour, and at other times six or seven hours in very calm weather. The working season extended from April to September. The number of men employed averaged about thirty-five. The first season (1869) saw the pit for the foundation completed; the second (1870), landing cranes erected, and nine of the lowest courses of the tower built; the third (1871), the balance crane set up and other fourteen courses added—in all, twenty-three from the foundation. Thus far the tower was solid, and stood 32 feet 8 inches above the rock. It included 1,078 stones of various shapes, all bound together by dovetailing, joggles, clamps, bolts, ribbon-band joints, and the most tenacious cement. Nothing in the shape of waves could ever be expected to break up such a mass, and yet the architect of the Wolf Rock Tower, not content with all this, added vertical dovetailing to his stones as well as horizontal. This seems to us unnecessary refinement and expense, for the ribbon-band joint, bolts, and cement, duly provide for lateral pressure and the superincumbent weight against all tendency to tilt. The fourth season (1872) saw the introduction of a powerful steam-crane and the addition of forty-seven courses to the tower; the fifth (1873) saw the ninety-sixth course, the last, landed and fixed on the 6th June, amid the sincere congratulations of all concerned. By the end of the season the joiners and others were ready to put up their fittings, and after this the tower was nearly constantly occupied by workmen until the summer of 1874.

The Chicken Rock tower, as finished, may be described as a magnificent pale-grey granite column rising to a height of 140 feet, with its lantern, above the rugged skerry on which it stands. Its outline is a hyperbolic curve, one which provides more than any other for lowness of centre of gravity and direct pressure of superincumbent weight. The first entire course, the sixth, is 37 feet 7 inches in diameter, and the breadth of the top one 16 feet. The tower is solid up to the twenty-third course, where is the doorway leading to the various apartments above. The doorway is reached by a gun-metal ladder battened against the side of the tower. The apartments are eight in number, one a-top of the other, and reached by successive flights of ladders—(1), coal and water; (2), oil; (3), dry store; (4), kitchen; (5), provisions; (6 and 7), bedrooms; (8), light-room. The sashes of the lantern, 10 feet in height, are astragal in shape, crossing each other like the letter X, and fitted with the best plate-glass. The apparatus for the exhibition of the light is Fresnel's first-class revolving lens apparatus, with Mr. Thomas Stevenson's holophotal improvements. Around the great central lamp a metal frame, with eight sides holding eight great annular lenses, is made to revolve by means of machinery kept in motion by a heavy weight. The frame makes one revolution every four minutes, giving the effect to the mariner of a strong bright glare once every thirty seconds as one of these annular lenses comes between the lamp and his eye. In ordinary weather the light will be visible from a vessel's deck eighteen miles. During fogs two bells, which have been placed on the balcony tower, will be tolled to warn seamen.

In December the lightkeepers left the Calf stations and took up their residence in the new tower, and on New-Year's night, when snow-wreaths were being formed in mountain glens and railway cuttings, the light flashed out from the Chicken tower wide over the wintry Irish Sea, which, we trust, will long continue to be a boon to our enterprising and brave seamen. To the thousands, too, who annually resort to the Isle of Man during the summer season for health and pleasure, the new lighthouse will form an additional attraction.

The Northern Lighthouse Commissioners and their engineers, the Messrs. Stevenson, may be congratulated on the successful completion of this noble 'Tadmor of the Wave,' and the whole shipping interest of this great maritime country has reason to be thankful for so important an addition to our great sea lights."

### THE SPELLING BEE.

THE little busy bee of our childhood's days has given its name to an institution which has in a very few months become exceedingly popular. The walls are placarded with announcements of bees, the newspapers teem with reports of bees, and everybody is talking of bees. The spelling bee, for that is our new-found friend, is familiar in village, town, and city; in schoolrooms, public halls, and chapels; in the family parlour, and in the gilded saloon. The spelling bee, which abounds in such swarms, is, as all know, of American origin; and this is how it got its name: It seems that somehow the good people who were wont to meet for some charitable object, or



to work for one another, came to be called "Bees." Thus, the ladies of what we call a Dorcas society, who formed a working party, and made clothes or quilts for the poor in winter, were styled bees, because they laboured for the community like the industrious, insects they took their name from, and, like them, laboured in common. In the same way, when the neighbours of some settler combined to help him in constructing and raising the framework of a timber building, they were designated bees. Similarly, too, when the maize crop was gathered, and the farmers went to help one another in "husking" the corn, or stripping it from the stalk, they were regarded as so many bees. In all such cases, by a very natural method, the meetings themselves came to be styled bees. Hence we get "quilting bees," "raising bees," and "husking bees," as the names of the above-described gatherings. From these it is not far to "spelling bees," as the designation of friendly meetings of such as desire to improve their spelling.

As the spelling bee is customary among us, it generally takes the form of a competitive examination, in which the candidates attempt to spell such words as are submitted to them by an examiner, or interrogator, as he is called. Those who are most successful commonly receive prizes of money, or of books, as their reward. If the list of competitors is a large one, it rarely happens that they all succeed with the words proposed to them; consequently, as the rule is that a single failure is fatal, the number remaining at each round becomes smaller and smaller, until two only remain. For the last few the interrogator has in store certain words of extra difficulty, and is seldom long in disposing of all his pupils except one, who remains master (or mistress) of the field, and having no antagonists, is asked no further questions. Naturally enough, failures often arise from a slip of the tongue, and a want of that presence of mind which an exercise of *vis à voce* spelling requires. But probably the stumbles of the candidates, in the majority of cases, are due to positive inability to spell the words which are put to them. Whatever the reason, they all give way in the long run, and it is not common for the "bee" to survive four hours, though that has happened in some cases on record.

For obvious reasons, the spelling bee should be encouraged, under proper regulations. It will especially help to call attention to the importance of good spelling, and likewise to its difficulty. It will, therefore, stimulate some to devote more time to the matter than they otherwise would. The number of those who can spell moderately well is far greater than it once was, as all who are acquainted with old books and correspondence will allow. But there are few who can without hesitation even write correctly some of the words which are now in use. We do not speak of words which are by common consent written in two forms, either of which is permissible, but of such as eighth, harass, embarrass, seize, siege, sibyl, siren, and—especially among ladies—apartment. The last of these comes before us continually as appartement or appartement, while as for syrens, sybils, and sphynxes, they seem quite irrepressible. The little letter "y" seems to be very much honoured in these days of Smyths. In some cases it is well supported, and we do not know how the question between chemist and chymist, oxidise and oxydise, will be finally decided. Webster, we see, even ventures to

give us gayly and gayety, though he does not run the risk of writing dayly, for which there is the same reason and no less. Other letters will have their claims canvassed, and we shall ask why we get pannikin from pan and yet have manikin from man, or why torquoise should be lopped of its final "e" as it is by Webster, whose innovations are exceedingly numerous. On his principle we ought to write traveling and not travelling, but we confess that we cannot see our way to it. We could not blame any little boy or girl who made only two syllables of this condensed form, and pronounced traveling so as to rhyme with shaveling. Gould Brown, in his great work on English Grammar, although an American, strongly objects to Webster's practice in this and some other cases.

Our dictionaries will be more narrowly inspected than ever, and it will be found that not one of them has by itself any right to be set up as a standard. Dictionaries are of different sorts: some are strong in the multitude of words, some in the excellence of their etymologies; others excel in their pronunciation, others again in their definitions. It may well be, however, that a work which stands very high in one or more of these respects is not the best for spelling. Under the circumstances the conductors of spelling bees will, if they are wise, adopt no one dictionary as a standard, but select two or three of modern date—three we should say—and decide by the majority, or allow any spelling which either of them gives. The number of words which good authors spell in different ways turns out to be much greater than was expected, and therefore some latitude must be permitted in reference to all such words. Even when it is felt that forms like honor, favor, and humor are not so good as honour, favour, and humour, it would be hard to rule a speller out for giving them. This is all the more desirable that it may prevent the spelling bees from becoming a mere battle of rival dictionaries. Therefore, let no offer of a dictionary for a prize be accepted on the condition that it shall be the one standard of reference. The following authors of dictionaries have been suggested as good, when employed in combinations of two or three: Webster, Walker, Smart, Craig, Boag, Chambers, Sullivan, Nuttall, Cooley, Reid, Worcester, Ogilvie, and Richardson. There are others no doubt, but these are enough to choose from. Earlier names, Johnson included, are unsafe, owing to the presence of old-fashioned spellings.

Having selected your books, the next step will be to choose the words, and this is a matter requiring discretion. Too often the selection is made on the score of simple difficulty, and, in consequence, a regiment of crack-jaw words marches past, and with no satisfactory result. Considering that the bee is intended to be useful, the words put foremost should be comparatively common, but more or less liable to be misspelt. For the succeeding rounds, as they are called, words more and more difficult may be chosen, because the competitors remaining are more select. By way of climax, something out of the way may be brought in as a decisive test of proficiency. But in all stages there are words which should be avoided; such are those which are obsolete, vulgar, repulsive in meaning, and actually not English. Many technical and scientific words are also objectionable in a promiscuous assembly, because they imply a special knowledge, which cannot be expected, and are, to

most people, only word puzzles. Another class, which it will save trouble to omit, comprises those which have different meanings according to differences of spelling. Whenever such words are given they must be explained; and, indeed, it will be well to explain many of the words which are submitted to the bees. These explanations will impart instruction, and moderate the severity of the exercise, if they somewhat prolong it.

By itself the spelling bee may become a somewhat sombre affair, and, therefore, it is an excellent plan to introduce at intervals music, singing, or something else of a cheerful character. This will apply to private and friendly parties as well as to the more public and formal. Ingenuity may devise other modes of entertainment, and the effect cannot fail to be good. The competitors themselves will, under such circumstances, be inclined to cherish less of the combative spirit, and will smart less when ruled out.

With regard to the competitors, it is obvious that at public bees they must be open to all comers, as things are generally managed. Yet we do not like to find upon the platform, side by side with those who have had no more than a regular school education, gentlemen who prefix "Rev.," or append "M.A." or "LL.D." to their names. Their presence is not honourable to them, and the prizes they win are the result of an unequal match. They ought to know better than to compete; but if they do not, they should be adjudged ineligible. In all matches for prizes and honours, some law as to candidates is necessary; and to put the classical against the unclassical is lawlessness. In our opinion it is taking a mean advantage, and ought to be rigidly suppressed.

The arrangements for a public spelling bee often involve the attendance of four gentlemen—a chairman, an interrogator, and two referees. The chairman generally regulates the proceedings, and keeps his eye upon the rules. The interrogator is provided with lists of words, each word upon a separate slip of paper. He has as many lists as may be considered necessary, the simplest being meant for the earlier stages. The first list is taken and deposited in a bowl, box, or hat, and from it one word is taken at a time, without examination, and proposed to a candidate; and so the work goes on until all the candidates have tried their skill. Only those who have succeeded in spelling their words remain; the unsuccessful retire. Thus ends the first round, and then comes round the second, and a new batch of words, with a similar result. The process of weeding continues until only two spellers are left, and the first of these who fails leaves his rival the winner of the chief prize. If any dispute arises as to the pronunciation, meaning, or spelling of a word, the referees and the selected dictionaries come into use, and by their verdict the question is settled. In our judgment, the words themselves ought to be open to exception, whether as purely foreign, or as obsolete, or on other grounds. Interrogators often make serious blunders in their choice of words; and perhaps the words should not be selected by one person, but by more—or at any rate in accordance with well-understood principles. Both words and spelling should be such as are sanctioned by good English usage, and not dependent on the caprice of any single dictionary-maker. To rule a speller out for spelling as we print them, grey, millepede, and reveller, is arbitrary in the extreme—as much so as for failing to spell *en-avant*, which is not English at all.

If spelling bees are to be productive of much good, they will have to be very carefully managed—more so than many have been. Utility should be their one aim, and not the entertainment of a miscellaneous audience.

We may now sum up what we have to say by giving a set of directions which may be useful to those who have to arrange for a spelling bee.

1. The spelling to be oral and deliberate.
  2. One mistake to rule a speller out.
  3. A word once proposed not to be asked again, though the interrogator may give the correct spelling for the satisfaction of those present.
  4. A speller can ask to have a word repeated, and the meaning of it.
  5. Prompting not to be allowed.
  6. Two or more dictionaries in common use to be the standard of appeal, subject to the decision of the referees, or umpire.
  7. Words pronounced or spelt in more ways than one always to be defined.
  8. Words to be proposed not to be previously communicated to any one.
  9. Each word, written correctly on a separate slip of paper, to be taken from a box, or other receptacle, without inspection by the interrogator.
  10. Competitors to be asked in the order in which they are ranged.
  11. Fresh sets of words to be provided for each round.
  12. Obsolete, archaic, vulgar, and purely foreign words, not to be proposed. Rare technical words, which are only modern inventions, and relate solely to some special science or art, are in all fairness to be avoided.
- From the above list it will be easy to select such rules as need to be communicated when announcing the arrangements. Rule 2, which we give according to ordinary practice, is, we think, too exclusive, and we would suggest that it would be more liberal to allow a speller to try twice. "If at first you don't succeed, try again," is a very good piece of advice, and in the case of the "bees," acting upon it would be liberal and kind. The only objection we can foresee is, that some one who had failed once might eventually take the chief prize. This, however, is a difficulty which might perhaps be overcome, because in the long run all the competitors would have the chance of trying a second time.

Since the spelling bees were introduced, several variations have been invented, and we have notes of bees which are called Bible, Prayer-book, ritual, protestant, temperance, and grammatical. One variety of Bible bee occupies itself with the obsolete words and spelling which are retained in ordinary editions of the English version. In regard to this some caution will be needed, for there are editions of the Scriptures in which such forms as *sope*, *morter*, and *caterpillar*, are modernised. The other bees are of course concerned with words relating to their subjects, except the grammatical, which we are afraid may raise a good many discussions.

A start having been made, there is nothing to prevent the introduction of such bees as the historical and the geographical. The historical would divide themselves into sections, such as the kings of certain countries, wars and battles, famines, earthquakes, etc. Closely allied to these might come the biographical—poets, orators, philosophers, preachers, etc. Then there would follow the geographical, in-

cluding states, kingdoms, and empires, the chief territorial divisions of provinces and countries, the principal cities, towns, mountains, and rivers, and so forth. Whether we shall go further and have classical, etymological, scientific, and other learned bees, we know not, but singing bees have made their appearance, and only the limits of human ingenuity may form the ultimate bounds of these competitions.

For our part, without discussing the *pros* and *cons* of the subject, we are in favour of any harmless device which may amuse and yet improve the people. It may be doubted whether bringing a party of strangers to contend for a prize by an exhibition of skill is the best plan that can be adopted; but it is certain that the scheme has been found exceedingly popular in the British Islands, and we may hope that it will not only prove how large a number profess to be good spellers, and are bold enough to wrestle with Webster himself, but will stimulate many more to aim at excellence. Public attention is aroused to the subject, and the general result will be a good one, even if the epidemic, as we may call it, fails to retain its intensity. Other consequences are sure to follow, but as our object has been to write an article and not a treatise, we conclude all we mean to say with the hope that the spellers who are stung with disappointment will not be discouraged in their efforts to excel in a most useful and elegant accomplishment.

## BOY AND MAN:

A STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

CHAPTER II.—ON HIS OWN RESOURCES.

"The childhood shows the man  
As morning shows the day."—Milton.

IT was by no means a comfortable seat that John had now taken in exchange for his "inside." It was at the back of the coach facing the dicky, and projecting over the hind wheel. There was an iron rail for his feet to rest upon, but his legs were not long enough to reach it; and the seat itself was narrowed by a pile of boxes which occupied a part of it and rose up perpendicularly behind his back, so that it was with difficulty he could maintain himself upon his perch; and he was obliged to sit very upright, or he would have been thrown upon his face on the road every time the horses quickened their speed or began to ascend a hill.

He settled himself, however, as best he could in this uncomfortable position, holding on with both hands, and began to look around him. "What place is this?" he asked a fellow-traveller.

"Highgate. Don't you know Highgate? Haven't you been sworn at Highgate yet?"

"Sworn at? Yes. The guard swore at me because I wanted to come outside; but I don't know what Highgate had to do with it, nor what good it was to him or to any one else."

"Come, I say, young fellow," said the guard, "none of that, you know." And, looking very red in the face, he blew out his feelings through the horn with an uncertain sound, then thumped his breast, and laughed, and said to the passenger who sat next him, "It was none so bad, after all, was it?"

The passenger addressed was a youth of about sixteen, with a round, freckled face, a large mouth,

a good set of teeth, and some promise, carefully encouraged, of whiskers; a pair of large, dark-blue eyes lent an attraction to his face, without which it would have been pronounced plain, though good-tempered-looking; his hair was sandy in colour, and rather crisp and stubborn in its form; he wore a bird's-eye kerchief round his throat, with high, stick-up collars, and appeared to be suffering from a stiff neck in consequence.

"Not bad? No; but he ought not to be cheeky—a little boy like him. Where are you going to, young one?"

"To Cubbinghame."

"What! to old Bruin's?"

"To the Rev. Joseph Bearward's."

"You are? They'll soon take it out of you there, I promise you."

"Do you know the Rev. Joseph Bearward, sir?"

"Know him? Know old Bruin? I should think I did! every inch of him, inside and out."

"You're not a pupil, are you?"

"I'm one of the fellows, if that's what you mean. I've been there four years nearly. I've just had a week's holiday because my father was ill and sent for me. He's all right again now, and so I'm going back for the rest of the half; it's my last half, though, that's one comfort. And it's your first, poor little chap! Don't you wish you was me?"

Johnny could not say he did.

"What! Wouldn't you like to change places with me?"

"Yes; I should like to change places very much," he answered, looking wistfully at the other's comfortable seat; for his fingers were numbed with the cold, and he could hardly hold on to his own narrow perch any longer.

"Don't you wish you may get it!" was the answer.

"What's your name, boy?"

"John Armiger. What's yours?"

"Come, I say! you're only a new boy, don't you know! You've no business to go and ask such a question as that—not that I am ashamed of my name; only it isn't the right thing, you know, for a new boy. Sparrow, my name is; Mr. Sparrow. We don't care about Christian names at Bearward's, and all the big fellows are "misters." What's your father?"

"I have no father—nor mother," he added, anticipating the next question.

"Poor little chap!" said the guard, parenthetically.

"I wonder you go to school, then," said Mr. Sparrow, reflectively; "I wouldn't if my father didn't send me. I should think I might have finished my education before now; but it's my last half, that's one comfort. Where do you live? and how much money have you got?"

Before John Armiger could answer these questions the horses started forward under the coachman's lash, and the poor boy was very nearly jerked from his seat; his cap, a flat stiff-crowned one, came in contact with the pile of boxes behind him, and fell forward over his eyes; and as he had no hand at liberty with which to recover it, it dropped off on to the road.

"My cap!" he cried. "Stop the coach, I have lost my cap!"

"Can't stop," said the guard; "we're late already; and it's blown away half a mile a'most down the hill."

"Oh, do stop! I must have my cap!"

The guard hesitated, and began again to swear.

"Won't you stop?" cried John, in despair.

"Can't," said the guard; "can't stop for nobody now."

The next moment he felt his own hat lifted from his head, and before he could raise his hand to it John Armiger had sent it spinning along the road after his cap.

"Now will you stop the coach?" he cried.

Yes, he would stop now it seemed. The word was given; the driver pulled up; Johnny was down in a moment, and the guard close behind him; but he had the start, and could run faster than the guard. He caught up the guard's hat first and threw it over a hedge, and then ran on till he had recovered his own cap, with which he mounted, panting, to his place upon the coach, while the guard was yet struggling in the hedge. He was rather alarmed as the latter climbed up again, looking very angry, and giving utterance to various threats and expletives as if he had been still at Highgate.

"I didn't want to do it," he said, apologetically; "but I couldn't help it, could I?"

"It wasn't bad," said Mr. Sparrow, laughing; "but a little fellow like you shouldn't take liberties, you know."

"Not bad!" exclaimed the guard, angrily; "well, no, it wasn't." His jaws expanded suddenly, and he broke out with a hearty laugh. "Bad! it beats all! I must tell my little 'un when I get home; he'd ha' done just the same hisself, my Jemmy would. I can't be angry with you, young man; it was done so clever." Then, after a pause, "Come here," he said; "there's room for you under the apron; sit you there, betwixt me and Mr. Sparrow;" and Johnny presently found himself very conveniently placed in the dickey with a cushion under him, and his feet and knees well sheltered; and but for an occasional poke from the guard's elbow, as that worthy gave vent to his feelings on the subject of the hat, he would have been quite comfortable.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the coach arrived at Bedworth.

"Here you are," said the guard, as the horse drew up at the door of the Swan; "and there"—pointing to a kind of carrier's cart, with a tilt, "there's your private carriage waiting to convey you and this here other gent and the lady inside to Reverend Bearward's."

John Armiger descended, and felt in his pocket for the two shillings which Mr. Judd had given him for the coachman and guard.

"No," said the guard, beginning an oath, but checking himself; "I'd rather give you one than take one from you; but I maunt swear, mun I?"

"You must take it," said the boy; "it is yours, not mine. Mr. Judd gave it me on purpose for you, so I couldn't keep it if I would."

Mr. Sparrow looked on amused. "He's very fresh," he said to the guard; "nobody would think he was up to anything to hear him, would they?"

The boy took no notice of Mr. Sparrow's remarks, but insisted upon handing over the shilling to the guard, who shook hands with him, and said he would take it home and give it to his Jemmy; and then offered John a glass of ale, or anything he pleased to call for. "Anything you like," he repeated; "but I maunt swear, mun I? not if I can help it?"

"No, friend; it's a bad habit—a foolish habit—an ugly habit," said the Quaker, who had alighted from the coach, and was standing near. "Swear not at all; it can do thee no good, and may do others harm to hear thee: let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil."

The guard looked after him as if he would have resented his interference. "I don't want your preaching," he began, "old Thee and Thou"—but the boy interposed.

"It's quite true," he said, in a low voice; "I should like you much better if you did not swear so."

"Oh, I don't mean anything," said the man, "I'm used to it, and it comes natural."

"Then if it doesn't mean anything," said John, laughing, "what's the use of it? I'm not used to it, and I hope I never shall be. You would not like your own boy to get used to it, I should think. Good-bye; I shall see you again, perhaps, at the end of the term. Do you always go with this coach?"

"Yes, master; I'm going up to-morrow, and down the next day, and so on all the week."

"I wish I was you," said Sparrow; "only I should like to be always going up, and never coming down. But it's my last half, that's one comfort; and won't the other fellows wish they was me, when they hear it?"

"Anybody else a-going along o' me?" said the driver of the tilted cart, whose name was Berry.

"Two young gents and a lady, I was told; where's the lady?"

"Lady's in the bar," said the ostler; and thither Mr. Berry went to look for her. After a few minutes she appeared at the door, wiping her mouth, and with her face flushed; and John Armiger saw with dismay that it was the same person who had trodden upon his feet in the coach, and who hated boys.

"What's that for?" she cried, looking disdainfully at the cart. "I aint going to travel in a carrier's cart, as if I was a parcel or a box. 'Only three miles,' did you say? If it was three yards I wouldn't demean myself in a common vehicle of that kind. That's not the sort of conveyance I've been used to, I can tell you. I've kept my own carriage before now. Why did not your master send a proper equipage?"

"This is the hekipage he sent," said the man. "There aint no other; if the Dook of Wellington hisself was a-going to school at Cubbin'hame, he'd have to ride in this, and I don't see as nobody need have no better. I must be going, at all events, so jump in young gents, the lady must please herself."

The young gents did as they were bid, and Mrs. Baggerly, for so the lady with the "heavy foot" was named, followed with much grumbling, saying she should not stop long at Rev. Bearward's if this was their ways. "Hallo, boy!" she cried, as soon as she caught sight of our hero—"you here? You told me you were not going through!"

"I beg your pardon," John replied; "it was the guard who said so, and I did not quite understand him."

"It's all the same," she answered; "I hate story-telling."

"So do I," said John, flushing up.

"Story-telling, and swearing, and impudence, and all such," she continued, "I hate 'em."

John was silent, but Mr. Sparrow whispered to him, "She's the new matron; it will be bad times for you at Cubbinghame if she takes a spite against



you; I wouldn't be you, not if you were to pay me for it."

"I don't want you to be me," John answered, "not even if you would do it for nothing."

It was nearly dark when they arrived at Cubbinghame, for the horse was lame, and his pace, at the best, was little faster than a walk. The tilted cart jogged up and down at every limp of the poor animal, and Mrs. Baggerly threatened more than once that she would get down and walk; but when Berry stopped for her to do so, she bade him "Get on, do, and not be all night upon the road."

Cubbinghame was a small village, consisting of a single row of houses at the foot of a steep hill covered with beautiful pine and fir trees; there was a blacksmith's shop, pleasant to see and hear on a cold March evening, with two or three men at work in it, and three or four men looking on; there was a general provision merchant's, with a tallow candle stuck, for want of a candlestick, into a sample of very brown sugar; and there was a cake-shop, with liquorice and bulls'-eyes, and various other luxuries, which looked as if they ought to be eaten soon, or, better still, thrown away at once. There was a public-house at each end of the village, with a red curtain in the window and a cheerful glow behind it, looking very attractive, but the cause of many a headache and heartache too. The horse would have stopped at each of these two places, as if desirous of making a beast of himself, but was urged on to a large house standing by itself, a short distance farther on, and drew up there resolutely and finally.

## Varieties.

**Pigs AND HOGGS.**—From Scotland several correspondents point out the curious blunder, in the "Weather Proverbs for March," of referring to "three pigs upon a hill," in connection with the borrowed days. One letter says, "a hogg is a sheep of a year old." Another says, "Is it not Ayton who tells a story of the man 'wha didna ken a hogg frae a soo'?" The English writer of the article probably thought a pig would do as well for his purpose as a hogg, and be more intelligible to the majority of his readers, "March, failing to injure the old woman's cow, showed grudge against her three pigs."—Another Scottish correspondent points out that Raeburn's portrait of Blair represents *Hugh Blair*, the rhetorical sermon-maker, not *Robert Blair*, author of "The Grave." The Dundas who dispensed Scottish patronage, the same corrector states, was not Lord President Dundas, but Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville.

**FRENCH CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY.**—Now that the French Republic is fairly at work, with its double chambers of legislature, we may recall the deeds of the *interim* assembly. The speech of the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, in declaring the Constituent Assembly adjourned till the 8th of March, when its powers expired, has historic interest. It is a brief but fair review of the difficult part played by it in the troublous time since the fall of the empire:—"After a legislative period which has lasted five years, you have reached the term you had fixed for your labours. You are going to return to the country which entrusted you with its interests at a time when the peril and the honour were equally great. Scarcely had you met when to the sufferings of the invasion was added the odious spectacle of an unprecedented insurrection. With the aid of our heroic army you vanquished the Commune, you made peace, and paid our ransom. In a war rashly entered into, victory betrayed our arms; but on the morrow of our disasters the foreign foe learned to appreciate what resources still remained in this honest and laborious country. At that moment you took in hand the second part of your task—the reorganisation of our home administration, the settlement of our political institutions. You brought to bear on the subject the expression of your convictions, sympathies, and hopes, and these were all subordinated to one sole preoccu-

pation—the welfare of the country. Thence has come the Constitution of the 25th February—an incomplete work, perhaps, but one without which you could not but fear that the country might find itself again exposed to despotism and anarchy. This work you have now confided to the loyalty of Marshal MacMahon, to the patriotism of future assemblies, to the country which, during five years, has so nobly seconded your efforts. Never was authority more respected than yours, never was command better obeyed—an admirable reply made beforehand to those who might dare pretend in future that France was not worthy of liberty. Go, therefore, in confidence, gentlemen, go and submit yourselves to its judgment. Fear not lest it may reproach you for the sacrifices which you have made to its peace and repose; for there are two things which you return to your country intact—its flag and its independence."

**RAGGED SCHOOLS.**—Lord Shaftesbury, in lamenting the decline of the old "Ragged Schools," through the influence of the "School Board," has left on record a just claim for the good done by these institutions:—"We never pretended to give to these children a full secular education according to modern notions of the 'fitness of things'; but we gave them, as we thought, and as we still think, an admirable practical education, and one far better adapted than the present one (so far, at least, as it is known) to enable them to make their progress in life. We appeal to facts, as we have appealed to them for years, and we have never been contradicted. Since the time we began our work to the year 1870, when the calculations were completed, we had taken off the streets and placed in a way of honest livelihood more than 200,000 children, most of whom without these efforts would have been found among what are ordinarily termed 'the dangerous classes.' The colonies, the army, the navy, many trades and callings, and specially the records of domestic service, will attest my assertion that those repulsive little things, dragged out of the depths of human degradation, have been added to the list of virtuous and honest citizens. The claim of the Ragged School teachers to the grateful remembrance of the public lies in the fact that they were awake while others were sleeping; that they were acting while others were deliberating. For my own part, I shall never think of them without the deepest sentiments of respect and affection; and I covet no higher honour than to be named among them as their co-worker and their friend." Much sympathy will be felt with the noble earl in his generous lament, but it is satisfactory to be assured by Sir Charles Reed that more than half of the lost children have been found again in Board Schools, "no longer in rags." Still, there is a large floating and outcast population, with children below the grade touched by better schools, and for them there is still call for the voluntary effort of the kind which commenced and sustained Ragged Schools. In New York and other American cities, where school rates have long been established, voluntary schools for the lowest poor are found to be necessary and useful.

**MUSSEL FARMING IN FRANCE.**—A correspondent of the "Times," writing from Valéry-sur-Somme, describes the successful culture of mussels on the Picardy coast and in other parts of France. The size of the shell increases to double or treble that of the stock laid, and the flesh becomes as white, fat, and succulent as the best Whitstable "natives." Of mussels as food, compared with oysters, it is said:—"Prejudice and the fiat of cooks have dismissed mussels from the list of ordinary food; it will require generations of South Kensington lecturers in the National Training School for Cookery before they enter into the dietary of the middle classes as freely as they have long done in France. Here, although Grimod de la Reynière named the mussel *l'huître du pauvre*, this poor man's oyster has held its unchallenged rank as only second to oysters in the *menus* of the bourgeoisie and the *cartes* of restaurants, figuring in soups and *entrées*, stew and sauce, scallop and mince. Nevertheless, the talent of French *cordon bleu*s had hitherto been applied only to the wild bivalve, such, in fact, as nature planted it along the tidal shores of Picardy, Normandy, and Poitou; even the foreign supplies drawn through Antwerp, whose exports for the 1873 season are recorded in the Halles Centrales statistics at 7,000,000. (£280,000) for Paris alone, are likewise the produce of natural beds and 'scoops,' unimproved by man's care. Palatable and nutritious though they be in this wild condition, they can be brought to a degree of improvement similar to that which the coarse, tough oyster of deep-sea beds has received at Colchester and Whitstable, at Ostend, Cancale, and Marenne. This is a fact now proved by the experiment made in this picturesque town in the artificial breeding, rearing, and fattening of mussels upon principles akin to those which obtain in oyster-culture."

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

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ARRIVAL IN CAMP.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

CHAPTER XXII.—FRIENDS FOUND IN THE WILDERNESS.

**T**HE cruel treachery of her pretended friend was now apparent. Osuna had deliberately laid and carried out a plan for getting rid of her unsuspecting rival. Overwhelmed by the terrors and prospect, Constance sat, or rather sank down on the

grassy bank. What would become of her without guide or guard in the unknown wilderness, the haunt of wild beasts, and men scarcely less savage? But a few minutes' thought restored her native courage; help might be nearer at hand than she was aware of; the summer day was still shining around her, and she had the surest Protector above.

Commending herself to the care of that best and wisest Guardian, Constance rose and looked around her down the wooded steep, where the stream was

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lost in the darkness of interlacing boughs, up the dell where Osuna and her canoe had disappeared. It might be possible to reach the Indian settlement by following the windings of the stream in that direction; but the distance was great, the banks they had passed afforded in many places but perilous footing, and the night must fall before she had got half way, for the declining sun told her it was already far in the afternoon. Besides, any chance of reaching the confines of civilisation would be more to her mind than going back to the clutches of old Redhand and his nephew.

To get a clearer prospect, she climbed a rugged cliff that towered above the thicket. From its summit Constance saw a wide expanse of hill and dale, but all densely wooded, silent, and solitary.

She descended, and walked about in every direction where an opening between the trees presented itself, in hopes of finding some beaten path or sign of human habitation; but nothing of the kind could she see. At last, exhausted in strength and spirits, hungry, and footsore, Constance sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree; the sunset was flushing the forest with its rosy light; the wild birds were flying home to their nests, and she trembled at the thought of the night coming down on her unsheltered head, when a sound came through the silence of the woods like the tramp of heavy feet. It seemed passing close behind a clump of tall beeches on her right hand. She darted through the trees and underwood that blocked her way, but paused for a moment as she came near and looked out from the deep shadow. There was a bridle-path leading down a hillside, a train of men and pack-horses rapidly descending, and a voice above singing a verse that frequent hearing had made familiar to her ears in the pleasant grounds of the Elms.

"I'm far away this blessed day,  
And ne'er may see the shore,  
Agra machree, sweet liberty,  
Poor Ireland a-thor."

Constance lived to hear the cannon thunder and the bells ring out the proclamation of peace and freedom to her native land. But no sound ever delighted her ears more than that voice and song, for they were those of her father's best man, honest, faithful Denis Dargan. Moving up a little, she could see that he had stopped behind the rest to adjust the load of one of the two horses he had in charge, and half wild with joy the young girl stepped out before him, exclaiming, "Oh, Denis! but I am glad to see you."

"Protect us! is it seein' ghosts for my sins I am? Miss Constance, darlin', where did you come from?" cried Denis, letting rope and pack fall in his astonishment.

"It's a long story, Denis, and will take time to tell; but I am very tired and nearly starved with wandering about in these woods. Could you give me a lift on one of these horses, and a morsel of bread of any sort, and let me go with you wherever you are going, for I know you will see me safe?"

"It's proud I would be to do more nor that for any lady; an' layin' down my life wouldn't be too much for your father's daughter. Here, darlin'," and Denis took out of the knapsack at his back a neatly put-up luncheon of corn-cake and cheese.

"Jist thry that while I make a sait for you between

the packs on this baist, because, you see, he's the quietest, an' we must get on."

By means of his own great-coat, which had been bundled on the knapsack, as he said, "for fear of cowl'd among the hills," and a judicious arrangement of the packs, Denis made a very good substitute for a lady's saddle, helped Constance into it, declaring that she would sit there like a queen, and set forward to join his company, who were by this time some way in advance. The heiress of the Elms discussed his welcome present, washed it down with a draught of cider from Dargan's wooden flask—the Spartan sauce is a great improver of the most common fare; then she briefly related the misfortunes that had befallen her company and herself on their way to Pennsylvania, and the treacherous act of the Indian girl by which she had been left alone in the forest.

"Oh, the deceitful serpent," cried Denis; "shuro she must have had the heart of a say monsther to forge such a plot agin a girl like you; but never mind, Miss Constance, you're safe from the wild baists o' the wildherness, and the hands o' thim rid haithens that isn't much better."

"True Denis; but what a mercy it was I met with you. And what province is this we are in?" said Constance.

"It's Massachusetts, miss, as far as they can agree about the boundaries. We'll soon be in the Christian parts o' the counthry, but not near the Elms at all at all, because this is the New York side, an' it's on the Connecticut quarther. Howsomever, it don't signify, seein' the place is confiscated," said the best man, with a sigh.

"Confiscated, Denis?" It was sad intelligence regarding her old home for the squire's daughter.

"Was that the reason you left my father's house?"

"I didn't leave it till they exhorted me, miss."

"Denis, how did they do that?" inquired the girl, considerably puzzled.

"Well, miss, they pult me out by the neck," responded Dargan. "You see it was this way. We were all at paice and quietness, whin one night a chap come through the counthry wid a dhrum, telling them all about the fight at Lexington, and how the pathriot army was besaiging Boston, an' bad luck to the man that didn't get pitchforks an' guns an' set off to help them, laivin' nobody at home but the women an' myself. We would have got on like the flowers o' May widout them, miss, but in less nor a fortnight, there comes a thundherin' rap like a battherin' ram at the door one mornin', an' in comes an ould sinner wid a paper that he said was his commission from the Continintal Congress, an' fell on readin' it. In coarse I could make neither head nor tail o' the mainin', but the upshot was that he was to sind the women to their frinds, an' me about my business, an' keep possession o' the place for the sarvice o' the province, because Squire Delamere was an enemy to his counthry. There was no sayin' agin' him, he had a gang o' thim Green Mountain Boys, wid Hiram Hardhead prophesayin' black and blue, the baist! an' he's not a baist neither, for he wouldn't let them put me in the Connecticut for layin' the rough side o' my tongue to them. 'Let him go,' says he, 'he's thrue to his employer an' it's not his fault that Delamere's such a Tory.' Well, that brought them to a bit, and at last, for dacency's sake, they consinted to let me take the smallest wagon an' put the thrunks that Mrs. Armstrong locked up

your fine clothes in, wid the most o' the mather's books an' fancy things, inside of it. You see, miss, I intended to take them straight to you in Philadelphia, but misfortans never come single. I was getting along Springfield Road; the whole country was quiet round me, the men bein' all at the besaigin', an' the women—the darlins!—frightened at bein' left by themselves, not a soul was to be seen, an' I was singin' to myself the ould song you heard me at, when out of a wood leaps a company o' king's sodgers, and one o' them, layin' his hand on the wagon, while the rest got hould o' the horses, cries, 'We saize this for his majesty's service.' 'Murther!' says I; 'what does the king want wid a lady's ruffles an' tuckers?' 'It's no matter,' says he; 'them thrunks must be examined; maybe they contain contraband o' war; an' you may think yourself well off that you're not hanged on that big three for treason,' says he, pointin' till a mighty fine oak. 'Why?' says I; 'what did I commit?' 'You sung about liberty,' says he; 'an' that's counted treason in the ould country.' 'Is it?' says I; and wid that I snaps up the bit of a fowling-piece I had on the top of the wagon an' linds him such a crack wid the stock of it as he'll remimber while he has a skull. In coorse, they all chased me, an' I run for my life; but when I got clain out o' their reach, say I to myself, 'Since that's the chat, I'll be as big a pathriot as any o' them.' So I went sthaight to the camp before Boston an' 'listed in Colonel Archdale's militia. Miss Constance, that's a mighty fine rigiment, and has the rail moral of a commander! Thaddy Magrory's a captain in it; you'll remimber him, miss, runnin' Hiram Hardhead out o' the Elms. It's in his company I sarve; but, you see, ammunition is scarce in the pathriot army, an' the colonel found out there was a stock of it laid up in a small forthress on the New York frontier called Cumberland Station, wid nobody but an ould major an' some rusty sodgers to guard it, so he sint Thaddy and us up to fetch it to the camp. Says he, 'Be civil to the ould major, for he niver did harm or oppression.' Oh! Miss Constance, he's a rail good young man. So we went up an' tuck the forthress; the major surrindere like an ould jewel to purvent the diffusion of blood. Between ourselves, him an' the sodgers was shakin' in their shoes for fear o' the Indians, on account of some offence his lady give to the haithen sows. Howsomever, she's livin' safe down yondher in Prospect House, an' Thaddy's bringin' the major down wid him undher promise not to bear arms agin the pathriots. The sodgers promised the same, and the most o' them slipped away to squat on the frontier. Keep up your heart, miss, for here we are in sight of the Dutch settlement called New Haarlem."

The night had fallen now, and the lights of the Dutch village were a welcome sight to Constance. It was the first outpost of civilisation on that side of the frontier, its farms and homesteads indenting the forest as the bays of the ocean indent the shore. There they found the rest of the company halting at the village inn, which was kept by a sturdy couple of the Vanderslock type, the only people who could speak English in the settlement; and they agreed to accommodate the young lady in their parlour, the one place of rest they had for genteel travellers.

"Don't be troubled about the payment, darlin'," said Denis, "neither the ould sinner at the Elms nor the thieves of king's sodgers got my money that I

saved in your father's service; I have it all here in the foot of a silk stockin' that my mother was married in—at laist, they tould me so;" and he pulled out the relic, which had rather a weighty appearance, and thrust it into Constance's hand.

"I must borrow some of it, Denis," she said, trying to keep back the grateful tears which the generosity of the noble fellow brought into her eyes.

"Keep it all, my darlin', it's your own to the last farthin', only just take care o' the stockin', it's the only keepsake I have o' the ould country and thim that wint down to the deep say. But I must find some better frinds for you;" and off went Dargan.

In a minute or two he returned, bringing with him Captain Magrory and Major Danby. The latter, a gallant old veteran whose days of active service seemed at their close, introduced himself to Miss Delamere in the complimentary style of the day—there was a great deal more flattering of the fair done in the eighteenth century than there is in our serious times—regretted that he could not place a chariot, or even a suitable horse, at her disposal, but humbly hoped that when they reached Prospect House she would allow him the honour of introducing her to Mrs. Danby, who would be delighted to receive as a guest a lady of her merit and family.

Constance made the best acknowledgments she could think of; indeed, the invitation which honest Denis had secured for her was a real kindness under the circumstances, for her aunt had left Springfield at the beginning of the insurrection, and the young girl knew not where to find even a temporary home in her native province. Magrory had ably seconded Denis's well-judged application to the major. Being captain of the capturing company, his words had weight, though the like was little needed with Danby's good nature. He stood aside till all the compliments were paid and responded to, and then said he was sorry Miss Delamere had been so much put about, and advised her to go to sleep as soon as she could, for they must start early in the morning.

Constance took his advice; but it seemed scarcely an hour to the tired girl till Denis was knocking at her room-door in the first grey light, and calling upon her to rise and go with him.

The whole company were soon on the road again, and going at a gallop, for now their way led through the farms and villages of long-settled and cultivated Massachusetts. But there was not a man to be seen in the meadows or cornfields, and the women and children, who were doing what they could there, paused in their work and looked anxiously after them as they passed.

At length the neighbourhood of Boston was reached; and what a different scene presented itself. Along the public roads, bye-ways, and lanes trooped maids and matrons, boys and girls, some with carts, some with pack-horses, and some with baskets on their own sturdy arms, bearing provisions to friends and kinsmen who had no other commissariat to depend on. For miles all round the landward side of the leaguered town stretched the camp of the New England men, some quartered in tents, some in huts, and some in temporary sheds that served for barracks, clothed in the homespun cotton which formed the summer dress of the country people, armed mostly with fowling-pieces or hunting rifles, and officered by their neighbours of more or less experience in military affairs. That rustic rout, as the British authorities called them, had for two



months hemmed in five thousand of England's best troops, and were ready to meet five thousand more who had lately arrived by sea.

It was noon before Captain Magrory's company reached Prospect Hill—a height some two miles west of Boston, which was afterwards fortified, and has become historical as the spot from which Washington surveyed not only the American camp, but the British garrison, for camp and town lay like a map spread out below. At the time of our story there were no buildings on the hill but one solitary and singular-looking dwelling, which stood near its summit, and was hence called Prospect House. It had been erected in the latter half of the seventeenth century by an emigrant from England, who got an ill-repute for magical practices, chiefly on account of a particular apartment, built like a turret on the roof, and having more than the usual supply of windows, but later times discovered him to have been an amateur astronomer, and the turret-room his private observatory. Though not exactly ruinous, it was a decayed, neglected place; few tenants cared to remain long in a situation so exposed to winter storms and summer sun; and in the changes that have passed over the neighbourhood, the astronomer's house has disappeared long ago; but as Magrory's company neared the foot of the hill, Major Danby came up to Constance, and said, "Miss Delamere, here are our quarters for the present; I am sorry we have no better home to offer you;" and he would have handed her from between the packs with stately courtesy, but Denis anticipated him.

"Shure, you'll be kind to the young lady, major—you an' the missus, bein' rail ginthry yourselves—an' her father, the squire, will niver forget it. Isn't he the moral of a king's officer? Good-bye, Miss Constance, darlin'! take care o' yourself, an' the Lord take care o' ye too; I'll come an' see you as soon as I can, but there's hot work before us now;" and away galloped Dargan after his captain and company, while the major and Constance turned up to Prospect House, and out of its door to meet them came Lieutenant Gray.

"Miss Delamere, it is an unexpected pleasure to

see you here," he said. "I wish, for your sake, the neighbourhood was more peaceable; but things never go as one wishes. Major Danby, I am sorry to find you in my own case; you must know I am a prisoner on parole to these American worthies; the scoundrels I had for a company in a guard-house on the Lexington road, one of old Gage's inventions, deserted me at the first brush."

"The chances of war, my dear fellow!" and the major returned his hearty shake-hands. "The chances of war have come to us both; but, between ourselves, I was not grieved to give up my garrison in yon ill-starred station, and come down here to present our fair friend to Mrs. Danby."

"Mrs. Danby is gone to Watertown," said the lieutenant. "She heard there were Indians coming to the American camp on some business, and thought it better to get out of their way."

"Oh, yes; she got into a scrape with a wild lot up yonder. Mrs. Danby does get into scrapes sometimes," said the major; "but, sir, she is a wonderful woman for teaching the ignorant, and all that sort of thing."

"So I understand;" and the lieutenant tried hard to suppress a smile. "But she started for Watertown early yesterday morning, taking her two maids with her, so I am alone in the house. But they say we gentlemen on parole will all have to go to Watertown when George Washington comes to put things in regulation. However, there is no moving just now. Major, you are in time to see a sharp action, as I think it will be; so are you, Miss Delamere, if you don't faint or go off in hysterics."

"I am a soldier's daughter, sir, and will not trouble you with anything of the kind," said the high-spirited girl.

"Bravo!" and the old officer clapped her on the back. "Wouldn't the squire be proud to hear that! Come along, then, there never was a position for seeing like the turret-room of this house. I have two famous glasses, and one of them is at your service, my girl." And the lieutenant led the way into the solitary house, and up the narrow stair, to the star-gazer's room on its roof.

## EARLY CIVILISATION.

BY GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY, OXFORD, AND CANON OF CANTERBURY.

### V.—THE CIVILISATIONS OF ASIA MINOR—PHRYGIA, LYDIA, LYCIA, THE TROAS.

**A**MONG the nations which claimed to have existed from the remotest times,\* and which even ventured to dispute the palm of antiquity with Egypt,† it is somewhat surprising to find the small and not very distinguished state of Phrygia. Phrygia was an inland tract, occupying the central portion of Asia Minor, which is an elevated plateau, bounded north and south by mountain-chains, and intersected here and there by rocky ridges. From what date the Phrygian people had really been settled in this region is exceedingly uncertain. They had congeners in Thrace,‡ and were believed by some to

have immigrated from Europe into Asia within historical memory.\* But it is doubtful, on the whole, whether this migration has any solid grounds to rest upon; and quite certain that, if a fact, it must be one belonging to very remote times, long anterior to the dawn of history. The interior of Asia Minor is known as Phrygia to Homer,† and no hint is given by him of its inhabitants being newly come into the region. Priam had in his youth helped them when they were attacked by the Amazons, and speaks of them as if they were then (about B.C. 1300) the most powerful people of the peninsula.‡ Their own traditions appear to have made them *autochthones*, or

\* See Pausan. i. 14, § 2; Apuleius, "Metaph." xi. 5; Arrian, Fr. 40; Schol. ad Apollon. Rhod. iv. 261; Claudian, "Entrop." ii. 251, etc.

† Herod. ii. 2.

‡ The Briges, whose name was another form of Phryges. (See Herod. vii. 73; Steph. Byz. ad voc. *Bpkyres*.)

\* Xanthus Lydus said that the migration had taken place subsequently to the Trojan War (Fr. 5).

† "Iliad," iii. 184.

‡ *Ibid.* ii. 185–190.

aboriginals; and it would seem that they believed the re-peopling of the earth after the flood to have begun in their country.\* Of course no great stress can be laid on such a tradition; but it is incompatible with any knowledge on their part of being recent immigrants into their territory.

The civilisation of the Phrygians was not of a high order. They were better known in the remote times for their warlike qualities than for any progress which they had made in the useful or ornamental arts. Homer celebrates their martial ardour† and the skill with which they managed their chariots,‡ but says nothing of their occupations in peace. Other writers note their proficiency in boxing.§ As time went on, however, they developed a civilisation, the impulse towards which may have been given from without, but which had features that were peculiar. They sculptured rock-tombs unlike any found elsewhere, and adorned them with an elegant patterning, accompanied by inscriptions.|| They invented a musical style of a stirring and martial character, which was adopted as one of their main styles by the Greeks.¶ They applied themselves, if we may believe Diodorus,\*\* to nautical matters, and for the space of twenty-five years held the command of the Mediterranean Sea. One of their tribes†† distinguished itself in metallurgy, and from their wonderful skill acquired the reputation of being magicians. In connection with their music, they composed odes and hymns, which they used in their religious services, and which must have had considerable merit, if they really "stimulated the development of lyric and elegiac composition" among the Greeks of Asia.‡‡

It will scarcely be argued at the present day that Phrygian civilisation began at a very early date. We cannot really trace the nation further back than about B.C. 1300, for their name is absent from the Bible, and from the early cuneiform and hieroglyphical inscriptions. Homer is the earliest authority for their existence; and Homer, as above remarked, represents them as a warlike, but scarcely as a civilised, people. Their written characters are evidently derived from the Phœnician,§§ and were probably communicated to them at the time of their naval supremacy, or about B.C. 903-878. Their rock-sculptures are most likely later than this. The king Midas, whose tomb and inscription still remain at Döğanlı, near the ancient Cötysseum, is probably the monarch of the name whom Eusebius||| made a contemporary of Hezekiah (B.C. 726-697). He is, perhaps, the same with the Midas whom Herodotus mentions as the first foreigner to send offerings to Delphi;¶¶ and he possibly may be the *Mita* whom Sargon speaks of as one of his West-Asian antagonists.\*\*\* It is not clear that a Phrygian monarchy had

existed very long before this. In the Homeric times no king is mentioned; and the traditional Gordias, the founder of the kingdom,\* if he be a real personage, may have been the father of this Midas, and have ascended the throne about B.C. 750. The most flourishing period of Phrygia must be placed between B.C. 750 and B.C. 565. For centuries anterior to B.C. 750 it had been an important military power—probably the chief power of Asia Minor—but we have no evidence of its condition at this period, and cannot say whether it was civilised or barbarous.

The history of Lydia is carried back by ancient writers very considerably beyond that of Phrygia. According to Herodotus,† the country had been ruled by three dynasties in succession before its conquest by Cyrus (B.C. 554)—the first of them sprung from a certain Lydus, son of Atys; the next descended from the Grecian Hercules, and known as Heracleids; the third descended from Gyges, son of Dascylus, and known as Mermnads. To the Mermnad dynasty he assigned 170 years;‡ to the Heracleids 505 years;§ to the dynasty which preceded the Heracleids he could assign no definite duration,—their origin was lost in the mists of antiquity, falling into the remote period when history melts into fable and legend. A settled monarchy had thus, according to the belief of Herodotus, existed in Lydia from a date at least as early as B.C. 1400; for we can scarcely allow to his first dynasty a less period than two centuries. The views of Herodotus are borne out to a certain extent by notices in other writers. Diodorus said|| that the Lydians had held the command of the Mediterranean for ninety-two years—from B.C. 1182 to B.C. 1090. Xanthus, the Lydian, who wrote the history of his native country in Greek during the lifetime of Herodotus, appears by his fragments to have recognised the three dynasties of that writer,¶ and to have claimed for the Lydian kingdom at least as high an antiquity.\*\* Homer does not throw much light on the subject. He does not use the name of "Lydians" at all; but it is generally agreed that the Méones, whom he brings from Mount Tmolus to the assistance of Priam,†† represent the Lydian people.

It has commonly been allowed that Herodotus's third, or Mermnad, dynasty is historical.‡‡ Gyges, its first monarch, was contemporary with the Greek poet Archilochus, who mentioned him in his writings.§§ He sent magnificent offerings to Delphi, which were seen by Herodotus, and which the priests called "Gygian."||| Recently, his name has been found in the inscriptions of the contemporary Assyrian monarch, Sardanapalus,¶¶ who says that Gyges sent him presents, and accepted for a time the position of an Assyrian tributary. There is thus no shadow of

\* Steph. Byz. ad voc. *Λύδιον*. Compare the Phrygian coins which represent the Deluge (Mionnet, "Descriptions des Médailles," vol. iv. pp. 234-7; and "Bible Educator," vol. i. pp. 32-5).

† *Θρύγες αὐτὸς ἔφην καὶ Ἀσκάριος θεοειδής, Τῆλ' δὲ Ἀσκαρίας μέγας ἐδούμην μάχεσθαι*. Hom. "Ilad." ii. 802-3.

‡ *Θρύγας, ἄνθρωπος αἰολοκόλου*. "Ilad." iii. 185.  
§ Theocrit. "Idyll." xiii. 76-180; Apollon. Rhod. i. 937-954; Apollod. "Bibliothec." ii. 5, § 2.

¶ See Texier, "Asie Mineure," vol. i. p. 155; and for the inscriptions, cf. the author's "Herodotus," vol. i. p. 547, 2nd edition.

¶¶ Grote, "History of Greece," vol. ii. p. 402 (ed. of 1862).

\*\* Ap. Euseb. "Chron. Can." i. 36.

†† The Dactyli of Mount Ida. (See "Phœnicia," Fr. 5.)

‡‡ So Mr. Grote ("Hist. of Greece," vol. ii. p. 408).

§§ See the author's "Herodotus," i. a. c.

||| "Chron. Can." ii. p. 321.

¶¶ Herod. i. 14.

\*\*\* See "Ancient Monarchies," vol. ii. p. 422, 1st ed., and compare Sir H. Rawlinson's note in the author's "Herodotus," vol. i. p. 131, note 6; 2nd edition.

\* Arrian, "Exp. Alex." ii. 3; Justin xi. 7.

† Herod. i. 7-13.

‡ This number is obtained by adding together the years assigned to the several kings. It is probably in excess, since it produces an average of thirty-four years to a reign.

§ Herod. i. 7.

|| Ap. Euseb. "Chron. Can." i. 36.

¶ See the "Fragments" in C. Müller's "Fragmenta Historicorum Græcorum," vol. i. pp. 86-43; and compare the fragments of Nicolaus Damascenus in the same work, vol. iii. pp. 380-336. This latter writer almost certainly followed Xanthus.

\*\* Xanthus made a Lydian general found Ascalon (Fr. 23), which was a flourishing town in the time of Joshua (Judg. i. 18)—about B.C. 1500.

†† "Ilad." ii. 864-5. Herodotus tells us that the Lydians were originally called Méones (i. 7).

‡‡ Thirlwall, "History of Greece," vol. ii. p. 158; Grote, "History of Greece," vol. ii. p. 408.

§§ Herod. i. 12; Arist. "Rhet." iii. 17.

||| Herod. i. 14.

¶¶ See Mr. G. Smith's "History of Assyria," pp. 64, 71, and 73.

doubt that a powerful and civilised monarchy was established on the west coast of Asia Minor at least as early as the beginning of the seventh century.

With regard to the second, or Heracleid, dynasty, there is more doubt. That a family distinct from that of the Mermnads ruled in Lydia before the accession of Gyges may be pronounced certain; and the continuous list of six kings, preserved by Nicolas of Damascus,\* and taken by him most probably from Xanthus, seems to deserve acceptance as historical. But beyond this all is uncertain. We do not know what authority the Lydian informants of Herodotus had for their statement that the second dynasty contained twenty-two kings in a direct line, whose reigns conjointly made up the number of 505 years. The statement itself is exceedingly improbable;† and it seems on the whole unlikely that the Lydians of the fifth century B.C. were in possession of authentic records and of an exact chronology reaching back between 700 and 800 years. Their estimate can scarcely have been anything better than a rough guess at the time that the (so-called) Heracleid dynasty had lasted. It may easily have been something worse. It may have been an attempt to support by an apparent synchronism the idea of a connection between the royal houses of Assyria and Lydia, dating from the thirteenth century B.C., which some of the Lydians seem clearly to have asserted.‡ But this supposed connection is probably a pure fiction,§ the offspring of national vanity, without any foundation in fact. If the chronology was really invented to bolster up this figment, it does not deserve a moment's consideration, but may be consigned at once to oblivion.

As for the first Herodotean dynasty, its non-historical character has been almost universally admitted.|| The kings assigned to it are clearly mythical personages, belonging, not to the nation's history, but to its pantheon. Manes is the *heros eponymus* of the Mœones, or Mæones; Atys and Cotys are gods; Lydus and Asies are again eponymous heroes; Meles is an ideal founder of the capital. History begins at the earliest with the Heracleids; but scarcely with Agron, who is not more real than Brute the Trojan, or than Hengist and Horsa, sons of Witgils, and great-grandsons of Odin. We cannot trace the Heracleids further back than about B.C. 850; the dynasty may have commenced some centuries earlier, but we really *know* nothing of Lydia before the ninth century.

From this time, however, if not even earlier, the Lydians appear to have been civilised. The wealth which Gyges boasted descended to him from the Heracleid kings, who doubtless washed the sands of Pactolus, and worked the mines of Tmolus for many generations. Commercial activity must have commenced and have made much progress under their sway, if, as seems tolerably certain, the invention of coined money was made by the Lydians during the

time of their sovereignty.\* This invention implies a high degree of mercantile intelligence, and can scarcely have been made until commercial transactions with foreign nations had become both numerous and intricate. Herodotus tells us that the Lydians, so far as he knew, were the first to engage in retail trade as a profession;† and among the nations of Western Asia they were noted for industry, for mental activity, and for a readiness to hold intercourse with foreign countries. They were skilled in music,‡ and invented a style of their own, which the Greeks regarded as soft and effeminate. They claimed to have invented a variety of games at a very remote period.§ They were ship-builders, and did not shrink from the perils of long voyages.|| In glyptic art their early coins show them to have made some progress, for the animal forms upon these coins have considerable merit.¶ They were well acquainted with the art of squaring and polishing hard stone and marble. If the rock-sculptures existing in their country\*\* are to be ascribed to them, we must give them credit for some grandeur of conception, as well as for a power of executing such works under difficulties.

A grandeur of conception is also evidenced by the most remarkable of all the Lydian works which are still extant. The barrow, or tumulus, is a somewhat rude and common construction, requiring no great mechanical skill, and possessing little impressiveness, unless it is of vast size. The Lydians having adopted this simple form, which appears also in the neighbouring Troad,†† for the tombs of their kings, gave dignity and majesty to their works by the scale on which they constructed them. The largest of them all, the famous "tomb of Alyattes," Herodotus compares with the monuments of Egypt and Babylon.‡‡ It was a conical mound, above a thousand feet in diameter, emplaced upon a basement of hewn stone, and crowned with five *stela*, or pillars, bearing inscriptions. It covered more space than the Great Pyramid, but can scarcely have had so great an elevation. In its centre it contained a sepulchral chamber, eleven feet long, eight broad, and seven high, formed of large blocks of white marble highly polished.§§ It stood on the summit of a range of limestone hills which skirts the valley of the Hermus on the north, and is still "a conspicuous object on all sides."|||

Herodotus speaks as if this tumulus had in his day stood alone. It is scarcely possible, however, that this was really so. The monument stands now in the midst of a necropolis of similar tombs, all of which are seemingly of at least equal antiquity. Modern travellers have counted more than sixty of these tumuli; and among them are three or four¶¶ but

\* See the "Fragm. Hist. Gr." vol. III. pp. 380-3.

† A continuous descent from father to son for twenty-two generations, without any failure of male offspring, or even any descent to a grandson, is very unlikely.

‡ The supposed genealogy of the first Heracleid king, who was said to have been "son of *Nessus* and grandson of *Belus*," proves this.

§ There is no trace in the Assyrian inscriptions of any connection between Lydia and Assyria prior to the time of Gyges. Assyrian influence does not previously extend beyond Cilicia, Cappadocia, and perhaps South-eastern Phrygia.

|| Heeren, "Manual of Ancient History," p. 478, E. T.; Grote, "Hist. of Greece," vol. II. p. 408; Volney, "Recherches sur l'Histoire Ancienne," vol. I. p. 306; P. Smith, "Ancient History," vol. I. p. 252-3, etc.

\* If the Lydians invented coined money, as asserted by Herodotus (I. 94), Xenophanes of Colophon (ap. Poll. ix. 33), and others, they must have done so before the time of Phœden I, who introduced coined money into Argolis. But Phœden I flourished about B.C. 750, or half a century before Gyges.

† Herod. I. 94.

‡ On the Lydian music, see Mr. Grote's "History of Greece," vol. II. pp. 402-7; and compare Professor Donkin's article in Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," ad voc. *MUSICA*.

§ As dice, huckle-bones, and ball. (See Herod. I. 94.)

|| So Herodotus, I. 94. Compare the statement of Diodorus (ap. Euseb. "Can. Chron." I. 36), that they once held the command of the Mediterranean.

¶ See the author's "Herodotus," vol. I. p. 567.

¶¶ Texier, "Asie Mineure," vol. II. p. 304; Hamilton, "Researches in Asia Minor," vol. I. p. 50.

†† Schliemann's "Troy and its Remains," p. 173, and plate opposite.

‡‡ Herod. I. 93.

§§ See the author's "Herodotus," vol. I. p. 184, note 6.

||| Hamilton, vol. I. p. 146.

¶¶ Chandler, "Tour in Asia Minor," p. 302.

little inferior in size to the "tomb of Alyattes." These are, in all probability, the tombs of other (previous) Lydian kings, whose works Alyattes determined to outdo when he raised his great sepulchre. The size and number of the tumuli render this Lydian necropolis a most impressive sight. "It is impossible," says Mr. Hamilton,\* a traveller rarely moved to admiration, "to look upon this collection of gigantic mounds, three of which are distinguished by their superior size, without being struck with the power and enterprise of the people by whom they were erected, and without admiring the energies of the nation who endeavoured to preserve the memories of their kings and ancestors by means of such rude and lasting monuments."

Lydian civilisation belongs, then (so far as appears), to the three centuries commencing B.C. 850, and terminating B.C. 550. Like Phrygian civilisation, it was (apparently) of home growth, only very slightly affected by the influence of Egypt, or of Assyria, or even of Phœnicia. The chief mark which it left behind it was the invention of coined money, whereby it gave an impetus to trade and commerce that can scarcely be too highly appreciated. In other respects it was not a civilisation of a high order. It did not affect literature, or science, or even art, otherwise than slightly. It probably, however, had some refining and softening influence on social intercourse and manners. Though the character of the Lydians for luxury and effeminacy belongs especially to later times,† to the period when they had become subjects of the Persian or Macedonian monarchy, yet we may trace, under the independent kingdom, the germs of this soft temper. Anacreon, who lived at the time of the Persian conquest, and can scarcely have lived long enough to note a change of character produced by subjection, pointedly remarked upon it.‡ It was alluded to by Sappho,§ his earlier contemporary. Herodotus, in his story of Gyges, in his account of Lydian manners during the reign of Alyattes, and in his description of the court of Croesus, implies it.|| Lydia must have played an important part in polishing and humanising the Greeks, to whom they were for a century and a half the main representatives of Asiatic civilisation.

In the south-western corner of Asia Minor we have traces of a third civilisation, which, though somewhat later than the two that we have been considering, is so united to them by locality, and so near to them in respect of time, as to render its conjunction with them in this review of early civilisations natural, if not necessary. Lycia extended along the southern coast of the peninsula from long. 28° 40' to 30° 40', comprising the fertile valleys of the Calbis and Xanthus, together with a large quantity of picturesque mountain country. It was inhabited by various warlike tribes, who maintained their independence¶ down to the time when Cyrus, having conquered Croesus (B.C. 554), commanded his general, Harpagus, to complete the subjugation of Asia Minor. Harpagus reduced the Lycians after en-

countering a desperate resistance,\* and apparently received as his reward the satrapy, or rather sub-satrapy,† of Lycia, which continued to be held by his descendants for eighty or a hundred years as a hereditary fief. During this period we find a style of architecture and of glyptic art existing in the country, which is very surprising.‡ The Lycians either carve themselves sepulchral chambers out of the solid rock, or build themselves tombs of large masses of squared stone, in each case fashioning their sepulchres after the form of either a temple or a house, and adorning them with bas-reliefs, which approach nearly to the excellence of the best Greek art. These early Lycian sculptures furnish a most curious problem. They are so Greek in character as to suggest strongly the idea of Greek influence. But they are accompanied by Lycian inscriptions, and they belong apparently to a time when Persia, and not Greece, was mistress of the territory.§ The question arises, Did art make the leap from the sculptures of Assyria to those of Lycia in Asia, without the help of the Greeks? and was Greece indebted to Lycia for the great bulk of those high qualities which are usually regarded as exclusively characterising the artistic productions of Hellas? If so, the Lycians deserve to stand on a pedestal among the Asiatic nations, and to be regarded as constituting a most important link in the long series whereby the torch of knowledge has been handed on from age to age, and the gains made in early times by primitive Asiatic races have become the heritage of Europe and the common possession of modern civilised nations.

Nor are the Lycian sculptures important only as indicating the high artistic excellence to which the nation had attained. They show in the details of dress and furniture an advanced state of upholstery and of textile industry,|| which we should certainly not have expected to find among a people so little known and so seldom mentioned by ancient writers.¶ We must conclude from the reliefs assigned to the middle of the sixth century B.C. that the Lycians were already, at the time of the Persian conquest, on a par with any other Asiatic nation in the comforts and luxuries of life, while they excelled all other Asiatics in artistic merit and genius.

It is in accordance with the general idea which we thus obtain of Lycian civilisation, to find that the position of women in Lycia was much higher than that usually assigned to the weaker sex by Orientals. Citizenship and nobility were transmitted in Lycia by the female line; and men, in tracing their genealogies, gave the list of their female, and not of their male, ancestors.\*\* Moreover, the Lycian sculptors freely exhibited the forms of women in their bas-reliefs, representing them as unveiled

\* *Ibid.* i. 176.

† Lycia, according to Herodotus (iii. 90), was included with *Molis*, *Ionis*, *Caria*, and *Pamphylia*, in the first satrapy of Darius. Sub-satrapies, however, were common in Persia (Xen. "Hell." iii. 1, § 10; *Ellan.* "Hist. Var." xii. 1, etc.)

‡ For the Lycian art and architecture, see the admirable works of Sir C. Fellows, entitled "A Journal written during an Excursion in Asia Minor," and "An Account of Discoveries in Lycia." Compare also the *Travels of Forbes and Spratt*.

§ See especially the matured views of Sir C. Fellows, as stated in his "Lycian Coins" (1855), pp. 18, 19.

|| See especially the chairs, footstools, and dresses on the "Harpy Tomb," now in the British Museum.

¶ We mean "ancient" in a strict sense. From the time of their connection with Rome (B.C. 189) the Lycians are frequently mentioned; but they had then lost their Asiatic character, and become thoroughly Hellenised.

\*\* Herod. i. 178.

\* "Researches," vol. i. p. 146.

† See Grote, "Hist. of Greece," vol. ii. p. 405; and compare Herod. i. 155, 157; *Æschyl.* "Pers." 41 (ἀσποδίατοι Ἀῖδοι); Athenæus, "Deipn." xv. p. 690, C; Suidas ad voc. καρύκη.

‡ Anacreon (100) uses the word *λυδοεικής*, "Lydian-tempered," for *ἡμετέρας*, "soft-tempered."

§ Sapph. Fr. 54, ed. Schneidewin.

|| Herod. i. 8-12, 29, and 93.

¶ *Ibid.* i. 22.



before men, and as present with them at banquets.\* Herodotus, in close agreement with the monuments, notes this fact of the Caunians,† who are proved by the inscriptions of their country to have been a mere branch of the Lycian people.‡

The three civilisations of which we have treated belong most probably to the space between B.C. 850 and 450. If they ascend any higher, it is impossible, for want of records, to trace them. We may, however, gather from Homer, and from certain modern researches, that in the north-western corner of the peninsula, a civilisation of a somewhat low type was established on the banks of the Scamander some four or five centuries earlier. Whether Dr. Schliemann's discoveries are to be regarded as having brought to light the veritable city whereof Homer sang or no, at any rate they prove the existence of metallurgic and ceramic skill, and of a certain amount of ingenuity and taste in ornament at a very remote date, prior to the introduction of letters,§ and while flint and stone instruments were still employed to a large extent,|| in the district where Troy must have stood—the broad plain, bounded by hills, which is watered by the two streams of the Scamander and the Simoïs. If not the actual relics of the city of Priam, they indicate probably what the relics of that city would be if we were to find them, and what the character of its civilisation was. We cannot agree with Dr. Schliemann¶ that his discoveries reveal “a great civilisation and a great taste for art.” What we find is a knowledge of metallurgy sufficient to produce cups, vases, ornaments, and implements, some of which are cast, some wrought by the hammer, some brought into their actual shape by a fusing together of their pieces; an acquaintance with the method of hardening copper by uniting it with an alloy of tin;\*\* a power of producing terra cotta jars of a good quality, and as much as two feet in height; a tolerable taste in personal ornament, especially shown in female head-dresses, in bracelets, and in earrings;†† a fair skill in masonry; and a very moderate power of imitating animal forms.‡‡ On the other hand, we note in the entire series of remains a general clumsiness of shape, and a style of ornamentation which is rude, coarse, and childish. In no remains of antiquity have we seen less elegance than in the thirty-two pages of “whorls” with which Dr. Schliemann's work closes. The patterning, where it is imitative at all, imitates animals as children do—with dots for heads, and lines for ears, body, tail, and legs; where it is merely conventional, it is clumsy, irregular, and without beauty. The vases, cups, etc., are somewhat better. Occasionally the shapes are moderately good, but the great mass are either grotesque or clumsy. In the ornaments alone

is there any approach to artistic excellence, and even these fail to justify the raptures into which they throw the discoverer.\*

It is not unlikely that a civilisation of the character revealed to us by Dr. Schliemann's researches at Hissar-lik was spread widely over Asia Minor in times anterior to the Lydian, Phrygian, and Lycian developments. There are various remains of very primitive art in the country,‡ which are still unclassified, and which may belong to this early period. It is a marked characteristic of the art that it is of native growth, not the result of Babylonian, or Assyrian, or Egyptian, or Phœnician influence. It is, in fact, Aryan art, and the civilisation which it accompanies and indicates is Aryan civilisation. That civilisation is characterised by imagination and progressiveness in religion, by a tendency towards freedom in politics, by an elevated estimate of woman, by a general activity and industry, and by a high appreciation of art, a constant inventiveness, and a straining after ideal perfection. It was only in European communities that these tendencies fully worked themselves out; but their germs may be seen in these early Asiatic efforts, when the Aryan race, in its infancy, was trying its powers.

#### FIDDLES.

THAT the violin is the first of all instruments every musical tyro has heard, and though there are many people who refuse to accept the dictum, their dissent is founded rather on prejudice than on sound knowledge. The reasons for the preference of the violin to all other inventions for the production of sweet and melodious sound are many, and are obvious to all persons gifted with an average ear for harmony. It is the only instrument which can be said to have a perfect scale, that is, a scale complete throughout its compass—we mean a scale, if scale it can be called, comprising every variation of pitch between its highest and lowest note. Other instruments ascend and descend by steps of single notes or half-notes; the violin alone, with some asserted exceptions not worth mentioning, can glide up or down as it were by insensible gradations. Then the tones of a good violin are superior in *timbre*, or quality, to those of all other instruments, and in this respect are only to be excelled by a voice, naturally fine, which has been highly cultivated. More than this, in the hands of a finished performer, the violin is capable of infinitely greater expression than can be produced by any other means, and it is this last quality that most endears it to the profession, and has obtained for it such general favour. In able hands it can excite laughter and merriment, and it can move to tears; it can be made to express or respond to almost every mood of feeling, from the wildest peans of triumph to the sympathising means of sorrow and regret. It is little wonder that men, and women too, of sensitivity and imagination are found willing to devote their lives to its companionship, and to the cultivation of its fascinating capabilities.

The fiddle, in some form or other, seems to have existed almost from time immemorial. Whoever it

\* See especially the bas-reliefs on the tomb of Zala, in the British Museum, which, though latish, have still a strong Lycian character about them.

† Herod. i. 172.

‡ Fellows, “Lycian Coins,” p. 5.

§ We are wholly sceptical as to Dr. Schliemann's “eighteen inscriptions” (“Troy and its Remains,” p. 378). They have been interpreted as (1) these (*Ibid.* p. 51), as written in the Cyprian character from left to right (*Ibid.* p. 56), and as written in the same character from right to left (*Ibid.* p. 64). It is finally confessed (p. 399) that they are not interpreted or deciphered at all. To say they appear a mere rude patterning, in no essential respect different from the markings allowed to be patterns.

¶ “Troy and its Remains,” pp. 21, 2, 94, 112, etc.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 22.

\*\* *Ibid.* p. 361. The alloy is less than was ultimately found to be. The tin should stand to the copper as one to ten. In the “Trojan” specimens analysed it is at most as one to eleven; at least, as one to 25.

†† “Troy and its Remains,” pp. 235–310.

‡‡ *Ibid.* pp. 37, 150, 232, 237, 352, 353, etc.

\* *Ibid.* p. 335.

† See Texier, “Asie Mineure,” vol. i. pp. 222–224; Hamilton, “Researches,” vol. i. pp. 382–3, 393–5; “Transactions of Society of Biblical Archaeology,” vol. iv. pp. 336–346.

was that first discovered that a stretched string could be maintained in vibration by drawing another string across it at right angles, he it was who, if he did not invent the fiddle, really suggested the invention. The addition of more strings, the art of stopping with the fingers, and the substitution of the horse-hair bow, were after improvements. Fiddles of a rude sort were used in the East long before they were known in Europe, and for centuries before the modern

century; but they are different in shape from the ordinary model, which appears to have originated with the Cremonese makers about the beginning of the sixteenth century. The most celebrated of these makers were the Amati family, the Guarnerius family, and Stradivarius—the last being the most celebrated, partly, perhaps, from his long life, for he lived to reach the age of ninety-two, and is said to have made fiddles for nearly seventy years.



WILL GOW.

*From the portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn.*

violin had been achieved, the southern peoples of the Continent were familiar with instruments which, inasmuch as their tones were produced by the action of a bow upon their strings, must be put into the category of fiddles.

The invention of the violin as we see it to-day, as it has existed for over three hundred years past, and as it is likely to exist henceforth (for any material improvement is hardly possible), is due to the Italians—a fact which has been denied by other nations, but which is sufficiently proved by philological arguments that are irresistible. Specimens of the earliest made violins are yet to be met with, which date about as far back as the middle of the fifteenth

Let us look just for a moment at what had to be done before a really good violin could be made. The quality of the tone being for the most part dependent on the tension of the strings producing it—the greater the tension the better the tone—and the perfectly free vibration of the structure which carries them, the object to be achieved was the construction of a fabric that would bear an enormous tension, and yet be of so light a mass as to vibrate throughout its entire substance under the action of the bow. Now the tension required to bring an ordinary violin up to concert pitch is enough to lift three or four hundredweight from the ground. Bear that fact in mind, and then look at a violin by any

decent maker. You see, if you weigh it, it hardly weighs two pounds altogether, and if you take away the finger-board, scroll, neck, pegs, etc., which are all extraneous to the fabric, it scarcely weighs a pound and a-quarter. The back and the belly are less than the eighth of an inch in average thickness—the sides are not so thick as a shilling. How comes it to be strong enough to bear the monstrous tension to which it is subjected for years together without intermission, and yet to last for centuries without deterioration? The answer is, that it is a triumph—a perfect marvel—of mechanical ingenuity and of deft workmanship. Every portion of the material used bears its share of the strain; where that is most severe the parts are strengthened to meet it by the insertion of blocks of wood, small and light, which blocks are connected together by thinnest linings in such a way as to support and strengthen each other. The belly is further strengthened by a bass-bar—a small strip of wood glued under one foot of the bridge. The tension of the strings longitudinally is lessened by their downward pressure on the bridge, and the bridge is supported by the sound-post, an upright pillar of light wood (which can be shifted at pleasure) between the back and the belly. This ingenious combination of resistances must have been the outcome of numberless careful experiments, and is really a triumph of engineering. Of course, when the invention was once completed any one could imitate it; and hence the abundance of cheap fiddles which are everywhere to be met with.

The commerce in violins, under which name we include tenors, violoncellos, or basses and double-basses, is the occupation of a class of dealers comparatively few in number, and who do not come much before the public. Few men study the subject thoroughly, and without a good deal of study it is impossible, as we have heard dealers phrase it, “for a man to know what a fiddle is.” Where there are a hundred connoisseurs who can decide fairly on the merits and mastership of a painting, there is hardly one who is qualified to pronounce authoritatively on the merits of a violin, and to declare who was its maker. Like pictures, violins can be copied, and even with greater exactness. Like pictures, too, violins are often signed by their makers—that is, they have tickets pasted on the back inside, and legible through the *S* holes. But the forgers of violins, like the copyers of paintings, are given to forge these tickets, printing them with old type on old foreign ribbed paper, torn from blank leaves of old books, so that little reliance can be placed on a ticket, however genuine it looks. Still, the really accomplished connoisseur is rarely deceived. There is something in the model of a genuine Cremona—there is something in the grain of the wood, something in the carving of the scroll, something in the contour of the *S* holes and their harmony with the curves of the fabric, something in the quality and dexterity of the purfing—which distinguishes an original from a copy, and which, though it cannot be set down in words, is patent to the experienced and educated eye. Above all, there is the old Italian varnish, the composition of which baffles, and has long baffled, the forgers, and the absence of which is fatal to their complete success.

There is no reason why violins should not be made as well now as they ever have been made; and, if we are to judge by their strength of tone, the productions of some of the modern makers are in

nothing inferior to those made in Cremona two or three centuries ago; but there is a certain mellowness and fulness—not loudness—of tone that is due to age alone, and is supposed to result from the thorough dryness of the wood. It seems an odd thing to say, but it is a fact, that connoisseurs, in assessing the value of an old violin, are swayed more by the appearance of it than by the sound. If it be not of the best model; if it be too much *bombé*, or bulged; if the *S* holes are too large or are ill-shaped; if the wood is coarse or unevenly grained; if the scroll is clumsily shaped or too smoothly finished off; and especially if the varnish be not vivid and transparent, and do not bear the evidence of age and fair work in the absence of small portions of it, which have chipped off, and thus in a manner freckled the surface of the wood,—if it have any of these defects it will not be valued at the highest price. So important is the quality and condition of the varnish, that violins which would readily fetch hundreds of pounds, owing to their excellence in this one particular, would be reduced in value from hundreds of pounds to tens, and to less than that, if their varnish were removed.

There are certain violins whose history is known as well as that of the Transfiguration of Raphael or the Koh-i-noor diamond, and which are held in almost as much veneration by connoisseurs. The pedigree, by which must be understood the successive ownership, of numbers of the finest works of the Cremonese makers may be traced back for several generations. If by any chance one of them comes into the market—which does happen now and then—the event is soon known all over Europe, and the competition for it is as keen and eager as it would be for a picture by Correggio or Tintoretto, and the purchase of the one might entail as large a payment as that of the other. Still, considering the large number of violins made in Cremona by the Amati, by Stradivarius—who, working at his craft for nearly seventy years, most probably produced more than a thousand—by the Guarnerius family, and others, their coevals, imitators, and successors, there must be numbers of their works scattered throughout the Continent in the possession of persons unacquainted with their value. To discover these treasures—to dig them out of their sepulchres and to restore them to the light of day, is the business of the travelling connoisseurs, of whom there are always a few continually on the move in their speculative expeditions from one country to another. When success has crowned their efforts, they carry their prizes to London or Paris, where a fair market always awaits them. A genuine collector, a man of the right spirit, would make nothing of starting for the Cape, or for Syria, or, indeed, anywhere, if he but knew there was a reasonable chance of dealing for a genuine article on his arriving at the end of his journey. We have known a man to take a trip from one end of the kingdom to another for the chance of being able to buy up the splinters of a Stradivarius which had got smashed in a railway collision; in which object he was fortunately successful; and successful, too, in reconstructing the shattered fabric, and in realising a good purse of money by the operation. Mr. C. Reade, in his capital articles on the Violin Exhibition which was held at the Kensington Museum in 1872, gives the following narrative *apropos* of the enthusiasm and romance of fiddle-dealing.

“Nearly fifty years ago a gaunt Italian, called

Luigi Tarisio, arrived in Paris one day with a lot of old Italian instruments by makers whose names were hardly known. The principal dealers, whose minds were narrowed, as is often the case, to three or four makers, would not deal with him. M. Georges Chanut, younger and more intelligent, purchased largely, and encouraged him to return. He came back next year with a better lot; and yearly increasing his funds, he flew at the highest game, and in the course of thirty years imported nearly all the finest specimens of Stradivarius and Guarnerius France possesses. He was the greatest connoisseur that ever lived, or ever can live, because he had the true mind of a connoisseur, and vast opportunities. He ransacked Italy before the tickets in the old violins had been tampered with by the dealers, in order that every brilliant masterpiece might be assigned to some popular name. To his immortal credit, he fought against this mania, and his motto was, 'To every master his due honour.' The man's whole soul was in fiddles. He was a great dealer, but a greater amateur. He had gems by him that no money would purchase—gems that he would not show to others, lest he might be tempted to sell them.

"Well, one day Georges Chanut, senior, who is perhaps the best judge of violins left, now Tarisio is gone, made an excursion to Spain, to see if he could find anything there. He found mighty little. But, coming to the shop of a fiddle-maker in Madrid—one Ortega—he saw the belly of an old bass hung up with other things. Chanut rubbed his eyes, and asked himself, was he dreaming? The belly of a Stradivarius bass roasting in a shop window! He went in, and very soon bought it for about forty francs. He then ascertained that the bass belonged to a lady of rank. The belly was full of cracks, so, not to make two bites of a cherry, Ortega (to whom the bass had been sent for repair) had made a nice new one. Chanut carried this precious fragment home, and hung it up in his shop, but not in the window, for he is too good a judge not to know the sun will take all the colour out of that maker's varnish. Tarisio came in from Italy, and his eye lighted instantly on the Stradivarius belly. He pestered Chanut till the latter sold it him for a thousand francs, and told him where the rest was. Tarisio no sooner knew this than he flew to Madrid. He learned from Ortega where the lady lived, and called on her to see it. 'Sir,' said the lady, 'it is at your disposition.' That does not mean much in Spain. When he offered to buy it, she coquetted with him, said it had been long in the family; money could not replace a thing of that kind; in short, she put on the screw, as she thought, and sold it him for about four thousand francs. What he did with the Ortega belly is not known—perhaps sold it to some person in the tooth-pick trade. He sailed exultant for Paris with the Spanish bass in a case. He never let it out of his sight. The pair were caught in a storm in the Bay of Biscay. The ship rolled; Tarisio clasped his bass tight, and trembled. It was a terrible gale, and for one whole day they were in real danger. Tarisio spoke to me of it with a shudder. I will give his real words, for they struck me at the time, and I have often thought of them since: '*Ah, my poor Mr. Reads, the bass of Spain was all but lost!*' Was not this a true connoisseur? a genuine enthusiast? Observe! There was also an ephemeral insect, called Luigi Tarisio, who would have gone down with

the bass; but that made no impression on his mind. He got it safe to Paris. A certain high priest in these mysteries called Vuillaume, with the help of a sacred vessel, called the glue-pot, soon rewadded the back and sides to the belly, and the bass, being now just what it was when the ruffian Ortega put his finger in the pie, was sold for £800, or 20,000 francs. This identical violoncello was shown at the Kensington Museum, reposing quietly in a case, '*post tot naufragia tutus*,' safe and sound after all its perils."

A word or two on fiddle-playing? How is it that though there are more male performers on the violin than on all other instruments put together, yet the appearance of a really first-rate master is so rare? Admirable players abound, and will be found in almost every trained orchestra—men who can execute any passage you set before them with ease and mastery—so admirably, indeed, that we should call them perfect masters of their art were it not that now and then, once in a generation, but scarcely oftener, there comes some prodigy of genius, with a fiddle in his hand, who plays—on it, shall we say? or rather, shall we not say that he plays upon us through that magic instrument? that he takes our senses captive, stirs our passions, rouses our emotions, and compels us to mirth or consigns us to melancholy at his will? Forty odd years ago we had Paganini. After him came his Swedish shadow, Olo Bull; and then, after an interval of many years, Joachim, who enchants us now. Not that we are unmindful of or ungrateful to such men as Mori, Sivori, and dear Old Lindley, who talked to us so lovingly out of that violoncello of his, and some one or two dozen of other accomplished artists to whom, in times past, we were indebted for so much pleasure. Why is it that the excellence which is shown by the greatest masters to be attainable is so rarely attained? Well, it may be that the answer is simple enough. The difficulty of thoroughly mastering the violin—the difficulty, that is, of combining perfect execution with brilliancy of tone and perfect expression, is so vast, that nothing short of indomitable patience and perseverance, united with those indispensable faculties which all good players must possess, will succeed in overcoming them. "Twelve years' practice," says a musical critic, "on the violin, will produce about as much proficiency as one year's practice on the piano." If that is so, we may well imagine that a man who, by dint of perseverance, has at length qualified himself to take his place in an orchestra, may content himself by merely maintaining his acquired skill, without attempting to rival the great heads of the profession. The time which some students will devote to fiddling is almost incredible. We have known a clever man to practise during every waking hour in the day, rising early and sitting up late, and sparing hardly one hour in the twenty-four for meals, for two years together, in the hope of qualifying himself for the leadership in a provincial orchestra, which, after all, he failed in doing. We have known men who fiddled in bed when they could not sleep, rather than waste the time; and others who have carried a dumb finger-board in their pockets, in order to practise the fingering of difficult passages while walking abroad or travelling by coach. It seems unaccountable that people should manifest such enthusiasm in "kittling th'airm wi' horsehair," as little Benjie phrases it in "Redgauntlet." But the truth is, there is a fascination in the bow and the finger-board of a fiddle you



love that carries you on whether you will or no, and that to a man who loves music with all his heart, it is always an act of self-denial to lay the fiddle down, while the bare sight of it at any time presents an almost irresistible temptation to take it up and bid it discourse. Fiddlers are often made the subject of cynical and sneering comment, but they have, verily, their compensations, and are more than amply repaid by the enjoyment of their social meetings, their delicious quintetts, their soothing andantes and adagios, their sounding sonatas and overtures, performed "for their own eating," as you may say, when, the world shut out, they revel in the delights of harmony, and desire no greater pleasure.

Nathaniel, or Neil Gow, whose portrait accompanies this article, has the reputation of being the greatest of Scotch violin players. We add a few particulars of his life from the "Raeburn Portraits" (Elliott, Edinburgh), to which we recently referred (p. 158), and to which also we are indebted for the original of our engraving. He was born at Inver, near Dunkeld, in 1727. His taste for music early showed itself. At the age of nine he began to play, and was said to be self-taught, until about his thirteenth year, when he received instructions from John Cameron, an attendant of Sir George Stewart of Grandtully. His progress as a musician was singularly rapid. A public trial having been proposed

amongst a few of the best players of the country, young Neil was with difficulty prevailed upon to enter the lists. The prize was awarded him by the cheerful consent of the other competitors, the umpire, a blind man, declaring he "could distinguish the *stroke of Neil's bow* amongst a hundred players." And here, accordingly, was Gow's *forte*. His bow-hand was uncommonly powerful. When the *up bow* note in others was feeble and indistinct, in his hands it was struck with a strength and certainty which never failed to delight and surprise the listener. To this extraordinary power of the bow must be ascribed the singular expression which he gave to all his music. Having obtained the notice of the Athole family and the Duchess of Gordon, he was soon introduced into the fashionable world. Besides his accomplishments in playing, Gow also excelled in the composition of Scottish melodies, and these were set and prepared for publication by his son Nathaniel, who inherited much of his father's musical genius. In private life Gow had faults, but was distinguished by unpretending manners, kindly disposition, strong good sense, and singular penetration into character. Four likenesses of him were painted by Sir Henry Raeburn—one for the County Hall, Perth, the others for the Duke of Athole, Lord Grey, and William Maule, afterwards Lord Panmure. Neil's death took place in 1807, in the eightieth year of his age.

## BOY AND MAN:

### A TALE FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

#### CHAPTER III.—ROUGHING IT.

"O, thou child of many prayers,  
Life hath quicksands, life hath snares."  
—Longfellow.

THE passengers, alighting from Berry's tilted cart, found themselves at a pair of large iron gates, through which they were led across a paved yard to the house, and were there shown into a small room near the entry. The fire was nearly out, and they were kept waiting for some minutes, very cold and weary.

"This is the jaw-room," said Mr. Sparrow; "this is where the fellows come when old Bearward sends for them to blow them up. I hate this room; I've had so much of it."

Presently Mr. Bearward appeared. He was a stout man, with a large face, the greater part of which was mouth and chin, the lower jaw projecting hard and square. He had cold-looking grey eyes, with long bushy eyebrows meeting together over a thick but short nose. His hair was grizzled, bristling up about the temples, but leaving the back of his head bald. He appeared to be in rude health, the cares of scholastic life sitting lightly upon him, which was more than he himself did upon anything else, for he was tall in proportion to his breadth, and might have weighed sixteen or seventeen stone. The expression of his face was generally stern, and his features motionless, except under the excitement of wrath or dinner. Yet he had a pleasant smile sometimes; at least, the boys all thought so when they were fortunate enough to witness it, which was

not very often. Even then the effect was rather like basking in a moonbeam for want of the sun.

The Rev. Joseph Bearward's moon was full when he entered the jaw-room, and welcomed the newcomers.

"Well, Sparrow," he said; "glad to see you. How did you leave your father? How are all at home? And you are Master Armiger, I suppose? How are your parents? Oh, I forgot! Good evening, Mrs. Baggerly; you have found your way down to us. I hope you have had a pleasant journey. You would like some refreshment, no doubt. Mrs. Bearward, I am sorry to say, is rather indisposed; she will see you to-morrow. Sparrow, you know your way to the schoolroom; you can take Armiger with you; or perhaps he would rather go to the nursery till bedtime?"

Armiger liked the idea of the nursery best, but would not say so. "Whichever you please, Mr. Bearward," he replied; "I don't care."

"Don't care was ate by a bear," observed Mrs. Baggerly, virtuously. "When your kind master gives you a choice of comforts, it is ill-mannered to say you 'don't care!'"

"We will not be hard upon him to-night, Mrs. Baggerly. He is a new boy, and has not yet learnt our ways. He did not mean to be rude."

"I meant to say, I would do whatever you thought best, sir," said the boy.

"Of course. Go to the nursery then; it will be more comfortable. We can introduce you to-morrow to the schoolroom."

The new boy was taken to the nursery, which

should rather have been called the sick-room, or hospital. It was a long, low chamber, at one end of which a comfortable fire was burning, with two or three boys sitting near it. They looked at Armiger with curiosity, and invited him, after a short inspection, to "Come on." The usual questions were put, such as "What's your name? Where do you live? What's your father? How much money have you got?" And then John Armiger made some inquiries on his part, of a less personal character, and was answered, though not always amiably or truly.

"My name's Chalk," said one of the boys, "and my nature's chilblain. I've got broken ones that big," showing half his hand; "and I have been in this room for a month, and done no lessons; and I like it. Do you have chilblains? 'cause it's very jolly—broken ones you know; it's no good if they aint broken."

"And my name's Pickle," said another; "at least, that's what they call me, and I've forgotten the other, nearly. I burnt my foot with a hot coal that one of the boys put into my boot for fun, so that's a hotblain; and the doctor keeps me here, and I don't like it; so tell us a story to make the time fly."

John Armiger felt too tired and out of spirits then to tell a story, though he might have done it well at any other time; and presently some tea was brought by a good-natured servant, whom the boys called Betty; and soon after that, at Betty's suggestion, he went upstairs to bed. He passed through two dormitories before he reached the one in which he was to sleep. They were all alike, cold-looking and comfortless; there were in each six or seven beds, half-testers, with white dimity hangings and white counterpanes; the windows were large and had white blinds, but no curtains. Altogether the rooms looked like a scene in the Arctic regions, and the beds like icebergs, as John had seen them in a diorama of Captain Ross's polar expedition. He would hardly have been surprised to see them begin swaying and bowing to each other to slow music, as icebergs are accustomed to do in dioramas when the sea is rough. He undressed as quickly as he could, knelt down and said his prayers, and then crept between the sheets, where he lay wide awake, shivering and lonely.

After a short time a trampling noise was heard upon the stairs, and a troop of boys appeared, of all ages and sizes, from eight to eighteen, rushing into the room, laughing and talking. An usher followed them, but took very little notice of anything they said or did.

"Where is he?" they cried. "Where's the new boy?"

"Here he is," said Sparrow, acting the part of a showman; "walk up, gentlemen, and see the last new specimen from Peckham Rye." And they all crowded round him, and stood looking at his head, with its linen nightcap tied under the chin, as if he had been some strange animal.

"What's your name? What's your father? How much money have you got?" These inevitable questions were many times repeated, till the usher cried out "Silence," and said time was up, and he would give them only one more minute before he took away the candle. Then they flung off their clothes and went to their beds in couples, where they sat for a few minutes shivering in their nightshirts, and looking like polar bears swaying about upon their

favourite icebergs, until, with desperate plunges, they dived beneath the chilly sheets, and disappeared till daylight.

There was, however, a great deal of talking and questioning to which the darkness was no obstacle, till the new boy, vexed and weary, not to say disgusted, declared he would answer no more questions, and begged them to be silent. This provoked them.

"You want a good liking," said one of them. "If it was not so cold I'd get up and give it you. Hawkes Major, you can reach his bed, hit him a dig in the eye for me; I'll pay him the rest to-morrow."

"Let him alone, can't you," growled Sparrow; "let him go to sleep; you can fight it out by daylight. It's a shame to bully him now, poor little animal."

And so John Armiger was allowed to rest, after many more threats and promises had been uttered; and at length silence reigned.

Poor little—animal! That was not exactly the word used, however. It is necessary to suppress or modify a great deal of the conversation that went on in the dormitories at Mr. Bearward's. Yet it was kindly meant; it was spoken pitifully—poor little —! and though not complimentary in itself, John Armiger was touched by it, for it was the first friendly token that he had received since the guard shook hands with him at Bedworth. He was sorely in need of comfort; and now that he was left to himself, and none could see him, he buried his face under the sheet, and tears flowed freely over his cheeks and down his throat. It was with difficulty that he could refrain from sobbing aloud, but he thrust his handkerchief into his mouth, and would rather have choked himself than let his distress be known. He had the spirit of King Lear in hiding his grief from those who would have mocked it,—

"You think I'll weep—

No; I'll not weep. I have full cause of weeping;  
But this heart shall burst into a hundred thousand flaws  
Or e'er I weep."

Poor little fellow! He had indeed full cause of weeping. It may be questioned whether men in after-life are capable of any keener anguish, any greater depths of misery and loneliness, than that of a young child, who has been tenderly brought up, when he is sent forth into a large and ill-disciplined boarding-school, separated from his friends and each familiar object of his life, deprived of all the tenderness and comfort of his home, and cast, for a period of time which in prospect seems endless, among strangers, coarse, selfish, shameless. The boys at Cubbinghame were utterly demoralised. There were no gentle influences to draw forth their better dispositions, no generous confidence on the part of their masters to excite their sense of honour and good feeling. Left chiefly to the management of ushers, who had no love for their occupation, and therefore no friendly intercourse with their pupils, the discipline, such as it was, was dependent upon a system of tale-bearing and espionage, and enforced by punishments severe and degrading in their nature. To deceive the masters and to shirk their duties was considered by the boys not only clever, but justifiable and right. "All is fair," says the proverb, "in love and war." There was war between masters and pupils at Cubbinghame, generally, though

tacitly, acknowledged. The boys therefore grew up with minds uncultivated, manners unformed, the best instincts and affections of their nature not only uncherished, but repressed and chilled; children in age, with all the licence and little of the decency and self-restraint of older persons; wanting in modesty, sincerity, and even common honesty, and going on usually from bad to worse. Such was the unhappy state of many of the large private boarding-schools of the period of this story, maintained by worthless and incompetent persons for mere purposes of gain; and such, it may be feared, is the condition of some even now, in these more enlightened and more favoured times.

Oh, parents and guardians! Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Judd! You never had—you never will have—a more weighty and responsible duty to discharge than when you fix upon a boarding-school for your young children.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The converse is equally and even more generally true: train him up in the way he should not go, and there is little hope indeed that he will turn aside and choose a better path. "The boy is father of the man." Upon the teaching and direction of his early years, the whole of his after-life depends—the whole question of future happiness for time and for eternity.

But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and little hearts can bear great burdens. John Armiger had said his prayers to some purpose before he left home, kneeling every night and morning by his bedside; and he could say them now with his head buried under the bedclothes. There he poured out his heart, as well as his tears, to that Father who maketh the orphan his especial care, and who seeth in secret. The child was comforted; he felt that he should have strength to bear all that might be laid upon him. He resolved that, God helping him, he would never, never yield, no, nor consent in word or even in thought to the wickedness which it was too evident he must expect to hear and see around him. What if he might, even young and simple as he was, do good to some, encourage some who, like himself, were bent on better things! Never too soon to be useful! Even the guard had said, more than once, "I maunt swear, mun I?" And yet it had been without any thought of doing good that he had spoken to him as he did at Highgate, and again afterwards, but only, as it were, by accident. Why might he not do the same at Cubbinghame? At all events he would keep himself pure from all evil habits. And with these good resolves, he fell asleep.

The reader will perhaps be tempted to remark that this John Armiger was an extraordinarily good little boy, too good to be natural, too good to live. He may expect to hear, presently, that he falls ill, and after lingering for some time, and bearing his affliction in an exemplary manner, dies, as usually happens to good children in story-books. If he is really a good boy so far, it may be because he has hitherto been kept out of harm's way, and has been well and wisely educated. There are the same seeds of evil in him as in other boys. It remains to be seen how far the integrity of his conscience will be maintained under the altered circumstances of his life. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," a truth universally acknowledged, and confirmed by divine sanction. "Can a man touch a chimney-sweep,

and not be defiled by his soot?" says Epictetus. Let us hope that our good little boy will not carry away with him more soot than is inevitable, and that he will know how to cleanse himself of it before it becomes ingrained. We may promise, at all events, that he shall not die, nor depart out of these pages without being first put to the proof.

#### CHAPTER IV.—"CAN YOU FIGHT?"

"I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none."—*Shakespeare.*

JOHN ARMIGER was awakened soon after daylight by the ringing of a bell on the roof of the house, and by the noise of the bell-rope, which passed through the ceiling of his bedroom, and, down in a corner, through the floor into the entrance-hall beneath. He looked about him with surprise, not knowing where he was or what had happened to him. The other boys got up in haste, shuffled into their clothes, and disappeared one after another from the chamber.

"You'd better get up, young one," said Sparrow; "there's only twenty minutes allowed for everything, and ten's gone already."

"Where am I to wash?" Armiger asked, looking round the room, which contained no furniture of any kind except the beds and two or three chairs.

"Across the yard," Sparrow replied; "look sharp, and I'll show you."

Armiger slipped on his clothes and followed him downstairs and into the playground. It was a large gravelled enclosure, bounded on two sides by the school buildings, and on the other two by brick walls. Detached from the house and dormitories was the lavatory, a cold-looking, whitewashed place, paved with brick, and open to the slates inside. A number of boys were near the open door, wiping their cheeks and fingers with their towels, combing their hair, and dancing about to make their feet warm.

"Where's your towel?" Sparrow asked.

"I don't know," the boy replied.

"You must go to your friend, Mrs. Baggerly, for it. She unpacks the boxes, I suppose. Mrs. Gee used to do it, and she's come in Mrs. Gee's place. Run and get it as quickly as you can, and your brush and comb, too."

Mrs. Baggerly told him he must wait "awhile" till she could attend to him.

"I shall be late for school," said the boy.

"I can't help that," she replied; "you must wait."

Meeting Betty in the passage, he made known his wants to her.

"Come in here," said Betty, kindly. "Sit ye down by the fire. Mr. Sprigg won't say anything to you to-day, as you're a new boy. Sit down and warm yourself, and I'll see to you presently." So she kept him in the nursery, in spite of Mrs. Baggerly, till she could find what he wanted, and then took him to the lavatory, which by that time was deserted, the boys having been summoned by a second peal of the bell to school.

The lavatory smelt strongly of stale soapsuds. Troughs, divided up into numerous small compartments, were fixed against the walls, and supplied by a pump at one end with water, which flowed through all the series, and was drawn off at the other end after the ablutions were finished. As a

consequence of this arrangement, which was looked upon as a masterpiece of ingenuity by the carpenter who had constructed it, the first division was kept tolerably clean, while the last, through which all the dirty water from the others had to pass, was always more or less polluted.

"You can wash where you like this morning," said Betty; "but I'm afraid you'll have to fight for your place to-morrow. Duffer, he's cock of the school, so he has the first piggin, as they call it; and the littles boy, leastways the weakest, has the last. Goodchild minimus washes here, and he has this brick to stand on, because he is so small. You must come in where you can get."

John Armiger had been accustomed to have plenty of clean water in his own comfortable room. He found it very different now, but applied himself to Duffer's piggin, and washed his red nose and fingers, standing upon the frozen bricks, with the keen air blowing in through the broken windows, and made the best of it. He had been told that he must expect hardships at school, and had made up his mind to bear them. If the hardships were only of this kind, he thought, it would not matter much. He should get used to them, he supposed; though it was certainly very cold, and the piggins at the other end of the series looked very disagreeable. But he had heard and seen enough in the dormitory to expect greater troubles than these. About the fighting, too! Was he to fight for everything, even for a piggin to wash in? His uncle had cautioned him not to be quarrelsome; and his aunt had especially charged him never to fight. Then there was the Scripture precept, not to give blow for blow, but if smitten on the one cheek to offer the other. How was all this to be managed? Was he to be satisfied with the lowest piggin? or ought he to claim one higher up, and fight for it? Then the thought struck him suddenly that he had forgotten to say his prayers, he had been so hurried; how would this be in the future? He had not seen any of the other boys kneel down, either night or morning. Could he act differently from all the rest? and should he ever be alone? He would improve the present opportunity, at all events. So he knelt down upon Goodchild minimus' brick, and said the prayers which he had learnt at home, adding a few earnest words upon the impulse of the moment, and then felt more comfortable and hopeful.

Soon afterwards the bell rang again, and he saw a great number of boys come from the schoolroom and run along an open corridor to another room, whither, with some hesitation, he followed them. Tables were spread there for breakfast, and the boys were hurrying to their seats. Finding that nobody took any notice of him, John chose a place for himself near some boys of his own age and size, and sat down. There was nothing eatable upon the table, but a tin mug in front of each boy, which was presently filled with tepid milk and water from a jug that was carried round—"water and milk," or "two to one," the boys called it. Then Mrs. Baggerly appeared, distributing bread-and-butter, three small slices to every boy. These were quickly dispatched, and all was over; it was no use asking for more. There was grace before and after the repast, and most of the boys left off as they had begun, with appetite. Those who happened to be unwell, or from any other cause did not consume their slices, sold their surplus stock to the others for halfpence.

There were plenty of buyers, and payment was generally made in promises, to be redeemed on Saturday, which was the day for pocket-money. Hungry boys who had neither money nor credit looked wistfully at those who were more fortunate, and longed for dinner-time; and John Armiger, being very homesick, though he would not own it, won great favour by distributing his slices to his neighbours right and left, asking no payment.

At half-past nine there was "school in," and at one, dinner, likewise on the frugal system; for though the diet was supposed to be "unlimited," boys were not allowed to speak, but must hold up their hands if they wanted more; and as the waiters and carvers looked persistently out of the window instead of towards the table, the signals were generally unheeded; and while the semaphores were yet in action the table was rapped for grace, and all was over.

This first day of John Armiger's experience was Saturday, and a half-holiday; and the weather being fine, the boys were to go afield upon the hill near the playground, and there amuse themselves. After perambulating this new region, John, finding himself alone, sat down on a green bank to survey the sports of the day. Presently two or three boys passed him. "The new fellow," said one of them; and they all returned and stood looking at him. The usual questions were asked; then one of the boys knocked his hat off playfully; another shook hands with him and twisted his wrist suddenly, so as to cause him great pain; but he said nothing, and they went their way. After a time, some other and younger boys came; and they sat down by him, and began to talk and make acquaintance in a more friendly spirit. Then the boy who had promised Armiger a thrashing on the previous night was seen approaching.

"You had better come away," said one of his companions to Armiger; "there's Bully Brown; he never can let any one alone."

But before they could escape, Brown called after them. "Come here, you sir. Now, then, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Armiger had nothing to say, and said it.

"Don't be sulky," said Brown; "what did I promise you last night? Can you fight? I owe you a thrashing myself; but I'll let you off if you have any pluck. Here's Bootle: he's about your size; we'll soon see what you're made of. Stand up to him, Bootle."

Armiger began to fear that he was in for a fight. He had resolved that he would never fight. He would submit to any amount of ill-treatment and abuse rather than stand up to fight for fighting's sake. If driven to it, he must, of course, defend himself; but for two boys who had no cause of quarrel to punch and maul each other for the amusement of others, being set together and goaded on like two dogs, the very thought of it was most repugnant to him. "I'm not going to fight," he said; "you may do what you like, but I won't fight."

Of course they called him coward; but there was more manliness and courage in his refusal than in all their bullying. And yet he was ashamed of his words even while he uttered them, and felt the blood tingling at his fingers' ends, and almost wished that one of his own size would strike him, that he might have a good excuse for showing them that he was not afraid.



## WEATHER PROVERBS.



## May.

**T**HE merry month of May, as it is often fondly called, is really a spring month, though we would fain regard it as the beginning of our short-lived summer. Indeed, the same weather that was hoped for in April was held to be the most suitable for May, though weather prophets were divided in their opinions as to the desirability of cold at this time. As a matter of fact, the beginning of May is usually cold, and this frequently continues during the whole month, so that it is advisable to pay attention to the old saw :—

“ Change not a clout  
Till May be out.”

The following proverbs also refer to the chilly nature of May :—

“ May, come she early or come she late,  
She'll make the cow to quake.”

“ Cold May enriches no one.”

“ A cold May and a windy  
Makes a barn full and a findy.”

That past generations expected rain now is clearly shown by several of their wise sayings :—

“ A wet May  
Will fill a byre full of hay.”

“ Rainy May marries peasants.”

“ Water in May is bread all the year.”

“ A leaking May and a warm June  
Bring on the harvest very soon.”

“ Mist in May, heat in June,  
Make the harvest come right soon.”

It is only fair to add, that in Bedfordshire, it would seem, they prefer a dry May, provided June is wet, for they say in that county—

“ A dry May and a dripping June,  
Bring all things into tune.”

Usually speaking, however, as has been said, a wet May is preferred; and, indeed, a hot season now is considered unhealthy.

“ A hot May makes a fat churchyard.”

The wetness of the ground, which has received all the rains of April in addition, is much diminished by the east wind, which prevails largely during May, and is of much benefit in drying the land, though disagreeable enough to the traveller. It is recorded that Lord Rutherford and Lord Cockburn were once rambling among the Pentland Hills, and were greatly annoyed by the keenness of this wind. They happened to meet an old shepherd, who was famous all along the country side for his quaint, sententious talk, and complained strongly of the weather. He expressed his surprise at their finding fault with it; and on being asked what he could say in its favour, answered, “ Weel, it dries the yird (soil), it slockens (refreshes) the ewes, and it's God's wull.” Surely no better reply could have been given, or one so well calculated to silence men even so eminent as his questioners. About May 13th it is nearly always exceptionally chilly—a fact which has been noticed for a long time, but has never formed the subject of an English proverb. In France the 11th, 12th, and 13th of May are the days of the *Saints de Glace*.

“ Saint Mamert, Saint Pancrace,  
Et Saint Servais,  
Sans froid ces saints de glace  
Ne vont jamais.”

With reference to this increased cold, Professor Erman, of Berlin, wrote to the astronomer Arago, in 1840, as follows :—“ The two swarms or currents of planetary bodies—meteors, shooting stars, etc.—which the earth meets on the ecliptic, respectively about the 10th of August and about the 13th of November, annually interpose themselves between her and the sun—the first during the days comprised between the 5th and the 11th of February; the second from the 10th to the 13th of May. Each of these conjunctions causes annually, at these periods, a very notable extinction of the calorific rays of the sun, and thereby lowers the temperature at all the points of the earth's surface.”

The praises of May in old English poetry are hardly consistent with the frequent bleakness of the month; but it must be remembered that the month in the “old style” of the Calendar began on the 14th, and included a fortnight of what is now the month of June.



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Cooper.*



BUNKER'S HILL.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A TERRIBLE OUTLOOK.

**T**ILL she stood at one of the windows of that elevated apartment, her clear young sight supplemented by the obliging lieutenant's glass, Constance had no idea of the scene that awaited her. There lay the scattered camp of the Americans; there stood the now fortified town of Boston; and there

England's ships of war rode at the mouth of Charles River. But from the city roofs and the country hill-tops, from every ship's rigging and summit around the harbour, people were looking away to the heights above Charlestown. Her schooldays in Boston, and recent sojourn with the Quaker family there, had made her well acquainted with the almost united ridges of Breed's and Bunker's Hill; grass-grown steepes, the pasture-ground of sheep and cattle, they had been in other summer times;

but now the highest summit was crowned with that roofless fortress which military men call a redoubt; and on the slope below a strong breastwork gave token of expected attack and defence. The lieutenant's glass was scarcely requisite to let her see that the redoubt was filled, and the breastwork lined, with men, all provincials, wearing the country clothes in which they had worked in farms, mills, and forges, and carrying the arms which they had been accustomed to use in winter hunts or summer shooting-matches.

"Wasn't that a surprise for old Gage this morning?" said Lieutenant Gray. The two old soldiers had taken up their position at a window which commanded the best view of the heights, as a couple of connoisseurs might take the best light by which to criticise a painting, or the most convenient box from which to witness the performance of a new drama, and it was divided from the one at which Constance stood by a fixed screen, or half-partition, which had somehow served the ends of the astronomer in his day; so that she was out of their sight, though near enough to hear every word that passed between them. "The fellows managed it all in the course of last night. I knew there was something to come off when I saw them having prayers by lantern-light on Cambridge Green. These Americans do hold on to the religion, major."

"Well, Gray, it's not such a bad thing to hold by, though in my youth we thought it fit for nobody but parsons or Methodists. But they are all countrymen; do you think they will stand any time?" said Danby.

"I don't know," said the lieutenant. "There are men among them whom you and I have seen doing good service in the French war. There is Prescott, commanding in the redoubt—I can recognise him at this distance; and there is old Israel Putnam, who had such an escape from your lady's friends, the Indians, twenty years ago, riding about in his shirt-sleeves; and, I do believe, there is the minister, McClinton, who used to preach to the Massachusetts volunteers, exhorting and praying with them every one. There are some red-hot young rascals, too, at the breastwork. Those forward men are Archdale's militia. Their colonel—they take his name, you see—is a regular firebrand for the American cause. You remember his father and Captain Delamere—what brave soldiers and true friends they were; fine fellows at the mess-table, too, for New England men. One could never have believed they would turn against each other and take different sides, but they have, nevertheless; and young Archdale, who was courting Delamere's daughter, the girl you have in escort—what a good thing she has gone away before I began chattering—is going to marry a Quaker's heiress, to help his militia raising, I suppose. There he is, at the head of his regiment, a brave boy, I'll warrant. But look, we shall see if they can stand now."

As he spoke, the thunder of cannon from the ships, and a double line of barges faintly seen through the smoke, announced that British troops had crossed over from Boston, and were landing under cover of the fire.

At the same time bodies of provincials came up the hills from Medford to reinforce the defenders. By-and-by more barges and more troops were seen landing at Moulton's Point; the cannonade continued till the earth seemed shaken, and the heavens

darkened, but the lieutenant and the major calmly speculated on where the attack should begin, and whether the breastwork or the redoubt should be first carried.

At last the thunder ceased for a moment, the summer breeze rolled back the heavy curtain of sulphurous smoke, and then, in all the pomp of brilliant uniforms, gleaming arms, and flying colours, King George's men advanced in two divisions, one against the breastwork, and one against the redoubt.

"Howe means to carry that position," cried the lieutenant, as he saw the first come on; "old Stark, with his Hampshire men, and young Archdale, with his militia, can't hold it long; for, to my certain knowledge, part of that breastwork is made of rail-fences and new-mown hay. Don't the Grenadiers come up in splendid style? They are not all from England, though. There's Delamere's regiment, the Royal Canadians; they have made him a colonel for his services in the fortifying of Boston, and no man deserves promotion better, a soldier and a gentleman, every inch of him; there now, I think I see him. It would be a sad thing if he and his old friend's son should come to close quarters this day."

Constance heard no more. She had tried to see Sydney, and tried to see her father, but neither the glass, nor the position she had, were as good as those of the lieutenant. From the roofs of Boston, and the summits of surrounding hills, thousands were looking out for the issues of that battle, and many had near relations engaged in it, but few had a stake so heavy as her own. The love of her childhood, and the chosen of her youth, her father, and her first love—in spite of the probabilities regarding the Quaker's heiress, Constance knew he would be the last love too—each bent to conquer or die on a different side, and likely to meet that day in mortal combat! The lieutenant's words smote her ear and heart more heavily than the thunder of the cannon. Unseen in that hidden corner, she sunk upon her knees and prayed without speech or voice (for the girl could find none) that whatever else was determined concerning them, neither might be permitted to shed the other's blood.

Again the roar of cannon, but followed this time by a volley of musketry, made the hills resound; the redoubt and the breastwork were at once attacked and defended with equal bravery. From that small window Constance saw, as the rolling billows of smoke allowed her, British regiments whose colours were inscribed with many a victory over the first armies of Europe, recoil from the deadly fire of the provincial marksmen, and fall like corn before the reaper's sickle. Twice the attack was renewed, and twice the assailants were driven back with a slaughter so fearful that even British courage failed, and a general retreat seemed inevitable.

"Would you have believed that, major?" cried the lieutenant; but his expressions of astonishment were cut short by the noise of bursting bombshells; and up from the thickly-clustered houses of Charlestown rose a broad, red column of flame, followed by another and another, till the oldest town in the New England provinces, with all its timber dwellings, stores, and churches, was in one wide blaze, and a body of sharpshooters, on whose account the shells were thrown, retired from it in good order.

Removed as the three in Prospect House were from the scene of actual danger, the glare of the burning town and the roar of the battle were so



appalling that the two old officers laid down their glasses, and Constance crouched in the corner and covered her face with her hands. When she looked out again it was to see the provincials driven from the redoubt; in military phrase, it was carried at the point of the bayonet, for the ammunition of the marksmen had failed.

The defenders of the breastwork stood fast for some time; but at length she saw them also give way before the British steel, and rush in a headlong rout down Bunker's Hill; yet there was one body of men that kept the field longest and last, disputing the ground by inches, and covering the retreat of their companions in arms.

"See yonder!" cried the lieutenant, "Archdale's militia are doing service I would not have given them credit for—saving the skins of all the rest in that fashion. They must have caught the spirit of the young firebrand at their head, for I have heard that few of them were ever in action before. See in what good order they retire," he added, as those last disputants of the hard-fought field turned down the hill under a furious cannonade from ships and batteries, and were lost to sight in its smoke.

"The king's troops have won the ground, but, I fear, at a terrible price," said the major.

"Yes, sir," said the lieutenant, "they have won the ground, but the provincials have this day won a military reputation that will henceforth make them our equals in every soldier's reckoning."

By degrees the cannonade ceased; the blazing town fell in heaps of smouldering ruins; the provincials retreated to Cambridge, the British remained in possession of the heights, and the summer evening came down on those grassy hills now strewn with more than fifteen hundred slain, two-thirds of whom wore the British uniform.

Distance from the scene of action spared poor Constance the sights and sounds of the battle-field when the fight was done, with which her companions on the outlook were but too familiar. A terrible uncertainty as to what might have befallen her father or Sydney pressed heavily on her mind; but the girl was worn out, as overwrought youth is apt to be, and, silently stealing from her post behind the screen, that her involuntary eavesdropping might not be suspected, she made her way to one of the rooms below, which had been the astronomer's best parlour.

There was little furniture in Prospect House, Mrs. Danby and her two maids had taken with them everything that was conveniently portable, and nothing remained but what a timid or careless tenant had left behind when hastily quitting it on the first formation of the American camp. The parlour contained only a small side-table and an old-fashioned, crazy settee, which might have been the boast of some aspiring colonist in former times. On its hard cushions Constance lay down, and, in spite of her strange surroundings, fell fast asleep, while the old and much-fatigued major forgot his cares on a dismantled bedstead in another apartment, and Lieutenant Gray went out to gather news and forage for the party, as his negro servant Pompey was nowhere to be found.

Two hours later, the lieutenant having returned from his mission, softly opened the door and looked in upon her, but Constance never woke.

"Poor child!" said the brave old soldier; "the

day has been trying to her;" and, turning from the room, he brought the only blanket to be found in the house and gently spread it over the sleeping girl; then he brought her share—the very best of the coarse provisions he had been able to obtain—placed it on the table by her side, and saying, "The Lord keep you and us all!" quietly closed the door and retired to his own rest on an old sofa in the astronomer's library.

Constance slept on for hours the dreamless sleep of the weary, which fell on thousands that summer night in the tent-studded country and the leaguered town; but the heavy sleep grew lighter as the early day crept in through the scantily-curtained windows. A sound somewhere in the room woke her up at once, and, looking up, she saw what in the dim light, and with the terrible impressions of the preceding day fresh in her memory, the girl took to be a spectre. In the open doorway stood a tall figure with long white hair, and dressed in an antiquated fashion. But the next moment she knew it to be an earthly man without a coat, and wearing a long waistcoat and loose buckskin continuations, which took a remarkable resemblance to the doublet and hose of long departed times. His hair, as we have said, was white—bleached by sun and wind, it seemed, as well as by years. His face had a hardy, resolute look, like that of one familiar with hardship and danger, but there was nothing sinister or dishonest in it; and Constance, who had sprung to her feet before she had half made these observations, felt completely reassured when he said, in a deep but kindly tone, "Is there nobody in the house but you, child?"

"Yes, sir; there are two British officers." The plain truth came always uppermost with that girl.

"Two British officers? What are their names?"

"Lieutenant Gray and Major Danby, sir."

"He that Magrory's men brought down from Cumberland Station?"

"The same, sir."

"Well, there's no harm in him; and he has got a handsome girl to his daughter," said the stranger, with a fatherly sort of smile.

"Oh, sir, I am Squire Delamere's daughter; they call him colonel now," cried Constance, in her simplicity and eagerness. "Can you tell me if he is safe, or did anything happen to him in the battle?"

"Nothing that I know of, child; but we and the British get little news of each other's happenings. Yet now that you remind me of it, I heard Colonel Archdale, just before he started to let the Philadelphia folks hear of our good fight, telling one of his militia, who, it seems, had been in the squire's employment, and was a bit concerned about him, that Delamere had gone back to Boston for reinforcements without a scratch, after all the damage he did us at the breastwork."

"Thank you, sir, for telling me that." Constance could say no more for great joy and thankfulness. Her father, and Sydney, too, were safe. Her prayers concerning them had been heard, and her fears were over for the time.

"I am glad I had it to tell you, child," and the stranger's hard face grew sadly softened. "There is many a wife and daughter, sister and sweetheart, seeking for such news of their own, that lie yonder on the heights. That is the worst part of our hot dispute with England. The Lord forgive them who urged it to this issue. Your father was a worthy



gentleman, and is a good soldier; I am sorry he has sided with the enemies of his country."

"I am sorry for it, too, sir, but I can't help it," said Constance.

"No, you can't, my girl, and that is well spoken, too. But I have something else to say. You can't stay here, you or your friends. We are going to fortify the hill; this house must form part of the works, and the British will very probably try to dislodge us. Get off as quickly as you can. Are you in safe hands, child?" and he looked her in the face as an anxious relative might have done.

"Oh, yes, sir; Lieutenant Gray is my father's friend, and Major Danby is a friend of his. They are both good men, and I am going with them to Watertown to stay with the major's lady till some better arrangement can be made," said Constance.

"They should have been in Watertown yesterday, with the rest of the officers on parole. Tell them to start at once, and nobody will be the wiser. As you are with them, and we have no horses for a lady's riding, I'll get somebody to lend a cart. These times don't admit of much finery, but give them my compliments, to make quick and quiet work of it. My name is Israel Putnam. Good morning; and the Lord bless you!"

He was gone the next moment, for that white-haired man retained in a great measure the activity

of his youth. Constance ran to the outer door to get another sight of him. The name he had given was known to her as that of one of the several captains elected by their own troops, and commanding with independent authority each his own division of the American camp. It was known throughout the provinces, and is still known in the history of his time, as that of a veteran patriot who spent his youth in defending his country's frontiers, and his age in defending its liberties—a rustic Cincinnatus, who left his plough to serve his land and people, and merged in that service every personal consideration; and a man who, despite a rugged life and eccentric manners, was honoured by his contemporaries and is revered by their posterity. The provincials almost unanimously gave the credit of the "good fight," by which they gained a *prestige* of more account than victory, to Israel Putnam, because he had advised and carried out the fortifications on the heights above Charlestown; and his second achievement in that campaign was allowed to be the fortifying of Prospect Hill. As his custom was, he had come alone to survey the ground while friends and enemies were yet asleep, found the door of Prospect House unbarred, through the general oversight of its weary inmates, and thus interviewed Constance at that unusual hour, and gave her and her travelling companions notice to quit.

## THE MAMMALIA OF THE PACIFIC.

### 1.—THE RAT.

IT is commonly supposed that in the Pacific region mammals (except a few bats) are absent.

This statement agrees neither with the traditions of the islanders themselves, nor with the testimony of the early voyagers. Referring to the Sandwich Islands, Captain Cook says:—"The quadrupeds in these, as in all the other islands that have been discovered in the South Sea, are confined to three sorts—dogs, hogs, and rats" ("Voyages," vol. vii. p. 106). The rat alone is universal; it is about half the size of the Norway rat. In many of the islands the indigenous breed has been exterminated by the imported rat. In 1852 a solitary male Norway rat got ashore at Mangaia from the wreck of an American whaler. It made war upon the native rat. On removing the flooring of one of our rooms, about thirty dead native rats were found. We were fortunate enough to catch the offender in a trap.

In some of the islands of the South Pacific it was usual to defend growing cocoa-nuts from the depredations of the native rat by making a sort of screen cleverly secured all round the tree, close to the fronds, at a great height from the ground. When extracting a child's tooth it was customary to offer a prayer, in which the gods were asked to give a rat's tooth (*nio kiore*) in its place, *i.e.*, a strong tooth.

Most of the Pacific Islands were, like Mangaia, literally overrun with these rats. There can be no mistake as to this small rat being indigenous. At Mangaia they were mythically regarded as the progeny of Echo, the ironical goddess "who talks out of the rocks." The rat figures again and again in their ancient songs and myths.

Two methods of rat-catching were successfully practised in the olden time. One was to make a circle of loops of cinet with slip-nooses, the enclosed space being covered with candle-nuts (*Aleurites triloba*). Rats were thus easily strangled. Another plan was to dig a large bottle-shaped hole in the earth, two narrow pathways being made to permit the rats to descend to feast on the candle-nuts. When this hole was pretty well filled with rats, two men would go down with knobbed sticks to kill the rats.

One morning, some lads climbing up some high rocks dislodged a large stone, and so exposed a mummy cave. The mummy was in admirable preservation, but there was a hole in its side, out of which some little rats were peeping. A rat-nest had been made where the heart had been!

The proverb, "Sweet as a rat," survives in Mangaia to this day, although the adults of this generation have given up the disgusting practice of rat-eating. I recollect, in 1852, being several times asked, "Will Jehovah be angry with us if we eat rats?" Why, I asked, in astonishment, do you ask this? "Because we have been reading in Leviticus that rat-eating is forbidden," was the reply. Boys to this day set fire to the mountain fern, so that the myriad rats rushing out of the fern, half blinded with fire and smoke, are easily killed with long sticks. This is done when the sea is rough, so that they cannot catch fish. These rats feed exclusively upon cocoa-nuts, bananas, arrow-root, candle-nuts, and papao apples.

### 2.—THE HOG.

Of the seven islands constituting the Hervey Group, Mangaia and Aitutaki were the only ones without a native breed of pigs. The first were landed

in 1823 by the martyr Williams. The men of that day took them to the marae of the principal god, clothed them in the whitest *tapa*, fed them with the food of the high chiefs, and bestowed upon them separate names. They were regarded as foreign divinities. After a time, on account of their filthy habits, they were expelled the sacred enclosure. It was several years before the natives could be induced to taste the flesh. So rapid was their increase that, after supplying numberless vessels, on occasion of the annual May festivities in 1852, a thousand pigs were killed and eaten! Of late years the number of these useful animals has greatly fallen off, owing to the desolation occasioned by successive hurricanes.

The original pig of Polynesia is now extinct. It was a lanky, long-legged creature, not unlike the *Sus Papuensis* I saw everywhere in New Guinea. To Captain Cook and the missionaries belongs the credit of introducing an improved breed amongst numerous islands of the Pacific. The hog was indigenous to the Sandwich Islands, Tahiti, and to the Friendly Islands. Captain Cook found the hog on Tanna, one of the Southern Hebrides. Nearly three centuries ago Quiros saw pigs on Espirito Santo, the northernmost island of the same group.

### 3.—THE DOG.

The dog was indigenous to Tahiti, Samoa, Sandwich Islands, and New Zealand. Captain Cook describes them as "having short, crooked legs, long backs, and pricked ears. They are in general fed or left to herd with the hogs; and I do not recollect one instance in which a dog was made a companion. Indeed, the custom of eating them is an inseparable barrier to their admission into society." ("Voyages," vol. vii. p. 106.) Again, speaking of Tahiti, Captain Cook says (vol. i. p. 145): "The dogs which are here bred to be eaten taste no animal food, but are kept wholly upon breadfruits, cocoa-nuts, yams, and other vegetables of the like kind." The native name (*Uri*) supports this view.

The dog was unknown in the Hervey Group until one was obtained from the Resolution, in 1777, in exchange for a hog. The natives were wonderfully delighted with it. It is a curious circumstance that no really good dog will live in the Hervey Group. The islands are now overrun with curs.

### 4.—THE BAT.

The last island in the Pacific to the eastward where the bat is found, is Mangaia. No other island in the Hervey Group has one. They are very common on Samoa and on Savage Island. What is the law of their distribution?

On measuring one I found it to be thirteen and three-quarter inches from wing to wing; the body was three and a quarter inches in length. It is very interesting sometimes, in the morning, to see hundreds of these creatures clinging to one another, and suspended like a vast rope from the strong branch of a tree overhanging the perpendicular cliffs of the interior of the island. Their smell is unendurable. At Samoa they were venerated as gods (*aitu*). At Savage Island and at Mangaia they are regarded by the natives as a great delicacy. I once saw a very fine one cooked, and was invited to partake of it, but I declined with thanks. They abound in the numerous limestone caverns of Nieuve and Mangaia, and feed upon ripe fruits. They are easily caught at sunrise, when they are in a semi-torpid state.

### THE LANDING OF THE FIRST HORSE ON LIFU.

I shall never forget the landing of the first horse on the Island of Lifu in 1862. We cast anchor in Wide Bay, on a Saturday afternoon, as near shore as was prudent. The horse had been brought from Sydney, and had been on board about a fortnight. The creature, blindfolded, was lowered into the water, where a boat was waiting to assist the landing. The horse swam vigorously, its head being kept above water by the halter, which was in the hands of the mate. As soon as its feet touched the ground, the covering of the head was removed, and the horse ran joyfully to shore. In another moment the mate, sailor-like, vaulted on its bare back and raced up and down the beach. Only two or three native men were about, the body of the people being in the interior getting food for the Sabbath. In a short time a string of women came in from the bush, each laden with a large basket of food. Terrified at the sight of the huge animal—for they had previously seen nothing larger than a hog—they threw down their burdens and, cat-like, ran up the nearest trees for safety, trembling all over lest the strange quadruped with a long neck should pick them off their perches and devour them! Finding at length that no harm befell them, they cautiously descended to the ground to collect the food which lay scattered in all directions. Whilst thus engaged, our mate dismounted. The poor creatures opened wide their eyes and mouths in astonishment, for until that moment they imagined horse and man to be one! It was just like the old story, so well related by Prescott, of the Mexicans' first sight of the Spanish cavalry, with this difference, ours was a message of peace, theirs of bloodshed.

WILLIAM WYATT GILL, B.A.

## THE BORDER LANDS OF ISLAM.

### II.—BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA.

THE insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina against Mohammedan oppression and misrule, which broke out in the autumn of last year, turned the eyes of the world towards these border lands of the Turkish empire. The cause of the insurgent Christian population not only enlisted the sympathies of Europe, but also called forth the diplomatic action of the great powers on their behalf. Time will show what pacifying effect the reforms recommended by the Austrian note, and accepted by the Sultan, will

bring about. The insurrection, it is evident, whatever result may follow, by bringing clearly to light the intolerable evils of Mohammedan government and the weakness of the central authority, has done much to discredit the waning authority of the Sultan in Europe, and still further to weaken his hold on his Slavonic provinces.

It would seem as if remarks made by Lord Derby, the present Foreign Secretary, twelve years ago, had been uttered in view of some such crisis in Turkish

affairs as the present. Addressing his constituents at King's Lynn, in 1864, his lordship said:—"I believe the question of the breaking up of the Turkish empire to be only a question of time, and probably not a very long time. The Turks have played their part in history; they have had their day, and that day is over. I do not understand, except it be from the influence of old diplomatic traditions, the determination of our older statesmen to stand by the Turkish rule, whether right or wrong. I think we are making of ourselves enemies of races which will very soon become in Eastern Europe dominant races; and I think we are keeping back countries by whose improvement we, as the great traders of the world, should be the great gainers; and that we are doing this for no earthly advantage, either present or prospective." Such language, from so cautious a statesman, points to the inevitable extinction of the Ottoman power in Europe, and to the consequent rise of the long-oppressed Slavonic races. The collapse of Turkish credit concurrently with widespread disaffection and revolt furnishes a noteworthy commentary on Lord Derby's words.

A glance at the map will show the position of Bosnia, which takes its name from the Bosna, a river of the country. Lying south of Slavonia, it is severed from that Austrian province by the Save; eastwards, the Drina divides it from semi-independent Serbia; on the south it is bounded by Albania and independent Montenegro; while to the south-west the range of the Diarnic Alps forms the boundary-line towards the Herzegovina; and to the west the River Verbas marks the frontier on the side of Turkish Croatia. The Herzegovina is a long, narrow region adjoining Dalmatia and the Adriatic coast, scarcely fifty miles in the broadest part, and containing some 7,000 square miles.

For the purposes of government, Turkey in Europe is divided into vilayets, or administrative regions; and further, into sandjaks, or sub-governments. The vilayet of Bosnia, prior to the outbreak, comprised not only Bosnia proper, but also the Herzegovina and Turkish Croatia. This north-western corner of the Turkish empire had been for a long period placed under the government of a vizier, residing at Travnik, and three pashas—one at Bosna-Serai, the capital of Bosnia, another at Banialuka, and the third at Touzla. In 1851 the seat of supreme authority was removed from Travnik to Bosna-Serai. Recently, and as a consequence of the revolt, Herzegovina has been placed under a separate government. Dervish Pasha is at the time we write governor of Bosnia.

The Bosnians and Herzegovinese are a stalwart and well-formed race. There is a general resemblance between the two peoples in personal appearance, character, and language, as there is in the physical features and history of the two countries. With the exception of the northern tract extending along the Save, Bosnia is everywhere a mountainous country, and is throughout traversed by more or less elevated branches of the Diarnic Alps. The peaks of some of these rise from 5,000 to 7,700 feet above the level of the sea, and are covered with snow from September to June. For the most part, the mountain slopes are clothed with forests of oak, beech, lime, chestnut, and other trees of magnificent growth; and only here and there exhibit meadows, pastures, and cultivated spots.

There is indeed little level ground of any con-

siderable extent, except along the lower courses of the rivers, and on the right bank of the Save. It is in the plain along the Save that the work of agriculture is chiefly carried on. The Save, a large and noble river, is, like the Danube, dull and muddy to the eye, but in many places its banks are beautiful, with rich and varied scenery. The air of Bosnia is salubrious, and the climate temperate and mild. Herzegovina—mountainous, like Bosnia—has a milder climate, especially in the southern portion, where the vine and the olive are abundant. Its highest mountains are the Velleg, Domitor, and Valasichi, the first of which has snow on its northern side all the year through, and is said to surpass in elevation any of the Bosnian mountains. From his own personal experience, Father Francis Pfanner, the superior of the Trappist convent at Banjaluka, gives an interesting account of the scenery of Bosnia.

"People outside of Bosnia," says the Father, "hardly have a notion how beautiful a country it is. True, the banks of the Rhine from Bingen to Cologne, the shores of the Swiss lakes, of the Lago Maggiore, and the Lago di Como are very fine; but if you take away all that has been done there by the hand of man—the castles, ruins, villas, villages, towns, and vineyards—you will find that nature unadorned has not done as much in those spots as she has for Bosnia at Iaica and Iulisar. True, again, that the views of Constantinople and Naples are magnificent; but the work of man, prolonged through ages, has its share in the beauty of those views. For my part, ever since I was a boy I have travelled all over Europe in search of beautiful scenery, but I have never found nature in itself, without the help of man's works, so exquisite as at the Lake of Iegero and at the Iaica cataracts—far superior to the fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen. In two words, Bosnia is like Styria or the Tyrol, only more beautiful, with grazing lands more extensive, and with a climate which allows the cultivation of almost any European produce high up on the mountain side. There is abundance of mineral produce, which only waits for the miner; rivers and streams on every side offer extensive water power almost everywhere; the forests abound with costly trees. Ignorance and mismanagement alone could have allowed such riches to lie waste for so long."

Bosna-Serai, or Scrajevo, the capital of Bosnia, is a well-built town, occupying the declivities of several small hills, and its numerous turrets and minarets give it rather an imposing aspect. It is defended by a strong citadel, but the walls which formerly surrounded the town are now in ruins. It derives its name from the *Serai*, or palace, built by Mohammed II, and contains numerous mosques, and several Greek and Roman Catholic churches.

The Mohammedans are most numerous in Bosnia-Serai. Gipsies also abound. The Jews live chiefly in the capital, but they are also to be met with in other towns, such as Travnik and Mostar. Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, is situated in the plain of Mostar, through which the River Narenta runs. After rounding the hills on the road from Dalmatia, Mostar is perceived with its fine bridge spanning the Narenta, and its numerous graceful minarets. The houses are mostly of masonry, roofed with slabs of stone, and have less of woodwork than many Turkish towns. The population is composed of Turks, of adherents of the Greek Church, and

Roman Catholics. There are, besides, a small number of Jews and gipsies. The great feature of Mostar is its beautiful bridge of one span, connecting the two divisions of the town. Every one speaks Slavonic, and some of the Turks know no other language. The dialect of Herzegovina and Bosnia is much the same as those of Dalmatia and Montenegro, but less pure than the latter from the introduction of many Turkish words.

Our space does not allow us to do more than mention the interesting Protestant sect of Paterines that existed in Bosnia for several centuries. This body of Christians denied the sovereignty of the Pope, the power of the priests, the efficacy of prayers for the dead, and the existence of purgatory, and resembled, in many respects, the Albigenses of Italy. At one time they were in fact the predominant confession of Bosnia. The princes of Bosnia, though constantly urged by the kings of Hungary to persecute them, found it better policy not only to tolerate, but to support them. About the year 1459 they were, however, driven from Bosnia, and took refuge in Herzegovina. After that time they disappear from history. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, when in the country, made diligent search for some representatives or descendants of the Paterines, but could find no traces of the sect.

The Bosnians took part with their Slavonic brethren in the great battle of Kossova, fought with the Ottoman forces in 1389, and with them suffered in that memorable defeat. They, however, retired, and maintained themselves in the strongholds of their country. It was not until the fifteenth century, and under Mohammed II, that Bosnia was conquered and became tributary to the Porte. Originally Bosnia formed part of Servia, but it separated from that country, and had its own rulers. These, in the pre-Ottoman times, took the title of Ban, and were almost constantly under the suzerainty of the kings of Hungary, though afterwards they assumed, with the consent of the Hungarian monarchs, the royal title. Stephan Turko, the first Bosnian king, was solemnly crowned in the monastery of Milosevo in 1376—thirteen years before the overthrow at Kossova, and forty-four years after the Turks first set foot in Europe. The king, having attempted to free himself from the Ottoman yoke by refusing to pay tribute, the Turkish Sultan once again, in 1463, invaded the country, captured the fortresses, slew the king and many of the nobility, drafted 30,000 of the Bosnian youth into the ranks of the Janissaries, reduced to slavery and drove from their homes many of the inhabitants, and appointed a vizier to administer the government.

The King of Hungary was not, however, willing to see Bosnia in the hands of the Turks. He tried to regain it, and took several towns and fortresses. Indeed, for a period of sixty years Bosnia became the battle-field of the Hungarians and Turks—a debatable border land between the rival Christian and Mohammedan powers. The great overthrow of the King of Hungary, in the struggle for ascendancy, by Sultan Soliman in 1526, gave Bosnia to the Osmanlis in final possession; and to this day it has remained a province of the Turkish empire.

The district afterwards named the Herzegovina came under the dominion of the Ban of Bosnia in 1334. Some fifty years later Turko I granted it as a fief to one of the voivodes, or local commanders, whose nephew and successor, Stephan Kosaca, threw

off his allegiance to the King of Bosnia, and acknowledged himself the vassal of the German Emperor, Frederick IV. Frederick bestowed on Stephan the title of Herzog, or Duke—hence Herzegovina, the name of the province. When Bosnia came under Turkish subjection, the Herzegovina soon afterwards shared the same fate. The Venetians took certain districts and towns on the Adriatic coast, and thus reduced it to what it now is—an inland province. Any one caring to inquire into the early history of Bosnia and Herzegovina would meet with many details of cruelties committed by the Turks, and of deep sufferings endured by the Slavonic Christian population. The same story of wrong and suffering may be told of each generation from these distant days until the present.

The population of Bosnia and the Herzegovina together is about 1,150,000, of which there are in Bosnia 551,022 Christians, and 385,878 Mussulmans; and in the Herzegovina 120,000 Christians, and 80,000 Mussulmans; in addition to which the Jews number some 3,000, and the gipsies about 10,000. When the Ottoman Turks conquered Bosnia they overcame a Christian population, and as the country continued under Mohammedan rule, a curious and remarkable effect was produced. The nobles, or begs, in a body embraced Islamism, and in this they were followed in time by the greater part of the inhabitants of the towns. The motives of the renegades were either to avoid persecution or to secure the immunities belonging to the governing class. When Bosnia was subject to Hungary, the nobles had almost all abandoned their connection with the Greek Church, and become Roman Catholic simply to preserve their feudal privileges. So in like manner they embraced Islamism to retain the like privileges under the Turk. Had a Bosnian beg kept faithful to the faith of his fathers, he could have held no official post and no lands. To preserve not only their status, but their lands, and even their lives, the nobles and lords of the soil of Bosnia found it expedient to change their religion. But while the Bosnian Mohammedans have become not less fanatical than the Ottoman Turks, they yet preserve to some extent the traditions of their Christian forefathers.

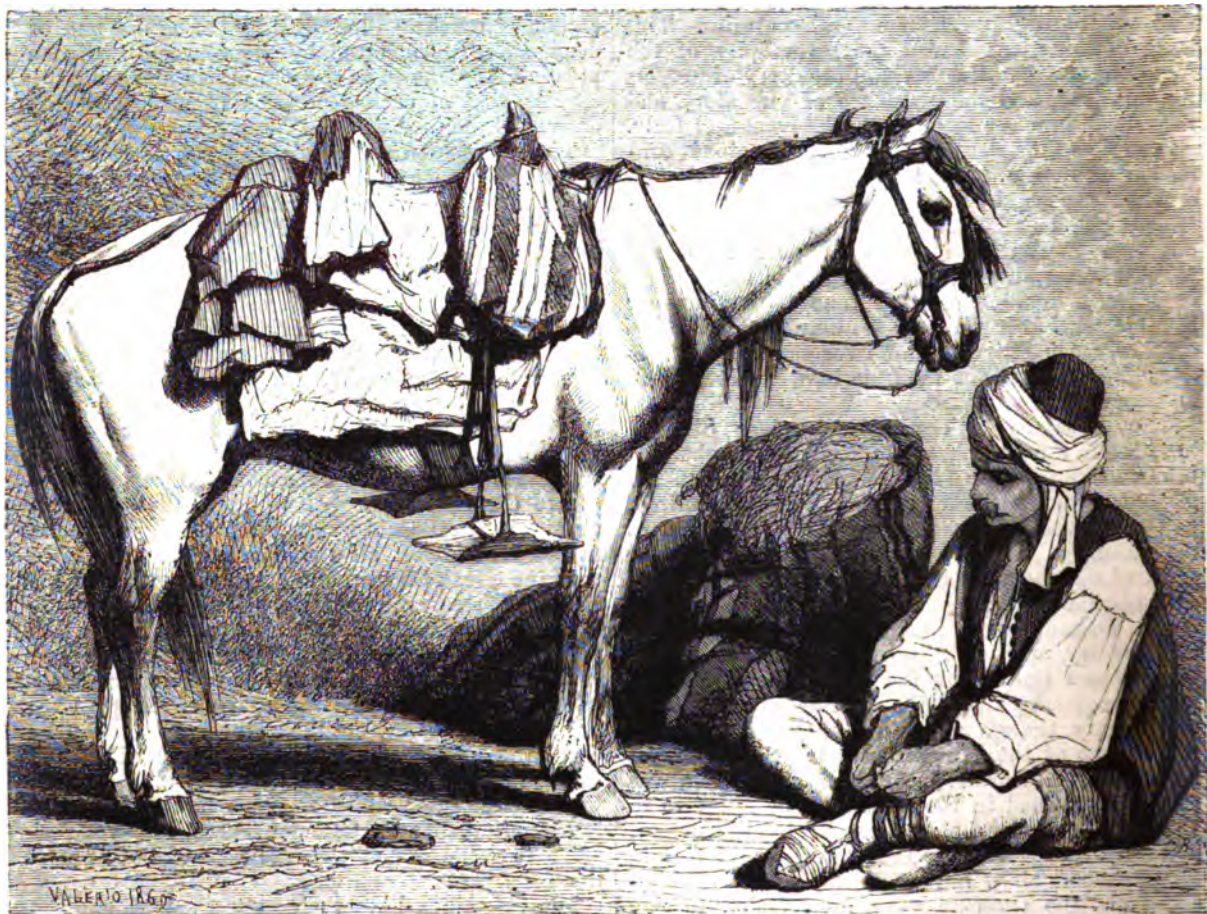
Many families have their patron saints, and the feasts of St. Peter, St. Elias, and St. George are celebrated by them. It is stated on good authority that a Mohammedan father not unfrequently orders mass to be said for his sick child; and there are instances of young begs having secretly caused a Christian priest to pray over the grave of their parents. These Slavonian Moslems have not adopted polygamy, nor do their young women when they move abroad use the veil. This has given rise to the saying, common among the Turks, "Go to Bosnia if you would fall in love with your betrothed." The Moslems use also the Slavonic language in common with their Christian brethren; indeed, many of them are quite ignorant of Turkish. Apart from the begs and dwellers in the towns, the great bulk of the peasantry, scattered in villages among the mountains, retained their Christianity, as they do to this day. As in Bosnia, so it was in Herzegovina. In both countries, the peasants are nearly all Christians. The Turks are the landlords and chief inhabitants of the towns. Even the poorest Moslems, with the pride of the ruling race, resort to the towns, preferring a life of idleness



and often of misery to industrious employment. There are, however, a class of Moslem peasants—proprietors of the grounds they till—who on Friday, from there being no mosques in the country, go to the nearest castle to perform their devotions.

The Mohammedan nobles of Bosnia were for a long course of years very powerful; they possessed their own castles, generally inherited from their Christian ancestors; and often, irrespective of the vizier,

Bosnian nobles against the authority of the Sultan we cannot here enter. The result was in the end that the feudal privileges of the aristocratic Mussulmans were entirely destroyed, and Bosnia reduced to the condition of other Turkish provinces. The last and final contest was caused by the introduction of the "Tanzimaut," or code of reforms, promulgated by the late Sultan Abdul Medjid in 1849. It was resisted, as had been the reforms of Selim II about



A ROADSIDE SKETCH IN RUSSIA.

the representative of the Sultan, waged war on each other, and paid but little regard to his authority. They were composed of the capitani, or great barons (about thirty-four in number), and of the spahis, an inferior order who held estates on condition of performing military service in time of war. These territorial magnates enjoyed complete self-government in their several districts. They elected their own magistrates and military officers, and named to the Porte the governing pashas, who were always natives of the province. From this class the Sultan has been supplied with several grand viziers, and not a few eminent warriors and statesmen.

So formidable and warlike a body, far removed from Constantinople, had the Christian population entirely at their mercy; and, tenacious of their privileges and power, they not unfrequently waged war against the Sultan.

Into any detailed account of the struggles of the

the beginning of this century, and the new military regulations introduced by Sultan Mahmood in 1826. The celebrated Turkish general Omar Pasha, a Slavonic Croatian by birth, and a convert to Islamism, finally succeeded in 1851, and after a long effort, in crushing the power of the Bosnian chiefs. Excluded from official posts, they are now, though proud, poor, and have little influence.

Ignorant, corrupt, and indolent, they seem capable only of combining to oppress the Christian population. It was their maltreatment at the hands of their Mussulman countrymen that goaded the rahyas to rebellion. "I questioned the people of Herzegovina," writes the "Times" correspondent, "as to their special grievances, and they all said the same thing: the Turks robbed them, took whatever they wanted—their animals; whatever they had in their houses—their daughters when they took a fancy to them, and they never saw them any more."



The rahyas specially complained of the conduct of | their friends and their horses, or be beaten or thrown  
the agas, or landlords. It is the custom of the agas | into prison. When in the courts no Christian



ARMED SHEPHERD ON BOSNIAN FRONTIER.

to visit them on their farms three or four times a year, and to bring their relations with them. The poor Christian peasants have to keep the agas and | evidence is taken—no justice is there to be had. The farmers of the taxes often, in concert with the officials, force from the peasants sometimes ten times more

of the produce of the soil than is prescribed by law. Instead of a legal tithe, there is exacted, according to their complaints, a sixth, a third, and frequently a half. The rahyas have to meet not only the heavy demands of a needy government, but of the farmers of taxes, of the agas, and of their own clergy." The appeal of the Herzegovinan insurgents to the European powers set forth the various injuries and injustices of which they were the victims. The difficulty of carrying into effect efficient reforms will not rest with the central authority, but with the local Mohammedans—the begs and agas and the corrupt officials in the province.

As to the debasing effects of Turkish rule on the character of the Christian population, we cannot do better than quote the strong and manly words of the Rev. Mr. Denton, a clergyman of the Church of England, who resided some time in Bosnia:—"I know," says Mr. Denton, "no heavier accusation against the government of Turkey than that it makes men abject and lying, pusillanimous and miserly; that it destroys independence of character, and that it degrades the whole man. The peasant—whose life and the lives of his children are at the mercy of his neighbours—cringes and submits to degrading acts until he acquires the habit of cringing. The man whose property may be seized at any moment by the meanest village official, will, I am afraid, pretty generally intrigue and lie to preserve his hard-earned and dearly-prized possessions. This is the aspect which human nature invariably presents; but is this any excuse for slavery and oppression? Nay, but its severest reproach. If the Christians of Turkey were invariably honest, munificent, manly; if, in short, they had all the virtues of free men—then I, for one, would be content that they should remain under the rule of the Sultan."

With such a state of things it is no wonder that civilisation has made comparatively little progress in Bosnia. Miss Irby, a lady who has resided much at Bosna-Serai, in connection with a scheme for training native schoolmistresses, describes Bosnia as the most barbarous of the provinces of Turkey in Europe. "The mass of the people," she says, "are ground to the dust under the present régime. There is no development of the immense natural resources of the country; no means of employment and occupation, which might enable the poor to meet the ever-increasing taxation, the extortions of the officials, and the heavy exactions of their own clergy." Not one man in a hundred, it is affirmed on good authority, knows how to read. In the capital of the province, with a population of from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants, there is not a single bookseller's shop. The lodgings of the artisan class, says the Consular Report for 1870, "an English mechanic would consider uninhabitable," while the houses of the poorer classes are mere hovels, without any kind of comfort or accommodation, over-crowded, filthy, and air-poisoned. In his recent report for 1874, Consul Holmes, resident at Bosna-Serai, writes: "I can see no present prospect of improvement in prosperity and civilisation."

"The present social state of Bosnia," to quote from another and more recent account, "needs civilising influences undreamt of in other parts of Europe, and parallels of which can only be found by going back to the middle ages. The Christian, as well as the Mussulman population, are steeped in ignorance, deteriorating the soil which they do not

know how to cultivate. Cattle are plentiful, but they are badly bred and badly fed, and give little or no return. Every sort of farming is on the lowest level, and the agricultural implements are of the most primitive description. The people do not know how to bake proper bread, nor how to make good cheese or beer." Yet with all these disadvantages Bosnia yields considerable products. Of these, cattle, sheep, and swine must be placed in the foreground, as they form the largest portion of the wealth of the inhabitants. Wheat and other cereals are grown chiefly in the fertile plain of the Save. In 1874, the produce of wheat in the province was 11,354 quarters, and of Indian corn 62,381 quarters. Barley, oats, and rye millet are also produced. Of vegetable productions plums are the most important. The produce in 1874 was 50,000 cwt. The mountains around Bosna-Serai contain gold and silver. Iron mines are worked near the capital by gipsies, who have a number of smithies, in which horse-shoes, nails, locks, iron plates, and other wares are manufactured. There are also lead and copper mines. In Vienna there is a project on foot to obtain the concession of all the mines discovered within thirty miles of a proposed line of railway through Bosnia. This line of railway has been surveyed, but nothing further has been done. Nor up to 1874 had much progress been made in road making. The road from the capital of Bosnia to Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, begun ten years ago, is still unfinished, though in dry weather it is now possible to perform the journey in one of the rough carts of the country.

In the month of August, 1864, the conscription was first introduced into the vilayet of Bosnia, on the understanding that the troops should never be called upon to serve out of the province. All male Mussulmans from the age of twenty-one to twenty-four are liable to conscription, during which period they are called up each year to draw lots. Those who draw blanks four times are entirely free from service in the nizam (regulars); but they are drafted into the redif (reserve) for nine years, being each year liable to one month's drill. Any man drawn for the nizam may obtain a substitute on payment of about £45. No man, however, who has escaped being drawn for the nizam can buy off his service in the redif. Besides the two Bosnian nizam regiments, there is also a frontier corps, together with a small extra battalion stationed at Niksic especially to guard the Montenegrin frontier. In addition to these native levies, the province is garrisoned by regular soldiers belonging to the third division of the Turkish army, whose head-quarters are at Monastir. The police force of Bosnia consists of 2,764 men, horse and foot, distributed throughout the vilayet. They discharge a great variety of duties; they collect arrears of taxes, arrest criminals, impress transport animals for government service, and convoy the people yearly summoned to work at road-making. The police are a great burden to the peasantry, as when they travel they lodge and live at their expense.

The custom-house revenues of Bosnia are collected and transmitted direct to Constantinople. The revenue of the province, exclusive of these, was estimated for 1874 at £595,814, and the expenditure at £197,514, showing a balance of £398,300. This balance professedly was devoted to paying the troops of all denominations, meeting arrears of pay, clearing off old debts, and making other disbursements.



Some explanation of the main sources of the Bosnian revenue may be interesting. There is first the produce of the Verghi, or personal tax, now a property and income-tax. Next the tax in lieu of military service, levied on every Christian male, but, according to the scheme of reform, proposed to be levied only on males from twenty to forty years of age. There are the taxes on fisheries, on the sale of horses, on Government pasturages, royalty on mines, etc., etc., all of which are farmed to the highest bidder. The Aashr, or tithe on agricultural produce, which, with two and a-half per cent. additional, is now twelve and a-half per cent., is by far the most productive, as in its collection there has been the greatest oppression, injustice, and corruption. Then there is the tithe on tobacco, the taxes on gallnuts, on cattle, sheep, and swine, revenues of forests, and sundry others. The expenditure—£197,514, as above—is for purposes of civil administration, departments of finance and justice, tribunals of commerce, public instruction, and public works. One of the requirements of the Austrian note was that the money raised in Bosnia should be expended in the province.

The adherents of the Greek Church in Bosnia use

a Slavonic liturgy, and the members of the communion call their religion the Pravoslav, which is the same as that of the Russians, but they acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Greek patriarch at Constantinople. The Roman Catholics of Bosnia, on the other hand, acknowledge the authority of the Provincial Order of Minorites of St. Francis of Assisi, to which they were made subject by the Pope in 1517. The Roman co-religionists of Herzegovina, however, in 1852 withdrew from their authority. In Turkish Croatia the great bulk of the Christians are Roman Catholics. Between the numerous adherents of the Greek Communion and the much smaller body of Romanists, it may be said that there is no love or fellowship, but as much mutual antipathy as between Turk and Christian.

The reforms which the Sultan, and in some measure the three Northern Powers, have engaged to introduce into Bosnia and Herzegovina look fair on paper. It will be interesting to watch the progress of their practical realisation, and especially the conduct of the native Mohammedan population, whose interests, fanatical feelings, and deeply-seated prejudices are so vitally concerned in the important issue which time has to try.

## BOY AND MAN:

### A STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD

#### CHAPTER V.—TAKING HIS PLACE.

"*Ingenus didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*"—*Ovid.*

"Grammar and classics, taught and learnt aright,  
Make boys humane, compassionate, polite."

—*Free translation.*

BOOTLE was a short, thickset boy, of bony aspect, broad in the shoulders, with a round head, long arms, and a short neck; his complexion was pale and his hair brown and bristly. He hung back when Brown called to him, as if not wishing to be quarrelsome. "I don't want to fight," he said.

"Don't be a coward," said Brown to his champion; and the champion, being encouraged by Armiger's refusal to engage, took off his jacket and sidled up, presenting his left shoulder towards him with his fist doubled, and demanding in a truculent voice, "Will you own me?"

Armiger looked at him quietly, and said nothing.

"Will you own me?" he asked again, in a louder key.

"Own you?" said John; "no; why should I?"

"Then, if you won't own him, you must fight," cried Brown; "so take off your jacket."

"I don't want to fight; why can't you let me alone? I have done nothing to you."

"Hit him, Bootle," said Brown.

Bootle aimed a blow at him—not a very hard one—and Armiger warded it off easily, and continued sitting, as before.

"He's a coward," said Brown; "go and fetch a smaller boy for him to begin with; there's Goodchild minimus—fetch him."

Goodchild minimus was brought—a delicate-looking boy not more than eight years old, with a clear but pale complexion, large blue eyes, and golden waving hair. Brown took him between his knees, showed him how to double his fists, and bade him go and hit the new boy in the face. "Don't be

afraid of him," he said, "he's a coward, and won't hurt you."

"I don't want to hit him," said Goodchild.

"If you don't hit him I'll hit you," said Brown. "Ask him if he'll own you."

"Will you own me?" said the child, shyly, and without looking at him.

John Armiger smiled. "I shouldn't mind," he said.

"Oh, listen to him," cried all the spectators; "hit him, Minimus! he is a coward."

"What's the row?" cried Mr. Sparrow, hastening to the spot, where a crowd was now collected.

"Here's the new boy won't fight," was the answer; "he'll own to Goodchild minimus—a regular soft."

"Him? he's no coward," said Sparrow; "you should have seen him with the guard of the coach yesterday."

"Anyhow, he won't fight; so what do you call that?"

"Won't you fight?" Sparrow asked.

"I won't fight that little fellow, certainly," Armiger replied; "nor any one else, if I can help it."

"But you can't help it," said Brown; "you must take your place in the school the same as everybody else. Go at him again, Bootle, unless he'll own you."

Bootle, who had put on his jacket, took it off again, and came up to Armiger as before with the question, "Will you own me?"

Armiger stood up, but made no answer; and Bootle stopped back a pace or two, and then rushed at him, and aimed a blow with all his strength at Armiger's face.

Quick as thought, the latter stepped aside, and Bootle, missing his aim, fell forward with great force upon the ground, burying his face in a bed of nettles, and bumping his nose severely against a



hard place that happened to be in the midst of them.

He raised himself with a grunt and a sob, the blood flowing freely from his injured feature, and there was a laugh at his expense; but he was evidently in great pain, and proportionably angry.

"You seem a good deal nettled," said Sparrow.

"I'll nettle him in a minute or two," he answered, looking savagely at Armiger, who stood watching him quietly, and without any signs of exultation. "You said you wouldn't fight; I don't know whether you call that fighting or not."

"You may call it what you please," said Armiger.

"We'll call it the first round," said Sparrow.

"Make a ring; I'll back the new fellow—I'll be his second, and Brown will back Bootle; he's half beaten already. Make a ring!"

A ring was formed, and John Armiger found himself in the middle of it, with Bootle facing him. He still kept to his resolve not to fight, but to stand on the defensive only, though he did not see very clearly how it was to end.

"Take off your jacket, Armiger," said Sparrow.

"I'll keep it on," he answered, quietly.

"Don't be a fool; take it off," said his second. But he still refused.

"Now, then," said Bootle; "now, then; are you ready?" And he came on, but with more caution than before. Two or three blows were aimed, which the new boy received upon his guard, without offering to return them. The next reached his face, cut his lip, and loosened his front teeth; and it was followed by another equally severe. This Bootle was a hard-hitter. In truth, he was three years older than Armiger, though very small of his age; and was therefore generally chosen to fight little boys, whose astonishment at the severity of his blows afforded great amusement to the spectators: such was the spirit of fairness and manliness which animated these generous breasts! Smarting under the severity of this attack, Armiger lost his temper, forgot all his peaceful resolutions, and flew at his antagonist with fury. Two blows he dealt him in a moment; which, as the bully was quite unprepared for such retaliation, fell straight and full upon his face, and knocked him backwards at his length upon the ground.

"Bravo, little one; well done! Pull off your jacket, and go on again!"

In an instant his jacket was off, and he stood waiting for his adversary, regardless of his own injuries. His whole aspect was changed. One might have supposed that a devil had entered into him. There was such fierce rage in his eye, such resolution in his parted lips and clenched teeth, that it would have been difficult to recognise the meek and peaceable boy who had been sitting but a few minutes before upon the bank, unmoved by the scorn and banter of his schoolfellows.

It is unnecessary to describe the scene which followed. It is generally supposed that boys who go to school must fight their way; that they can neither maintain their own rights, nor secure the esteem of their schoolfellows, by any other argument than that of brute force. It is a disgrace to the master when this is allowed. A good-tempered, high-minded boy, who hates bullying, and loves peace for its own sake, who has courage enough to do what is right and to oppose what is wrong, will seldom find himself in any serious difficulty. A boy's

place in a good school does not depend upon his biceps. Quarrels will arise, but the day of pitched battles, and of fighting for fighting's sake, it is to be hoped, is over. Dog-fighting, cock-fighting, even duelling, are all proscribed, not only by law, but by humanity and common sense. Why should not children also amend their code of honour, and be taught to behave towards each other as civilised human beings? It is a question, however, which can only be disposed of by the encouragement of generous and gentlemanly feeling amongst them through personal influence and intercourse.

Such a solution was not, of course, to be expected at Mr. Bearward's. John Armiger was no coward. He did not wish to fight; but being of a hasty and resolute temper, as soon as he was thoroughly provoked, he fought with fierceness and obstinacy. The end of it was that Bootle was ignominiously defeated, and lay on the ground crying with rage.

"Hurrah!" cried Sparrow, clapping the young hero on the back, while all the other boys pressed round to shake hands with him. "Do you know what you've done? You've licked the greatest bully in the school; fourteen years old he is, though he's so small; boys of his own size never had a chance with him before. It was a shame to set him on at you, but I always thought he was a coward."

"I didn't want to fight him," said Armiger; "you all know I didn't; it's a brutal thing to do. Why wouldn't you let me alone? It's all your fault, not his. Shake hands, Bootle, you needn't own me; don't think any more about it."

But Bootle knew that he had lost his prestige in the school, and that many battles must be fought over again before he could recover it, and he turned away sulkily, and made him no answer, and the other boys, seeing how coldly their congratulations were received, presently dispersed and left the hero to himself. Only little Goodchild lingered near, having seen little or nothing of the fight, but feeling admiration of the conqueror now that it was over.

Armiger sat down again upon the bank, with his handkerchief to his face, crying, not with the pain, though that was no trifle, but with mortification, that he should so soon have lost his temper, and behaved, as he thought to himself, so like a wild beast. Looking up, he saw the young boy watching him, and called to him.

"Do I look very bad?" he asked, seeing that little Goodchild looked at him with concern.

"Dreadful," the boy replied; "doesn't it hurt very much?"

"I don't care for that," said Armiger; "I want some water, though."

"I'll go to the pond and get you some; but I've got nothing to bring it in."

Armiger rose to go with him, but his knees trembled under him, and he could not walk. The child, therefore, took his handkerchief and dipped it in the pool, and after he had washed his face and sat a little while longer he felt revived, and they walked slowly home together. Near the house they met the usher, Mr. Sprigg, coming to look for them.

"So you've been fighting already," he said; "you'll catch it for this; you had better go to Mrs. Baggerly, in the nursery. I shall have to report you to Mr. Bearward; fighting is not allowed."

"I'm very sorry," said Armiger; "it's very unfortunate; I didn't want to fight."

"No, that he didn't," said Goodchild; "the other boys made him."

"I only came last night," Armiger continued, "and everything seems to go wrong. Mrs. Baggerly found fault with me, and threatened me before I had been five minutes in the coach with her; and Mr. Bearward thought I was rude last night, when I didn't mean to be; and now I'm to be reported for a brutal fight. I can't help it, and it's very hard;" and the thought of his home and his kind friends there came over him, and he could not keep back a few tears.

Mr. Sprigg looked at him kindly. "Well," he said, "you haven't done much harm in beating Bootle. I won't report you this time; but you must keep out of sight if possible; fighting's against the rules, if it's found out. You shall stay in my room, and I'll see what I can do. It is hard for you, poor boy, when you've only just left home, but most of the new boys have to go through it, unless they knock under. I should like to punish Bootle for his share of it, but I can't report one without the other, and I don't think he'll ever do it again; that's one good thing; he's had enough of fighting now. So come with me, and sit down quietly till bed-time. I'm glad you've beaten Bootle."

#### CHAPTER VI.—NOT LIKE HOME.

"Let no man trust the first false step  
(Of guilt: it hangs upon a precipice,  
Whose steep descent in lost perdition ends."

—Young.

THE next day, being Sunday, there was to be a "long lie," as the boys called it; referring, it need scarcely be said, to the extra indulgence in bed, with which the day of rest was begun at Cubbinghame House. John Armiger was very glad to hear that he would not be required to rise at the usual early hour, for he was very stiff and altogether unwell; his face, notwithstanding all precautions, was much swollen, and his eyes were nearly closed. There was no looking-glass in his dormitory, which was, perhaps, fortunate, for if he could have "seen himself as others saw him," his "reflections" would have been in every way more distressing than they were; and though the boys treated him now with a certain kind of respect, it was not pleasant to hear their remarks upon the colour of his eyes and the shape of his lips and nose. When the bell rang he rose with the rest, and made the best of his way to the lavatory, avoiding as far as possible the greetings and congratulations of many who, the day before, would have teased and bullied him. The first person who attracted his attention was little Goodchild, who seemed to be in trouble.

"Somebody has taken away my brick," he cried; "and I can't find my towel anywhere."

"Your brick?" said another. "Why, it's in your piggin, and your towel under it. What a shame it is to play tricks upon a little fellow like you;" and he took out the brick and put it in its place for him to stand upon; but the towel was hopelessly wet, and he was obliged to borrow a corner of his next small neighbour's. The little boys at Mr. Bearward's were for the most part kind and helpful one towards another; from the same feeling of mutual dependence, perhaps, which makes poor people considerate, and even liberal, towards those who are a degree more miserable than themselves. "A hand washes a hand and a finger a

finger," says the Greek proverb. A beggar will collect more halfpence in the back lanes and alleys of London than in its broad streets and stately squares. John Armiger found a piggin left for him about half-way down the stream. It had belonged to Bootle, but he had no idea of claiming it now, and had taken possession of another where he judged that he could do so without danger.

Sunday was a dreary day at Cubbinghame. There are philosophers who say that the truest pleasure consists in the absence of pain; and upon this principle Mr. Bearward's boys might have called their Sabbath a delight, for they were not wearied with lessons, nor tormented with the fear of punishments. But there was too much spare time. They went to church in the morning only, there being no service in the afternoon; and spent the remainder of the day loitering about in the schoolroom or playground. John Armiger did not go to church at all the first Sunday, for he was not fit to appear in public. Mr. Sprigg allowed him to remain in his room, and did all he could to keep him out of Mr. Bearward's sight, which was not very difficult to do, as that gentleman seldom took much notice of his pupils except when he was called upon to punish them; then, of course, he must do his duty, and make an example, *pour encourager les autres*. So John Armiger sat and rested his eyes, and crept shyly into the schoolroom only for calling over, and kept himself in the background as much as possible all the day. In the evening many of the boys brought out their story-books, or some of the periodicals of the day, such as the "Mirror," or the "Treasury," rich in romantic stories of ghosts and demons, highwaymen and witches (terrible, horrible, frightful, ghastly—most delightful!); or perhaps a local newspaper a week old, sent as a memorial of home and as a token of "all's well," instead of letters, postage being expensive, while newspapers travelled free. There was reading of a better kind, also, for those who preferred it; but that was only to be indulged in secretly. If any boy was seen to read the "Visitor," for instance, the book would in all probability be taken from him, and parts of it read or preached aloud, with variations, for the amusement of the rest. The Bible was, indeed, seldom so treated; but any one who might be detected reading it was set down by the low boys as "a little humbug," being, nevertheless, respected by many in their inmost hearts, and envied perhaps by some, even, of those who joined in the outward fashion of contempt.

In the afternoon the elder boys gathered round the fire at the end of the schoolroom, the younger ones sitting as near it as they could, but not within view of its cheerful rays. John Armiger might have sat anywhere that day, being in high favour for his pluck; but he did not improve his opportunity, and showed no inclination to make friends with any of his seniors, so that one or two of them began to say that he would have to be taken down himself soon if he did not come round. Little Goodchild, approaching him either by design or accident, John called to him and made him sit near him.

"Do I look very bad?" he asked.

"Not so bad as you did. Do you feel bad?"

"I feel like a brute," said Armiger; "that's all. I'm thankful that nobody who ever knew me before I came here can see me now. I'm glad I'm not at home; I'd rather be anywhere—I'd rather be here even than be at home just now."

"You are a good fighter, though," said Goodchild, admiringly.

"I'll fight you if you say so," he replied; "I never thrashed a boy before, and I did not want to do it then, only they made me."

"But you are very brave, or you could not have gone on as you did when you were so dreadfully hurt."

"It was not bravery, it was anger—fury. I was in such a rage that I did not feel the pain. I'll never fight any one again if I can help it. 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite—' But no; I wouldn't keep a dog if he were quarrelsome."

"No more would I," said the other; "nor a bear, nor a lion. But I think," he added, confidentially, "there are a great many bears and lions in this school. I suppose 'it is their nature to.'"

"Don't let it be your nature. What's your name—your Christian name, I mean? Christian names are not much thought of here; but I should like to know yours."

"Willy," said the boy, almost in a whisper.

"How many brothers have you, Willy?"

"None."

"No brothers! Then why do they call you 'Minimus'?"

"There are two other Goodchilds in the school, older than I am—Goodchild major and Goodchild minor. They are my cousins."

"It's a nice thing for you to have your cousins here."

"Yes," he replied, dubiously; "they're higher up than I am, though, so they don't have much to do with me, except now and then, when they want me to tib out for cakes or red herrings, or with letters for the post. I can tib out for you if you like. If you want to write home, you know, it's no use sending your letters to the house, because they'll be opened and read, and perhaps not sent at all. But there's a little window in the brewhouse that I can get through, because I'm so small; and the big boys let me down and pull me up again, and I've never been caught yet; so I can take a letter to the post for you without anybody knowing it."

"Thank you," said Armiger; "I should not like you to break the rules or to run any risk for me. You are very small, certainly; but that is no reason for putting you in the way of punishment. How long have you been here?"

"Only since Christmas."

"Is it like what you expected?"

"Why, of course, you know, they told me it would not be like home; and it is not" (there was a long pause here); "and they said I must expect to rough it; and I do rough it; if that were all."

"What else?"

"Oh, there are many things different from what I used to see and hear at home, of course—fighting and bad language, and all that. But I knew there would be."

"How did you know that?"

"I don't mind telling you," the child replied, "though I've never told any one before. My father took me to see my cousins before I came here, and told me always to look up to them; and they were to take care of me and set me a good example, and give me good advice; and if ever I was in any trouble, I was to go to them. And they said 'Yes,' and they would do the best they could for me. But afterwards Goodchild major took me into a corner

and told me I must not take any notice of what my father had been saying about following his example and looking up to him. The boys at Cubbinghame, he said, were most of them bad boys, and he himself was no better than the rest. I should often hear him swear and use bad language; he had got into the way of it, and could not help it; but I was not to do so. The boys there tried to cheat the masters, and to play them tricks, and to shirk their lessons. There was not much harm in that, he thought; I could do as I liked about that. The boys at Cubbinghame bullied one another, and told lies, and did all manner of mean things, but I must not do so—in short, I was not to follow his example in anything, because he had got to be as bad as any of them. He would try to be different himself, he said, only it was no use. So I found out what sort of a place it is from what he told me."

"Your cousin gave you very good advice, Willy," said Armiger; "and you must try to follow it. If I can help you; but—" He checked himself, and added, after a pause, "I'm not fit to help any one since yesterday. I once heard of a clergyman who used to preach very good sermons, but was not a very good man; and when the people said anything about it, he used to tell them, 'Do as I tell you, but not as I do.' It's a great deal easier to tell others what is right than to practise it yourself. We can look higher than we can reach, but we hardly know how far we can reach till we try, and keep on trying. Do you say your prayers, Willy?"

"Yes, sometimes, in bed."

"Say them always—never forget that; that's the way to reach up high. We can take hold of heaven itself with prayer; and," he added, putting his lips to the little boy's ear, "you and I can pray for one another, and that will help us both."

There was another "long lie" on Sunday night, the bell ringing for bed an hour earlier than on week days, and John Armiger was very glad to—no, not to retire, but to go to his dormitory and to sleep.

#### CHAPTER VII.—THE PATHS OF LEARNING.

"Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school."—*Shakespeare.*

THE next day the new boy was called up by Mr. Bearward to his desk for examination, that he might be properly placed in the school. The master looked at him suspiciously, but said nothing. Not having noticed the boy much before, he was, perhaps, uncertain whether the large upper lip and thick nose and the dark circles round his eyes belonged naturally to his profile and complexion, or were only accidents of the day. At all events, it saved trouble to say nothing about them. So Mr. Bearward heard him read a few lines of Latin, and asked him two or three questions about nouns and verbs, and then appointed him his class; telling him to use application, and work his way up.

It was better than fighting his way up, Armiger thought. He was quite ready to apply himself, if that would do instead of applying his fists. He promised, somewhat eagerly, that he would do his best, at which the boys who were near him nudged each other and laughed, while Mr. Bearward replied, rather coldly, "We shall see about that; the fewer words the better," and so dismissed him to his form. After that the first-class was called up, that being the highest, and stood in a half-circle before Mr. Bearward's desk.

"Begin," said the master, and the first boy read a line or two. All went well till it came to Brown's turn, when, with much hesitation and stammering, he began to read as follows:—

"Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere; et  
Quem sors dierum cunque dabit, lucro  
Appone; nec dulces amores  
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas,  
Donec virenti canities abest  
Morosa."

Which has been thus rendered:—

"To-morrow, with its cares, despise,  
And make the present hour your own;  
Be swift to catch it as it flies,  
And score it up as clearly won."

Mr. Brown's translation of the passage was slightly different.

"Quid," he began.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Bearward, waiting with sarcastic expectation; "well, sir, proceed."

"Quid, what?"

"Did you not hear me? I said, proceed."

"Quid, how?"

"Anyhow you can; I will not be too exacting."

"Quid, quid, quid . . ."

"Fuge," whispered the boy next above him; "begin with fuge."

"Fuge, fly away; et querere, and inquire; quid, why; cras, to-morrow; sit futurum, is yet to come."

"Very good," said Mr. Bearward, "very good indeed, and a highly interesting subject of inquiry; proceed, sir."

Brown turned to right and left, as if imploring another tip; but the boys dared not speak, for Mr. Bearward's cold grey eyes were upon them, and there was a solemn silence throughout the school-room.

Mr. Bearward now opened his desk, and appeared to be looking for something; he took out a leather strap, about half a yard in length, thick and broad, and with hard wrinkles at one end, having been prepared by soaking in salt and water, and subsequent baking before the fire. He laid this instrument, with which most of the boys were only too well acquainted, upon his desk. Once more he said, "Proceed."

Brown's colour came and went; he breathed quickly, and looked with increased attention at the book, but his ideas did not seem to have been quickened or assisted by the sight of the strap.

"Go on," said one of the boys, glancing at the same time towards the master; "go on, do." He was not afraid of being reproved for saying that.

"Et, and; quem, when; sors, the sister; dierum, of the gods; dabit, will give; cunque, to any one" . . .

"Go on," said the boy next to him, glancing at him from behind his book.

"Appone, a halfpenny (prompted); lucro, for profit" . . .

The desk was opened again suddenly; there was an ominous groping in it for something other than the strap, and well did the hapless Brown know, well did every boy in the school, except John Armiger, the new boy, know what Mr. Bearward was looking for this time. It was a key—only a key; but that key, the key of his book-room, a little closet at the end of the schoolroom, where books and stationery were stored, and where the

floor was strewed with birch twigs, well-seasoned, knotty, and tough. Here Mr. Bearward was in the habit of inflicting chastisement upon those whom he deemed deserving of it, and whenever he opened this desk, and groped for that key, expectation was aroused, and a thrill of solemn excitement pervaded the whole school.

The key was found, and placed with a bang upon the desk, in readiness, and Mr. Bearward was seen to move upon his stool as if about to step down from it.

"Now, Master Brown, let me have those touching lines of the great classic poet of antiquity once more."

"Oh, if you please, sir," said Brown, "I looked out every word in the dictionary; I did, indeed."

"Very likely; read it again; the English alone, this time."

"Go and inquire why to-morrow is not yet come; and when the sister of the gods will give to somebody a halfpenny for gain."

There was a sound of suppressed laughter throughout the class. Mr. Bearward, who had extended his hand towards the key, withdrew it; his features relaxed; he could no longer command them; a moonbeam played around his lips. *Risit Apollo*, and Brown breathed again; the critical moment was past.

"Blockhead!" exclaimed Mr. Bearward, when he could trust himself to speak—"blockhead! idiot!" But he said it pleasantly, and added, "Write out the ode ten times, and go to the bottom of the class. Next boy."

The next boy went on as follows:—

"Nec sperne puer, do not despise the boy; morosa canities, cross old greyhead!"

"You're worse than Brown," cried Mr. Bearward; "go to the bottom."

There was no moonbeam this time; for Mr. Bearward was not pleased at the interpretation of the words *morosa canities*; but as it was evident the boy had given his translation in good faith, he could not very well resent it; and as the boys took no notice of it, presently Mr. Bearward told them they might go down, and himself descended slowly and with dignity from his stool, and left the room.

Brown was in high spirits, when the clock struck twelve, as it did soon afterwards. "Wasn't it touch and go?" he asked. "Didn't I get off well? I've got to write the ode, though, ten times; but you'll give us a construe, one of you chaps, won't you?"

"Oh, aint I jolly glad it's my last half," cried Sparrow. "Bearward won't meddle with me in my last half; don't you wish you was me, Brown?"

"Yes," said Brown; "I wish I was."

English grammar was not taught at Mr. Bearward's. To be sure, Cubbinghame was "a grammar school;" but that was in the higher sense of the word only. English boys could not require to be taught English; they would be sure to attain perfection in their own language if properly instructed in the classics; and the classics meant Greek and Latin, for there was not supposed to be any classical literature in English.

As for John Armiger, he applied himself, and got on fairly well with his studies; and as he was at present under Mr. Sprigg, and had nothing to do with Mr. Bearward, except to keep as much as possible out of his notice, the visions of strap and key had for him no terrors. He felt sure that with



moderate diligence and attention he could do all that was required of him, and avoid being sent up for punishment as far as his lessons were concerned. How it might fare with him in other matters, such as the trials to which he had already been exposed, he could not foresee; but he was resolved to look upon the bright side, and to hope the best.

The afternoon was devoted to arithmetic, or "summing," as it was more appropriately called. Walkinghame's "Tutor's Assistant" was the book used; and it answered to its title, being of much more assistance to the tutor than to the boys; for when the former had pointed out what sums were to be done, and where the answers were to be found, he took no further trouble with his pupils, but walked about the room, reading some enticing book, and shouting out between the pages, "Silence. Go on with your work. Look at the rules, and mind you get your answers right!"

Tea was served in the same manner as breakfast, and was, in fact, breakfast over again. There was an hour's play and two hours of "preparation" after it, and then supper. This consisted of bread and cheese, with small beer, handed to each boy as he sat at his desk in the schoolroom; the beer being administered in the same tin mugs which had been used, and were to be used again, without much rinsing, for the milk and water. Some of the boys preferred their cheese toasted; and Mr. Sprigg's voice was heard from time to time, as he walked up and down the room, "Cheese out of the candle, there; no toasting. Cheese out of the candle; none of your antics!" Now and then the cheese would fall upon the floor, or into the ink; but it was too precious to be lost, and was carefully scraped with a pocket-knife or rubbed upon the trousers, and then consumed. Supper ended, there was a short prayer, and at nine o'clock bed.

So ended John Armiger's first three days at school. Such was his experience of a holiday, a Sunday, and an every day. *Ex uno disce omnes.* The reader may look upon the incidents of each as a fair example of the general course of events throughout the half or halves at Cubbinghame; and well may he rejoice that the boys of this generation fare differently.

## Varieties.

"LINKS WITH THE PAST."—A number of curious instances were lately communicated to the "Times" of the long period sometimes covered by a few lives. For example:—The present Conservative M.P. for East Cumberland, Mr. W. N. Hodgson, has heard the account of the entry of the Highlanders into Carlisle in 1745 from a lady who saw it. The late Lord Lonsdale had, I believe, talked with a man who saw the fight on Clifton Moor when the Highlanders retired. But the following is much more curious:—The late Colonel H. C. Lowther sat in Parliament from 1812 to 1867. He must have known Colonel James Lowther, who sat from 1775 to 1818. These two must, therefore, have had between them a Parliamentary experience of 92 years, uninterrupted by a break. Colonel H. C. Lowther must also have known the first Earl of Lonsdale, whose Parliamentary career commenced in 1757. The Earl must have known Sir James Lowther, of Whitelaven, to whose wealth he succeeded, and whose Parliamentary experiences extended from 1692 to 1754. Thus but the other day three lives carry us back to 1692, and then the first of these lives had already lasted for 21 years. The owner of this first life saw the Revolution, and must have talked with many who were besieged in Carlisle in 1645, for he first represented that place. The first Earl of Lonsdale died in

1802; there must still be living many who might have heard from the Earl, as told him by an eye-witness, the story how Sheriff Stanley proclaimed William III. in Carlisle, and how the two Lowthers of Whitelaven and Lowther secured Cumberland and Westmoreland. Such instances throw light on the value of oral tradition, and are easily found. In my own family, says one correspondent, three lives, the third yet living, go back beyond the execution of Charles I., and four go back to Queen Elizabeth.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE SCOTTISH CHAPLAIN.—*Balmoral, May 14th, 1862.*—After dinner I was summoned unexpectedly to the Queen's room. She was alone. She met me, and with an unutterably sad expression, which filled my eyes with tears, at once began to speak about the Prince. It is impossible for me to recall distinctly the sequence or substance of that long conversation. She spoke of his excellencies—his love, his cheerfulness, how he was everything to her; how all on earth now seemed dead to her. She said she never shut her eyes to trials, but liked to look them in the face; how she would never shrink from duty, but that all was at present done mechanically; that her highest ideas of purity and love were obtained from him, and that God would not be displeased with her love. But there was nothing morbid in her grief. I spoke freely to her about all I felt concerning him—the love of the nation, and their sympathy; and took every opportunity of bringing before her the reality of God's love and sympathy, her noble calling as a queen, the value of her life to the nation, and the blessedness of prayer.

On Monday I had another long interview with the Queen. She was much more like her old self—cheerful, and full of talk about persons and things. She of course spoke of the Prince. She said that he always believed he was to die soon, and that he often told her that he had never any fear of death.

*Balmoral, 15th October, 1866.*—After dinner the Queen invited me to her room, where I found the Princess Helena and Marchioness of Ely. The Queen sat down to spin at a nice Scotch wheel, while I read Robert Burns to her: "Tam-o'-Shanter," and "A man's a man for a' that," her favourite.

The Prince of Wales sent a message asking me to go to see him. When I was there the young Prince of Wales fell on the wax-cloth, after lunch, with such a thump as left a swollen blue mark on his forehead. He cried for a minute, and then laughed most bravely. There was no fuss whatever made about him by mother, father, or anyone; yet it must have been very sore, and I would have been nervous about it if it had happened to Polly. He is a dear, sweet child. All seem to be very happy.—*Journal of Dr. Norman Macleod (Daldy and Isbister).*

WESTON, THE AMERICAN PEDESTRIAN.—The surprising feats of endurance which the American pedestrian, E. P. Weston, has exhibited in London, are capable of affording instruction as well as of exciting interest. Athletes generally will be interested to know that he contemns the established rules of training, and that the only preparation which he went through before beginning his present series of walking matches against time was to pass a few days quietly in the country, taking a ten-mile walk daily. His alleged preference for cold meat as an ordinary diet is founded on error. Before starting his 300-miles walk, he dined off a broiled steak. He is not a total abstainer, except when he is walking, and then he takes nothing but cold tea, lemons, and oranges to refresh himself; while for nourishment he relies on soup made from extract of beef. Soups made in the ordinary way he considers too heavy for digestion during his protracted exertion, and finds himself unable to digest them. His ordinary rate of walking is about four miles and a half an hour; his walking is almost entirely from the hip, the knees being flexed and the knee-joint having very little play. During the first twenty-four hours he rests for about ten minutes at a time every two hours, during which time he reclines on a couch so arranged that both head and feet are much elevated, the body being doubled up. He is shampooed during these intervals with Bay rum, being rubbed in a direction from the distal end of the limbs towards the trunk. At the end of each twenty-four hours he takes two hours of sleep, and at this time generally eats a little cold beef. At the end of his greatest walking feats he has never been exhausted or in any way injured. During some of his longest walks in America he has readily submitted himself to rigid scientific observation, and a series of very important conclusions was drawn from the physiological data thus obtained by Dr. Austin Flint, in New York, which were published in an elaborate monograph, and which Dr. Flint summarises in his newly-published text-book of "Human Physiology." He is by profession a writer for the press.—*British Medical Journal.*

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



"TELL ME THE WORST, DENIS."

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—DANBY LODGE.

THE political state of the American provinces in the year preceding the Declaration of Independence has scarcely its parallel in the history of any other country. While the New England troops were successfully fighting his Britannic Majesty's forces, and taking possession of his Majesty's forts

and stores in every direction—while the Continental Congress were commissioning their officers, and making arrangements to increase their military resources—public men from Maine to Georgia talked of allegiance to the British crown, and indissoluble connection with the British Kingdom. Governors with royal letters patent from England, and commanders appointed by the congress in Philadelphia, came at each other's heels; the municipalities through whose territories they passed paid them

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X

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equal honours, and lived in dread of their simultaneous arrival—a contingency which would have been embarrassing, but either by good chance or good guiding, it never happened. The governors exhorted the people to repent of their disloyalty; the commanders advised them to stand fast for their rights and liberties, and the latter counsel was generally accepted; but the old colonial attachment to the mother-country, the well-spring of their laws and language, learning and religion, in whose history and traditions they had to seek the origin of their own, had still a hold on provincial hearts which it required months of relentless hostility on the part of the British Government to loose and break away.

In the meantime those contending influences produced a state of things that was remarkably diversified. Boston and its vicinity was the theatre of open war; but beyond that every district, and almost every township, did that which was right in its own eyes. While one was filled with burning zeal for the patriot cause, so that none of the Tory persuasion could find rest for the sole of his foot within its bounds, another went quietly about its business, living and letting live without regard to principles or parties. The village of Watertown belonged to the latter description; there was not a more peaceable place on Massachusetts Bay. The Provincial Congress chose to sit in its court-house that summer; but the sittings of such assemblies brought no gaiety to town or village now, the affairs on hand were of too grave a nature. Watertown was much more enlivened by being made a sort of depôt of those British officers whom the Americans had taken in various rencontres since that of Lexington; they were all on parole, and went about the neighbourhood almost at their discretion, having abundant leisure and generally limited resources. The Whig inhabitants and those unlucky gentlemen eschewed each other by mutual consent; but the latter were deemed acquisitions, and made welcome accordingly at the Tory houses, which, though few, were hospitable, and not the least so was one which its fair mistress had named Danby Lodge.

It was an imposing title for the neat frame cottage standing in a small garden on the outskirts of the village, at which, according to observant neighbours, "two old Britishers and a handsome young miss" arrived on the day after Bunker's Hill. The time and circumstances might have excused some demonstrations of feeling, but Mrs. Major Danby received them with the most genteel composure. She looked like one of those "severe English ladies" with whom French mothers are in the habit of frightening their refractory children—tall, muscular, and gaunt in frame and face; no beauty, indeed, yet gifted with a commanding presence, and a look of good birth and breeding which beauty cannot always confer.

Further acquaintance proved that Mrs. Danby was coldly proper to the backbone, society as it existed in England being her high court of appeal for all causes temporal and spiritual; that she was inclined to stand on her social dignity, but ready to reckon pence with any tradesman; and though her highly practical views were disturbed by no gleam of sentiment or flight of imagination, yet the lady had one hobby, which was a consideration to all who came within her reach. It was the same which she had ridden with such woeful consequences at Cumberland Station, an unrelenting ambition to train, drill, correct, and set people right on every possible subject. If

they were young, so much greater was the scope for her energy; if they were old, she could still find room for improvement.

In short, Mrs. Danby had missed her destiny in not being a charity schoolmistress, and yet was not a bad sort of woman as the world went. She seemed really glad to see her old husband safe and well; had a friendly greeting for his ancient acquaintance, Lieutenant Gray; and when Miss Delamere had been presented in due form, she gave her a kindly welcome to Danby Lodge, and a pressing invitation to make it her home till those "misguided creatures before Boston were brought to reason," and loyal gentlemen like her father could return to their mansions and estates in peace.

The invitation was gratefully acknowledged and accepted, and Constance became one of the Danby family. Lieutenant Gray found quarters for himself in a neighbouring cottage, for the lodge had no room for more than one visitor. Many of the British officers similarly situated in Watertown were his old friends, most of them were acquainted with the major, and all took early opportunities to get introduced to Mrs. Danby. From the day on which the major had endowed her with his worldly goods, that excellent lady had kept fast hold of them and her own too, in times of triumph or of tribulation. Losing anything was out of the question with her. Moreover, she managed financial matters as it would be well for nations that most ministers could do; and thus her spouse had a comfortable home in the days of his involuntary captivity. Her house was a capital place for these lonely and luckless men to while away their idle time in. The seniors found cards and conversation there, the juniors a young lady to buzz and hover about.

Mrs. Danby found them all ready, if not willing, subjects for her schooling powers, and did governess duty to such an extent that Lieutenant Gray was heard by his confidential friends, though he acknowledged it was wrong, to wish that the Indians had got her.

As might be expected, Constance got a large share of the tutelage. Besides being grounded in all that was required from "a girl of family in England," she had to work samplers in the rococo pattern, and learn to perform on the harpsichord such choice pieces as the "Destruction of Tyre" and the "Coronation of Cupid."

Naturally gentle, good-humoured, and given to please, the yoke did not press so heavily on Delamere's daughter as it would have done on some girls, and its weight was considerably ameliorated by certain views which Mrs. Danby had in the background regarding her guest.

Soon after her own instalment in the lodge, Constance observed that the major's lady received and dispatched a good many letters by the Tory runner who did postal business between the scattered Royalists of Massachusetts and their friends in New York, which city had become a surer refuge of Tories than Boston, and had, moreover, the advantage of not being beleaguered by the New England army. The subject of the correspondence she neither knew nor cared to guess at. "It is all about money matters, and what the British Government ought to do for the major," thought the simple girl. But from the first moment of their meeting, Constance had been puzzled by something in Mrs. Danby's look which seemed familiar to her memory. She had

seen the lady before, or somebody very like her, but when or where Constance could not imagine, till one day, as Mrs. Danby was sealing one of her numerous letters at her own writing-table in a corner of the drawing-room, she happened to drop the seal, which rolled to her visitor's feet, and Constance, stooping to pick it up, saw engraved thereon the very crest which Captain Devereux used to employ on his frequent notes to her father.

"You know that crest, my dear?" said the keen-sighted lady. "Ah! and let me tell you I have a right to use it, though my father was only a commoner—Captain Gridley Bacon, second brother of Barnes Bacon, Esq., of Hogsfield Hall, county Hants. My mother was Lady Cecilia Devereux, eldest sister of the present Viscount Lavenham. Yes, my dear, it is quite true;" and Mrs. Danby endeavoured to look arch. "I believe you are acquainted with my cousin—nay, don't blush"—poor Constance was only looking thunderstruck; "the best bred girl in this or any other country need not be ashamed of a preference for Cecil Talbot Devereux, heir-apparent to the Lavenham title and estate. My dear, he has not forgotten you; Cecil is not one of those fickle men whose love is cooled by absence and frozen by misfortune. No, though your prospects are not what they once were—I mean for the present, of course—his heart is as true to you as the needle to the pole. Shall I tell you a secret? My cousin is in New York, and will be here soon."

Constance never knew how she looked on hearing that announcement, and, fortunately, her hostess had no time to observe, for the trusty runner gave his signal knock at the street-door, and she ran out with her letter. The revelation was not more unexpected than alarming to the solitary girl. How was she to stave off the captain's suit in the house of his energetic cousin, who was manifestly bent on furthering the match with all her might? Had she known in time the meaning of that familiar look in Mrs. Danby's face, she would have endeavoured to join the Quaker family in Philadelphia, notwithstanding the difficulties of the journey, or found a home in the poorest hut in the province rather than in Danby Lodge. Poor Constance had yet to learn that people never know in time the things which most concern them, and also that one dreaded evil is at times superseded by a greater, of which we had no fear.

Her principal inducement to take up her abode in Watertown was the hope of somehow or other finding means to communicate with her father, or at least get frequent intelligence of him. That hope had hitherto been fruitless; she had thought of many a scheme for the purpose, but could carry none of them into effect. Almost two months had passed away, and she had heard nothing of the squire except what Israel Putnam told her in Prospect House.

Since then General Washington had arrived from Pennsylvania and taken command of the New England army by appointment of the Continental Congress. Under his authority the discipline of the camp had become more strict and regular, and the leaguer of Boston more rigorous. It was the general's object either to force the British garrison out to an action in the open field, or oblige them to abandon the city by stress of famine, and sail away in the ships of war which still commanded the bay. The popular saying was that nobody could get out or in of Old Tremont, and the country people as well as the army applauded Washington's policy, for the pro-

vincial mind had been much embittered by the burning of Charlestown, and the destruction of some small but thriving towns along the coast, by the ships of his Britannic Majesty. How was the royalist colonel's daughter to get news of him under such circumstances? and how was Constance Delamere, situated as she was, to avoid or bring to nought the matrimonial intentions of Lord Lavenham's nephew?

She was revolving in her mind plans of escape over one of the obligatory samplers on the second morning after Mrs. Danby's disclosure, when a cart, driven by a countryman whom she knew to be one of her father's tenants—but he had on the uniform of Archdale's militia, namely, a red hunting-shirt and a black leather belt—came close up to the garden-gate, and out of it slowly and painfully crept the once strong and active Denis Dargan. The poor fellow's coat hung loose upon him; his right arm was in a sling; the shoulder above was covered with straps and bandages; and he walked with difficulty and the help of a stick. Before he had got fairly into the garden Constance was by his side. "Oh! Denis, what has happened to you?" she cried. "Lean on me, and let me help you into the house."

"No, miss, thank you; I'm not that far gone; don't be alarmed. It was a Bunker's Hill chance, you see, when we were coverin' the rethrait, which everybody says was the gallantest thing done in this campaign, though it's not for me to brag about, in course. A spent cannon-ball nearly smatched my shoulder; an' nobody knows what would have become o' me, for the boys were all flyin'—as well they might—but our colonel, Masther Sydney—I'll niver get over callin' him that—got me up on his back wid one powerful lift, and niver stopped nor stayed till he had me safe in Cambridge. May it be remembered till him here an' hereafter, amin! But, miss, it was not that I come to tell you," and Denis sat silent for a minute on the garden seat to which Constance had led him.

"What was it then, Denis?" A sudden fear fell on the girl's heart. "Is my father well?"

"He's not just well; but don't be frightened, miss," said Dargan.

"Tell me the worst at once, Denis." Her words came quick and low.

"I will, miss; for I know you're a sensible young lady, and won't give way. Your father is a prisoner in the hands of the Americans, and sore wounded, too, but likely to recover; the docthor himself tould me this mornin'. But that's not the whole story. You see the squire got word in a lettther that come till him by say from the Quaker's people, wherever they are, that one Greenland, a wondherful name it is, had brought them news that you were among the Indians (in course the man didn't know that Providence had relaised you, miss), an' General Gage wanted a message tuck till Sir John Johnson, a great man up in thim quarthers; so your father, bein' as brave as any lion, an' wantin' to look ather his little girl, undhertuck the business, wid only three to bear him company. They were volunteers, I was tould. Becaise the sarvice was desperate, the ginal would bid nobody go, an' the squire led them out safe past sentinels an' battheries, till the end o' the camp at Roxborough. There the Americans got sight an' fell on them; it was numbers agin few; but the squire fought like the ould boy—I main like Hecthor in the wars o' Throy, miss. One of his men was shot, an' the other two run away, bad luck to them! but



he set his back agin a wall that was convanient, an' did such tarrible work wid his sword, that sorra a one o' them durst come near him till some spalpeen shot him in the chist wid his pistol. Then the noble gintleman, seein' he could fight no more, and must be tuck prisoner, pulls out the letther he was intrusted wid, an' before they could get hould of it, tears it all to bits and scatters them about; but, nivertheless, they gathered up the bits, an' made out o' them that he was goin' to set the red haithen savages on to waste an' burn their frontier towns and settlements. In course it's false, every word; but the holy saints and the twelve apostles wouldn't get it out o' their heads, General Washington an' all, an' they have him in Concord Gaol undher a strong guard, an' talk of sindin' him, as soon as he can be moved, to Ticonderoga for safe keepin'. It's a dhreary, wathery place on that big lake, miss, an' will do the squire no good, as the docther said to me this mornin'; he's a very sinsible man—was at college wid the squire, it seems—an' don't believe a word o' the story agin him. 'Denis,' says he, 'he might live longer than any of us, but his lungs are affected, for the shot has touched them, an' if they sind him to that fortress he'll niver come out of it, that's my opinion;' and the faithful fellow drew his hand across his eyes. "I was in the hospital, miss, when it all happened," he resumed, in a minute or two, "an' heard nothin' about it till three days ago, when Captain Magrory, an' some men of his company who had been at Roxborough, came to see me, an' bein' troubled in my mind, I got Robin Magee there—we were always friendly, because, you see, his grandfather came from Balymacarroto—to fetch me here in the cart, for he knowed where you were to be heard of, and I thought that if you could get some nait spakin' gintleman that had the rights o' the story to lay it sthraight before General Washington, he might see that the squire was blamed in the wrong, an' deal more marcifully wid him."

"I will go and speak to General Washington myself," said Constance, looking bravely up, though her cheeks were pale and her eyes wet with tears. "Nobody knows my father's mind and motives better than I do. It was for my sake he got into this sad state and false accusation, and I will go anywhere, or speak to anybody, on his behalf."

A group had gathered round them by this time, consisting of Lieutenant Gray—who had dropped in as usual—the major, and Mrs. Danby. "My dear!" cried the schooling lady, "don't talk of such a thing; a girl of your family and appearance going to a camp of rebels to speak to their so-called general! The idea is not to be entertained for a moment."

"Axin' your ladyship's pardon," said poor Denis, "there's no danger before any lady in the American camp. It's not cursin' an' swearin', or doin' worse, maybe, like the king's sodgers they have in hand there, but behavin' thimselves all the week, an' readin' their Bibles on Sunday. Miss Delamere would be as safe among the dacent min at Cambridge as iver she was in her father's house at the Elms; an' as for the ginerel, there's not a bigger Christian in all New England!"

"You are right, my lad," said the lieutenant; "there is no danger; and in my mind, Miss Delamere would be the very best advocate her father could have with a soldier and a gentleman like George Washington, for such I know him to be, though he commands against the king. Keep up

your heart, my girl; you will get the squire out of his fix if anybody can, and I'll be your escort to head-quarters in spite of our orders not to leave Watertown, if they send me to Northampton Gaol for it among the other gentlemen who have to pay for old Gage's dealings with American officers in Boston."

"I say it is entirely against the rules of propriety!" cried Mrs. Danby, but as she spoke they heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the quiet street, and Captain Devereux, followed by his negro servant, Paul, alighted at the garden-gate.

## ANTIQUITY OF EGYPTIAN CIVILISATION.

BY PROFESSOR OWEN, F.R.S.

MY attention has been called to the paper by the Rev. Canon Rawlinson, in the February number (Part 290) of the "Leisure Hour," on Egyptian Civilisation. The writer opposes to a statement of mine on the Chronology of Egypt the diversity of opinions on that subject by Egyptologists.

On this line of objection I may remark, that the value to be assigned to discrepant conclusions on a matter of scientific research must rest on the evidence with which such conclusions may be severally supported.

With regard to the first authority cited as "manifestly conflicting with my estimate" (p. 101), that notion rests on an assumption that the commencement of Egypt as a civilised and governed community dates from the "erection of the Pyramid." The structures which the president of the British Association cites as exemplifying the attainment in Egypt of the greatest perfection in the art of building, are the three "Great Pyramids" at Ghizeh, the northern graveyard of the once mighty city of Memphis.

But these are not mere superposed accumulations of unwrought or roughly-wrought stone, such as might be argued to exemplify the dawn of civilisation. They manifest the degree of perfection ascribed to them by Sir John Hawkshaw, in all the different branches of the art of construction.

The wrought masses of stone of the body of the building—truly its walls, though of mighty thickness—were skilfully extracted from the rocky geological formation on which the pyramids are based. Evidences of the skilled, systematic quarrying operations surround the "wonders." One huge outlier of the nummulitic limestone was purposely left and contemporaneously wrought by colossal sculpture of exquisite art and finish into the form of the world-famous Sphinx.

Other kinds of stone were needed for the complex, though outwardly simple structures, which alone of their date offer themselves to the wondering gaze of the present generation, as they will do to that of future ones.

For the more finished masonry of the outer casing, a limestone of finer grain and more compact texture was required. This the Egyptian builders found in the older tertiary strata on the opposite (Arabian) bank of the Nile. They selected for the quarrying operations a part of the cliff, so situated that the enormous blocks there wrought out and transferred to the rafts could be landed, by the combined forces.

of the rowers and the current, close to the required spot on the opposite (Libyan) shore.

Remains of the landing-place and causeway may still be traced; and Herodotus deemed this preliminary accessory work scarcely inferior in magnitude and engineering skill to the pyramids themselves.

A third kind of stone used in their construction had to be got at a distance of some hundreds of miles upstream. I have visited the quarries of red granite near Assouan—the ancient Syene—of the beautiful variety thence called “Syenite,” which may be contrasted, at the British Museum, with the red granite of Aberdeen, which supports the ancient Syenitic sculptures.

The arts of quarrying and of masonry, manifested by the marvellous bulk of granite blocks, the perfection of their shaping, and the fineness of their polished surfaces, were as advanced in Egypt at the date of the pyramids as at any subsequent period, or as they are now practised with the aid of gunpowder and of steam machinery in the granite quarries and works at Aberdeen. These arts have been lost in Egypt for centuries past; at least, there is no evidence of their practice in any of the constructions since the date of the Mohammedan conquest. The last semi-barbarous victors availed themselves, in the construction of their fortalices and mosques, of the wrought masses of fine limestone with which the First and Second Pyramids were coated, and of the similarly polished masses of granite with which the Third Pyramid—the most beautiful of all in the Greek historian’s estimation—was covered.

This material, moreover, enters into the internal architecture of the Great Pyramid. Emerging from the entry gallery into the grand passage, walled and roofed by mighty masses of polished granite, called the “king’s chamber,” conducting to the mortuary chapel, contiguous to the chamber of the royal sarcophagus, the unexpected dimensions of the granitic “chamber” impressed me with its resemblance to the side-aisle of a cathedral.

The whole of the known interior structures of Cheops’ Pyramid—the central tomb, the roof of which is relieved, by a series of “discharging arches,” from the enormous superincumbent mass towering to the pyramid’s apex; the ventilating shafts, extending at the best angle for their purpose, to open upon the sides of the pyramid; the precisely-estimated slope of both upward and downward passages, in reference to the enormous blocks of granite to be moved along them, hardly, if at all, inferior to the monolithic sarcophagus itself,—all these impressed my architectural and engineering fellow-travellers with the conviction that a mind of high order in their sciences had planned and presided over the construction of the pyramid. The Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, Major-General Sir Henry James, in his “Notes on the Great Pyramid of Egypt” (1869), remarks of the passages:—“Their inclination, which is just the ‘angle of rest,’ is particularly well chosen, when we consider that these stone-masses would have to slide down to their position. With a greater inclination it would have been very difficult to guide the blocks in their descent, and with a less it would have been difficult to move them.” The author here refers to the massive blocks of granite accurately hewn to fill and fit into the mouth of the passage, and which were needed to bar unauthorised access to the royal tomb.

His must be a cold nature who can view unmoved the exterior of these constructions, mighty in their seeming simplicity. Nor is it surprising that a weak mind should lose its balance in a cognisance of their well-considered complexity.

The hypothesis of the function of the pyramid and its sarcophagus for the purpose of conservation of divine standards of weights and measures, is not the only one which rests on the assumption that the architect and builders were guided by a “special inspiration.”

The opposite extreme is the notion that the alleged rude though mighty cairn exemplifies “the commencement of Egyptian civilisation,” which, according to Canon Rawlinson, Sir John Hawkshaw “places about B.C. 5000,” and which the reverend canon contrasts with the “extravagant” one of 7,000 years.

I will not trespass on the reader’s patience with notes of the contemporary temple near to the pyramids recently discovered by Mariette-Bey, Ministerial Conservator of the Antiquities of Egypt. I allude to it as having contained evidences of the rise of the art of sculpture to a height equalling that of architecture. The life-sized statue of Phra Képhrén, discovered in this temple, in its majestic simplicity of character, will bear comparison with that of Watt by Chantrey in Westminster Abbey. But the ancient Egyptian sculptor executed his work in the hardest and rarest material that Egypt could produce, viz., diorite.

On the plinth of this statue is the name-shield of its subject, “Kawra,” rendered by Herodotus “Kephren,” the builder of the Second Pyramid, the successor of Khouwou, or Cheops, builder of the First Pyramid, and the predecessor of Menkera, or Mykerinus, builder of the Third Pyramid.

The names of these three Pharaohs of the fourth dynasty were told to Herodotus on the authority of the same priestly records as were afterwards used by Manetho to compile the history required by the then reigning monarch, his master, Ptolemy Philadelphus. Cheops’ name has been found on the stones of his pyramid, and the Third Pyramid has revealed like evidence of its builder, Menkera.

What were the chances that these and most of the other names and records of kings and dynasties of the Old and Middle Empires in Manetho’s record, should have been confirmed by contemporary evidence, if there existed grounds of “doubt whether Manetho had any materials for reconstructing the chronology of the Old and Middle Empires”? (P. 104.)

How many of my readers may have accepted as well-founded this reflection on the memory of the Egyptian historian, qualified, it is true, by ascriptions of “best intention” in the manufacture of such chronology! Some may even have received as unquestionable Canon Rawlinson’s averment of the “manifest confiction” of Sir John Hawkshaw’s and my estimates of “the commencement of Egyptian civilisation.” To most, I presume, it must have occurred that the “Address to the British Association at Bristol” contained no statement or estimate whatever of such commencement.

What the president eloquently expressed was his appreciation, as a professional judge of the matter, of the great perfection to which Egyptian civilisation had attained at the period, according to the Manethonian chronicle, now abundantly confirmed, when Cheops, Cephren, and Mykerinus caused those ancient

"wonders of the world" to be erected at that period, viz., of the ancient division of Egyptian history, which dates 5,000 years ago.

Of all the marvels of this history the manifestation of the dawn of civilisation by such works, agreeably with the conception of Canon Rawlinson, would be the greatest. The birth of Pallas from the brain of Jove would be its parallel.

Unprepossessed and sober experience, however, teaches that arts, language, literature, are of slow growth, the results of gradual development, as would be expected in a civilisation which had culminated in a creed, a ritual, a priesthood, in convictions of a future life and judgment, of "the resurrection of the body," with the resulting instinct of its preservation—an instinct in which kings alone could indulge to the height of a pyramid. The administrative arrangements through which compulsory labours could be regulated and carried on, with more consideration than Mohamed Ali gave or cared for in the construction of the Mahmoudi Canal; the monthly relays of Pharaoh's workmen; the commissariat as it was recorded on the original polished exterior of the Great Pyramid; the settled grades of Egyptian society, and the "Thirty Commandments" governing their moral life,—“commandments,” by the people held to be “divine,” seeing that thereby the soul was tested, and the deeds of the flesh weighed before the judgment seat of Osiris—these are not the signs of an incipient civilisation. The period of incubation of such progress, if one had to found an estimate by the analogy of the proved conditions of prehistoric man, could not be deemed “extravagant” at the sum of years I have assigned, dating from such incipency; it is more likely to prove inadequate.

The studies of the geologist have expanded ideas of time in a degree analogous to those of space gained by astronomy. Concurrent expansion is rewarding the investigator of the evidences of the human race. My geological observations in Egypt begat a greater confidence in the deductions from lately discovered inscriptions, than in the arbitrary curtailments of Manetho's records by Josephus, Syncellus, and other critics.

Three dynasties of Egyptian kings preceded that of which the builders of the great pyramids were members. Mariette-Bey, whose discoveries have added the most weighty testimony in support of "the materials" at Manetho's command for his records of the chronology of the Old Empire, assigns to the duration of those dynasties a period of 769 years.

Dr. Birch gives 777 years "according to the total of the years of the reigns."

But Egypt is recorded to have been a civilised and governed community before the time of Menes.

Civilisation, it is true, is an arbitrary term. Anthropologists have not yet settled the boundary-line between a savage and a civilised people.

The obtaining sustenance from wild plants and animals, without any of the arts of culture and domestication, would apply as a definition to the savagism of the aborigines of Australia and of the Andaman Isles, of the Boschismen of South Africa, of the Mandans and other "Red Indians" of America. The pastoral community of a group of nomad families, as portrayed in the Pentateuch, may be admitted as an early step in civilisation.

But how far in advance of this stage is a nation administered by a kingly government, consisting of grades of society, with divisions of labour, of which one kind, assigned to the priesthood, was to record or chronicle the names and dynasties of the kings, the durations, and chief events of their reigns!

The traditions of the priestly historians, as received and recorded by Herodotus and Diodorus, refer to a long antecedent period of the existence of the Egyptians as an administered community; the final phase of which, prior to the assumption of the crown by Menes, was analogous to that of the judges in Israel, or the Papacy at Rome, a government, viz., of priests.

The obstruction to the acceptance of the inductive evidences, on which alone a lasting knowledge of ethnology and of the antiquity of the human race can be had, is the same which opposed the progress of the science of geology, and retarded for two centuries or more the demonstration of the causes which, in the long course of ages, modified the crust of the earth; incompatibility, namely, "with the chronology of the Bible," especially "if it be borne in mind that, according to the Septuagint version, the date of the Deluge was certainly anterior to B.C. 3000." (P. 104.)

How far anterior to that date, Canon Rawlinson leaves to conjecture. According to the "Sacred Chronology" of Bishop Russell, the latest writer of eminence on that topic, whose conclusions are mainly those of Hales and Jackson, and, like them, based on the Septuagint, the date of the universal Deluge, as detailed in Gen. vi. vii. viii. is 5,060 years from that of the present writing. It must be admitted that there is yet much uncertainty as to ancient biblical chronology.

## A TRIP TO PALMYRA AND THE DESERT.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WRIGHT, B.A., OF DAMASCUS.

V.

THE golden age of Tadmor's prosperity seems to have been, from her first contact with the power of Rome, until she was finally crushed by that power; and her splendid edifices were the result of that wave of civilisation which was put in motion by the Macedonian conqueror, and continued by the Romans. Like most of the splendid ruins of Syria, those of Palmyra date from the early centuries of our era. During the early part of the second century the relations between Rome and Palmyra became

most intimate. Palmyra ministered to Roman luxury, and Rome became pledged for the safety and stability of the merchant city.

In all ages the wealth of India has flowed in a direct line to the centre of the world's power. The centre of the world's power had become fixed on the Seven Hills, and Pliny tells us that the city of Rome alone took annually one hundred million *sestertii* of Indian merchandise. It is interesting to trace the routes across the desert, along which as by a magnet.

Rome drew the riches of the East. One line passed through Gaza and Petra to Forath. A second, starting from Akka on the Mediterranean, ran across Galilee, crossed the Jordan below Gennesaret, and struck direct for the head of the Persian Gulf, past Bosra and Sukhad. The Roman road is still in many places uninjured, awaiting the European engineers to lay down the rails on the *shortest, safest, and cheapest overland* route to India. The Great Northern line came through Charax, Volgesia, and Palmyra, and it was in the latter city that the east and west joined hands in the mutual benefits of commerce. The Tadmorites, like the English in our day, were the chief carriers and retailers of Indian merchandise, and Appian, the Roman historian, speaks of them with the same contempt as the first Napoleon spoke of the "nation of shopkeepers." "They are merchants," said he, disdainfully, "who seek among the Persians the products of India and Arabia, and carry them to the Romans." The Tadmorites took a different view of the dignity of commerce, and many of the statues that sentinelled the long colonnades were placed there in honour of the successful leaders of caravans. Thus J. A. Zebeida was adjudged a statue in April, 147, by the merchants who accompanied him with the caravan from Volgesia. Markos had a statue for organising the caravan of which Zabdeathus was the conductor. Thaimarson was honoured with a place in the grand colonnade for having led a caravan from Karak for the liquidation of an ancient debt of 300 dinars. And a statue was erected in the grand colonnade, in 257, by the senate and people in honour of Salmalath, for having conducted a caravan at his own expense. In several instances also, we find tribes erecting statues to those whom they considered had merited well of them; so that the Bedawin seem to have thrown in their lot with the merchants.

In those days the Palmyrenes held the monopoly of the northern route to India; and so long as they maintained a strict neutrality between Rome and Persia, they grew in wealth and in general luxury; and we learn from many of the inscriptions that the citizens lavished their wealth in beautifying their city. The inscriptions give us the best answer to the question, "Who built the Tadmor of Zenobia?" It has been generally supposed that Hadrian adorned Palmyra, but from the inscriptions we learn that that was rather the work of the people and senate of the luxurious little republic.\* The rule seems to have been that wealthy citizens erected temples and colonnades in honour of the gods, and their fellow-citizens honoured them with statues. Thus, from an inscription we learn that one man erected six columns, with their architraves, and painted them in honour of Shems and Alath (the sun and a female deity worshipped by the Arabs), and his fellow-citizens erected a statue to him in March, 129. Another citizen erected seven columns, with all their ornaments and brazen balustrades, and he was "statued" in March, 179. And from the inscription, to which we have already referred, on the portico of the "Temple of the King's Mother," we learn that "the temple, with all its ornaments, was built by Mala, called Agrippa, at his own expense." The statue was erected to Mala for his services during the visit of the "god Hadrian;"

but he seems to have been a general benefactor, for it is recorded in the same inscription that "he gave oil to the inhabitants, the soldiers, and to strangers." The small temples and the colonnades appear from the inscriptions to have been the gifts of private individuals; but such a work as the great Temple of the Sun must have proceeded from the senate and the republic. It is not unlikely that private donations may also have been used, and we find an inscription recording the dedication of a statue "by the senate and people to Ogga, who honoured himself by giving to the senate the sum of ten thousand drachmas."† It would thus seem that the Tadmorites could honour the gods, adorn the city, and have their vanity gratified by a statue, for an outlay of from £400 to £500. By the side of this statue stood another to Ogga, and the inscription significantly declared that "it was erected by the senate and people for love."

The Palmyrenes, having become closely allied with Rome, began to add politics to commerce, and to mix themselves up in their neighbours' quarrels. Among the inscriptions we find one recording the dedication of a statue in 258 by the goldsmiths of Palmyra "to their master, Septimus Odainathus." This Odainathus, on the death of his father, Odainathus I, cast aside the policy of neutrality, abandoned the traditions of his fathers, and associated the merchant city with the fortunes of imperial Rome. At that time Valerian was waging war with Sapor, king of the Persians, and Odainathus, having been treated with contempt by Sapor, espoused the cause of the Romans against the Persians. Valerian, in the flush of victory, was taken prisoner by Sapor, who afterwards boasted that always when he mounted his horse he placed his foot on the neck of a Roman emperor; and when Valerian died, after enduring the most cruel indignities, his skin was stuffed with straw, and preserved as a trophy in the national temple of Persia.

Valerian had bestowed on Odainathus the dignity of consul, and Odainathus showed himself worthy of the imperial favour. On the capture of Valerian he collected the scattered forces of Rome, and uniting them with his own Tadmorites, drove back the Persians beyond the Euphrates. Emboldened by this success, Odainathus assumed the title of king, and he elevated to royal dignity his wife, Zenobia, and his eldest son, Herod.‡ The reign of the indolent and profligate Gallienus, who made no efforts to rescue his father from cruel bondage, was perhaps the most disastrous and ignoble in the history of Rome. Usurpers sprung up in every province, barbarians ravaged the fairest portions of the empire, and the most awful plague the world has ever seen swept away the people.

In this juncture Odainathus became the representative of the Roman power in the East, and in that capacity gained his greatest victories. Odainathus fought the enemies of Rome in the emperor's name, defeated Ballista, and put to death Quietus in the same manner, and sent all his prisoners of war to the emperor. Nor, when the empire was in its lowest state of anarchy, did the Palmyrenes think of throwing off the yoke of Gallienus; and in the midst of their greatest triumphs, in 263, we find them in their inscriptions calling the vile Gallienus "their master." In return, Gallienus associated Odainathus

\* In these remarks I am much indebted to Mr. Waddington and the Count de Vogüé, whose valuable works—marvels of industry and accuracy—I have used freely.

† The Attic drachma was worth 9½d., and the Aginetan, 1s. 1d.

‡ "Assumpto nomine regali cum uxore Zenobia et filio majores eius nomen Herodes" (Trebellius Pollo—Trig. Tyr. 14).



with himself as co-partner of the empire, and the Roman historian says—"The senate, the city, and the age gratefully accepted him." Odaenathus, as associate emperor, marched against the Scythians, who were ravaging Asia Minor, but he was assassinated by his nephew, Maconius,\* at Hums, in 266.

In all his wars, as in his hunting expeditions, Odaenathus had been accompanied by his second wife, the beautiful and accomplished Zenobia; and Aurelian† declared, in a letter to the senate, that to Zenobia belonged the honour of her husband's victories over the Persians. Wabballath succeeded his father, but his mother, Zenobia, continued regent and queen. We have full descriptions of this wonderful woman by the Roman historians. They declare that her complexion was olive, and her eyes dark and fiery. In her person she was graceful beyond imagination, and her countenance was divinely sprightly. Her teeth were white as pearls, and her voice was clear and strong. She rode an Arab charger, and she sometimes gave her soldiers an example in bearing fatigue by walking with them several miles on foot. She harangued her troops with her arms bare and a helmet on her head, and then charged with them to victory. She could practise the severe and frugal habits of a Roman matron, or yield to the soft luxury and barbaric splendour of an Oriental court. She became, under her tutor, the celebrated Longinus, as remarkable for her mental accomplishments as for her bodily. Zenobia boasted descent from Cleopatra, but the inscriptions, as read and commented on by Waddington and Vogüé, assign to the queen of the East a humbler origin.‡ She was probably the daughter of a Palmyrene, called Zenobius, and the name by which she was known among her countrywomen was Bathzabina, or the merchant's daughter.

Zenobia, as regent in her son's name, continued the policy of her illustrious husband. She conquered Syria and Egypt in the name of Rome, but dared to hold her conquests in her own name. Aurelian marched against the queen of the East; and, after defeating her in two pitched battles, drove her back on her desert home. Here the iron power of Rome prevailed, and Palmyra fell with the proud family that had led her into a career for which she was utterly unfitted. Zenobia, after gracing Aurelian's triumph, settled and married in Italy, and became the mother of a Roman family; and Tadmor, after many vicissitudes, fell finally under the withering blight of Islam, and then her utter destruction was accomplished.

On the forenoon of our last day at Palmyra we were sitting on the brackets of the columns in the portico of the little temple, husbanding our strength for the return journey, and watching the wonderful play of light and shadow, of roseate hues and golden tints, which overspread the ruins, and gave them their greatest charm,§ when suddenly we heard the

shrill war-song of the Bedawin. In a few minutes we saw a straggling band of spearmen gallop through the pass and down to the warm fountain. They disappeared from our view, and their war-song ceased; but as we had learnt coming along that the Bedawin were in a particularly Ishmaelish mood, we called on our servants to hand us up our breechloaders and cartridges. We knew that the only law in force, or acknowledged in the desert, was that of the strongest, and we resolved to fall in with the law. I was just then busily engaged in fixing the position of the tomb-towers, and as I had an intelligent sheikh telling me their names, I took little notice of the Bedawin, who were coming up slyly at a canter, as if they meant to pass us; but just when they came within charging distance, the leader turned his horse and spear towards us, and went right at us. My companion's coolness was inimitable. With his back against the column, and his legs dangling from the pedestal on which he sat, he smoked his cigar and manipulated his cartridges as methodically as he plied his instruments when stuffing a bird, and with certainly more composure than he stood fire in the House of Commons. He afterwards told me the secret of his composure. He felt safe from our own wild party, who could not shoot him from behind through the column, and he was confident that we could empty the saddles as fast as they came up. We determined that we would not let the ruffians, who stripped women and stole donkeys, strip and plunder us with impunity. For a moment it seemed that we were in for a brush with real Bedawin. Most of our guard were absent, and Brandy Bob, instead of calling his men to arms, got hold of a soldier's rifle, quietly lay down behind a prostrate column, and covered his man. Our soldier of the blind horse, with more prudence than his captain, got into the temple, and, putting his rifle through a hole, laid his cheek to the stock and his finger to the trigger. We marked out a wall about twenty yards distant, and resolved to fire as soon as the Bedawin passed it. As they approached they quickened their pace, and the leader came on a little in front, with his spear pointed against one of our breasts, his teeth set, and his eyes bursting from his head. The Arab war-song ceased, and there was no sound except the clatter of galloping horses, and our general order, oft-repeated, "Don't fire till they are close upon us." The fatal wall was approached, but just then Gazaway, who could contain himself no longer, rushed out from behind us with a double-barrelled gun, and hurled such a volley of Egyptian oaths at the Bedawin, that he fairly staggered them. The whole party hesitated, wheeled to the right, and made a graceful and masterly retreat. Gazaway by his horrible howling saved us, but much wrath fell upon him for his imprudence, so popular is a fight everywhere. The Bedawin then charged right up to the village, but the Palmyrenes, who had been watching our tactics from the walls of the temple, met them in the gate with matchlocks and lighted fuzes, and the robbers, again foiled, fell back, and halted in the triumphal arch. In a moment they picketed their horses and threw themselves on the sand to rest.

I had often wished to see a foraging party of Arabs, for the tribes send out their best horses and arms, and only their picked men. I resolved to visit the party, but Brandy Bob, who amused himself by aiming at the Bedawin with a loaded rifle, declared that he would not consider himself responsible for

\* Zenoras declares that Maconius was Odaenathus' nephew, probably a son of Hairan, the immediate predecessor of Odaenathus. Treb. Pol. calls him a cousin of Odaenathus.

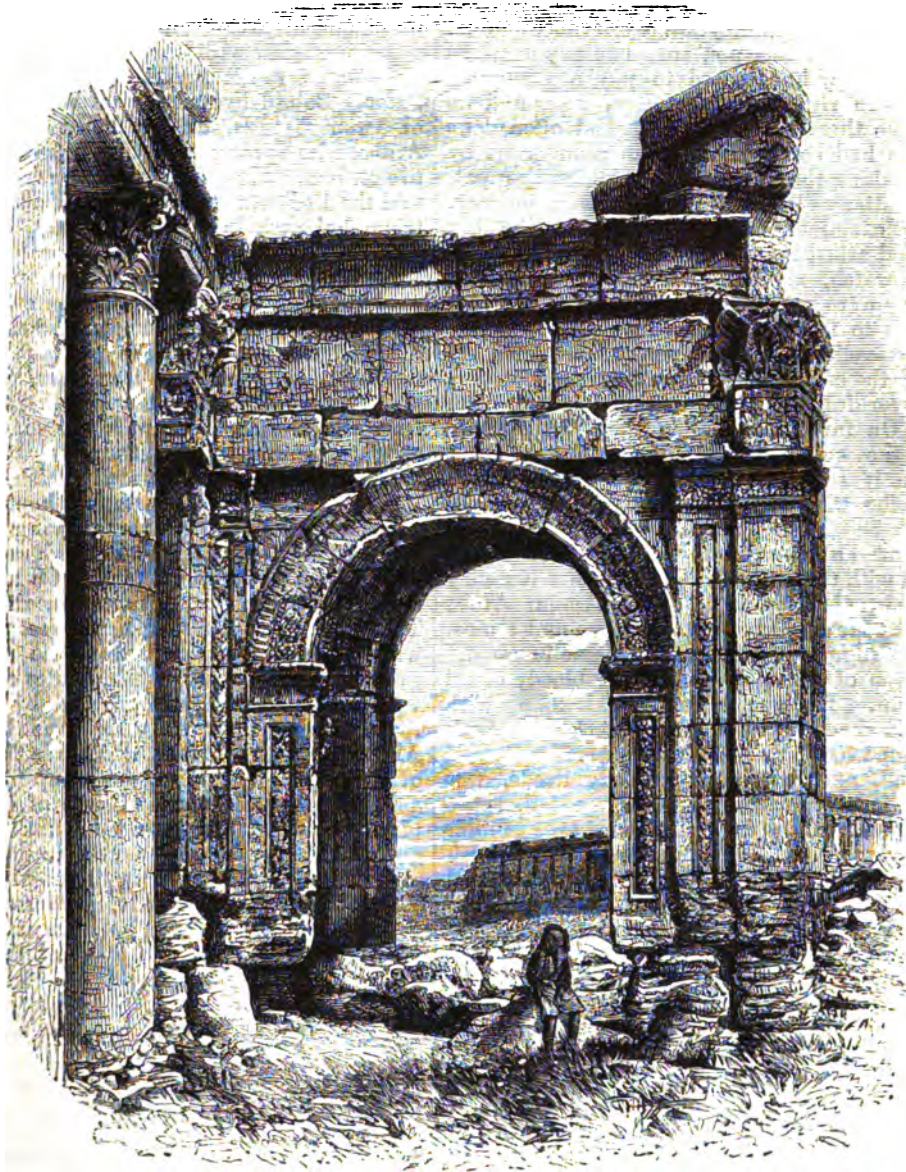
† The letter is preserved by Treb. Pol.

‡ In the inscription on the pedestal of Zenobia's statue there is no reference to her ancestors. "Odaenathus, the king of kings," was the son of Odaenathus I, the son of Hairan, the son of Wabballath, the son of Nassor. By Zenobia he had three sons, Wabballath, Hairan, and Thalmela.

§ Tourists generally speak of "the marble ruins of Palmyra white as snow." The stone used is a close-grained limestone (except four granite monoliths) of a yellowish colour, streaked and flushed with pink. The ruins and whole landscape have a golden hue which is very striking.

my safety if I moved beyond our camp. The opportunity was not to be lost, and so I started alone for the Bedawin, who were distant about a quarter of a mile. On the way I met some of our soldiers coming back to our camp, but crouching along hollow places, and behind ruins, so as not to be seen by the spearmen. The villagers also, who

livid with rage, and his passion seemed to be choking him, and as he hurled imprecations at me, the foam flew from his mouth. I met his exhibition of wrath with a laugh, and walked past him as if I was accustomed to that sort of thing, and thought nothing of it. I walked straight, and at my leisure, to the rest of the Arabs, and he followed me roaring like a



TRIUMPHAL ARCH, WITH TEMPLE OF THE SUN BEYOND.

were in the gardens and fields, were stealing home into the temple.

I walked very slowly, with the Bedawin in view all the way, and in order to appear as composed as possible, I examined all the ruins on my path, though I had seen them fifty times before. When I came within a few perches of the triumphal arch, one of the Bedawin sprang to his feet, seized a club and a spear, and rushed at me like an infuriated bull. Never did I see a man, even in a mad-house, so utterly beside himself as that man was. He was

wild animal. The others received me with scowling looks, and none of them returned my salutation. I sat down upon a stone, fully believing myself in a trap, and tried to look composed, though I did not feel so. "Who do you think I am?" thundered the wrathful Bedawin. "I think," said I, "you would be a magnificent looking fellow if you did not spoil a handsome face by bad temper." "Know then," said he, "that I am the great Kufeiley, at whose name pashas tremble." I said, "No one denied that he was the great Kufeiley, but that I had seen

as pleasant a man somewhere previously;" and then, seeing the necessity for a diversion, I added, pointing to a horrible-looking cut-throat who stood *glowering* at me, "Look at the sweet and pleasant countenance of your friend there on the approach of a guest." The wit was of the feeblest quality, but it did its work, and a broad grin overspread every countenance, even that of the infuriate Kufeiley.

In five minutes we were deep in the politics of the desert and the city. Kufeiley had a grievance against the Turks—as who has not, that has any dealings with them? They had ceased to pay a stipulated tribute for the right of peaceful passage, and he would reduce them to terms, as he had often done before. He had come expressly to plunder us by way of punishing the Turks, and as Allah was great, he would scatter us like dust on our return journey. Then they examined *everything* I had, like big children, and asked me the price of each thing—my boots, my watch, my pistol, my hat; in fact, I believe they were making an inventory of my personal effects to facilitate future division after they should have relieved me of them. I broached the question of the education of their children, but they answered scornfully, "Do you want to make them clerks?" On further discussion they promised to entertain the question, or submit to any other humiliation, if I would procure the release of some of their tribe who were wrongfully imprisoned in Damascus.

I had now an opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with the robbers. I found that Kufeiley was the leader of that branch of the 'Amour Arabs who frequent the desert between Palmyra and Hums. He did not exaggerate the terror his name inspired,\* as he was one of the most active and bloody of all the Bedawin. He was a short, thick man, with short, black, shaggy head and thick neck. His flesh was black and hard as dried Brazilian beef. Second in command, and in fame for bloody deeds, was Azzab, the father-in-law of Kufeiley, a tall, spare man. They all had the deep, suspicious eyes of their race. They were armed with lances, tufted with ostrich's feathers, and most of them had clubs and flint pistols and crooked daggers; and there was one double-barrelled fowling-piece, which they seemed to regard with special affection. They exhibited it in triumph; but it was only a Belgian gun which had got the name "London" engraved on it in Damascus. They all appeared as if they had dressed at an "old clo'" shop, as there was nothing like uniformity in their apparel, and they were doubtless arrayed in the garments of their victims. One man had hung about him the black clothes of a European, much too large for him, and sadly in want of buttons.

While I lingered with the Bedawin, the Turkish Governor of Palmyra joined us, accompanied by a scribe. He and Kufeiley fell on each other's necks, and it soon became apparent why we and the Palmyrenes had to defend ourselves in presence of a Turkish garrison. The governor got a fair share of all plunder taken by Kufeiley, and he, in return, abstained from interfering with that chief's enterprises. On our arrival at Palmyra this Turkish official paid several visits to our camp, and always on leaving us sent his servant to beg a bottle of brandy. Our supply was limited to one bottle for

medicinal purposes, but we yielded to his importunities in a moment of weakness. We could not, however, give him the whole bottle, and we were ashamed to send it half full; and so we did as they do at country fairs in Ireland when the supply is becoming exhausted, we filled it up with water. Apparently the brandy was not up to the governor's standard of perfection, or he had got from us all that his heart desired, for he appeared at our tent no more, and his friendship was turned into hostility.

My interview with the Bedawin was cut short by a mounted soldier, who came galloping up from Brandy Bob, delivered his message from a distance of twenty yards, and galloped away before the Arabs, who sprang to their feet, had even time to fire on him. He ordered me to return at once, and told the Bedawin that if they did not retire from the triumphal arch in twenty minutes, they would be fired on.

On my return to the camp our party were getting ready to start. As we moved from the ruins, some of the Bedawin went before us, and some of them followed us, but they always kept at a respectful distance. They did not attack us, for they preferred plundering to fighting; but they kept in a position from which they could have cut off stragglers, or caught a runaway horse or mule.

Passing into the long plain which stretches from Palmyra to near Damascus, we kept to the right, about a mile from the mountain range on the north. The Bedawin marched parallel with us along the foot of the mountain. In an hour and a half we reached the open mouths of a subterranean water-course. The openings were about eighty feet apart, and the water was eighteen feet from the surface of the ground. The stones round the sides of the openings were much polished, and grooved by the friction of ropes drawing up water. This was the water of the Abu el Fawâris fountain, which was the chief supply of Tadmor. We pitched our camp by the water, at a point due west from the Castle of Palmyra. The place seemed to have been much used as a camping-ground. The plain around us was green with the el-kali, and another shrub like a dwarf tamarisk. Flocks of pigeons and vultures swarmed about us to get at the water, and the Bedawin encamped at the foot of the mountain right opposite, and watched for an opportunity to attack us.

## BOY AND MAN:

A STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE HAUNTED TOWER.

"The lonely tower  
Is also shunned, whose mournful chambers hold,  
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost!"

—Thomson.

WE pass over a few weeks. John Armiger is no longer a new boy, and the school is no longer new to him. He has found out that it is neither so good as it was represented to him by his uncle, upon the testimony of Mr. Waddy, nor altogether so bad as his first impressions of it led him to believe. He has made one or two friends like-minded with himself, and a great many acquaintances whom he does not very much admire, but with whom he associates notwithstanding (as men do in the world), being attracted by some quality of entertainment or good-fellowship which they possess, or by some evident

\* Kufeiley was shot dead through the breast this spring, near Hums, by a peasant whom he was plundering.



liking or appreciation of himself on their part. The tenor of his way has been anything but even; the good resolutions which he formed before he left home have not been well kept at school; the compunction which at first followed any departure from them has become less and less painful; familiarity has taken away the sting from many an evil habit which had formerly been an offence to him; and if he has not become a partaker in the follies and wickednesses of his schoolfellows, he has at least learnt to hear of them and to witness them without that feeling of repugnance which they at first excited.

The holidays, which at the beginning of the half had seemed hopelessly remote, were now within appreciable distance. Already there were inscriptions to be seen upon the walls, "Only six weeks to the holidays!" Already boys had made for themselves calendars, with each day to come figured in its proper order, to be blotted out as soon as it was passed. Already they carried in their pockets sticks with notches cut in them, according to the number of the days which must elapse before the holidays, and, chipping off a notch each night, counted the rest with constantly-increasing pleasure, as if they did not know already the score that still remained. One consequence of all this hope and expectation was a better temper, a more genial and unselfish disposition among all classes of boys in the school; the elder and the younger were brought nearer together, and seemed to have more in common, though the impression was rather felt and understood than manifested or acknowledged. Spring, too, was advancing; the morning sun was shining in the heavens now before the great groaning bell upon the top of the house roused up the sleeping inmates. The primrose had begun to show its simple, ever-welcome face upon the banks and ditches; the wood anemone lighted up the dark fir woods on each side of the silent shadowy paths that traversed them. The grass was growing long in the play-field, and the sheep which had been turned in to keep it down, had lost their coats.

It was a very pleasant country round Cubbinghame. The boys did not see a great deal of it; but on half-holidays, and sometimes on a Sunday afternoon, they were allowed to walk out, under the care of Mr. Sprigg, and the sweet country sights and sounds seemed to take possession of their senses with a soothing influence, awakening old and tender memories in some, strange and incomprehensible yearnings in others, and doing good to all. To escape from such a world as the playground at Cubbinghame, where eighty or a hundred boys were pent up in a square gravelled yard, without supervision, and with little occupation or amusement, and to sit down quietly upon a shady bank, or to lean over a stile, with the green fields and the silent landscape for the eyes to rest upon; to hear the quivering song of the lark under the blue heaven, rising and falling, now nearer, now more distant, but always free and clear, and joyful; to feel oneself alone, and to think of those at home with whom these sights and sounds were shared a year ago, and may be shared again—this was a state of happiness, a "time with feeling fraught," which came to John Armiger and his schoolfellows once in a half-year, or twice perhaps at most, and left them better for it. There was, indeed, some sadness mingled with these sweet impressions; but even that was salutary; there was more of hope than of pain, more of promise than

reproof in the retrospect; and the effect of these sweet communings with nature in her calmest, happiest moods, was like that of music, the music of innocence and childhood, which "hath charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks, and bend the stubborn oak."

The boundary wall of the playground at one end was low, and being built of rough stone, it was not difficult for the boys to clamber up and sit upon it, or even to run along the top of it, though, as there was a considerable descent on the other side, the feat was not altogether without danger. John Armiger used to find pleasure, when the day was warm, in sitting upon this wall, leaning against a buttress at one end, and looking over the landscape, or watching the squirrels as they ran up the spruce-trees, with which the hill-side was covered, or leapt from branch to branch. Here, one day, little Goodchild found him, and stood below, looking up wistfully at him.

"What's the matter, Willy?" said Armiger, for there were marks of tears upon his cheeks.

"Nothing," was the answer; "it's all right now, only I had a letter from home, from my sister."

"No bad news, I hope?"

"Oh, no; but before I had read it, Bootle snatched it out of my hand, and ran away with it; and he read it aloud to several of the boys, and made fun of it. It began with 'My darling Willy,' and ended with 'Nooney,' short for 'Susan,' you know; and he read it through, and they all laughed. I tried to snatch it from him, but he held it over his head, and pretended to sell it by auction, and gave it to another boy, and when I got angry they all pushed me about."

"Did they hurt you?" said Armiger, looking very red, and doubling his fists.

"Of course they did; but I wanted the letter, and I dare say I should never have had it again, but Mr. Sprigg came past, and I went and told him, and he made them give it up, and he set Bootle five hundred lines to write; and now Bootle says he'll pay me out for it; but I don't care about that; and they all called me a tell-tale, but I don't tell tales; only I wanted my letter." And he took the letter out of his pocket, and turned it over and over, and feasted his eyes upon it lovingly.

"It was a horrid shame! But never mind Bootle; come to me if he threatens you. Bootle ought to have another good licking, and I should not mind—"

"Oh, no; let him alone: I'm not afraid of him; he won't do anything. What a nice seat you have here, and what a pretty view; there's the river where the boys go to bathe in summer; and there's the church, and the clock with only one hand, and the orchard where the boys steal apples in the autumn; and there—oh, there's the haunted tower!"

"Do you believe in ghosts, Willy?"

"I don't know," he answered. "What everybody says must be true."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"Well, but you believe about the haunted tower, don't you?"

"No, I don't; at least, not all of it."

The tower in question was a dilapidated building, which had been built two or three centuries ago, probably as a dovecote. At a later date it had been used as a strong room, or cage, in which vagrants or criminals were locked up by the village constable until they could be brought before a



magistrate, or handed over to the proper authorities. Tradition held that on the last occasion of its being so used, the prisoner, a gipsy, who was accused of many crimes, and anticipated nothing better than hanging, had added one more crime to the list by hanging himself; and there were not wanting some among the villagers who declared that they had seen the face of this dead gipsy peering forth from one of the openings in the tower, and swaying to and fro with a strange unearthly motion, as if still suspended by the fatal cord. Strange cries and screams had also been heard proceeding from the tower, enough to freeze one's blood. Belief in this story so far prevailed that none would venture near the spot after dark, and as the building stood by itself, at some little distance from any road or footpath, there was nothing to lead them in that direction.

"I don't believe it," Armiger said, in reference to this story; "it may be true that a man committed suicide in the tower, but all the rest is false. What good would it do for a ghost to come back to such a place? What pleasure could it be to him, or to any one else, to show his pale face at the window? Besides, it's impossible."

"I don't like to think about it," little Goodchild answered. "Very likely what you say is true, but I'm always afraid in the dark; I always was—I can't help it. I think of such dreadful things, and see things in my dreams; and it's horrible, horrible. It's no use what anybody says, I should be afraid all the same if I did not believe in ghosts; the only thing that I like being at school for is that there are other boys in the same room, and I am never left alone after dark as I used to be at home."

"You're only a baby, after all, Willy," Armiger said, laughing.

"No, I'm not a baby. Even you wouldn't like to go to that tower in the dark by yourself. I don't believe you would dare to do it, brave as you are."

"In the dark, alone! Perhaps not; it would make me feel rather creepy, I dare say."

"Then you do believe it."

"No, I don't—not by daylight, at all events. But never mind the tower, look at the birds building instead; look at that squirrel, I wish I could catch it." They sat in silent enjoyment for a few minutes, and then the bell rang for dinner; they were quite ready for it after their usual light breakfast, and they descended and ran in at once.

A few days afterwards it was John Armiger's turn to receive a letter from home. Letters in those days were written on a single sheet of large paper, folded together so as to conceal the writing, and then fastened with a wafer or sealing-wax. Envelopes were never used, on account of the postage, a full rate being chargeable upon every separate piece of paper. John Armiger's letter had been opened before it was delivered to him; the wax had evidently been melted, for the paper was scorched, and the impression of the seal destroyed.

"Somebody has been at this," he said to himself, as he opened it; then reading, he exclaimed, "'Not had a letter for three weeks; anxious to hear how you are getting on!' Why, I wrote only last Saturday; my letters must have been stopped. I'll write again to-day, and post it in the village."

The writing was soon accomplished, but the posting was less easy. The boy carried his letter in his pocket till it was bent and soiled, but found no opportunity of taking it to the post-office; paper was

scarce or he would have rewritten it. He was looking at it anxiously one evening and thinking what he should do, when little Goodchild came loitering near him, as was his custom, on the watch for a kind look or word from his big friend.

Armiger thought of what the child had said about the little window. "Shall I let him take it?" thought he. "He would not be gone a minute; it is dusk, and there would be plenty of time before the bell rings. I do want to send the letter; and if he should be caught they would not punish him—I could say I made him go, and that it was my fault, not his."

The child seemed to guess what was passing in his mind, and ran up to him. "A letter!" he exclaimed. "I'll take it; do let me take it. There," he continued, throwing his ball through the open woodwork of the brewhouse, as if by accident, "I'll go in after my ball, and you can come in presently and lift me through the window."

It was all done in a few minutes; the letter was posted, and the little fellow pulled up from the road, without having been seen by any one.

"Now, Minimus," said Armiger, "don't do that again for anybody. It was a cowardly thing of me to let you go; if you had been caught and punished I could not have forgiven myself. Don't do it again, for me or anybody else."

"Oh, I often tib out like that," said the child; "I go for tarts and bull's-eyes and nelsons; and the fellows give me some for my trouble, so I like it."

"You may do it once too often," said Armiger; but he felt very glad, after all, that he had posted the letter.

At calling over that evening, just before supper, Goodchild minimus did not answer to his name. It was called out three times, and all eyes were directed to the place in which he was accustomed to sit, but no "Goodchild minimus" was there.

"Does anybody know anything about him?" the usher asked.

There was no answer; but one of the boys of his form said, on being questioned, that he had not been in his place all the evening, and they supposed he was in the nursery, or gone to bed ill, or something. Inquiry was made in the house, but he had not been seen there since morning. The thought occurred to John Armiger that he might possibly have been sent out again through the little window, and his return by some accident or other intercepted. He went down at once to the playground, and finding the brewhouse door still unlocked, passed through it to the window next the road, and thrusting out his head as far as he could, called "Willy! Willy!" but there was no reply. Presently he heard footsteps—not those of a child, but slow and heavy as of a labourer returning from his work.

"Who's there?" said a voice, which Armiger thought he recognised. "What's the matter?"

It was Berry, the carrier, with whom most of the boys were acquainted, as he was often in the playground bringing parcels, or doing odd jobs in Mr. Bearward's garden; and it was his wife who kept the cake shop. Armiger asked him if he had seen anything of Goodchild in the village.

"Yes, I seed him," said Berry, "about a hour ago."

It was more than two hours since John had helped the child in through the window, therefore he now

felt sure that he had been sent out again upon another errand.

"Where was he?" he asked.

"He came to our shop with two other boys. Bootle was one of them; they had been out on leave, I suppose, but they did not stop long."

"Don't you know where they went?"

"Went home, I suppose; leastways, to school."

It was strange; Bootle's name, being among the B's, had been called out before "Goodchild," and he had answered to it. Armiger went back at once, and on his way to the schoolroom met Bootle running stealthily along in the corridor.

"What have you done with little Goodchild?" he asked.

"I don't know anything about him," was the answer; "how should I?"

"It's a lie; he was last seen with you in the village. Where did you leave him?"

"Mind your own business," said Bootle; and another boy, named Hawkes, coming up at the moment, they both tried to push past him.

"You shall not pass," said Armiger, catching hold of Bootle, "till you tell me where you left him."

A struggle ensued, Hawkes assisting Bootle, and some blows were exchanged; but Armiger kept his hold firmly.

"Tell me where he is," he cried, "or I'll call Mr. Sprigg this moment."

"Well, be quiet; swear you won't tell anybody."

"Out with it," cried Armiger, impatiently; "some bullying work of yours, I know."

"He went with us to the spinney, to look at a fox's hole."

"What spinney?"

"At the bottom of the playground."

"By the haunted tower? You don't mean that?"

"Why, yes; but—"

"And you ran away and left him there?"

"Only for a bit of fun."

"In the spinney? Not in the tower itself?"

Neither of the boys answered.

"Tell me."

"We did not shut the door, and we went back afterwards to look for him, and he was gone; he's not there now. Don't tell of us, it was only in fun."

Feelings of indignation swelled his breast and were expressed in words which John Armiger himself would have been shocked to hear if any one else had uttered them a month ago, but which broke from his own lips now in the vehemence of his alarm and anger. Even while he spoke he turned from the spot, and ran with all his speed down to the low wall at the bottom of the playground. He scaled it in an instant, and then dropped from it on the other side, rolling over and over upon the ground; but he was quickly on his feet again, unhurt, and hastened towards the tower. "Willy," he cried, as he approached; "where are you, Willy?" but there was no answer. Only a large owl came flying from the upper window and swept clumsily past him. The door was open—he had never been so close to it before—and the moon was shining, but all within was dark and silent. He stepped cautiously in, but fell forward as he did so, the floor of the building being below the level of the ground, and the steps down to it broken and slippery. Recovering himself, he peered anxiously around him, calling as before. He saw nothing, heard nothing; yes, there was something white upon the ground. He laid his hand upon it—it was soft

and cold. "Willy! oh, Willy, is it you?" It was indeed Willy, to all appearance lifeless, stretched upon the cold, damp soil.

#### CHAPTER IX.—CONSEQUENCES.

"From the body of one guilty deed  
A thousand ghostly fears and haunting thoughts proceed."  
—Wordsworth.

ARMIGER knelt down beside the poor, unconscious boy, and took him up carefully in his arms, then rose and carried him, stumbling up the broken steps, and through the spinney towards the village. He stopped more than once to rest, and to call aloud for help, and was answered after some time by a cottager, who hastened to meet him. The man's wife stood at the door with a candle (oh, welcome candle!); and they carried the child in, and laid him down upon a table. His teeth were firmly set, and there was a thin froth about his lips; his eyes were closed, but his heart still beat, and there was life in him. The man went immediately for the doctor, who lived near, and Armiger and the woman sat and chafed his cold hands until he came.

"A fit," he said. "But what does the child do here?" A brief explanation was sufficient. Poor little Goodchild was carried home, and put to bed, still insensible, in the nursery.

"You needn't stop here," said Mrs. Baggerly to John; "we can manage without you."

John looked at the doctor; "I found him, sir," he said; "let me stay with him till he is better; he has been frightened into this."

"Has he a brother, or any other relative in the school?"

"He has two cousins; but they are big boys, and don't take any notice of him."

"Let him have one of his young companions to see him; some familiar face that he is fond of, if there be any in this place, to look upon when he comes to," said the doctor.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Baggerly; "I'll send for some one, but they're all gone to bed to-night."

"He liked me as well as anybody," said Armiger, with a sob; "he would rather have me near him than any of the other boys, I think; do let me stay."

"Well, my boy, you shall stay; Mrs. Baggerly will make up a bed for you in the room, and call you when you're wanted. I shall remain with him myself for the present."

Mr. Bearward came in to see the patient, much distressed and shocked. Even Mrs. Bearward looked in for a few minutes, though in a highly nervous state, and shivering with terror. "How horrible!" she cried. "I can't bear to look at him! Oh, that dreadful tower! Poor little child, I wonder what he saw there. Are the shutters shut in my room? Betty, shut all the shutters directly, and bring me some sal volatile."

Mrs. Bearward had no children of her own, or she would perhaps have learnt to restrain her nervous sensibilities, instead of adding to the general trepidation by her foolish and selfish conduct.

For several hours poor little Goodchild continued quite unconscious. John Armiger lay upon his makeshift bed without taking off his clothes, for the doctor wished him to be ready to show himself to the little patient in the aspect which had been most familiar to him. Soon after midnight there was a change; the child moved, opened his eyes, uttered a

faint cry, and closed them again. Armiger went to him, sat upon his bed, and took him by the hand; again his eyes opened, and he sat up; then he grasped John's hand and arm convulsively, hid his face upon his breast, and screamed out, "Save me—save me—oh, the face! the face!"

Armiger spoke to him soothingly, called him by his name, "Willy, dear Willy," that name by which he had scarcely ever been addressed by any one since he left home, and whispered kind, loving words to him.

It was of little use. "The face—the face!" he muttered—"Oh, save me—Our Father which art" . . . and then his poor limbs were again convulsed, and another fit possessed him. And so it went on through the night; one fit succeeded another, until at length, as morning dawned, he lay quietly asleep, breathing more naturally, and giving reason to hope that the worst was over.

"Will he live, sir?" John Armiger had often asked of the doctor; "will he recover?"

"I hope so," was the answer; "but it's a terrible shock; sad consequences might ensue; he will need great care and tenderness for a long time to come. Who did this wicked thing?"

"It will all be found out, I suppose," said Armiger; "leave it to the masters, they will inquire about it, of course."

"They must—they shall," said Mr. Hartwell, resolutely; "there has been too much of this cowardly, brutal work. It must be put a stop to."

Then the doctor took his leave, promising to return in the course of three or four hours; and John Armiger, wearied out with many conflicting emotions, lay down upon his bed, and presently fell asleep.

The events of the night were not generally known among the boys in the dormitories until next day. They knew only that Goodchild minimus was lost, and that Armiger had gone in search of him. There was a rumour also that he had been found, and brought home. Many and various were the speculations indulged in in the several dormitories as to his disappearance, and it was late before the boys ceased talking, and dropped off, one by one, to sleep. Some said that Goodchild minimus had made an attempt to run away from school, and had been recaptured. Several of the boys had run away at different times, and had been brought back again; and one of them who had tried to do so repeatedly was even then wearing a heavy log of wood chained to his leg, which he was condemned to drag about the playground with him, by way of rendering him more happy and contented with his lot at Cubbinghame. Others thought that Minimus had been tugging out for tarts, and had been knocked down by highwaymen, and robbed of his purchases; there was a great deal about highwaymen in the papers at that time, and why should they not come to Cubbinghame as well as to Hounslow? Chalk was certain he had heard the doctor's voice in the passage; and he ought to know, he should think, for didn't he come to see him when he had those broken chilblains as big as his hand? Everybody knew that it was dangerous to go out after dark in some places, and it was a pity all the highwaymen were not hanged. Then there were tales told of robbers going about in bands, on horseback, with captains over them, and black masks upon their faces, and great horse-pistols in their holsters, so that little

Goodchild minimus would not have much chance against them—"Would he, you know?"

The boys in dormitories one, two, and three were particularly excited, for it was certain that Armiger had not yet gone to bed, and he would have to pass through the two former rooms in order to reach the third, so they would be able to find out all about it when he came. They agreed, therefore, to keep each other awake by telling stories; but it need not be said that the stories all came to end without his appearing.

There were two boys, however, in that third dormitory who, though they joined but little in the conversation, lay awake longer than any of the rest, and listened through the greater part of that long night for any sound within the house, or out of it. The distant creaking of a door, the flashing of a light in the playground, the sound of a footstep on the gravel, caused them to rise up in bed and hold their breath, and look through the darkness at each other, and then shrink down again, with beating hearts, under the bedclothes, wishing for the morning, and yet dreading it with terrible suspense.

If one of them dropped off to sleep for a few minutes, he would wake up again with a vague sense of terror, and remembering in a moment all that had passed, would look eagerly towards Armiger's bed, or get up and lay his hands upon it, to find out whether its occupant had returned to it. But no, he was not there! Something dreadful must have happened. Was Goodchild found? and if so, in what condition? or was Armiger also lost? If there had been any one there to tell them, they would hardly have found courage to inquire. Armiger was the only person who knew that these two boys, Bootle and Hawkes major, were implicated in this dreadful business. Would he come back? Would he betray them if he did? Such thoughts passed through their minds, each lying restless on his bed, yet they dared not even whisper to one another of their hopes and fears, lest they should be overheard by one or other of the boys around them.

In justice to these unhappy youths, it shall here be stated what was the real extent of their culpability. Bootle and Hawkes major had been out on leave by favour of one of the masters, who had given them a commission to execute for him at Bedworth. They were returning from their walk as it was getting dark, and met with Goodchild in the village at Mr. Berry's shop. Bootle owed the child a grudge, as he said, and knowing his timidity in the dark, and his dread of anything supernatural, proposed to Hawkes to have some fun with him. They persuaded the child that it would be impossible for him to return to the playground through the brewhouse, as it was always locked soon after dark. The poor boy was alarmed, and wanted to go back immediately and make the attempt, but they detained him. At length, pretending to take pity on him, they proposed to take him round by the spinney and help him over the wall, which they said could be easily climbed by means of the ivy. The little fellow gladly assented, and felt very much obliged to them, though he did not at all like the idea of passing so near the haunted tower; but they took him between them, one holding either hand, and hastened towards the spinney. As they were passing the tower, Willy looking away from it with all his eyes, suddenly a hand was laid upon his mouth to prevent his screaming, and he felt himself dragged

in the direction of the dreaded spot. He struggled, but in vain; the door of the building was open, and the cruel boys, themselves half terrified at what they were doing, pushed him towards it, with more force perhaps than either of them separately was aware of, and then ran away. Poor little Goodchild fell headlong down the broken steps, and, paralysed with horror rather than disabled by the fall, could not rise, nor make any effort to escape from the dreadful spot. What happened to him afterwards we have no means of knowing. It was true, however, that the cruel perpetrators of this deed, finding that he did not follow them in their flight, took counsel together and crept back to the tower, peering into it and calling him by name. He did not answer them, and they could see no signs of him, so they concluded that he had run away as they did, though in a different direction; and leaving him to find his way as best he might, returned home well satisfied with their exploit. They were as much alarmed as Armiger, when it was known that Goodchild minimus was not present to answer to his name; for certainly they had not intended to be guilty of so great a cruelty as to leave him in the tower. It was not their fault, they argued with themselves, as they lay trembling in their beds; whatever misfortune had happened to the child would probably be visited on them, but it was not their doing. There was small comfort in the thought. They were to be pitied, indeed, that the consequences of their cruelty and folly had turned out so much more serious than they had anticipated, but they were not the less responsible. We cannot foresee the evils which may befall us, even when we keep strictly and carefully to the path of duty; but whatever accidents happen then, we can generally find support and comfort under them; but in wrong doing, an error in judgment may aggravate or give occasion for a crime, and every unforeseen incident may heap up a load of sorrow and remorse to last a lifetime.

John Armiger did not hear the bell ring that morning, but slept till breakfast time. Mrs. Baggerly was gone to bed, and Betty, who had been in and out during the greater part of the night, but was not supposed to have "sat up," had taken her place by little Goodchild's bedside. He was still asleep, but opened his eyes while Armiger was standing near, and looked up at him, and smiled. Then a troubled, fearful expression passed over his face, and he turned anxiously from side to side. It was broad daylight, and there was nothing to recall the terror of the previous night. Armiger stooped down, and kissed the child; Betty had kissed him many times already in his sleep, and it may be that, although apparently unconscious of it, it had done him good. Now John kissed him, and the little boy kissed him again; and as he would not let him go, John lay down by his side upon the bed. He was still lying there when Mrs. Baggerly returned.

"Well," she said, "you've got a bed of your own to lie on, I should think you might be satisfied with that; and it's time you were getting up and going to your schooling. I'm sure I don't know what you have been here for all the night."

Armiger let go Willy's hand, and would have risen, but the child clung to him eagerly, and presently the doctor entered.

"Lie still," he said. So Mrs. Baggerly was vanquished. Mr. Hartwell sat down quietly by the bedside, and watched his little patient, speaking to

him now and then in a low voice very kindly, but the boy took no notice of him. His eyes kept moving restlessly, and never seemed to dwell for a moment upon anything. Now and then his lips trembled, as if he would have spoken, and there was an occasional twitching of his face and limbs. At length the doctor rose and left him, desiring that he might not be disturbed, and that everything should be done to soothe and humour him, but quietly, and only as he should give occasion for it by his own looks or gestures. Armiger stayed with him, and was a close prisoner for two or three hours, until, under the influence of some medicine which Mr. Hartwell had administered, the little sufferer fell asleep.

## Varieties.

**DECIVILISATION.**—There is much in the whole history of Genesis to convince us that civilisation was not a thing of growth in any country from a state of barbarism, but that there was an aboriginal civilisation coeval with the knowledge of the true God, and which declined in proportion as that knowledge was obscured. The progress of this matter has been the reverse of what is very commonly imagined. The civilisation degenerated along with the enlightened religion of the people; and there is great probability in the assertion—that never did it spontaneously arise from a state of barbarism in any land; but wherever it existed it was imported from abroad.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

**EDITORIAL EXPERIENCE.**—"Good-natured editing," says some wise man, "spoils half our newspapers." Yea, verily. "Will you please publish the poetry I send," says one, "it is my first effort;" and some crude lines go in, to encourage budding genius. "Our church is in great peril," says another; "will you publish our appeal?" and a long and dolorous plea is inserted. "My father took your paper for twenty years," writes another; "I think you ought to publish the resolutions passed by the session of Big Brake church when he died," and in go resolutions of no interest to a majority of the readers. "I am particularly anxious that the views I present should go before the church this week," and out go a covey of small, pithy contributions, to make room for three columns from a ponderous D.D. "There is an immediate necessity for the exposure of one who is a bitter enemy to the truth," writes another, as he sends an attack upon an antagonist that will fill an entire page. "I am about to publish a book, identifying the Great Image of brass, iron, and clay, and I would be obliged to you to publish the advanced sheets of the fifth chapter, which I herewith enclose to you." "Why do you not publish in full R—'s great speech in the General Assembly? it would increase your circulation largely." "If you will publish the sermon I transmit to you, I will take eight extra copies!" "The church must be aroused on the subject of Foreign Missions," says a pastor, as he forwards the half of his last Sabbath's sermon. And the ladies—with their sweet smiles and sweet voices—the good-natured editor surrenders to them at once, and they go away happy, utterly unconscious that they have helped to spoil the paper.—*The Presbyterian, U.S.*

**WEATHER NOTES.**—A correspondent writes:—"Perhaps the following Spanish version of the 'borrowing days' superstition, referred to in the March 'Leisure Hour,' is worthy of note, as found in Hare's Wanderings in Spain: For the last few days of March (1872) it was very wet and stormy. They say it is always so in Spain, and concerning this there is an old Spanish story. A shepherd once said to March that if he would behave well he would make him a present of a lamb. March promised to deserve it, and conducted himself admirably. When he was going out he asked the shepherd for the promised lamb; but the sheep and the lambs were so very beautiful that the shepherd, considering that only three days of restraint remained to March, answered that he would not give it to him. 'You will not give it to me!' said March; 'then you do not recollect that in the three days which remain to me, and three days which my comrade April will lend to me, your sheep will need to bring forth their young;' and for six days the



rain and cold was so terrible that all the sheep and all the lambs died." The following miscellaneous notes on rain may also be interesting: "In some parts of Germany, it is said, 'If it rains while the sun shines, a tailor has gone to heaven.'" In Weir's Indian Superstitions we read: "In all the Island, rain at a funeral, or on the day of a man's burial, is thought a good sign about him. The old superstition expressed in the saying, 'Blessed is the dead that the rain rains on,' prevails here, as in Europe." In St. Croix "it is the belief that the baptism of children ought always to be performed with rain-water." The explanation was given me simply enough by a man, "This all rain-water does come down from heaven!" One would like to deal tenderly with such a poetical superstition. In St. Croix it is terrible only to open an umbrella over your head in a house; a sure way to bring trouble either on yourself or on some one in that house. It may be added that the Papuans consider rain a bad omen; and a proposed journey would if it rained be postponed, else somebody, it is inferred, would sicken or die.—W.G.B.

**CHANNEL PASSAGE.**—Mr. John Leighton, in a letter to the "Times," thus described the Channel passage as it is, and as it might be:—"On board the boat you seek the cabin, and find the first-class passengers in a warm, unsavoury odour, packed like herrings in a barrel, while at the fore, though fewer and fresher, there is a cabin stove that smokes. You then try the deck, which, though well 'holy-stoned' and bright, is covered with smuts, while spots of condensed steam descend in big rain drops. As an old traveller, perhaps, you consult the wind, and note the 'lumpy' sea outside, finally deciding to *pose* yourself in the middle deck under the bridge, where possibly you escape the great volume of water breaking over the paddle-box, and encased in an oilskin cape—the loan of which has cost you one shilling—you prepare to defy the elements and take your nausea like a martyr. Once out at sea, a little of the odour disappears before the driving gale, but the engines grind and creak, and the vessel tumbles, and lunges, and rolls until *mal de mer* ensues. You have defied the water from above, but to escape that floating about the deck you possibly mount the grating over the engine, until the engineer objects to your blocking his fresh air. Arrived at Boulogne, the defile up the 'chicken ladder' begins again. The ticket-collector takes your ticket out of your mouth, for both your hands are full. You have had a speedy passage and a safe one, but that is all; in place of what might have been a pleasure, you have been in a species of purgatory. With a fast twin boat, and first-rate organisation, the middle passage might be a pleasurable transit. There being no paddle-boxes, you could walk on board. The breadth of beam would insure dryness, and the Customs could do all their work in transit, while passengers promenaded the ample space at pleasure. With a perfectly organised service, such as we may some day see, with every convenience carefully studied, London and Paris may be brought within eight hours of each other. The carriages for the Continental route should have a free passage from end to end, and the pontoon-bridge free water-way through it, and there should be but three stoppages—the sea, the shore, and the destination. Perfect organisation will some day give us this, and for all hindrance it might be to-morrow." The experiments of the last year, if not a complete success, show at least how much more might be done by an energetic administration of present means.

**IRELAND SINCE THE FAMINE.**—How different now is the state of Ireland from what it was before 1846! Political troubles, indeed, survive; a few signs of agrarian disturbance exist, and in all that constitutes material well-being there is still room for no little improvement. The progress of Ireland has not been so rapid in the last ten years as it promised to be; her agriculture is still backward; the mud cabin still too often marks the presence on the soil of the pauper occupier; the peasantry in Munster and Connaught still rely too much upon the potato. But, compared with the period before the famine, Ireland is a land of plenty and happiness; and there is abundant evidence that this prosperity will steadily advance with the march of time. Society in the island no longer rests on foundations utterly false and unstable; it no longer depends on a treacherous root; it is not now ever on the verge of an abyss, removed only a step from ruin. The legislation of 1847-50 has borne great and beneficent fruit; the Poor Law system has developed its results, and while property is compelled to support poverty, it keeps down its perilous growth. The discipline of the Encumbered Estates Court has made the upper classes frugal and prudent, and the Land Act of 1870 will, we hope, improve landed relations and encourage husbandry. These reforms have done much to control pauperism, to augment

wealth, and to promote industry; yet their effects would have been little without the removal of the redundant population from the land through the immense emigration of the last twenty years. This, we repeat, has been the great gain of Ireland since 1846-7; it has relieved the country from a burden beyond the resources of a far richer nation; it has freed society from a most serious danger; it has made real agriculture possible, and liberated the soil from a fatal mortmain; and it has done more than anything else to raise the condition of Irishmen abroad and at home. We shall not argue with those who contend that the Irish exodus was a calamity to which statesmen should look with regret; and it is nothing to the purpose that in a different state of society from that of 1844-5 Ireland might have supported her teeming millions without imperilling the whole community. The general results of this revolution have been gratifying in the extreme, and they are visible in every part of the island and in the relations of all classes. The wealth of Ireland has enormously increased since 1846; her rental has risen at least one-fourth; the profits of farming have probably doubled; the wages of labour have in places trebled; and, tried by every conceivable test, her history has been one of decisive progress. The happiest change of all, certainly, has been in the aspect of the peasantry; the misery of the past has almost disappeared; corn has largely replaced the potato as food; and you meet looks of health and content where all had been degraded wretchedness. If the famine was a terrible visitation, it has been ultimately a source of welfare; and in this, as in other instances, Providence has caused good to grow out of evil.—*Times*.

**A NOBLE FELLOW.**—Tom Baird, the carter, the beadle of my working man's church, was as noble a fellow as ever lived—God-fearing, true, unselfish. I shall never forget what he said when I asked him to stand at the door of the working man's congregation, and when I thought he was unwilling to do so in his working clothes. "If," said I, "you don't like to do it, Tom; if you are ashamed—" "Ashamed!" he exclaimed, as he turned round upon me. "I'm mair ashamed o' yersel', sir. Div ye think that I believe, as ye ken I do, that Jesus Christ, who died for me, was stripped o' his raiment on the cross, and that I—Na, na, I'm proud to stand at the door." Dear, good fellow! There he stood for seven winters, without a sixpence of pay; all from love, though at my request the working congregation gave him a silver watch. When he was dying from smallpox, the same unselfish nature appeared. When asked if they would let me know, he replied, "There's nae man leevin' I like as I do him. I know he would come. But he shouldna' come on account of his wife and bairns, and so ye maunna' tell him!" I never saw him in his illness, never hearing of his danger till it was too late.—*Life of Dr. Norman Macleod*.

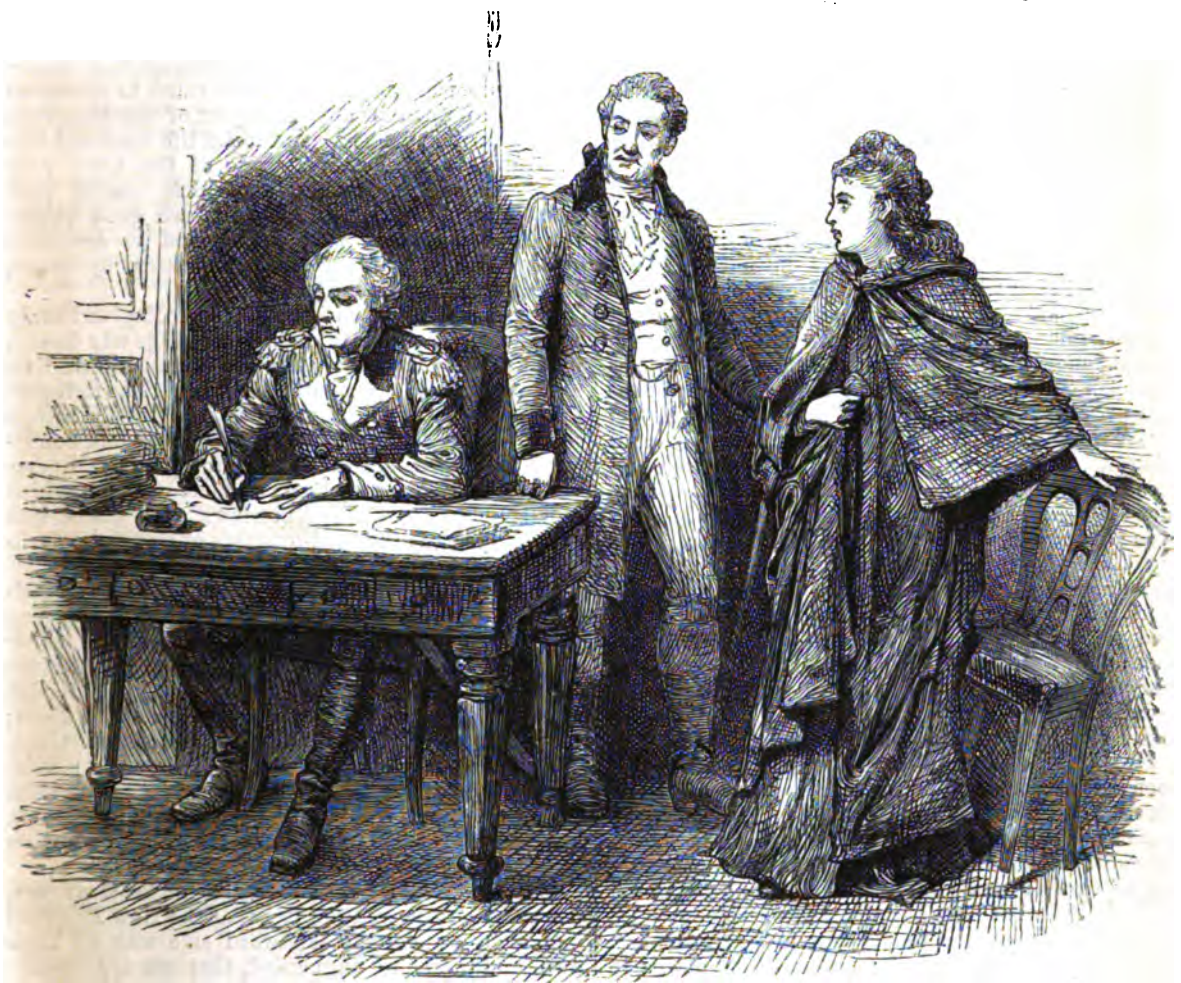
**CABMAN'S HORSE.**—One day a cabman brought to Mr. Bartlett an old grey horse which he wanted to sell because it was too slow for his work. It was a good horse, sound in wind and limb, and the men might have sold it for a fair price, only, being much attached to it, he could not find in his heart to condemn it to the service of a possibly unsympathetic master. Mr. Bartlett saw that the horse had a good many years work in it yet, and, while agreeing to give £2 for it to kill for worth, he offered double the price if the owner would agree to sell it for service in the rubbish-cart. On the consideration that he might see the horse whenever he pleased, and convince himself that it was being well-treated, the cabman closed with this offer. For six years the horse worked in the gardens, and, without a single omission through all that period, the cabman and his wife visited the gardens every Sunday, and spent some time in the company of the horse. Last year signs of approaching dissolution becoming unmistakable, the old grey horse was killed, and the cabman and his wife, declining the melancholy satisfaction of seeing it eaten by the lions and tigers, beheld it no more.—*Daily News*.

**THE BIBLE IN BOARD SCHOOLS.**—The London School Board inspectors, Mr. Noble and Mr. Ricks, have published their report, in which Mr. Noble speaks of religious education as follows:—"As a rule, Bible training is divided between the head and assistant teachers; in some cases the senior pupil teachers are necessarily employed in this work. With respect to the character of the instruction, extended observation has strengthened the opinion expressed in my last report, that it is as thorough and as reverentially imparted in board schools as in voluntary schools. That there is practically no religious difficulty is proved by the fact that out of nearly 60,000 children on the books of the schools under my inspection, only twenty-eight have been withdrawn from Bible instruction, of whom seventeen are the children of Hebrew parents."

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



CONSTANCE APPEALS TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XXV.—A MEMORABLE INTERVIEW.

**M**OST people have their times of appearing to advantage, and this was one of them with Captain Devereux. Well dressed, distinguished-looking, and in high feather, as he used to come to the Elms, he came to Danby Lodge; but his first sight of the group in the garden showed him that something

serious had happened, and his greetings were accordingly subdued and grave. Constance had seen him last under peculiar circumstances—to wit, being removed from her father's house by the Green Mountain Boys; but the news brought by Denis had banished every other recollection, and Mrs. Danby lost no time in making her cousin acquainted with it. The oldest and most sincere friend could not have expressed more concern for the squire, or sympathy with his daughter, than Devereux did. "If I had

No. 1274.—MAY 27, 1876.

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got but a whisper of the occurrence," he said, "instead of coming overland from New York, I should have gone to Boston by sea, and used all my influence with General Gage to make him send a dispatch to that man Washington, distinctly denying the charge against my friend Delamere, which, indeed, involves himself."

"Excuse me, captain," said Lieutenant Gray; "that might have been a friend's duty; but I doubt if it would serve the purpose; Gage has denied so many things which they know to be true, that neither Washington nor one of his army would believe him; but the young lady here, who has just escaped from the Indians, can show a good and sufficient reason for her father's intended journey to their settlement, and his attempt to secure the influence of Sir John Johnson in his favour."

"Cecil, don't you think it would be highly improper for Miss Delamere to venture on taking such a step?" said the major's lady.

Devereux knew the character of the New England troops well enough to be sure that there was no venture in the case. The high moral and religious tone of Washington's army before Boston was known throughout the American provinces, and is still vouched for by contemporary correspondence. Yet he made no reply, but seemed to hesitate about something, till Dargan said to Constance, "If our colonel, Maister Sydney, was to the fore, miss, it's himself that would befrind you and stand up for the squire; but he's gone on a depredation"—a deputation the honest fellow meant—"till the Continental Congress consarning ammunition; shure it was the want of it that proved our overthrow at Bunker's Hill."

"A lady like Miss Delamere can never want friends," said the captain. That simple speech had turned the scale. "I admire her noble resolution to plead her father's cause before the rebel chief; not even a rebel's heart could be proof against the pleading of such lips; and I trust she will allow me the honour of being her escort to his quarters."

"Thank you, captain; it is very kind of you," said Constance; "for I am determined to go at once;" but she took an opportunity afterwards to whisper to Lieutenant Gray, "You will keep your promise and go with me too?" and the gallant old officer responded, "That I will, my girl."

Her private impressions of Devereux had never been in his favour; neither prudence nor civility would permit the refusal of his escort; but she preferred that of the honest lieutenant. Yet Constance acknowledged to herself that the captain's behaviour in that day of trouble was sensible, kindly, and engaging beyond his wont in happier times. He assisted Denis into the house to get rest and refreshment, while the militiaman went to see a friend of his in the neighbourhood.

He prevented Mrs. Danby from lecturing Denis on the great sin of fighting against King George, which she was quite prepared to do, by saying, "My dear cousin, we have other matters to think of, and this is not a time to enter on such subjects."

He made no opposition to Lieutenant Gray being of the party, though the risk the latter must thereby run might have furnished him with an excuse; neither did he appear to think of any risk in his own case from the recognition of the Green Mountain Boys. Indeed, the three were not likely to attract hostile attention; there was not a scrap of uniform of British wear among them. The captain wore a

civilian's dress, similar to that in which Constance had first seen him on the road below Mount Holyoke. The lieutenant might have passed for a countryman. The girl whose brocades and laces had roused the wrath of so many ladies on the banks of the Connecticut, was now clad in the plainest of homespun, with no ornament but that of her own rare and distinguished beauty. A country car, which ran between Watertown and Cambridge, accommodated her and the lieutenant. Devereux rode his own horse, and left his negro servant behind by way of making a less imposing appearance.

In the peaceful years of the land, when Boston was full of bustle and business, the adjacent town of Cambridge, though far below its present proportions, was a place of learned leisure and genteel retirement. Emigrants of good descent and education who settled there in the colonising time had given it the name of their *alma-mater* in the old country. It was the university town of Massachusetts, where letters, science, and art were cultivated to a degree not yet attained in any other part of the American continent. The amenities of social life were not less cultivated there; on every side of the town rose stately mansions, the homes of rich landed proprietors, whose families lived in such good neighbourhood that they were accustomed to assemble and make merry at each other's houses, by turns, all the year round.

Now, the central division of the New England army was encamped at Cambridge. The college was closed, for professors and students had alike deserted its class-rooms for their country's service. The rich proprietors, being royalists to a man, had fled for refuge to Boston or New York. The Congress had confiscated their mansions; those fair and pleasant homes were turned to military uses; and one of them, which still stands where the Watertown road leads into Cambridge, was the head-quarters of General Washington.

At a short distance from that house stood a roadside inn, where a widow and her two boys carried on business, undisturbed by the vicinity of the sober camp. There the car left its passengers, and the captain his horse, while the small company proceeded on foot. They were now within the American lines; rows of white tents covered the fields around them, and stretched along the outskirts of the town; men, seemingly without number, sat in groups under their shadow, or that of convenient trees and hedgerows, for the quiet of the summer afternoon had fallen on country and camp.

Many looked at, but none challenged the strangers, it was on Boston and the bay that the New England men kept watch; the landward side was all their own, and therefore unguarded, that country friends and kinsfolk might be free to come and go. Their progress met with no interruption till, as they turned towards the entrance of the mansion, the lieutenant said to Constance, "A friend of mine here—he is a freemason, like myself, and was formerly in my regiment, but 'sloped,' as they say—has just given me a sign that I had better keep out of sight; so, by your leave, I'll wait here;" and with the instinct of an old soldier, he took up his position, snuff-box in hand, in the shade of a wild vine that hung over the lawn fence in a leafy curtain, through which the lieutenant could see without being seen.

The captain made no observation, he had become unaccountably silent since they entered the camp,

and walked by his companion's side without looking to right or left. Constance passed on; her beautiful face and downcast eyes, shaded by the broad brim of her rustic hat, and her mind so absorbed by what she should say to the general on her father's behalf, that she did not see two gentlemen who had just arrived and stood under a tree opposite the mansion gate, each holding the bridle of his horse as if waiting there for friends or attendants.

A sudden exclamation from one of them made her look up—it was in French, and only half heard, but the mingled horror and astonishment expressed by the stranger's face caught her attention even at that moment, and what was her own amazement to find that Captain Devereux had disappeared from her side, and was nowhere to be seen. There was no time to wonder or wait for him; the single sentinel at the gate, who had been one of her father's tenants, and probably guessed her business, opened it before her. She must face the general alone, but Constance would have faced a dragon for her father's sake. There was another sentinel at the front door; he was one of Captain Magrory's men, and made way for her as the door stood open. All was quiet within; there were no lounging attendants, no passing orderlies, and Constance could see nobody; till, on entering a room on the ground floor, to which she thought the sentinel had pointed, an officer in a neat undress looked up from a small table at which he was writing. That officer could not be described as either young or old; he was a man in the early noon of life, more robust than handsome, with a quiet, serious look, and yet of a commanding presence. At the first sight of Constance he seemed slightly startled, and before she had time to speak, said, "Is your name Lee?"

The question appeared to spring from a sudden impulse; but as the girl answered, "No, sir; my name is Constance Delamere, and I have come here to speak with General Washington, if possible; will you be good enough to tell me where I can find him?" his startled look changed to one that was almost stern.

"You are speaking to General Washington, young lady," he said. "What is your business with me?"

Constance did not know that, like many a winner and wearer of the laurel, the commander-in-chief of the New England army had been in his early youth disappointed in an attempt on the myrtle by a Virginian girl, who married a much less notable man named Lee, and had then grown-up sons and daughters.

"It is, General," she answered, with a respectful curtsey and as much composure as it was in her power to preserve, "to appeal to your justice and generosity on behalf of my father, who is now a prisoner in your hands, and falsely accused of an intention to stir up the Mohawks, and other Indian tribes, against the people of this province."

"How can you prove that the accusation is false, young lady?" His severe and penetrating glance almost unnerved her; but her father's cause was at stake.

"I can prove that Colonel Delamere was bound for the Indian country to search for his only child—my unlucky self," she said; and proceeded with a brief statement of her own and her fellow-travellers' captivity among the Wampanoags, her unlooked-for escape, her inability to communicate with her father, and his consequent belief in the intelligence of her being a captive still.

The general listened calmly, but his stern look

never altered as he said, "I have no doubt that your tale is true; but the man who went to search for his daughter among the Indians also carried a letter from General Gage to Sir John Johnson, whose motives and intentions we have good reason to suspect. Miss Delamere, I respect the courage and affection which have brought you thus alone to plead your father's cause with me; but the duty I owe to my country, to its cause, and I may say the cause of humanity, will not permit me to overlook the atrocious attempt to let savage tribes, with all their cruel instincts, loose upon our frontier towns and villages."

"General," said Constance, and the spirit of her race flashed in her eye and cheek, "my father never had such an intention. I have heard him, both in private and in public, denounce the employment of Indians in the French war, in which you know he served with honour, as a monstrous iniquity, disgraceful alike to Christianity and civilisation; and I am sure he would be the bearer of no despatch on such a subject for General Gage or anybody else."

"Why, then, did he tear it in fragments, young lady?" and the stern face relaxed; but it was with a smile of scorn.

"Because my father would not suffer the private letter, with which he was entrusted by a friend, to fall into the hands of his enemies." But as Constance spoke, somebody entered behind her, and the next moment General Washington was shaking hands with Mr. Archdale.

It was known throughout the provinces that a political friendship at least existed between the general and the Massachusetts delegate.

Unwarped by personal ambition or provincial prejudice, Archdale's clear and calm judgment found in the Virginian officer, whom some of his countrymen were disposed to undervalue because not of New England birth, the fittest man to command the patriot army; and it was said his speech had turned the scale in Washington's favour when the question of the appointment was debated in congress.

His entrance brought a doubtful hope to Constance. Could he be induced to use his influence for her father's help? Would he remember the early friendship, or only the later quarrel? But her mind was soon relieved.

"Constance, my girl," said Archdale, taking her by both hands in the old familiar fashion, "you have had more than your own share of troubles and trials since I saw you last; the young meet with them in these times as well as the old; but you and I have met here on one errand. General," he continued, turning to the commander-in-chief, "you will excuse my want of ceremony, but having seen Miss Delamere come to your quarters, and guessing on what business, I thought it my duty to let you know that the young lady had a claim on your consideration of which you might not be aware. My friend Dr. Joseph Warren, whose fall at Bunker's Hill his country laments with me, could find no available messenger when General Gage had shut up Boston Gates, but this young lady having permission to pass out with her friends, conveyed his letter to the proper hands at her own risk and peril, and thus saved our stores at Concord and our patriots at Lexington."

"It was a piece of good service done to your country, my girl." The stern look had passed from the general's face, and he smiled kindly on her now.



"Set it down to my father's account, it will help to balance the charge against him," said Constance. "Mr. Archdale, you can say, from years of intimate acquaintance with him, if such a charge could be true."

"I am persuaded it is not; the whole affair is a mistake, arising from circumstantial evidence, which is never to be entirely trusted. I could pledge my life and fortune for Delamere, that he would not be a party to any transaction of the kind. For justice sake, General, get me a safe conduct, and I will go to Boston and try to get the truth out of Gage."

"You would have a difficult task, Mr. Archdale," said Washington, "but the case shall be carefully investigated; fortuitous circumstances have made innocent men appear guilty before now; in the meantime, Miss Delamere, have no fears for your father."

"Let me go to him, General," said poor Constance; "he has no child on earth but me, and none of his relations care for him now. Let me go; I am sure I could be of use to him. I will give no trouble to any of your people, and put up with any place so as I can stay with my father."

"You shall go, and stay. I will write an order to that effect directly; in the midst of ill-luck and worse guiding, Providence has been kind to Delamere in giving him such a daughter." Was it the remembrance of his step-daughter, Mary Curtis, and her early death, that made the general draw a half-sigh as he spoke? But in a minute or two more he had written his commands to the Governor of Concord Gaol on a slip of paper, which he handed to Constance, saying, "There, my girl, go and see your father."

That slip of paper is still preserved by the descendants of Constance Delamere as one of their family heir-looms, and a fair and fitting memorial of the great man who wrote that kindly order while yet on the threshold of his fame. "I cannot thank you sufficiently for this, General, but I will remember you in my prayers;" and the unlucky squire's daughter dashed away some tears that would have fallen.

"Do so, Miss Delamere; there is no safeguard for a soldier or a man like the prayer of a good and pious woman," said Washington.

"Well spoken, General, and better done. I regard this order of yours as a personal favour. Come, Constance," and Archdale drew her arm within his, "I will see you safe on your way to Concord."

As they emerged from the general's quarters, Lieutenant Gray came out of his covert to meet them, his honest heart rejoiced at the success of Miss Delamere's mission. "Keep up your heart, my girl," he said; "things will be all right with you and your father yet; but since you are in safe hands, I must get back to Watertown and tell Mrs. Danby. By the way, I will tell her how her precious cousin acted. She is the right woman to take him to task."

Mr. Archdale waited till the lieutenant was out of hearing, and then said, "Constance, I cannot go with you to Concord, I have important business to transact with General Washington; however, there is a friend of Jacob Stoughton, a good trusty Quaker, who lives there, and has been here to see his three sons; they were not of his opinion, and would take up arms; he is setting out for home in half an hour, and will take you with him as kindly as I could do; but before we part, tell me, do you wish to wait for the captain, or can you guess why he left you?"

"I cannot, Mr. Archdale, and I don't want to wait for him," said Constance.

"Well, then, listen. You saw two gentlemen standing with their horses under the opposite trees as you were about to enter the general's gate. One of them was my colleague in this mission of mine, and the other was Count de Valencourt, a French nobleman who, like many of his generous people, has fallen in love with liberty, and crossed the Atlantic to fight for her and us. He has served with distinction in his country's army, and is a man of earnest and steadfast mind, unlike the volatile character which we English-speaking men are apt to impute to his nationality. This I can vouch for, though the count is more intimate with my son Sydney than with me; their minds come nearer, notwithstanding the difference of their years. I was farther in the shade when you and the captain passed. Perhaps you did not see me, but I saw De Valencourt looking your way, and thought it was your face that took the Frenchman's eye; but when I caught sight of his, it told me a different tale, and at the same moment the captain darted away down yonder lane between the high hedgerows. You entered the general's gate, and I was about to follow, when the count stopped me, and said in an undertone, 'Do you know that gentleman who has just left the lady, or can you tell me his name?' I told him as far as I knew, which happens to be little, about the captain. 'Devereux,' he said, 'the nephew of an English peer? Did he ever go by any other name, or was he brought up in the West Indies?' 'Not to my knowledge, but you must remember he is a stranger to me,' I said. 'Well, his face is not strange to my memory; it cannot be the same, but never did I see one so like that of a man whom I have grievous cause to recollect, and for whom I have sought over Europe in vain. You will pardon my questions, Monsieur Archdale, and I commit the subject to your discretion,' said the count. I told him it was safe with me, but I tell the story to you now, Constance, and I ask you to tell it to your father, that is when he is strong, and fit to converse about such matters; and will you tell him also what I cannot in person, lest it would seem intruding on his days of misfortune, that Ralph Archdale is as truly his friend now as when he mounted the breach by his side at Fort Duquesne?"

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ENGLISH art is comparatively of very recent birth, and of all the schools of painting that can be mentioned, the English school is the youngest. A few centuries ago the painter's art seems to have been little practised in this country, and if it found encouragement at all, it was only that sort of encouragement which is bestowed on flatterers at the courts of kings, where the court portrait painter was of little more account than the court fool, and was, like him, a salaried dependent of the household. With the lapse of time and the improvement of taste, art began to be appreciated, and foreign artists who came to England found their merits acknowledged. In the reign of Henry VIII came Hans Holbein, whose works gained the admiration of the few competent to judge, and probably laid the foundation of that love of art which is now so general. During the reigns of James and Charles I Rubens

and Vandyke came over to this country. Rubens, while here in the capacity of a diplomatist, was employed by Charles to paint the roof of the banquet-house in Whitehall, beneath which the royal patron was not long afterwards to pass on the way to the scaffold—the reward of the painter being £3,000 and the honour of knighthood. Vandyke, Rubens's pupil, and perhaps the greatest master in the art of portraiture the world has ever seen, met with the most liberal encouragement, and while he enriched the collections of the nobility with his matchless productions, succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune. Charles, who had good taste and an educated eye, spent no small sums in the purchase of fine pictures, and thus made the patronage of art in some degree popular among the rich. But with his fall the growing preference for works of art fell into abeyance. The Puritans in general abominated pictures and images, and would grant no encouragement or countenance to the makers of either; and it was not until after the demise of the Commonwealth and the return of the Stuarts that art began to revive.

Charles II appointed Peter Lely portrait painter to the court, and Lely reigned without a rival in the profession until Kneller came over in 1674 to dispute the palm with him. He was a skilful, if somewhat meretricious, colourist, and as he knew the art of flattery, and painted rapidly, he speedily grew rich. He was knighted by William III, for whom he painted that series of the beauties of the court of Charles II which adorn the walls of Hampton Court. After the decease of Sir Godfrey Kneller we meet with no name of any note connected with the practice of art in England until the time of Sir James Thornhill, who was court painter to George I. He was a man of real genius and capacity, who might have become a great painter under favouring circumstances. He painted over vast spaces in his time, the interior of the dome of St. Paul's being best known of all his labours. For this difficult work, executed while lying on his back, he received the ridiculous remuneration of 40s. the square yard.

William Hogarth, whose humorous productions are so well known to us through the medium of engravings executed by his own hand, and who was the son-in-law of Thornhill, may be considered as the founder of that school of moralist and *genre* painters which has won for English art such high reputation, and among whom the names of Wilkie, Mulready, Faed, Collins, Goodall, Frith, Philip, Ward, Nichols, and others scarcely less worthy, stand conspicuous. The career of Hogarth lasted from about 1730 to 1764, and it was during this time that the germs of the Royal Academy began to manifest themselves. As early as 1711, a private academy had been opened in London under the presidentship of Sir Godfrey Kneller; but the members being too sensitive to the shafts of ridicule, it collapsed, and nothing came of it. The next attempt was made by Sir James Thornhill, who set up an academy in his own house in Covent Garden, which also failed of success from some unexplained cause. A third endeavour was made by a party headed by Mr. Vandrebanks, who leased an old meeting-house, and tried to attract subscribers by hiring models for drawing from the life; but this scheme became insolvent, and the properties being seized for rent, there was an end to the concern. Now it was that Hogarth himself came into the field. "Thinking

that an Academy, if conducted on moderate principles, would be useful," he proposed that a number of artists should enter into a subscription for the hire of a place large enough to admit of thirty or forty persons drawing after the living figure. This led to the engagement of a room in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane, and the academy here formed lasted for some time. Here it was that most of the English artists of the reign of George II, and of the early part of the reign of George III, received the rudiments of education in the arts of design. The Society of Incorporate Artists (for that is the name the new Academy had assumed) were settled in Peter's Court by 1739, and there they held periodical meetings, and had a committee to manage their affairs. Reynolds joined them in 1752 soon after his return from Italy. In 1775 they received important recognition from the Dilettante Society, a body of gentlemen who had visited Italy, and had combined for the furtherance of artistic and antiquarian undertakings. The Dilettants made overtures to the Incorporated Artists, suggesting that their society should be turned into a Royal Academy, to consist of a president, thirty directors, fellows, and scholars. But the artists, naturally enough, feared that were they to accept the offer their independence would be compromised, and sturdily refused to have anything to do with them.

On the 21st of April, 1760, the Incorporate Artists held their first exhibition in the great room of the Adelphi, belonging to the Society of Arts. The exhibition was perfectly successful. One hundred and thirty works were exhibited by sixty-nine artists. In the catalogue we find the names of Morland (the father of the celebrated George), Reynolds, and the two Wilsons—Benjamin and Richard. Among the sculptors stands the name of Roubilliac, and the engravers could boast of Woollett and Strange. No charge was made for admission to the exhibition; but the catalogue was sold for sixpence; and although the purchase of it was not compulsory, more than 6,500 copies were sold. But riches always bring discord. No sooner did the society find itself in the possession of funds, than the members began to squabble about the application of them. Some were for raising the price of the catalogue to a shilling, and admitting no person without one. The Society of Arts objected to this, asserting that they had offered the convenience of their room quite as much for the good of the people as for the profits of the artists. If, they urged, the crowd were disqualified for judging art by their want of education, it was to remedy this defect that they wished to have the exhibition free. The issue of the dispute was that a section of the Incorporates, disgusted with the obstinacy of the Society of Arts upon this point, hired a room in Spring Gardens, and held their next exhibition at that place, the remainder holding a rival exhibition on the old terms at the room of the Society of Arts.

In the year 1762 the society in Spring Gardens tried a new experiment, namely, to sell off all the unsold pictures by auction, but the experiment was a failure, and was never repeated. In the same year an exhibition, consisting entirely of signboards, was held in Bow Street—this was intended as a skit or joke at the expense of the rival societies. Among other odd items in the catalogue are "The Irish Arms," represented by a pair of outrageously thick legs, and "The Scotch Fiddle," a Highlander sitting under a tree and enjoying the great luxury of scratch-

ing. Hogarth was thought to have a share in this joke, as very probably he had. For some years the rival societies continued to exhibit side by side. In 1765 the Spring Gardens Society obtained a charter of incorporation, their roll of declaration including all the most conspicuous and rising painters, sculptors, and engravers in the country. But the charter gave rise to a split among the members—one party resolving upon the formation of a regular Royal Academy, and the other deciding to remain as they were. Then came a quarrel with the directors, as a result of which sixteen of them were ejected by a majority of members' votes, one of the sixteen being Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the eight who remained soon after tendered their resignation. Within a month after their secession the twenty-four directors constituted themselves into the body which ever since has borne the title of the Royal Academy. They adopted that title, it is well known, with the full sanction of George III—a sanction obtained by the influence of West, a favourite of that monarch. It could not be expected that the Incorporate Artists could make head against the patronage of the king, which was lavished in a marked manner upon what he was pleased to term his own institution; but they made a good fight for their independence, and only succumbed to fate in 1780, eleven years after the establishment of the Academy.

The character of Reynolds suffered somewhat by his conduct in this affair, in which he certainly acted, if not with duplicity, yet with a blamable want of candour; indeed, according to Haydon, with great meanness. Reynolds was elected by the unanimous vote of the directors president of the new Academy, and he sent four of his pictures to its first exhibition in 1769. The list of the original members of the Royal Academy contains thirty-six names; among them are those of Gainsborough, Angelica Kauffman, Benjamin West, Richard Wilson, and Francis Zuccarelli, the only names, with the exception of that of the president, which of the whole list have come down to us with reputation as painters. Barry and Romney were not in the list, which yet embraced a paper-stainer, a sign-painter, a coach-painter, and a bricklayer to the Board of Audience. Woollett and Strange, the celebrated engravers, were ignored, while Bartolozzi and Cipriani, who, compared to them, were mere tyros, were admitted. The royal diploma enabling the Academy to take the title of Royal Academy of Arts restricted the number of the academicians to forty, which number was speedily filled up—a convenient number, as Strange the engraver pointed out, for assuring to the twenty-four seceding directors a majority in the councils. Sir Joshua being made president, Chambers was made treasurer, Newton secretary, Moser keeper, Penny professor of painting, and Dr. Hunter professor of anatomy. Soon after Dr. Johnson was appointed professor of ancient literature, and Goldsmith professor of ancient history. These offices were, however, honorary, and poor Goldy, who was generally short of cash, remarked that to confer such an honour upon him was like giving ruffles to a man who wanted a shirt.

The establishment of the Academy by the issue of the royal diploma was followed by the publication of the laws for its regulation. Some of these gave dire offence to the great body of artists, the most obnoxious being one which disqualified any artist who exhibited in any other society for entrance into

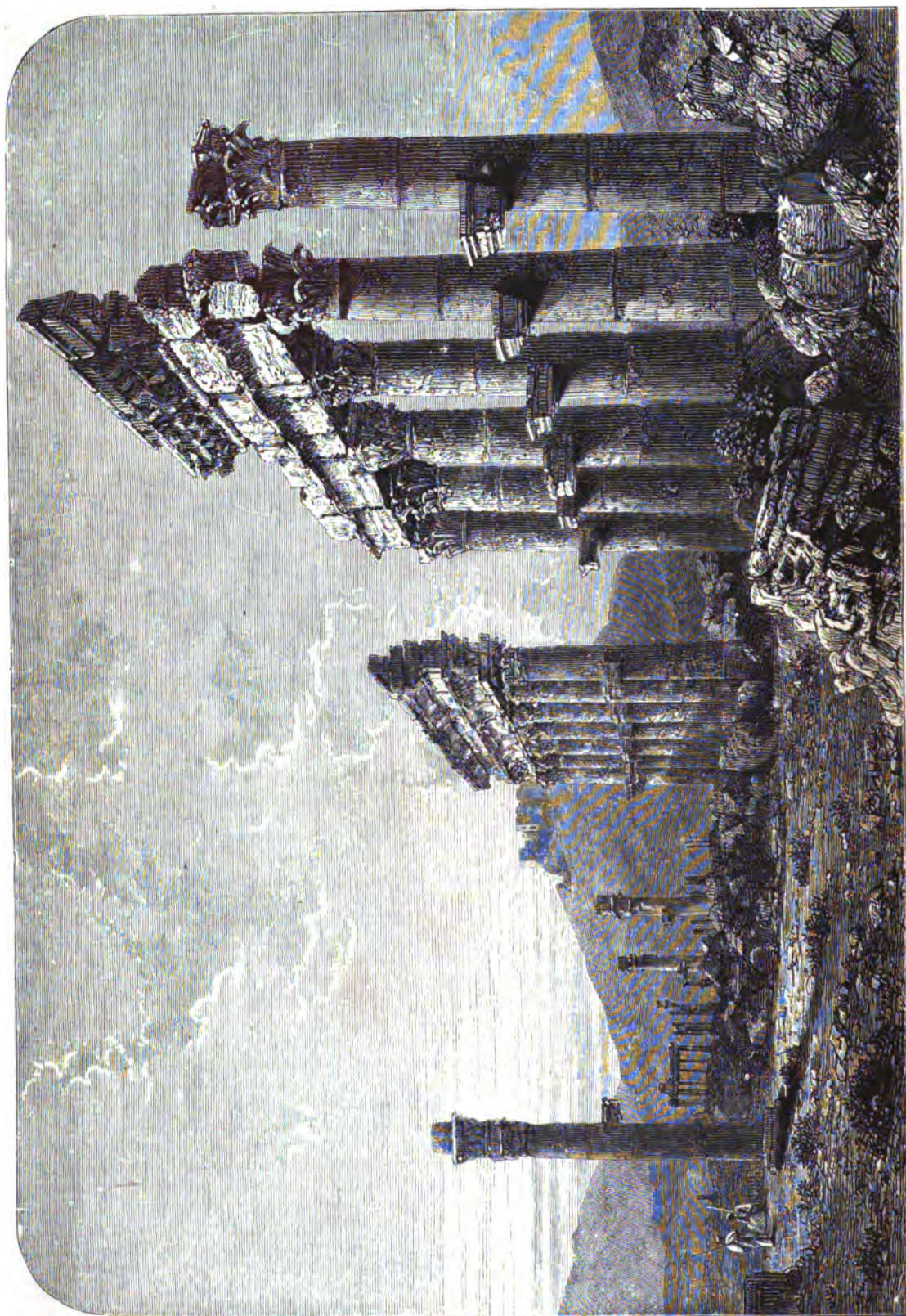
the Academy, and which had to be rescinded. Another law excluded engravers, and was said by Strange to be levelled against him, because his alleged Jacobite tendencies were offensive to the king. This law, also, had to be modified at a later date.

The first exhibition contained 136 works of art, the larger number of them being portraits. Besides the four works of Sir Joshua, there were four by Gainsborough, two by West, and four by Angelica Kauffman. Mary Moser, who excelled in flower-painting, was elected an academician, and she and Angelica Kauffman are the only two ladies who ever had the honour of inscribing R.A. after their names. The exhibitions seem to have been popular from the first, and it is interesting to note how the exhibitors increased in number as the years went on. The 136 works of 1769 were followed by 245 in 1770, 272 in 1771, 385 in 1772, and 539 in 1774; in 1787 the number had risen to 666, in 1793 to 856, and in 1798 to 1,054. During the last three-quarters of a century the numbers, up to very lately, oscillated about the level of 1798—the fact being, most probably, that a thousand works of art, or thereabouts, was as much as the Academy, with the accommodation and the means at its command, could well deal with. It was the interest of the society to make their annual exhibitions as attractive as possible, looking to the gains from the entrance-money, which they soon found likely to furnish means for the maintenance of the institution. For the first twenty years the average net produce was upwards of £1,500 per annum, and before the close of the century it rose to £2,500. The Academy, therefore, was soon able to dispense with the assistance proffered it from the Privy Purse, and to this day its sole source of income is the profit of the exhibitions. Ten years ago the receipts had long averaged more than £6,000 a-year, and there is no doubt but at present that amount is very greatly exceeded.

The catalogues were at first arranged with the pictures under the names of the several painters, and there were none of those quotations in which the artists of the day indulge so liberally, and often with such questionable propriety. It was R. Westall who first set the example of affixing a motto to the announcement in the catalogue. Other artists claimed the same privilege, one consequence of which has been that the catalogue has doubled in bulk without being a whit more useful. The strangest quotations were contributed by Turner, whose wondrous landscapes were often sufficiently puzzling without the mystery of the verse accompanying them; he seemed to have some queer rhapsody in his possession, written without rhyme, rhythm, or metre, but assuming to be verse, from which he made extracts that could have hardly been less intelligible had they been written in the arrow-headed character. When the catalogue was first sold for a shilling, Dr. Johnson was requested to prepare an advertisement to that effect, and he complied with the request in his usual grand style. "The purpose of this exhibition," he wrote, "is not to enrich the artist, but to advance the art; the eminent is not flattered with preference, nor the obscure insulted with contempt; whoever hopes to deserve public favour is here invited to display his merit." No doubt Johnson imagined he was writing only the truth. But, alas! it was not so. The eminent were flattered with preference, and the







GRAND COLONNADE, PALMYRA.

obscure, whatever their merit, were practically condemned to continued obscurity. From the very first years of the Academy complaints, but too well founded, were loud and reiterated touching the hanging of the pictures. The outside artists, who had no personal influence with academicians, found that, as a rule, merit had nothing whatever to expect from the "hanging committee," unless it was backed by private interest or recommendation. The tamest composition or the most bungling daub of an academican, would be hung on the sight-line, while a work of excellence by a man of genius, who had no influence with the privileged clique, would be placed next the floor, or hoisted up to the cornice next the ceiling. The injustice thus committed found no redress as the years went on. We have all witnessed its shameless exercise time after time. It has crushed the spirit of many a rising artist, and driven them to other callings. It slew William Müller, the most promising artist of this century, who died of fever resulting from the chagrin and mortification brought on by the contempt with which his matchless works were treated. It was a happy day for art when the Academy moved to Burlington House, and the conditions which rendered such treatment possible were in a measure done away with.

Reynolds made an excellent president, and certainly did his best for the welfare of the Royal Academy. Between 1767 and 1790 he delivered that series of lectures which have won him a reputation as a writer, and which must always be perused with advantage by students of art. He exhibited constantly sometimes as many as a dozen pictures, and once (in 1784) no less than sixteen. He had a placid, placable temper, and could sit at a lecture by Barry, and hear himself heartily abused without betraying the least symptom of resentment. When other men would have been roused to wrath, "he shifted his trumpet and only took snuff," or in the midst of some violent diatribe would quietly compose himself to sleep. During his presidency the Academy, by favour of the king, removed to Somerset House, where in 1780 they occupied the western wing. It was at his instigation that free lectures were delivered to students, prize medals were awarded, and promising young artists sent to Rome at the expense of the Academy. Soon after the establishment of the Academy, Reynolds, in conjunction with Barry and others of the more eminent members, made the offer to decorate St. Paul's Cathedral with paintings from Scriptural subjects; but the authorities of the cathedral, who up to this time had not even admitted a statue or a bust within its precincts, dreading, it is said, the influence of "graven images," refused to recognise the proposal, which, it is needless to say, was never afterwards repeated. Barry, who, in 1782, had been appointed professor of painting to the Academy, was a real painter, and nothing else, though he made a fair reputation by his art, did not succeed in getting more than a bare living by it; he dwelt in an atmosphere of quarrel and irritation, and in manner he was needlessly coarse and outspeaking—the very reverse of Reynolds, who was all suavity and courtesy. The two could not get on together; as the one rose to fame and fortune, the other sank to poverty and comparative neglect. The best of the works of Barry are those on the walls and ceilings of the Adelphi, which he executed without fee or reward. After his death his body lay in state in presence of his masterpieces, and numbers who had neglected

him in life crowded round it: it was the only occasion on which honour was paid to his undoubted genius. But a far greater than Barry—perhaps a greater than Sir Joshua himself—a man who has been without a peer from that day to this, was Thomas Gainsborough, of whom it has been said that he would have been the greatest portrait painter of his time if he had not been the greatest landscape painter. The question is yet undecided whether he was not the greatest portrait painter, irrespective of his being the greatest landscape painter. There was no love lost between him and Reynolds, who could but feel that he had at least a rival who pushed him hard in his own peculiar walk. It must be said for Reynolds, however, that he was never meanly jealous, but frankly recognised his rival's exceeding merit—a fact of which Gainsborough was perfectly conscious, and which when he was dying he was careful to acknowledge. Of artists, besides those already mentioned, who flourished under Reynolds's presidentship, there were Romney, an admirable colourist; Richard Wilson, the famous landscape painter; Opie, the *protégé* of Dr. Wolcot; Zuccarelli, and the Sandbys—Thomas and Paul. In the beginning of the year 1790, Sir Joshua Reynolds resigned the presidency in consequence of a rather absurd disagreement with the academicians; he was, however, induced to resume the chair, and he held office—nominally, at least—until his death in 1792.\*

Benjamin West succeeded to the presidentship on Reynolds's decease. West was a great favourite of King George III, who paid him altogether near £35,000 for pictures, some three-score in number, painted by order, and it was easy for him to secure for the Academy a continuance of the royal favour. He executed in his time a round number of huge pictures, which, from their simplicity of treatment and the nature of their subjects, obtained general popularity; but he was a tame draughtsman and no colourist, and could never have ranked high in the estimation of competent judges. At the present day he may be said to have receded to a secondary rank. He deserves praise, however, for having shocked the classical fancies of his time by his painting of the "Death of Wolfe," in which he represents the actors in the actual costume they wore, instead of draping them, as it was then the custom to do, in Greek or Roman garb. His example, at first derided, was subsequently followed, and no one would now think of reverting to the classical travesty. West was president for twenty-eight years, and during that period not a few of the artists who have contributed most to the formation of an English school of painting were either studying the elements of their profession, or rising to repute in the practice of it. The two young men, Turner and Girtin, both eager enthusiasts, were unconsciously, while following the instincts of their genius, inaugurating that revolution in English water-colour art which was to crown it with a glory of which no one had yet dreamed, and win for it the admiration and applause of all Europe. David Wilkie was making his first essays in that difficult branch of art in which he eventually excelled all his rivals. Northcote was drawing

\* Our engraving represents an interior of the exhibition at Somerset House. The reader will recognise the figure of the Prince of Wales in the foreground; he is attended by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who carries his trumpet in his left hand, while directing with his right the Prince's attention to some work of art. The stout gentleman in the wig on the left is probably Dr. Johnson; and the ecclesiastic on the right the Archbishop of Canterbury of the day. The date of this picture is 1787.



and modelling and criticising and fabulising and painting, and coming short of excellence in either pursuit. Robert Haydon was zealously at work, and proudly nourishing those lofty aspirations which were destined never to be fully realised. Fuseli—the terrible Fuseli, who wrote Latin and read Greek, who was the friendly critic of Cowper, and assisted him in his translation of Homer, whose fierce thumb-nail dug into the false lines of the erring draughtsman, and who launched his scathing rebukes in such a torrent of broken English—was painting those weird illustrations of Shakespeare and Milton, which have stamped him for all time as a genius of rare but fantastic originality, whose very conceptions of beauty seemed blended with an element of ghastliness. And young Lawrence, the innkeeper's son, now become the favourite of the Regent and the petted idol of the aristocracy, was reaping a golden harvest in the same field in which Sir Joshua had achieved his renown.

The innkeeper's son it was, now become Sir Thomas Lawrence, who succeeded to the presidency at the death of West, in 1820. The reputation of Lawrence, like that of his predecessor, has waned considerably since he passed away. He was a facile draughtsman, and a skilful rather than a truthful colourist. There is a fascination about his portraits which most people feel; but place them by the side of a head by Reynolds, Gainsborough, or Romney, and their palpably opaque colour will not stand the comparison. His works are astonishingly numerous, and this wealth of production can only be accounted for by taking with it the fact that his studio was a species of factory, in which a corps of assistants were ever at work on the draperies and backgrounds of pictures after he had finished the heads. On the whole, his influence on English art was rather mischievous than beneficial, seeing that he produced a multitude of imitators, who, wanting the genius to rival his marvellous merits, succeeded only in reproducing his seductive mannerisms. During Lawrence's rule Turner was startling the public by the continuous production of those extraordinary works which came upon us all like new revelations, and which we hardly learned to appreciate until, in the person of John Ruskin, a prophet arose who gave us the key to their mysteries. Of the contemporaries of Turner, we cannot name more than a few. The names of Collins, David Wilkie, Jackson, Cooper, Mulready, Etty, among others, will occur to the reader who can recall the main features of the exhibitions between 1820 and 1830, when Lawrence died.

We have thus briefly brought down this summary of the history of the Royal Academy to a period within the memory of the present generation, and must hasten to a close, with the statement merely of such facts as the reader may reasonably demand at our hands. On the death of Lawrence, Sir Martin Archer Shee succeeded to the presidency, and retained office for twenty years. Under his rule the Royal Academy was removed from Somerset House to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. On the demise of Shee in 1850, Sir Charles Eastlake was elected president, and retained office until his death in 1865. In January of the following year Sir Edwin Landseer was chosen president, but declined to serve; in consequence of which there was a new election in February, when Sir Francis Grant, the present president, was chosen. In 1873 the Academy removed once more, from the National Gallery to its

magnificent home in Piccadilly, on the site of Old Burlington House, where it is enabled to exhibit a greater number of works than it could in times past, as well as to deal out a richer measure of justice.

We subjoin a few notices, which may be useful to some of our readers. The annual exhibitions open on the first Monday in May, and works intended to be exhibited must be sent three weeks or a month before—the dates for sending them being always advertised in the papers. Works sent in are submitted for approval to the council, whose decision is final. Any person desiring to become a student must present a drawing or model to the keeper, together with a testimonial to character. If approved of, the candidate is allowed to make a drawing from the Antique in the Academy, and may take three months in so doing. This drawing, together with others from a skeleton and anatomical figure, is also laid before the council. If approved, the candidate is accepted as a student, and receives his card of admission. If the drawings are rejected, the candidate is not allowed to continue drawing in the Academy. The Academy possesses a fine library of books and prints, a large collection of casts, and some interesting pictures by old masters. Further, each member, on election, presents a picture of his own design to the Academy, and the series thus obtained furnishes a kind of History of British Art.

#### LORD MACAULAY'S BEST VALENTINE.

TO his nieces and other young friends Lord Macaulay used to send kindly and playful poetical greetings on St. Valentine's Day. The best and most laboured of these compositions was addressed to the daughter of Earl Stanhope, now the Countess Beauchamp. The allusion to the statue of William Pitt in Hanover Square, looking down towards St. George's Church, is one of the happiest touches in his poetry.\*

"Good morrow, gentle child, and then  
Again good morrow, and again,  
Good morrow following. Still good morrow,  
Without one cloud of strife or sorrow.  
And when the god to whom we pay  
In jest our homages to-day  
Shall come to claim, no more in jest,  
His rightful empire o'er thy breast,  
Benignant may his aspect be,  
His yoke the truest liberty;  
And if a tear his power confess,  
Be it a tear of happiness!  
It shall be so. The Muse displays  
The future to her votary's gaze.  
Prophetic rage my bosom swells:  
I taste the cake! I hear the bells!  
From Conduit Street the close array  
Of chariots barricades the way  
To where I see, with outstretched hand,  
Majestic thy great kinsman stand,  
And half unbent his brow of pride  
As welcoming so fair a bride."

\* "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay." Vol. II. 200. (Longman, Green, & Co.)



THE POET AND HIS VICTIM.

[C. Beckmann.]





## BOY AND MAN:

A STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

## CHAPTER X.—WHO DID IT!

"I will make a star-chamber matter of it."—*Shakespeare.*

WHEN the doctor left the nursery, he went at once to Mr. Bearward's study.

"How is the poor boy?" that gentleman asked, looking up from his newspaper with an air of great concern. "Mrs. Bearward has been quite upset by this unfortunate occurrence; it is, I assure you, most distressing to us all."

"No doubt," was the answer; "it must be so, of course, and ought to be. I cannot promise you much alleviation of your anxiety at present. You must write to the poor boy's mother."

"He has no mother."

"Ah!" said Mr. Hartwell; "I might have guessed that. To his father then; his father must come at once to see him."

"You don't mean that there's any danger!" Mr. Bearward exclaimed, with much trepidation.

"Perhaps not; but it's a very serious case. I am going over to Bedworth to see Dr. Perigrine, and shall ask him to meet me here this afternoon."

"But, my dear Mr. Hartwell," said Mr. Bearward, after a pause, "is there really any necessity for this? I understood the boy was better. Would it not be as well to wait? It will make such a commotion."

"I can't help it," said the doctor. "I tell you what ought to be done—what must be done. If the case should turn out less serious than I apprehend, so much the better; the poor boy must have his friends about him if he has any."

"There are his two cousins—Goodchild major and Goodchild minor; they shall go and see him."

"They have been to look at him, but he took no notice of them; his father must come down. There's another thing. You will, of course, make a vigorous inquiry into all the circumstances of this sad affair; you will find out who did it?"

"I intend doing so," said Mr. Bearward, coldly.

"The sooner the better. I should like to be present, if you don't object."

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Hartwell, that would be quite contrary to usage; it is a matter between myself and my pupils. I stand in *loco parentis* to all who are under my care; the case is not, in a public sense, *sub judice*; I shall conduct the investigation myself in *propria persona*, and form my own judgment and conclusions."

"Begging your pardon again, then, Mr. Bearward, I am not sure that a matter of this kind can be so conveniently disposed of. The boy was found in the haunted tower, as it is called; I want to know how he came there."

"You want to know, Mr. Hartwell! Why, so do I; but I must repeat that it is a question that concerns myself and my establishment more than any one else."

"He was found in the haunted tower," Mr. Hartwell continued, without noticing the interruption. "He has received serious injury. The offence, let me remind you, was not committed on your own premises. In my opinion, it is a question of public interest, and ought to come before the magistrates."

"The magistrates, Mr. Hartwell! Pray do not take up such an idea. Think what an injury it might do to my establishment. No, no; leave it in my hands. Justice shall be done, I promise you; and, if you really wish to be present, why, I will make an exception to my rule. You shall attend and give your evidence as a medical man—yes, as a medical man; but do not let us have any unnecessary publicity or disturbance."

"I do not wish it," said Mr. Hartwell. "Only, let the inquiry be properly carried out, and the culprit or culprits punished according to their deserts."

"Leave that to me," said Mr. Bearward, haughtily. "*Fiat justitia ruat cælum.* Justice shall be administered at whatever cost to my own interests."

"I was going to add," Mr. Hartwell continued, quietly, "that when I have attended your inquiry, I shall be better able to judge whether an application to the magistrates will be necessary or not."

Mr. Bearward made no answer, but did not look very well satisfied.

"When do you propose to make this investigation?" Mr. Hartwell asked. "Better not lose time."

"To-morrow morning," said Mr. Bearward, "at—say ten o'clock."

"I should propose this afternoon," said the doctor, "but that I shall hardly be at liberty so soon. To-morrow morning let it be; and, in the meantime, give me Mr. Goodchild's address, and I will write to him. I shall be better able to tell him about his son after Dr. Perigrine has seen him."

"Let me beg of you to be discreet," said Mr. Bearward. "Consider my position."

"I must consider my patient, and his position, first," said Mr. Hartwell.

"And Mrs. Bearward; have some regard for her. You must see her and prescribe for her; she is really very unwell. Her nerves are quite unstrung—*chordæ relaxatæ*; I might even say *quassæ*—shattered."

Mr. Bearward walked about the room after Mr. Hartwell was gone, looking very hot and uncomfortable, and muttering to himself. Then he went to the nursery, opened the door softly, and looked in.

"How are you going on, Mrs. Baggerly?" he asked.

"Oh, very well, sir," she answered. "He'll soon be himself again. He's sleeping now like a lamb." If lambs grind their teeth and moan in their slumbers, if their breathing is quick and irregular, with an occasional sob or gasp, as if they were about to scream out but could not, there might be some truth in Mrs. Baggerly's similitude.

"What are you doing here?" said Mr. Bearward, looking at John Armiger. "Are you ill, too?"

"No, sir," he answered. He might have said "Yes," for he was very tired, had a bad headache, and was shivering.

"Then why do you stay here, idling?"

"Mr. Hartwell told me to stay."

"Mr. Hartwell! He had no authority from me. Mr. Hartwell is not your master. Go to your duties, and never absent yourself again without leave."

"I told him he was not wanted here," said Mrs. Baggerly; "but he has got no modesty."

Mr. Bearward then took Armiger to his study, and asked him a great many questions as to his part in the events of the previous evening, and became acquainted with many facts of which he had till then been ignorant. "Now you may go," he said, when he had done with him; "but, on second thoughts, you had better return to the nursery, and stay there till I give you further orders. Tell Mrs. Baggerly I said so."

Mr. Bearward then went to the schoolroom, where his class was waiting for him, and had already begun to hope he would not come. As soon as his footstep was heard in the passage, there was an ominous silence; and when he entered the room, and his darkened countenance betrayed the annoyance and perplexity of his mind, many a cheek grew pale. The first class was called up, as usual; the desk was opened and the strap produced before a dozen lines of the great poet of antiquity had been read, and many a hand was held out, and tingled under the infliction. However absurd or extravagant the blunders of Brown and Bootle, no reluctant smile appeared upon the moody features of their preceptor; and when the class was at length dismissed, they thought themselves fortunate to have escaped with no severer punishment than half-a-dozen "palms," extra hot and sharp. Mr. Bearward was not in a flogging humour that day, he had other cares upon his mind.

After school there was a consultation between Mr. Bearward and the ushers, and some of the boys were called up for private examination by way of getting up the case for the next morning. It is a popular fallacy that facts are stubborn things. It is wonderful, on the contrary, how they may be bent and shaped and twisted, how easily their complexion may be altered, how they may be placed there in the shade, or brought hither to the light, if only one is prepared for them beforehand, and knows how to deal with them.

Dr. Perigrine arrived late in the afternoon. Little Goodchild's lamb-like slumbers had not lasted very long; but, although awake, he did not seem to have quite recovered consciousness. There was an uncertainty about his eyes, as they roamed hither and thither, and a tremulous playing of the fingers upon the sheets, which it was painful to witness. Only when John Armiger spoke to him, and called him by his Christian name, "Willy,"—when he stroked his cheek or smoothed down his soft hair,—the child seemed for a moment to be sensible of the kind word or the gentle touch, and to be soothed under it as by a charm.

The two doctors sat watching him for a long while, exchanging a word or two now and then in a low voice. Then there was a consultation between them in the window, and some writing. After that they took John Armiger out of the room with them, and questioned him particularly as to the child's character and history and conduct during the time that he had known him in the school. His cousins also were interrogated, though without much result (they were, of course, cross-examined repeatedly after their return to the playground, and gave a thrilling report of their adventure). Finally, Dr. Perigrine said he would have another look at the patient before taking his leave, and returned to the nursery with that object.

It was now growing dusk. Mrs. Baggerly had already drawn down the window-blinds, and had

left the room to fetch a candle; the fire was low, and the room dark. As the doctors entered, they heard a strange, sharp voice crying from the bed, "The face, the face—oh, oh," and then a shuddering, moaning sound, as if another fit was imminent. It passed off, however, as soon as a light was procured, but the poor little sufferer was wakeful and feverish all the night. Betty was secretly placed in charge, with strict orders to keep lights burning, and never to leave the room; and Mrs. Baggerly was told that she might go to bed and take care of herself after the fatigues of her watching, which she was perfectly ready to do, as long as her outward show of authority was unimpeached.

Towards morning poor Minimus had some refreshing sleep; and the next day he appeared to be going on more hopefully. There was no return of the fits; and when he woke up in broad daylight, and found John Armiger sitting quietly near him, and the sun peering in below the window-blind, he looked more like himself than they had seen him since the night of terror. Yet he seldom spoke; and only to utter some ejaculation of distress or wonder.

#### CHAPTER XI.—SUB JUDICE.

"Let us be cleared  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course  
Even to the guilt or the purgation."—*Shakespeare.*

THE formal investigation which had been agreed upon took place at the time appointed. Mr. Bearward had intended to hold it in his study, but it was thought better, as the affair had given rise to so much excitement, not only in the school, but in the village, that the inquiry should take place in presence of all the boys in the large schoolroom. This was suggested by Mr. Hartwell, who feared that if chosen witnesses only were examined in the absence of most of the other boys, some testimony might be lost, or some incidents overlooked which, bearing perhaps indirectly upon the case, might yet be of importance to the issue of it.

Mr. Bearward consented, therefore, though reluctantly, to conduct the inquiry in the presence of the whole school. He had arranged everything in his own mind, and hoped that all would turn out well. The minutes of evidence, as he had collected them beforehand, were written down in his pocket-book. There was a solemn silence as he entered the room, accompanied by Mr. Hartwell, and took his usual place upon the bema, by which name the little raised platform, on which his desk was situated, was distinguished.

"We are assembled, young gentlemen," he began, "to investigate, as you are probably aware, a very sad and serious accident, for so I will call it—*eo nomine appelletur*—which has occurred, I will not say in this establishment, but in connection with it. I am desirous to find out the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in reference to this matter. It has caused me, I will confess it, a great deal of pain—a great deal of pain; and I am resolved that if there be any one present who has taken a guilty part in it, be he young or old, great or small, he shall be punished; *Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*—he shall expiate his fault. But I hope, I will hope, I do hope, that such is not the case. I accuse no one. *Ego nomino neminem*. We are not here to sit in judgment upon any boy in particular; it is merely a court of inquiry—*ut ita dicam*—a court of inquiry, to search out facts and to receive what-

ever evidence can be collected or offered by any one concerning them. I shall proceed, therefore, to call up one by one, *seriatim*, those boys who, I have reason to believe, can give information on the subject. I shall begin with Hawkes major. Come forward, Hawkes major, and declare without fear or prejudice all that you know about this melancholy business."

Hawkes major advanced, being pushed forward by his neighbours, and looking very pale and tremulous. He stood before the bema, fixed his eyes upon the floor, and waited to be questioned.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Bearward, encouragingly, "speak up; tell your own story."

"Please, sir, me and Bootle—"

"Bootle and I," said Mr. Bearward.

"Never mind grammar," cried the doctor; "go on in your own way, boy."

Hawkes major went on, and in answer to much questioning told how he and Bootle had had their liberty to take a walk and to buy some tobacco at Bedworth for the French master; and how, on their return, they had met with little Goodchild at Mr. Berry's shop. He had got out of window, he told them, and could not get back again. In order to save him from detection and punishment, he and Bootle had taken him through the spinney, intending to lift him over the wall into the playground, but they had all three been frightened by a great white thing that came rushing past them (sensation throughout all the forms) just when they were near the haunted tower. They had separated, then, and run off, some one way, some another, and they saw no more of Goodchild minimus, though they went back to look for him and call him; so they concluded he had gone into one of the cottages, or had found his way home.

"But how do you account for his being found inside the tower?"

Hawkes major could not account for it at all; the door of the tower was open, and he supposed Minimus must have run in there by accident.

"Not very probable," said the doctor. "You didn't happen to run in that direction yourself, did you? How did you know that the door was open?"

He had seen it so frequently, he said; it was always open.

Bootle was called next, and confirmed this story in every particular. He also supposed that Goodchild must have run into the tower by mistake; he was sure he must have done so.

"You were very much terrified yourself," the doctor asked, "were you not?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I didn't know where I was or what I was doing for the minute."

"You might have ran into the tower then?"

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir."

"But you did not?"

"No, sir, as it happened—'cause I ran the other way."

"I should think so," said Mr. Hartwell.

Nothing further was elicited from these two important witnesses. They were reprimanded for having endeavoured to assist another in breaking the rules of the school; but as they seemed very much distressed at the result to which their ill-judged sympathy had led, very little was said to them, and they were told to sit down for the present.

John Armiger was the next witness called. He could not help being aware that his master spoke

sternly to him, and viewed him with a cold, suspicious eye. He felt also that his position there was an invidious one. He had resolved not to "tell tales" if he could help it. To have been the author of such a calamity as this which had happened to poor little Goodchild was burden enough, he thought, for any boy to carry on his conscience, without being publicly indicted for it. He only knew what Bootle and Hawkes had confessed to him; he hoped they would have made a clean breast of it to the master, but it was not his place to do it for them. These cares and thoughts, with the consciousness that he had such things to conceal, and a latent doubt whether it was altogether right to conceal them, made him cautious and hesitating in his answers. His conscience was uneasy also as to his own part in the "tipping out" that evening, though he could not see that that had anything to do with the subsequent catastrophe.

"Now, Armiger," said Mr. Bearward, "let us have your account."

Armiger told briefly how he had found the child in the tower, and had brought him home. He could not speak of this without some emotion, which he fancied, from Mr. Bearward's manner towards him, was not interpreted in his favour.

"You need not give way to your feelings now," said that gentleman, coldly; "but tell us what it was that led you to look for your schoolfellow in the tower?"

"I had reason to think he had been taken there."

"You had reason to think so! Be good enough to tell us what reason."

"Bootle told me what he has just told you—that he and Hawkes major had been near the spot with him, and had run away and left him."

"Left him in the tower?"

"Somewhere thereabout."

Bootle breathed again, and resolved in his heart that he would treat Armiger to tarts at Berry's the first time he had an opportunity; he only wished the opportunity were come.

"But why did you go to the tower itself?" Mr. Bearward proceeded.

"He was not to be found outside it, and he did not answer when I called. I wanted to find him, so I looked in, and, as it was nearly dark, I fell down the steps, close to where he was lying."

"Very well; so far the evidence agrees. Now can you tell me how it was that Goodchild minimus happened to be in the village at that time in the evening?"

"I do not know."

"You have no idea? nor how he got there?"

"Through the brewhouse window, I suppose."

"You do not know who sent him?"

"No."

"As soon as you found that he was missing you went at once to the brewhouse to look for him, did you not? How came you to think that he had made use of that outlet?"

"I knew he had done it before."

"Can you tell me when?"

Armiger made no reply.

"Answer my question, sir!"

"I could answer it if I must, but it has nothing to do with this business."

"It is for me to judge of that; I will have no *suppressio veri* here."

"Let him alone," said Mr. Hartwell; "he does

not wish to tell tales about things that don't concern him."

This, however, was a *suggestio falsi* which went against John Armiger's conscience. He hesitated, coloured, and stammered out at length, "I'm sorry, very sorry, sir, but I can't keep it back on that ground. It does concern me more than anybody else, and if I must tell, I must, only I would rather not, and I don't think you ought to ask me."

"Speak out, sir," said Mr. Bearward, sternly; "and don't talk to me of ought and ought not. Who sent little Goodchild down the village?"

"I have done so myself; I knew it was wrong. I only sent him once."

"Oh, you have done it yourself! So I anticipated; and when?"

"On the evening of this accident; but—"

"Oh, indeed! Then, after all, *you* are the culprit!" Mr. Bearward looked round him as if he had elicited a great truth, and expected to be cheered for his success.

"Oh, but listen to me!" Armiger exclaimed. "Goodchild was not gone two minutes when I sent him. I lifted him in again through the window before the school-bell rang; he only went to the post-office."

"To the post-office! Ah! Hem! with a letter to post for you, I presume? Ha! and you—a—lifted him in again you say; you are quite sure of that?"

"Quite sure, sir. I could not possibly be mistaken; I left him in the playground quite safe just before school time."

"How is it, then, that he was found, after that hour, still out of bounds?"

"I cannot tell; some one else must have sent him out afterwards."

"Most improbable! But then, if you had lifted him in again, why should you have thought, when he did not answer to his name, that he was still in the village?"

"Berry, the carrier, told me he had seen him there with two other boys."

"Berry! Where did you see Berry?"

"At the little window of the brewhouse."

"While you were waiting there to lift the little boy in again?"

"No; much later in the evening—after I had heard that he was missing."

"Now tell me—and you had better speak the truth, for it will certainly be discovered,—Did you not go to the window to look for Goodchild minimus, knowing that you had sent him out, and that he had not returned?"

"I have told you the truth, sir," said the boy, half angry and half crying; "I will never tell you anything else but the truth. I lifted him in again after he had posted my letter, and I don't know how or why he went out afterwards. I had nothing to do with that."

"What made you so anxious, then, to go in search of him?"

"Because I was afraid somebody had been playing him a trick; I had reason to think so."

"And what did it signify to you what tricks were played him? Why did you care about it more than any other boy?"

"Because I loved him," said Armiger, bursting into tears; "and he loved me! I don't think any other creature does in this place. If you won't

believe me, I can't help it." His bosom heaved, and, in spite of all his efforts to restrain himself, he went on sobbing for some minutes, hysterically.

"Come and sit down here, my boy," said Mr. Hartwell, kindly. "Let him alone a little while, Mr. Bearward; he will recover presently."

"Very pretty!—very pretty, indeed!" said Mr. Bearward, puffing and fuming; "I know more of the character of boys—especially of my own pupils—than you do, Mr. Hartwell. I am not so easily to be imposed upon. I will give him a few minutes, as you wish it; but the inquiry must proceed; I must get to the bottom of all this, and I am glad that you are present to hear it."

## ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

May.

"**ROSY-FOOTED** May" is perhaps the most beautiful, as well as most favourite, month of the year. It has justly been described as the bridal season of heaven and earth; for the sky, like a rejoicing bridegroom, is radiant with sunny smiles; and the country, bedecked with its myriads of sweet and fragrant flowers, is, to quote the poet, Thomson,

"One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower,  
Of mingled blossoms."

Indeed there is scarcely a poet who has not in some way alluded to this month, either by describing its countless beauties, or else by referring to the many and varied customs connected with its observance. Thus some, as Spenser, have spoken of May as a lovely maiden arrayed in her fairest attire, and scattering flowers "out of her lap around." Others, as Shakespeare and Shelley, have sung of the feathered songsters who now unite in filling the air with their music of praise; others, again, as Milton and Chaucer, have described the beauty of nature at this time; and, lastly, the poets have not forgotten to note the festive gaieties observed in honour of "flowery May."

The festival of May Day has existed in this country from the earliest times,\* and generally been a season of rejoicing and mirth. It no doubt owes its origin to the heathen observances practised in honour of Flora, the deity who presided over fruits and flowers†—the Floralia, or floral games of the Romans beginning on the 28th of April, and lasting till about the 4th or 5th of May. Maurice, however, in his "Indian Antiquities" (vol. i. p. 87), considers that our May Day festival is, after all, but a repetition of the phallic festivals of India and Egypt, which, he says, in those countries took place upon the sun entering Taurus, to celebrate nature's renewed fertility.

This month was called by our Saxon ancestors *Tri-Milki*, because they now began to milk their kine three times a day. The origin of the name "May" has been very much disputed, and is even still a subject open to doubt. Ovid ("Fasti." Book v. 483-490) proposes three derivations: one from *Majestas*; another from *Mayores*, the elders, just as the month of June was called from *Juniores*, the

\* See Soane's "History of the Months," vol. i. p. 220.

† See Knight's "English Encyclopedia," 1880, vol. v. p. 550.



younger; these appellations, says Soane, having been respectively given in honour of the two great masses into which Romulus had divided the Roman people—namely, the elders and the juniors—the one being appointed to maintain the republic by their counsels, and the latter by their arms; and the third is from *Maia*. Some, however, derive the word from *Majus*, a name given to Jupiter on account of his majesty; and many etymologists are of opinion that the *Maia*, to whom the sacrifices were made in this month, was the earth, since, in the sacred rites, she is styled, *Mater Magna*, the Great Mother.\*

Formerly, it was customary for all ranks of people to go out a-Maying very early in the morning on the 1st of May. In Chaucer's "Court of Love," we read that on May Day, "Forth goeth all court, both most and least, to fetch the flowers fresh." Bourne, too, tells that in his time the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and the blowing of horns on their arrival, where they broke down branches from the trees and adorned themselves with nosegays and crowns of flowers. This being done, they returned homewards with their booty about sunrise, and decorated their doors and windows with their flowery spoils.

Shakespeare, in allusion to this custom, says it was impossible to make the people sleep on May morning, and that they rose up early to observe May Day; and Herrick, in reference to the same subject, says:—

"Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey  
The proclamation made for May;  
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;  
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying."

In the reign, too, of Henry VIII, we read how the heads of the Corporation of London went out into the high grounds of Kent to gather the May, and were met on Shooter's Hill by the king and his queen, Catherine of Arragon, as they were coming from their palace of Greenwich. Until within a comparatively recent date, this custom still lingered in some of the counties. Thus, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the following doggerel was sung:—

"Rise up, maidens, fie for shame!  
For I've been four long miles from hame,  
I've been gathering my garlands gay,  
Rise up, fair maids, and take in your May."

It should be added, also, that many of the ballads sung now-a-days in country places by the village children on May morning, as they carry their garlands from door to door, undoubtedly refer to the practice of going a-Maying, although fallen into disuse. For example, at Abingdon this is the case, where, we are informed, the young people sing the carol:—

"We've been a-rambling all the night,  
And sometime of this day;  
And now returning back again  
We bring a garland gay.  
Why don't you do as we have done,  
On this first day of May?  
And from our parents we have come,  
And would no longer stay," etc.

To bathe the face in the early dew of May morning was believed to ensure a good complexion;

and in times gone by, young women rose up early and went out for a walk in the fields in order to make use of this golden recipe. This custom is still kept up at Edinburgh, the favourite place of resort being Arthur's Seat.

From time immemorial the chimney-sweepers have regarded May Day as their special holiday, when, with daubed visages, and arrayed in tinsel trumpery, they dance round a faded "Jack-in-the-Green," to the music of a drum and fife, at the same time collecting any pence that passers-by may give them. Formerly, a lady, of the name of Montague, residing in Portman Square, annually gave on May Day an entertainment at her house to the chimney-sweepers. They were liberally regaled with the good old English fare of roast-beef and plum-pudding, and on their departure each received a present of one shilling. This entertainment, it is said, was instituted to commemorate the circumstance of Mrs. Montague's having once found a boy of her own, or that of a relation, among the sooty tribe. In allusion to this incident, a story very much resembling the adventures of this lost child is metrically related by Montgomery in the "Chimney-Sweeper's Boy." This poem supposes young Edwin to be stolen, when about three years of age, by a gipsy, who sold him to a chimney-sweeper for five guineas. It happened that whilst sweeping one of the chimneys of Alcander's house, his voice discovered him to his mother.

"Now from the chimney-top did Edwin peep,  
And 'midst the howling tempest, shouted 'Sweep!  
As the pale moon burst through a parting cloud,  
Awhile the wind was hush'd, again he shouted loud:  
A fearful tremor shook Nerina's frame,  
And all the powers of reasoning overcame;  
She seiz'd Alcander's arm, and with a grasp  
Strong and convulsive, seem'd for breath to gasp:  
'Hark! hark!' she cried—the wind appear'd to sleep,  
Again poor Edwin shouted, 'Sweep! sweep! sweep!  
'My child! my child!' she cried with transports wild,  
'O heaven! it is, it is, my child, my child!'"

At no very remote period the milk-maids who supplied London and other places, dressed up a milch cow with wreaths and garlands of flowers, and leading the animal along in state, danced around it before the houses of their principal customers.

Formerly, Hutchinson\* tells us, at Northumberland the young people of both sexes went out early in the morning to gather the flowering thorn, and the dew off the grass, which they brought home with music and shouts. A syllabub was prepared for the May feast, which was made of warm milk from the cow, sweet cakes, and wine; and a kind of divination was also practised by fishing with a ladle for a wedding-ring, which was dropped into it for the purpose of prognosticating who should be first married.

In Suffolk it was customary in most farmhouses for any servant who could bring in a branch of hawthorn in full blossom to receive a dish of cream for breakfast. To this custom the following rhyme no doubt alludes:—

"This is the day,  
And here is our May,  
The finest ever seen,  
It is fit for the queen;  
So pray, ma'am, give me a cup of your cream."

Whilst speaking of May Day customs, we must

\* May the name not be older than the Latin *Maia*? The Sanskrit verb to grow, is *Mah*; whence *Mögen*, to be able, anglice, "I may."

\* "History of Northumberland," 1778, vol. II. appendix p. 14.

not omit to mention the village May-pole, around which, decorated with wreaths of flowers, ribbons, and flags, the young people delighted to dance. Indeed, so general was this custom, that nearly every village had its May-pole, and even one of our London parishes—St. Andrew Undershaft—derives its name from the May-pole which overtopped its steeple. Stow tells us that the shaft was set up "every year on May Day morning in the midst of the street before the south door of the said church, which shaft, when it was set on end and fixed in the ground, was higher than the church steeple." The author of a pamphlet entitled, "The Way to Things by Words and Words by Things," informs us that our ancestors held an anniversary assembly on May Day, and that the Column of May (whence our May-pole) was the great standard of justice on the Ey-commons or fields of May. Here it was that the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons, and their kings. Washington Irving, in his "Sketch Book," says: "I shall never forget the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days by the antiquities of that venerable place, the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black-letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May Day."

In Cornwall May Day is hailed by the juveniles as "dipping-day." Early in the morning the children go out into the country and fetch home the flowering branches of the white-thorn, or boughs of the narrow-leaved elm, both of which are called "May." At a later hour all the boys of the village sally forth with their bucket, can, and syringe, and avail themselves of a licence to "dip," or well-nigh drown, without regard to person or circumstances, the person who has not the protection of a piece of "May" in his hat or button-hole.\*

At Sevenoaks, we are told, the children carry their May-garlands from door to door. These consist of a bunch of greenery and wild flowers tied at the end of a stick, which is carried perpendicularly. The garlands are formed of two hoops, interlaced cross-wise, and covered with blue and yellow flowers from the woods and hedges. In Huntingdonshire the following quaint doggrel was quite recently sung by the children as they carried about their garlands, and which we quote here as being a very fair specimen of a village May carol:—

"Here comes us poor Mayers all,  
And thus do we begin  
To lead our lives in righteousness,  
For fear we should die in sin.  
  
To die in sin is a dreadful thing,  
To die in sin for nought,  
It would have been better for us poor souls  
If we had never been born.  
  
Good morning, lords and ladies,  
It is the first of May;  
I hope you'll view the garland,  
For it looks so very gay.

The cuckoo sings in April,  
The cuckoo sings in May,  
The cuckoo sings in June,  
In July she flies away.

Now take the Bible in your hand,  
And read a chapter through,  
And when the day of judgment comes  
The Lord will think of you."

In Scotland, the 1st of May was celebrated by the inhabitants as *Beltein* Day, on which they made a fire, and performed certain ceremonies, which are supposed to have had reference to the worship of *Baal*, or the sun. The Irish celebrated it by having a peculiar dish of food, the partaking of which they believed secured them against want for the year. The Germans imagined that on the night of this day the witches had an assemblage on the Brocken, in the Harz mountains. In France and Italy, the youth of both sexes gathered branches in the night, which they placed before the doors of those to whom they wished to show goodwill ("English Cyclopædia," 1860, vol. v. p. 550). Formerly, the Tuesday (in the present year the 2nd of May) following the second Sunday after Easter Day was called *Hock* or *Hoke* Day. It was observed as a popular holiday, when it was customary for the women to go into the streets with cords, and to stop all those of the opposite sex they met, refusing to let them have their liberty until they had purchased it by some small contribution of money. On the Monday, it should be added, the men had acted in the same way towards the women. Jacob, in his "Law Dictionary," says that *Hock* Tuesday was a day "so remarkable, that rents were reserved and payable thereon." In the Bodleian Library there is a letter, dated 1450, from the Bishop of Worcester to the almoner of his cathedral, and to all the clergy in his diocese, inhibiting all Hocktide practices, as being unseemly and immoral.

Rogation Sunday (May 21st) received its name from the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday following, which are called "rogation days," derived from the Latin *rogare*, to beseech, because, says Bourne, "it was a general custom, and is still observed in some country parishes, to go round the bounds and limits of the parish on one of the three days before Holy Thursday, or the Feast of our Lord's Ascension, when the minister, accompanied by his churchwardens and parishioners, were wont to deprecate the vengeance of God, beg a blessing on the fruits of the earth, and preserve the rights and properties of the parish." Before the Reformation, the processions in this week were observed with every external mark of devotion; the cross was born about in solemn pomp, and many highly superstitious practices were observed. George Withers has well described the object of these perambulations:—

"That every man might keep his own possessions,  
Our fathers used in reverent processions  
(With zealous prayers, and with praisefull cheere,)  
To walk their parish limits once a yeare;  
And well-known marks (which sacrilegious hands  
Now cut or breake) so bordered out their lands,  
That every one distinctly knew his owne;  
And many brawles, now rife, were then unknown."

The boundaries of the township and parish of

\* See "Notes and Queries," 1st series, vol. xii. p. 297; also Bond's "History of West and East Loce," 1823, p. 83.

Wolverhampton are, says Shaw ("History of Staffordshire"), in many points marked out by what are called "Gospel trees," from the custom of having the gospel read under or near them by the clergyman attending the parochial perambulations. Thus Herick, in his "Hesperides," says:—

"Dearest, bury me  
Under that Holy-Oke, or Gospel-tree,  
Where (though thou see'st not) thou may'st think upon  
Me, when thou yerely go'st procession."

Ascension Day (May 25th), observed in commemoration of our blessed Lord's triumphant ascension into heaven, is one of the very earliest festivals of our Church, and said to have been instituted in the year A.D. 68. It has been called "Bounds Thursday," from the custom of beating the bounds of the parish, transferred by a corruption of Rogation processions to this day ("Calendar of English Church," 1865, p. 72). In Northamptonshire it is customary to go in triennial processions on Holy Thursday to beat the bounds, and so mark possession. On this occasion the parochial authorities are accompanied by a number of boys, to whom are distributed buns, etc., in order to impress the event upon their memory should the boundaries at any future period be disputed.\* The anniversary of the restoration of Charles II, on the 29th of May, 1660, was formerly, by Act of Parliament, observed as a day of thanksgiving, and a special form of prayer was used. On this day the chaplain of the House of Commons preached in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, before "the House," usually, says Timbs, represented by the Speaker, the Sergeant-at-arms, the clerks, and other officers, and some half-dozen members. The custom was discontinued in the year 1858. This day, popularly called "Royal Oak Day," is still observed in some parts of the country. In London its return in the calendar is chiefly marked by the appearance of oak-apples in the harness of omnibus horses. Sometimes, too, a casual street vendor may be seen offering these for sale. In Derbyshire it was customary to decorate the doors of houses with branches of oak; and in Cornwall the usage, says a correspondent of "Once a Week," of wearing an oaken leaf was enforced by spitting at or "cobbing" the offender. In some parts, too, of Worcestershire garlands similar to those carried by the children on May Day are taken about.

## Varieties.

**DENTISTS.**—In the article in the February part on "The Professions in London," injustice was done to the respectable portion of the numerous practitioners classed as dentists. The writer of the article had no intention of depreciating the generosity of dentists, or of affirming their unwillingness to give gratuitous advice or assistance. He merely referred to the fact that the poor—who form the mass of the population—do not apply, as a rule, to the dentist for aid, as they must to the surgeon in more pressing ailments. At the same time the statement was put in rather broad terms, and we gladly give space to one or two out of several notes of remonstrance:—

"Not only is there a Dental Department in connection with all the principal hospitals, in which gratuitous operations are constantly performed by some of the most skilful and competent dentists of the day, but for several years past there have been

established Dental Hospitals, expressly designed to afford gratuitous relief to the poor at the hands of the educated and experienced dentist. Of these, two have been in existence in London upwards of fifteen years; one in Edinburgh for the same period; one in Liverpool, and one in Plymouth, both opened in 1861, while that in Birmingham dates as far back as 1858. Not only do dentists work gratuitously for the poor, but they are, as a profession (the educated and respectable are only referred to), quite as ready to consider the circumstances of their patients in regard to fees as the members of any other profession may be."

Another correspondent says—

"There is an immensity of good advice, extraction by anæsthetics, gold and other stoppings, regulating cases, &c., daily being afforded the poorer classes at the Dental Hospital in Leicester Square, where over 20,000 patients are seen annually. There is also another Dental Hospital (the National) in Portland Road, and also a dental department and dental surgeon to every recognised hospital in London. I might also add that very many dentists have an hour early in the day which they devote to gratuitous work."

Having thus done justice to the dental profession, we must add that "there are dentists and dentists." Outside the legal and duly-qualified body of dentists, there is a body of irregular practitioners, who, both in London and the provinces, drive a lucrative trade. The "qualified" dentists are "Licentiates in dental surgery of the Royal College of Surgeons," having passed an examining board, consisting of six Fellows of the College, who are surgeons, and six who are dental surgeons. The "Medical Directory" contains the list of all dental surgeons thus qualified. Among the unqualified practitioners there are, of course, men of very various characters. When we say unqualified, we refer merely to the recently introduced legal qualification. There are still some educated and respectable dentists who practise, as they always have done, without diploma; just as there are clever schoolmasters without University training, or without connection with the College of Preceptors. It is their own fault if young dentists, by omitting to get a diploma, are classed with the quacks. The following incident known to us may serve as a warning against some of those who prey upon the public. General —, an old Indian, and a wealthy man, has a stick with a gold top, which he often shows, with the question, "What do you think that bit of gold cost?" After silence, or a wide guess: "Why, sir, it cost me a hundred guineas!" And then he tells how, on seeing an advertisement in the "Times," he was attracted by its liberal promises, and pleased with its frankness of offering "advice gratis," and so on. His case, he was told, was one of extreme difficulty, but might, with great skill and care, be managed. Ignorant of the ways of these gentry, the general submitted himself meekly to the operator, who managed him as rich patients are usually managed. A duplicate set was prepared, which the general was told was the usual practice, when not otherwise specified. The general began to think there was "sharp practice," when the dentist stated that credit was never given, but that payment must be made before the teeth were taken away. On writing the cheque for £100, the watchful trader said his charge was a hundred *guineas*, and the general had to pay that sum. After some trial, the teeth were found utterly unserviceable, causing intense misery; but rather than have anything more to do with the advertising dentist, the general went to a qualified practitioner. Being properly fitted by him, the gold of the old sets was melted to make the top of the stick, which he displays good-humouredly as a monument of his own folly, as well as a warning to others.

**PORTSMOUTH SOLDIERS' INSTITUTE.**—Since the publication of the report and balance-sheet last September, an adjoining house, much needed, has been built and furnished, leaving liabilities amounting to £1,000, which sum Miss Robinson is endeavouring to raise by meetings in England and Scotland wherever friends will convene them. Up to 15th March, the number of persons lodged exceeded 5,000, while the daily average of soldiers and sailors frequenting the house is 200. Widows and orphans are sent from India to the Institute till their friends fetch them. A large new Bible-class room has been provided, where meetings are held every night, with most encouraging results. Miss Robinson also endeavours to provide lodgings near barracks for soldiers' families compelled to live outside, and who often lodge in low public-houses, no other rooms being available. The cost of furnishing for a family is £7, their weekly payments meeting the rent. She has twenty-four families thus lodged, and hopes to add to the number as funds come in.

\* See Baker's "Northamptonshire Glossary," vol. II. p. 131.



# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cosper.*



IN CONCORD GAOL.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

CHAPTER XXVI.—GATHERED AGAIN.

THE old gaol of Concord was built in times when "witches and sorcerers, Quakers and Anabaptists," were expected to be among its inmates; and its cells, low, damp, and almost dark, were characteristic of the penal arrangements of that period.

No. 1275.—JUNE 3, 1876.

In one of them, the most comfortable and best furnished within the prison walls, beside a low bed, screened by a coarse curtain, where a solitary candle flared and flickered as the night breeze crept in through a small, grated window near the ceiling, Constance Delamere sat late in the evening of the same day in which she had the interview with General Washington. In compliance with the general's orders, the prison authorities had not only admitted her, but made every possible arrangement for her



accommodation. She had spoken with Dr. Adams, a wise, good man, as well befits his profession, and a member of the family so highly distinguished in the Revolution and subsequent history of the United States. He had been her father's class-fellow at Harvard College, and from a kindly remembrance of that early acquaintance, did his best to serve Delamere professionally and otherwise. His report was much the same as that which Dargan had given her; there was no immediate danger, but under the most favourable circumstances it would be a long time before her father was the man he had been, and he warned her that in rest and quiet was the only hope for him now.

She had stolen in and got the first look of him asleep on his prison bed. How pale and pinched his face looked, how the furrows seemed to have deepened in his brow, and the grey thickened in his hair, since she saw him last. They left her there alone, and she sat down by the bedside and wept sore and silently; but the girl was spent, sleep came upon her in the midst of her sorrow, and, with the tears yet upon her cheeks, she leant back in her chair and forgot for some time the troubles and trials that beset her young life.

The sound of her own name woke her up suddenly; it was to see her father holding back the curtain with one hand, while he partially raised himself in bed with the other, and gazed on her with a look so strange that she felt almost frightened. "Dear father, it is I come to stay with you," she said, rising and throwing her arms about his neck—the doctor had told her that Delamere was now aware of her safe return to civilised territories.

"God be praised, it is you, my child! But you looked so like her sitting there, that for the first moment I thought it was your mother come back to see me in my lonely latter days;" and he kissed and clasped her with the old unchanged affection.

"Dear father," said Constance, "it was through me that you got into this sad state; that is the only thing that grieves me, for I know things will be well with us yet."

"No, child; it was through misfortune. I am not what is called a lucky man—maybe I am not of the materials that lucky men are made from. But since you have come back to me safe and well, I care for nothing—except the black charge they have got up against me from the fragments of Gage's letter; but I have prayed to the Searcher of hearts that my innocence in that matter might be made clear, and I have a hope that my prayer will be granted," said Delamere.

His fortitude under suffering and misfortune was as great as his courage in the battle-field, and his daughter had the same spirit. "I am sure it will, father," she said, "for the Lord is just. Let us trust in Him, and all will be well with us yet. But I must not talk too much; let me read to you, father."

"Do, child; read some of the old psalms in my own Bible there, it is all the property I have now," and he pointed to the familiar volume on a shelf hard by.

Constance read to him psalm after psalm, till he fell asleep again, with his hand clasping hers. But from that hour Delamere's recovery, though slow, was certain. Dr. Adams said it was owing in a great measure to the cheering and helpful company of his daughter, and well the doctor might think so. Constance exerted herself as woman, young or old, under

the impulse of strong affection will, to brighten up and comfort her father's days of being sick and in prison. She read to him, she sang to him, she did kindly offices within and errands without their gloomy residence, for her steps were free to come and go, and the worst of the "gaol birds," as the other inhabitants were designated, showed her that respect and deference which discreet and dutiful conduct commands in almost any society. As Delamere's recovery progressed, she entertained him with her adventures and difficulties among the Wampanoags, old Red-hand's scheme for her settlement in life, and Kashutan's courtship, not forgetting how her escape had been brought about by the cunning of her treacherous rival, Osuna.

"Ah! Constance," the squire would say, while he wondered and laughed over the narrative, "that face of yours has been a cause of confusion to men, both red and white, and of peril to yourself, my girl. Thanks be to Him who brought you safe out of the hands of the savage tribe and the wilds of the pathless wilderness!"

Constance did not yet think it wise to tell him of the incident at Washington's head-quarters—the captain's strange conduct, and Archdale's tale regarding it—though her own mind often reverted to the subject, without being able to guess at an explanation. Devereux she neither saw nor heard of; perhaps the constant communication between the American camp and Concord might be the cause of his non-appearance, if he had anybody in the former quarter to fear; but Lieutenant Gray, in a stolen visit he made to inquire how things went with them in the uncoveted home, told her that the captain had not appeared in Watertown either; and his cousin, after waiting for him in much the same spirit that the squaws waited for her in the Indian village, transferred her indignation to Constance for having so far forgotten the rules of propriety as to enter the gate of a common gaol on any pretext whatever.

In the meantime, better news reached the squire and his daughter. Mr. Archdale obtained a safe conduct, proceeded to Boston, and received from General Gage a statement under his own hand, that Delamere's journey to the Indian country had nothing to do with the design suspected, and that the letter he had torn from an impulse of honour over nice was a private one, regarding some land within Sir John Johnson's grant, on which the general had a claim that he naturally wished to settle before his recall to England, which was then pending. Officers of high character and rank, both in the British garrison and the American camp, came forward as voluntary witnesses for the accused colonel; in short, like many a hasty condemnation, when men's minds got cool and quiet enough to sift the matter, the public sentence against Delamere was reversed. The commander-in-chief wrote to inform him of the fact, with courteous expressions of regret that circumstances over which neither party had the least control should have placed a man of undoubted worth and honour in so false a light; and gave liberal permission to reside where he pleased within the territories of the Continental Congress simply on his parole.

"That is handsome of Washington, after all the rebels and worse I have called him in my time," said Delamere. "Between ourselves, Constance, I doubt if I was not wrong in going so far against my countrymen; but nobody except my own girl shall hear me say so now. The old Tory repeats when

the luck has gone against him—that is what the Massachusetts people would say; and I won't stay in the province a day longer than I can help it, to be made a 'use of warning' by all their preachers and prophets, from Livingstone down to Hiram Hardhead. In the meantime we must get out of this place; I don't much regard it myself; it is not the prison, but the cause of his being there, that should trouble a man; but it is sad quarters for you, child."

They removed accordingly to quiet, respectable lodgings, which Dr. Adams found for them, till the squire should be strong enough to travel farther and find a location more to his mind than the Whiggish town of Concord. They had not been long settled there, when, going forth one morning on some domestic errands to a store near the Lexington road, Constance saw coming on to meet her, with something like the stalwart step of former times, the faithful Denis Dargan. A good constitution and a temperate life had stood the young man's friends; he was almost himself again, and came forward with, "Miss Constance, darlin', I was comin' to see you sacredly in a manner, thinkin' it would be agin the squire's mind to hear tell of me at all, because I'm on the American side. Praise and thanks that his good intentions is made as clear as the sun, an' that I'm growin' as strong as a bullock; howsomever, they have given me leave of absence to see my ould frinds about the Elms and the Plantation, and stay wid thim that makes me most welcome for awhile; then if I'm able to do my duty as a sodjer, I'll come back to Masther Sydney's regiment, an' help to thurn the Britishers clane out o' Boston."

They stood and talked for a few minutes, with kind inquiries and good wishes on both sides. Constance sent friendly messages to the old servants of the family, including the steadfast-minded maid, Martha, whom Dargan hinted he was sure to see; though the Elms was in strangers' hands, they all lived in its neighbourhood still. Denis prayed over and over again "that every blissin' might attend her and the squire; but there's Robin Magee screechin' for me," he added, as a voice of no ordinary power pealed over the quiet road. "I'm goin' home wid him, you see; Masther Sydney'll write to me when he comes back from the depredation. Oh, isn't he the consarned man about all that has happened! Comin', Robin, comin'; farewell, Miss Constance, darlin';" and, with a kindly shake-hands, the ex-best man sped away to his impatient friend.

Constance hastened homeward. She did not care to leave her father long alone in his present state; but when scarcely half way, it seemed that somebody was running after her. The cry of "Miss Constance!" made her turn quickly, and it was to grasp the two outstretched hands of her faithful page, Philip.

"I thought I should never see you again; but here I am at last," he cried, out of breath with running, but ready to dance for joy. "Hannah Armstrong is coming up with a friend of Mr. Stoughton's, who lives here. He says he brought you home to the squire, and he was bringing us too, but I got a glimpse of you parting with Dargan, and started off to come up with you first."

"Oh, Philip, how glad I am—how glad my father will be to see you and Hannah, though things are far changed with us," said Constance; "but how did you get away from the Indians? I had terrible fears of what might happen to you all when they missed me."

"Well, Miss Constance, we should have been in a pickle"—and Philip took the marketing-basket off her arm, placed it on his own, and marched on by her side, in the fashion of former times—"but it was all made out. A hunter of Kashutan's tribe saw, from one of the high hill-tops, Osuna leaving you on the bank of the stream, and another brought word next morning that you had gone with the Massachusetts men who took Cumberland station. That set our hearts at rest, and saved our skins too. Old Red-hand has a sort of justice in him, and said directly we were not to blame. I don't know what he would have done to Osuna, but she fled in time, nobody knew where. However, he held a palaver round the council-fire the same evening, and condemned her never to get a husband, which, it seems, is the greatest punishment for Indian ladies who can't be got at with the tomahawk; but Kashutan! oh, Miss Constance, wasn't he wild! He said nothing, in the Indian manner, but I thought his looks would have burned the village, and I kept well out of his sight till we were released."

"How did that happen, Philip?"

"Well, you see, Greenland carried the news of where we were to them in Philadelphia; and Mr. Sewell, knowing he could do nothing for us himself, spoke to Colonel Archdale, who was there at the time. Mr. Sydney, you know, he is a great man now, and got the Congress to send a deputation, and him at the head of it, to get us out of the clutches of the Indians, and gain them over not to side with the Britishers, but stay at peace in their own country. I don't think Mr. Sydney got that done to his mind; but they made him wonderful welcome. Old Red-hand released us all at the first asking, and Kashutan made a grand feast. I think he would have made something else for Mr. Sydney, if he had known what had been between him and you."

"That is all over, Philip."

"Not with Mr. Sydney, miss? He took me aside and questioned me so particularly how you looked, how the Indians behaved to you, and if ever you spoke of him. Oh, wasn't he the disappointed man when I said no! He loves you in the bottom of his heart, Miss Constance; but I would rather have Kashutan, he's a fine man, and a dead shot, and gave me so many nice things," said Philip. "Howsomever, Mr. Sydney got us released; and glad enough we were to say good-bye to the Indians.\* Mr. Stoughton went back with him and the deputation to Philadelphia; and Hannah and I, knowing in what direction you went, came down to Cambridge with Mr. Sewell. He says he is going to fight for the rights of the land in Washington's army; but when we got there we heard all about the squire's misfortune. Weren't we both sorry that the like should happen! But I persuaded Hannah it was best to go to him and you at once, and here she comes."

They had reached the door of Delamere's lodgings

\* The remnant of the Six Nations who occupied the greater part of the State of New York at the time of this tale, and among them powerful Ojibeways and the once-dreaded tribe of Mohawks, are now settled on reserved lands on the British side of Lake Ontario. Many have adopted the habits of civilised life; many have also received the truths of the Gospel; schools and churches are rising in their villages; and the hereditary chief of the Ojibeways, whose Indian name was Thunder Cloud hunter (Pahtahquahong), is now known as the Rev. Henry Chase, a Christian minister and missionary among his nation. Mr. Chase is now in this country, to obtain help for building a church for his people. He is a man of influence, which he uses for the highest and best objects. He is also President of the Council of Indians, through which body communication is held with the British Canadian government.

by this time. As Philip spoke a wagon drove up to it; out of the wagon stepped Hannah Armstrong, and it would have been difficult to say which of the four was most rejoiced at the meeting which took place the next moment in the parlour within.

"I magnify the goodness of Providence, who hath given me to see thy face again, friend Delamere," said the worthy Quakeress, when the first greetings were over.

"His goodness is always beyond our deservings, Hannah. I, also, am thankful to see you safe and well; but mine is a poor place for you now," said the squire.

"Friend, it was not for thy place, but for thine own and thy daughter's sake, and chiefly in hopes of being of some service to thee, that I came so far to seek thee out," said Hannah. "Worldly things short of actual want, which for many reasons thou needst not fear, should cost a Christian little thought.

They come and go with the chances of time, and fall equally to the share of the good or the evil. I have made some savings in thy service, which, if need be, I hope thou wilt do me the great favour to consider as thy own. Moreover, I have agreed to pass the rest of my pilgrimage in company with a God-fearing, well-doing man, Green Crossland, commonly called Greenland. Thou wilt remember him, Constance; he is a man of peace, and hath a good gift for peddling, besides certain handicrafts which are profitable now that so many have taken to follow the banners of battle. He would be serviceable to thee and thine as well as myself, friend Delamere. Philadelphia is yet a place of rest and peace in these days of discord and confusion; if thou wouldst think of removing thither as soon as convenient, we could all live together till things were better with thee, which I doubt not they will be, our Master above permitting."

## ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD WHYMFER, F.R.G.S.

### VIII.—PARRY'S SECOND VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE (1821-23).

"CAPTAIN PARRY," said King George IV to him when he was presented at court, "I congratulate you on your return from your enterprise. I am sorry that I have not had an opportunity of seeing you before; but I am happy now to add my tribute to that of everybody else." Society smiled and poured all sorts of honours upon the handsome young naval officer. "I know not," he wrote to his father, "where to begin in telling you the congratulations I have received from friends and strangers since my arrival in town. What with visits and what with letters, I have been literally overwhelmed; and I only hope that your poor son's head may not be turned past all remedy by this flattering reception. Even strangers in the coffee-room introduce themselves, and beg to shake hands with me."\*

We cannot wonder that such was the case. The late expedition, although, in one sense, a complete failure, had attained an unprecedented measure of success. A new era in Arctic discovery seemed to have dawned, and the discovery of a north-west passage to have become at least possible. Parry, for a time, was a great lion. Within two months after his return he was offered the command of a new expedition; and no sooner was his ship commissioned than his former crews, who had given him three hearty cheers when they were paid off, crowded to serve again under the flag of the leader whom they knew and trusted.†

\* Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Sir W. Edward Parry, by his son the Rev. Ed. Parry.

† The following extract illustrates the hold that Parry had obtained upon the confidence of those who served under him:—"While the ships employed on the second voyage were detained at Kirkwall, a boat came off to the *Fury* with some sacks full of earth, which the ship's carpenter was ordered to stow away below. At this he ventured somewhat to grumble, and to question the utility of the article in question. 'Never mind,' said his mate, John P—, from whom the account came, 'Never mind. Depend upon it the captain has something in his head, and it'll be all right.' The obnoxious sacks were, accordingly, stowed away, but, during the voyage across the Atlantic, they proved too much for the carpenter's patience, and at length he ordered P— to throw the lumber overboard, as a mere fancy on the part of the captain, no longer remembered. P— shook his head, but his superior was determined, and away went the bags, not, however, into the sea, but at all events out of sight. Days and months passed, and the affair was forgotten. Winter Island was reached, and the ships were frozen in. One day an order was given to the carpenter to provide some long, shallow boxes. This done, 'Now then, my man,' says the captain, 'for those sacks of earth!' Down came the unfortunate carpenter to his mate, in a state of ludicrous

Parry may almost be said to have drawn up his own instructions for his second voyage. The Admiralty had confidence in him, and directed him to go just where he wished to go. He had become convinced, from his former experiences, that more progress was likely to be made in high latitudes by hugging the coast, and seizing opportunities whenever the ice was blown off shore, than there would be by boldly plunging into the packed ice. He accordingly proposed to commence his explorations in search of a north-west passage by taking up the coast of America on its eastern side, at the most northern point which was then known. This was in the neighbourhood of Repulse Bay,\* a comparatively small indentation in the north of the vast Hudson's Bay. Between this locality and Icy Cape (the farthest point attained by Captain Cook), in the vicinity of Bering's Strait, distant, as the crow flies, about 2,000 miles, nothing whatever was known of the northern coast-line of America, except the shores in the immediate neighbourhood of the mouths of the Coppermine and Mackenzie rivers.† All this unknown coast had to be explored before a north-west passage could be effected. Experience had not yet made it sufficiently clear that navigation in the Arctic regions is not performed with the same facility as in lower latitudes; and the instructions once more carefully detailed what was to be done when the ships reached the Pacific—a contingency which was so remote that it need scarcely have been taken into consideration.

The two ships which were now placed under Parry's command—the *Hecla* and *Fury*‡—were vessels of the

perplexity, 'Eh! P—, but what will we do, man? Here's the skipper singing out for the sacks we heaved overboard!' 'We, indeed!' said P—; 'but never mind, it's all right, they never went overboard at all!' The earth had been provided for the growth of mustard and cress, to be supplied to the crews in order to keep away scurvy; and, doubtless, says the writer from whose work the above extract is quoted, many of P—'s messmates had cause, at Winter Island, to be grateful to him that it was all right.

\* Repulse Bay was discovered by Captain Middleton in 1742.

† The mouth of the Coppermine river was reached for the first time by Samuel Hearne in 1771, and the course of the Mackenzie was traced to its junction with the sea by Alexander Mackenzie in 1789.

‡ Parry took command of the *Fury*, and Captain Lyon of the *Hecla*. The latter officer had not served on the previous expeditions, and made only one Arctic voyage subsequently.

same class and size—points which it was found were very important, as it permitted the interchange of anchors, spars and fittings in general. Sabine did not accompany the expedition, being employed elsewhere; but the officers of the *Fury* included Nias (now promoted), and J. O. Ross (still midshipman), and Francis Crozier, who afterwards commanded the *Terror* in the celebrated Antarctic voyage, and the same ship on the disastrous expedition under Franklin, when all perished. Amongst the officers on the *Hecla* who subsequently distinguished themselves and did good service for their country, may be mentioned the two midshipmen, Bird and Sherer, who eventually became vice-admirals. Both these officers have retired from the Navy, but they are, I believe, still living.

The ships sailed from the *Nore* on the 8th of May, 1821, accompanied by a transport carrying extra stores, which were transhipped when the expedition reached the mouth of Hudson Strait. Thus far, and for some distance farther, their course was just that of the ships which trade annually with Hudson's Bay; but when they got fairly off the north of the bay their voyage of discovery commenced. Land was found to extend continuously all round Repulse Bay; and several other indentations in its neighbourhood, which seemed promising, were discovered to be inlets only, not straits. Parry did his work thoroughly, and his progress was slow, and when active operations for the year were put a stop to by the approach of winter, he had only advanced so far as  $66^{\circ} 11'$  N. latitude. The ships were frozen in on October 8 off a small island, which was named Winter Island, and by sawing a canal about three hundred yards long through the ice, they were placed in a tolerably secure position. There they remained until July 1, 1822, when they were released through a strong gale blowing off the land. Running to the north, constantly looking for an outlet towards the west, which they had reason to suppose would be found hereabouts, by the 20th of July they arrived off the entrance of a strait, subsequently named the Strait of the *Fury* and *Hecla*, that seemed to promise a passage in the desired direction. It is now known with certainty that the most southern of the north-west passages leads through this strait. Feeling sure that he was on the right track, Parry endeavoured again and again to force his way through, and lingered week after week and month after month, striving to discover a passage through the impenetrable ice with which it was encumbered. But the frozen barrier defied all his efforts. "It is impossible," he said, "to describe our disappointment and mortification in perceiving an unbroken sheet of ice extending completely across the supposed passage from one land to the other. Our chief disappointment arose, not from the mere presence of ice blocking up the desired passage, to which our most anxious hopes had by anticipation been directed, but from the *nature* of the ice. This consisted of a floe so level and continuous that a single glance was sufficient to assure us of the disagreeable fact that it was the ice formed in its present situation during the winter, and was still firmly attached to the land on every side. It was certain, from its continuous appearance for some miles, as we ran along its edge, that it had suffered no disruption this season, which circumstance involved the necessity of our awaiting that operation which nature seemed scarcely yet to have commenced in this neighbour-

hood, before we could hope to sail round the north-eastern point of the American continent."\*

They waited unsuccessfully during the whole of the navigable season, and retired to winter quarters at the Island of Igloodik, near the eastern end of the strait, where they were frozen in on September 22nd. The leaders of the expedition could not reflect with any very great satisfaction upon the results of their labours during the year 1822. "It required, indeed, but a single glance at the chart to perceive, that whatever the last summer's navigation had added to our geographical knowledge of the eastern coast of America and its adjacent lands, very little had been effected in furtherance of the north-west passage. Even the actual discovery of the desired outlet into the Arctic Sea had been of no practical benefit in the prosecution of our enterprise, for we had only discovered this channel to find it impassable. . . . It was sufficient only to know our geographical position to be aware that the remaining resources of the expedition were no longer adequate to the accomplishment of our principal object. . . . Instead of disguising the difficulties, it seemed more prudent to search out and endeavour to obviate them; and after fairly considering every circumstance of our situation, to decide on the adoption of such measures as, with our present resources, appeared still to hold out some reasonable hope of ultimate and complete success. Viewing the matter in this light, it appeared to resolve itself into the single question, by what means the resources of the expedition could possibly be extended beyond the period to which they were calculated to last—namely, the close of the year 1824. Only one expedient suggested itself by which that object could be attained—it was to send the *Hecla* to England in the following season, taking from her a twelvemonth's provisions and fuel, to complete the *Fury*'s resources to the end of the year 1825, and then continuing our efforts in that ship singly, as long as a reasonable hope remained of our ultimate success."

The commanders of the two ships agreed that this should be done, but they kept their determination a secret until the approach of the next season. The summer came, still the vessels remained fixed in their wintering place. On the 1st of August, 1823, "incredible as it may appear, the ships were as securely confined in the ice as in the middle of winter, except that a pool of water about twice their own length in diameter was now open around them." On the 8th, however, the *Fury* escaped, and was followed by the *Hecla* about four-and-twenty hours later. But though the ships were now free, the ice in the channel through which they wished to pass was as immovable and impenetrable as ever, and stretched over a much greater distance than in the previous year. "As the sun went down in the direction of the strait, we obtained from the masthead a distinct and extensive view in that quarter, and it is impossible to conceive a more hopeless prospect than this now presented. One vast expanse of level, solid ice occupied the whole extent of sea visible to the westward, and the eye wearied itself in vain to discover a single break upon its surface." This dismal prospect alone would probably have led the commanders to reconsider their resolve. But, added to this, appearances of scurvy among some of the officers and men having taken a

\* Journal of a second voyage for the discovery of a north-west passage. 1824.



serious aspect, they felt that more winters in the ice would probably cause a large sacrifice of life, and they wisely determined to shape their course at once for England. During the greater part of a month the ships were closely beset, drifting, however, in the right direction; but by the 23rd of September they were clear of Hudson's Strait, and reached the Shetland Islands upon the 10th of October, 1823.\*

The discoveries made by this expedition ranged over only about five degrees of latitude, and they were insignificant compared with the results attained on Parry's first voyage, in much less space of time. The land coasted on the second voyage was that on the west of the most northerly prolongation of Hudson's Bay. The shores on the *east* (or opposite side) of this great arm of the bay have never been traced, and they are laid down conjecturally on our Admiralty charts (the only authoritative maps of this region) with a dotted line. The sea enclosed by this land, measuring more than 200 miles from north to south, and 100 miles from east to west, has not yet even received a name.

By far the most interesting pages in the narrative of Parry's second voyage are those which treat on his intercourse with the Esquimo inhabiting the shores which he visited—the extreme north-eastern portion of the North American Continent. Few writers, even amongst those who have been brought into contact with this remarkable race, have treated it with the consideration which it deserves. From Bering's Straits to South Greenland, almost on the opposite side of the Pole, the race is one and the same. This is assured by customs, implements, and language. Language is a far surer test of affinity than custom, for similar habits may be induced by similar circumstances, and consequently it is found that certain peoples, living at widely-separated situations, under similar conditions, do adopt in course of time similar habits and customs. But this is never the case with language, and if people are met with—it may be at situations widely apart—having the same language, similar implements, and customs nearly identical, it may be regarded as certain that they form part of one and the same family. This is the case with the Esquimo. They are the most widely-diffused race on the face of the earth, and on this account alone are entitled to be considered a remarkable people.

If this were their only title to consideration, I might not, perhaps, think it necessary to say anything about them. British tourists are even more widely diffused than Esquimo; but they, although certainly remarkable people, are distinguished by their extreme helplessness, whereas the Esquimo are extraordinary for their self-reliance. From their cradles to their graves, their whole lives are passed in a series of struggles for existence. They are in constant peril from hunger and cold.† Yet they are

found to be cheerful, even merry, full of fun, well contented with their lot, and by no means barbarous or savage. We are accustomed to associate happiness with more genial climes, and contentment with plenty; but we do so very erroneously. There is more apparent, if not real, gaiety amongst those who dwell within the Arctic circle than there is in sunny Italy, and scarce any of the wickedness and brutality which seem almost inseparable from those who live in tropical regions.

The Esquimo are also especially remarkable for their intellectual capacity. Out off as they are from the rest of the world, and having constantly to fight such a hard battle for existence, one might naturally expect to find the race composed of low types of humanity, with minds dwarfed and stunted, like the indigenous vegetation, with few ideas, and not ready to accept new ones. Yet the truth is very nearly the reverse of all this. Though their knowledge is, of course, limited to that which they have obtained by personal experience, or received by tradition, still they are by no means fools. They quickly apprehend the uses of objects which are new to them, they are eager to acquire information, and they are expert mimics. Their sight and hearing is naturally sharpened through constant use in hunting, and is much more acute than that of average Europeans; while in the ear they have for music, the readiness with which they learn tunes, and pronounce words correctly which are taught to them, one perceives an appreciation of fine differences in sounds that is often wholly wanting in people who are supposed to be civilised.

When the natives were first perceived at Winter Island, the ships had been frozen in about three months; and the members of the expedition could not understand how they had so long overlooked the dwellings of about sixty persons, who, they learned, were living from them at a distance of only two miles. The mystery was soon cleared up. They found that their habitations were entirely built with snow, and had only recently been erected. Presently they instructed our people in the art of building snow-huts, and showed them that they could be easily constructed in two or three hours. The huts were circular, and the roofs were dome-shaped, lighted by circular plates of ice. They were entered through a long tunnel, made in the snow and of snow, and the interiors were surrounded with a bank or bench of the same material, which served as a bedstead and a *fireplace*! Very cold dwellings, you will say. Not so *very* cold. Parry quotes the temperatures that he actually observed. "With all the lamps lighted, and the hut full of people and dogs, a thermometer placed in the net over the fire [a blubber lamp] indicated a temperature of 38°; when removed two or three feet from this situation it fell to 32°, and placed close to the wall stood at 23°," the temperature of the open air being, at the time, 48° of Fahrenheit lower. Making a bed on the snow-bedstead was thus described. The snow was first covered "with a quantity of small stones, over which were laid their paddles, tent-poles, and some blades of whalebone, and lastly, a quantity of twigs of birch and andromeda. Their deer-skins, which were very numerous, could now be spread without risk of their touching the snow; and such a bed is capable of affording, not merely comfort, but luxurious repose, in spite of the rigour of the climate." The advantages of snow-houses are obvious. How

\* Five deaths occurred amongst the crews, one through a fall from aloft.  
† All Esquimo have pretty good appetites, and make up for lost time when they have a chance. Parry experimented one day upon "a lad scarcely full grown," to see how much he could consume, "if freely supplied." The following are the amounts he got through, and it is said that he "did not consider the quantity extraordinary."

	lbs.	ozs.
Walrus flesh, hard frozen	...	4 4
Do.        "boiled	...	4 4
Bread and bread dust	...	1 12
Total of solids	...	10 4
Blubb. gravy soup	...	1½ pint.
Raw spirits	...	8 wine glasses.
Strong grog	...	1 tumbler.
Water	...	9 pints.

convenient to be one's own builder, and to be able to go out of town knowing that a mansion can be erected anywhere in a couple of hours! One need not be rich in order to have half-a-dozen residences. If one's windows are broken, no glaziers are required. There are no gutters to repair; and if the roof leaks it is not because of broken slates. There is no fear of fire, and no insurance to pay; no rates! no taxes! Under these circumstances, who would not be an Esquimo?

Contact with the natives taught our men many useful things, and gave them many serviceable hints. Under their auspices Parry was initiated in the art of sledge-travelling, and perceived how dogs could be made to assist exploration.\* During the second winter, finding that his people had acquired some dexterity in snow-building, he set them to protect the ships' sides with cut slabs, instead of leaving them, as heretofore, to be gradually banked up by drift; and afterwards constructed a wall twelve feet high around the ships, at a distance of about twenty yards, "forming a large square like that of a farm-yard." And the pages of his narrative contain, amongst much that is not so pleasant, many agreeable little incidents illustrative of the better qualities of the natives. He tells of a man, who had been succoured during a period of hunger, sending a piece of sealskin when plenty came again, as an offering of gratitude to *Parree*; how a lad, who was

pressed by them to go to the land of the Europeans, gave a most decided negative to the proposition, eagerly repeating "No" half-a-dozen times, because if he went away "his father would cry"; and how a dying woman, who had been tended through her sickness by one of the ship surgeons, raised the doctor's hand to her mouth and kissed it as she expired.

The natives rendered essential service to the expedition by pointing out where a strait leading to the west would be found, and by drawing maps of the country. But the information obtained from them in respect to sledges and the use of dogs outweighed all the rest in value. Before this time, Parry does not appear to have had any notion of extending his explorations by sledge-travelling, and seems to have confined his attention entirely to what might be effected by ships and boats. Seeing, however, that the Esquimo relied almost entirely upon their sledges in moving about from one place to another, he at once attempted to follow their example, and, in about a month after his first meeting with the natives, sent Captain Lyon out for a day's exploration, preliminary to an essay with sledges. Subsequently the same officer went a thirteen days' journey towards the north; and though he travelled, as the crow flies, only the insignificant distance of thirty-nine miles away from the ships, his journey is interesting as being one of the first—I think the first—of all the sledge journeys performed by British sailors in the Arctic regions. With increased experience, longer and longer distances were accomplished; but much had to be learned before the feat was possible, which was performed by Lieutenant Meham in 1854, of travelling 1,336 miles in seventy-one days. To the present time this journey remains unparalleled.

\* When the *Fury* was being prepared for sea in the spring of 1823, almost the whole of the extra stores that were taken from the *Hecla* were transported from one ship to the other by dog-sledges borrowed from the natives. "It was a curious sight to watch the useful animals walking off with a bower anchor, a boat, or a topmast without any difficulty; and it may give some idea of what they are able to perform to state, that nine dogs dragged 1,611 lbs. a distance of 1,750 yards in nine minutes, and that they worked in a similar way between the ships for seven or eight hours a day."

## BOY AND MAN:

### A STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

#### CHAPTER XII.—MAGNA EST VERITAS.

"If powers divine  
Behold our human actions (as they do),  
I doubt not then but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience." —*Shakespeare*.

JOHN ARMIGER was also anxious to have it finished, and soon stood up again.

"Have you any witnesses to call?" Mr. Bearward asked. "Did any one see you with little Goodchild after he had done your errand?"

"I think not."

"Did anybody see him in the playground or schoolroom at all that evening?"

No one answered; no one, it appeared, had seen him.

"You maintain, then," Mr. Bearward went on, "that the child did return, and that you brought him back safely into the playground?"

"I can only say so, as I said before. Why won't you believe me?"

"We must look to probabilities. Falsehood, I am sorry to say, is the besetting sin of young boys; there are some even in this establishment, I fear, who do not always speak the truth."

"Did you ever know me tell a lie?" said Armiger, indignantly.

"That's no proof," said Mr. Bearward; "many things are done without my knowledge. Your

manner is impertinent. But to proceed. Was there not an altercation between you and Bootle in the corridor just before bed-time?"

"Yes; I wanted Bootle and Hawkes major to tell me where little Goodchild was, and they refused."

"But they did tell you: you acknowledged that just now."

"Yes; they told me at last where to look for him," Armiger said, bitterly; "and there I found him!"

"In the tower! Did they tell you he was in the tower? I thought so!" Mr. Hartwell exclaimed.

"No leading questions, Doctor!" said Mr. Bearward. "No leading questions! I will conduct the inquiry, if you please."

"Did they give you to understand that they had left him in the tower?" Mr. Hartwell persisted.

John Armiger hesitated. "They said that they had looked into the tower for him and could not find him," he replied at length.

Mr. Hartwell looked puzzled, and Mr. Bearward proceeded with his questions.

"There were high words and some bad language used in that scuffle. Some of the elder boys who were approaching heard the expressions—expressions which I shrink from repeating, which I should not like the ears of any of my pupils to be polluted with—execrations, curses. Who uttered them?"

Armiger was silent; his face was scarlet.

"Answer me; was it you?"

"It was. I have scarcely ever done so before; I never used to hear such words until I came here."

"I believe it," said Mr. Hartwell in an undertone; but Mr. Bearward heard him.

"Ha!" cried the latter, looking sternly round him; "we begin to understand now what kind of character we have to deal with here. A boy who can indulge in profane language, and then lay the blame of it upon his schoolfellows! Now, answer me again. Is it true that before you had been twenty-four hours under my roof you had quarrelled with several of your fellow-students, and had fought a pitched battle with at least one of them?"

"It was not my fault; they made me."

"They made you? Who made you? Do you think it a fair thing to excuse yourself thus at the expense of others? Have you ever indulged this fighting propensity of yours since?"

Armiger was silent. On two or three occasions he had exchanged some angry words and blows with his schoolfellows; it was much easier to get on in this way than by submitting patiently when they provoked him. It was very unfair, he thought, to be called to account for these by-gones at such a time.

"Ah, I see," said Mr. Bearward. "Tell me again, is it true that before you arrived at Cubbinghame at all you insulted that respectable female, Mrs. Baggerly, in the stage-coach, and afterwards played tricks upon the guard, knocking his hat off, and so forth?"

"I did not insult anybody!" the boy exclaimed; "and I did not play any tricks; but what does it signify? Ask Mr. Sparrow; Mr. Sparrow knows."

And Mr. Sparrow, to his credit, stood up and declared how John Armiger had rebuked the guard for swearing, and how in self-defence he had knocked off the guard's hat, that he might recover his own (and quite right, too, and the guard himself had said so); and he was a plucky little fellow, and only fought because the others made him; and he (Mr. Sparrow) ought to know, for wasn't he his second? And he did not believe Armiger would tell a lie to save his life, nor do a mean action to preserve it; and he was the best friend little Minimus ever had; and somebody must have a spite against him (he did not mean anybody in particular), and he hoped those who deserved it would be punished, and not a boy that did not; that was all he could say, and he'd say it again.

Mr. Bearward listened with amazement to this unexpected burst of eloquence on the part of Mr. Sparrow, but recovered himself after a few moments, and said it might all be true, but facts were stubborn things, and circumstances were unalterable; he must look to the evidence; and according to the evidence there was only one person really guilty in this matter, and that was John Armiger. "It is clear, sir," he said, addressing him, "that it was you who sent this poor little helpless child out into the village, and that you neglected or forgot to wait for him and bring him in again. Your statement to the contrary stands by itself, and wholly without proof, therefore on your head alone the blame of this calamity must rest. I shall hold you responsible for it; you have played a coward's part, and have added to your fault deceit and falsehood, oaths and imprecations. To-morrow morning it will be my painful duty to inflict the chastisement due to such offences."

There was a murmur throughout the school.

Armiger was a hero in the eyes of most of the boys, on account of the promptitude which he had shown in rescuing the child from the haunted tower, as well as for the kindness and solicitude which he had manifested ever since. It was felt by most of them that he was not fairly used, and that he might have saved himself, if he would have spoken out, at the expense of others.

"It's a shame!" was whispered from form to form.

"It's a shame," said Sparrow, in a voice that must have been audible even to Mr. Bearward, though he took no notice of it. Mr. Hartwell put on his hat, as if about to leave the room; but there was that in his face which led those who noticed him to think that he was going to "do something." John Armiger stood for a moment amazed.

"I have told the truth!" he exclaimed at last; "if you choose to punish me I can't help it, and I don't care for that; but oh! to think—to think that I should have to bear the blame and the shame! Oh Willy, Willy, Willy!" and hiding his face in his hands, he turned away, stifling his sobs as best he could.

Some one else was sobbing not far off, sobbing and shuffling in his seat, being held down by another boy, who was pulling him by the coat. It was Hawkes major. "I don't care," he cried out at last; "I want to speak, sir, please, sir."

"Speak, then," said Mr. Bearward; "but I thought we had done with you?"

"It was my fault, sir; I did it—I and Bootle did it; we didn't mean any harm; we took him to the tower and pushed him in; it was all done in a moment; we never thought of anything like this. We did not want to hurt him, only to frighten him a little. We left the door open, and we thought he had got out and run away; because we went afterwards to look for him and couldn't find him. Armiger knew nothing about it till I told him; and he might have told of us and cleared himself, only he wouldn't. It's all out now, and I'm glad of it, if I was to be hanged for it—and perhaps I shall be. But he will get better, won't he, Mr. Hartwell?" and the miserable boy clasped his hands together, and looked up despairingly into the doctor's face.

"I hope he will; I have no doubt he will," said Mr. Hartwell; but he looked grave and sad even while he said it.

There was a murmur of satisfaction throughout the room.

"It may be as you say," said Mr. Bearward, addressing Hawkes. "Of course it is so; I am sorry for it on your account, and for the sake of your father and mother. But I do not see that Armiger is at all exonerated by your confession. Goodchild Minimus would not have been in the village at all if Armiger had not sent him there."

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Hartwell; "let me ask Hawkes a question. You met with little Goodchild at Berry's shop, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is Berry here? Send for him; perhaps he can tell us something."

Berry was in the playground, near the house where the servants and others were collected, talking over the matter, in which all were interested, and awaiting the result of the inquiry. He was called in, and Mr. Hartwell questioned him. "Did Master Goodchild tell you, Berry, who sent him to your shop?"



"No, sir. Stop a bit, though; nobody didn't send him: he came of his own self. He had been out to post a letter, he said, and had made a mistake; he had put an old letter of his own into the box instead of the right one; so he had come out again directly,

Something very like a cheer was heard "in court." Armiger's head began to swim; he saw the doctor coming towards him in a cloud, and felt his strong arm under him, and knew no more.

"I'll see to this boy," said Mr. Hartwell; "he



"OH, COME! DON'T SAY THAT, YOU KNOW."

unknown to any one, for to get it changed. He had been trying to climb up to the window, but couldn't, and came to the shop to ask somebody to give him a leg up."

"Thank you, Berry; thank you," said Mr. Hartwell; "that's what we wanted. It's all clear now, Mr. Bearward. What this boy told you was true, every word of it."

looks bad;" and with the help of one or two of the elder lads, he carried him out into the open air.

There was a great commotion in the schoolroom after Mr. Bearward had quitted it. Hawkes major and Bootle were reserved for punishment, the execution of which was deferred, in the hope that the victim of their cruelty would be sufficiently recovered in the course of a few days to witness it: a strange



method, it may appear to some, of inculcating a forgiveness of injuries, and of training up the Christian character. Exemplary punishments, as they are called, may be useful and even necessary; but the less of personal vindictiveness the better. Certainly little Goodchild would have said so if he had been capable of saying anything at all on the subject. The boys took but little notice of the culprits, though one or two of them offered consolation to Hawkes major, telling him he had come out well at last, and he ought to be let off; and as his father was known to have remonstrated on the subject of punishments at Cubbinghame, perhaps he would be. There were not wanting some among the elder boys who attributed Mr. Bearward's harshness towards Armiger, and his apparent reluctance to convict the other two, to the fact that the former had no father, while the others had not only parents very well off, but brothers either in the school or likely to be sent there; but that, let us hope, was only schoolboy prejudice.

Mr. Sparrow was congratulated on all sides for the boldness and independence which he had displayed; and was in high good-humour, feeling that he had well deserved the honours accorded him.

"It's my last half, you know," he said; "so I didn't much care what I said to old Bearward; and, besides, I couldn't keep it down. I should have spoken up sooner if I had been able to get it out; but when Bearward was bullying and badgering young Armiger in that way, and the poor chap turned round and called out, as if they were to be his last words, 'Ask Mr. Sparrow; Mr. Sparrow knows,' then I out with it; and I'm very glad I did. I'd do it again. Bearward can't spite me now; for it's my last half, and I would not stand it; and I wish it was everybody's last half. I'm very sorry for all you fellows that are coming back, you know; but I'm glad for myself, I can tell you. Oh, don't you just wish you was me?"

There was not a great deal the matter with Armiger, the doctor said; nothing more than would be cured by a good night's rest and wholesome, nourishing diet. He ordered him a mutton chop, some port wine, and other good things; at which Mrs. Baggerly turned up her eyes, and "wondered what little boys were made of now-a-days."

"Sugar and spice, and all that's nice," said Mr. Hartwell, laughing.

"Indeed!" she replied. "I should have said, 'Snakes and snails, and tadpoles' tails.'"

"That's a mistake," he said; "an old woman's tale. I wonder, by-the-by, what old women are made of?"

"Old women? Breeches and boots, and old brown suits," she answered, eyeing the doctor from head to foot, as she described, pretty correctly, his costume at that moment.

"Very good," said Mr. Hartwell; "served me right, too. But we must have the mutton chop and port wine all the same; you won't forget that."

"No, sir," said Betty, answering for her. "I'll mind it; and I think," she continued, in an undertone, "if there was more of such, and less of them lessons, it would be better for a many of the boys, especially them little ones as didn't ought to have been taken away yet from their mothers."

But neither Betty nor the doctor could surmise what was John Armiger's chief ailment; neither of them could have done him much good had they known it. He was put to bed in the nursery, but

could not sleep; his mind was ill at ease; his conscience troubled him. There was too much truth, he thought to himself, in what Mr. Bearward had said about him. He wondered what kind of report would be sent home to Mr. and Mrs. Judd at the end of the half-year, and what excuses he could make to them and to himself. He had meant to do well; he had resolved, not only to keep himself from evil, but to resist and reprove it as much as possible in others; yet in a few short weeks he had given way to angry passions, had learnt to listen without much concern to language blasphemous and profane, and had even been provoked to utter such words himself. He had broken the rules of the school, and had encouraged a little helpless child to do the same. In a word, he was become in many respects as bad as any of his schoolfellows. Where was it to end? *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus!* He seemed to himself to be going down-hill as fast as possible. What a triumph would it be for those of his schoolfellows who had laughed at him for pretending to be better than themselves, and had persecuted him when he first came among them because he would not take part in their idle or mischievous ways. He reflected also, and this troubled him more than anything else, that although he might not be directly guilty of the injury which had been done to little Goodchild, yet he was undoubtedly the cause of it; for it now appeared that it was on his account that the boy had left the house a second time. If he had not given him the letter to post in the first instance, he would not have had occasion to go out a second time to rectify his mistake, and nothing of all this would have happened. "So it is my doing, after all," he said to himself. When he thought of these things, he could only weep in silence as he lay in his bed, and scarcely ventured to lift up his heart in prayer for pardon of his fault and comfort in his sore distress.

"Do 'ee eat a bit," said Betty, kindly, bringing him the mutton chop which had been ordered for him.

No; he could not eat it; it seemed as if it would choke him. It was taken away, and he had some broth instead; even that he could hardly swallow. The only gleam of comfort that he had was in the hope that little Goodchild was going on well, and likely to recover sooner than the doctor had at first prognosticated. "If he would only get well," Armiger said to himself, "I might begin again, and be more careful. It is never too late to mend, and I would mend. I would never go wrong again as I have done."

Too late to mend? No! it is to be hoped not, indeed, at the age of eleven! At that age, when a boy begins to think and resolve seriously to mend, his task is half accomplished. So we may cherish a fair hope of John Armiger, in spite of all that Mr. Bearward may think proper to report to Mr. and Mrs. Judd about him.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—DULCE DONUM!

"The indented stick, that loses, day by day  
Notch after notch, till all are smoothed away,  
Bears witness, long ere his dismissal come,  
With what intense desire he wants his home."

—Couper.

The next day, when Mr. Hartwell called, he seemed to be rather out of temper. He had been heard talking loudly to Mr. Bearward in the passage. "I write one thing, and you write another," he had

said. "I expected Mr. Goodchild would have arrived to-day, as he ought to have done. Instead of that, comes a letter to say he hears from *you* that his son is going on very well, and that he will not come unless I write again. It's enough to make a man crazy!"

When he entered the nursery he was still muttering to himself and scowling darkly; but the shadow passed away from his features as he approached little Willy's bed. The child looked at him with more intelligence, and answered his questions, though slowly and not always coherently. He had been talking a little to Betty and to John in a childish, prattling way, as if he had gone back three or four years of his short existence, and were living over again almost in his babyhood.

"We are going on fairly well," said Mr. Hartwell; "no more fits; no acute symptoms. We must have patience and wait; time may do wonders. Humour and amuse him as well as you can, and let him have the moon if he asks for it."

"Yes, sir," said Betty, in a matter-of-fact way; "he have not said anything about the moon yet, as I knows on; but he often talks something like it—'Nooney,' or somewhat of that sound."

"It is his sister Susan," said John, who was listening; "it's the pet name he used to call her before he could speak plainly. She's a little older than he is, and took care of him after his mother died. He told me all about it."

"I wish she were here," said the doctor; "I would rather have her here than any one. She must come and fetch him home by-and-by. And how are you, my boy? Have you had your port wine?"

"Yes, sir," John answered—"at least, I had some elder wine, which Mr. Bearward sent; home-made, and better than any port, he said."

"Ha! I wonder Mr. Bearward does not drink it himself then. Get your coat and come with me; you shall have a drive in my gig. I'm going my rounds now to see my patients."

It was a rare treat that drive in the doctor's gig; the air was so fresh and balmy, and the primroses under the hedges seemed to open their flowers to it so gratefully; the "wooden enemies," as the boys called them, under the trees looked so refreshing, and the murmur of the bees wandering past him as he sat at one of the cottage doors, holding the reins while the doctor was gone in to see a patient, was so soothing, that he forgot for the moment all his trouble—forgot the school and his schoolfellows—forgot everything but the sweet tranquillity of the moment, and leant back in the gig, half asleep and dreaming.

"Is that the boy, I wonder?" he heard an old woman say, gossiping with another at her door. "Is that the poor boy that was frit? he looks half dazed now."

"That ain't him," said another, as she wiped the soap-suds from her arms; "the poor little chap aint out of bed yet, nor never likely to be. They say he'll never be right again in his mind; he'll grow up a idiot, if he don't go raving mad. It was a cruel piece of work to shut him up in that awsome place. Them as did it ought to be took up for it and persecuted with the uttermost vigour of the law. If they was poor people like us they'd be transported for life, or maybe hanged, though hanging's too good for 'em, poor or rich. I wouldn't kill 'em, I'd only

frighten 'em to death once a-week; that's what I'd do!"

The sun seemed to have gone suddenly behind a cloud, yet the heat was oppressive. All joy was darkened; the birds had left off singing; there was a mist in the air—so at least it seemed to John Armiger. When Mr. Hartwell returned to the gig he found him looking more pale and haggard than he had ever seen him before, and with a cold perspiration on his face.

"Why! what's the matter?" he cried.

Armiger told him what he had overheard; he had scarcely courage to go on and ask whether there was really any reason to fear the terrible result which had been suggested.

"I don't apprehend it," said the doctor; "make yourself quite easy on that score. I was alarmed at first about those fits; but the boy is young and healthy, and it is not likely that he will suffer from them long. I can tell you one thing: if you had not been kind to him before this happened, so that he could cling to you instinctively afterwards and be soothed by the touch of your hand and the sound of your voice, I should have had very little hope of him, for there was no one else within forty miles that he seemed to love or trust; nobody else seemed to know even his Christian name, nor anything about his sister. If he recovers—and he will recover now, I feel pretty sure of that—his friends may thank you for it, under Divine Providence. You have been the best doctor in this case."

Armiger was comforted; his heart grew light again. At the next halting-place he heard the wood-pigeons cooing softly among the fir-trees, and the little brook bubbling along among the stones by the roadside, as if it were leaping and singing for joy, while the sun smiled and sparkled upon its ripples.

They did not go direct to the school on their return, but drove to the doctor's house. "You can walk home from here," Mr. Hartwell said, as he ordered the horse to be taken out. "But stop; you will be late for dinner. What is to be done? You must come in and dine with me."

"Perhaps Mr. Bearward will not be pleased."

"Never mind him; I'll see to that: you're my patient now, and a doctor is a greater man than any schoolmaster. A doctor's order is of more force than a general's; don't you know that? I prescribe dinner, and you must take it. I hope it won't be very disagreeable."

Armiger was only too glad to take it; the comfort of a quiet table, with a clean cloth, and hot wholesome dishes, to say nothing of bright earthenware plates instead of dingy pewter, was strange enough to be keenly appreciated. There was a lady at the table, too, as kind and friendly as her husband; the dog sat up on his hind legs and begged, and the cat came and rubbed against his legs and purred. John Armiger thought he should like to be a doctor. Such drives and such dinners! (only a couple of roasted fowls, with bacon, prepared expressly for a guest, though the boy did not suspect it); such a pleasant garden to run out in afterwards, with poultry and pigeons to feed in their turn! It was a day to be much remembered; it came back with freshness to the memory long after the man had grown out of the schoolboy, and always with some tinge of pleasure in it, however distant, and often with some influence for good.

"I have something to show you," said Mrs. Hartwell, coming to her young visitor in the garden, "if you will not be frightened at it?"

"I hope not," he said. "What can it be?"

"Did you ever see a ghost by daylight?"

A cloud passed over the boy's face—an anxious, careworn look.

"But you don't believe in ghosts, I dare say, either by day or night?" she continued.

"I don't know," said Armiger; "I don't like to think about such things."

"But you won't mind coming into the barn with me?"

"I would go anywhere with you, Mrs. Hartwell."

"Come, then." She took him across the yard, opened the barn-door, and walked towards the farther end of the building, where there was not much light. A huge white owl sat there in a corner, blinking at them, ruffling its feathers, and hissing as they approached.

"What a beautiful owl!" said Armiger. "Where did it come from?"

"From the old tower—the haunted tower. Mr. Hartwell caught it there yesterday; that, very likely, was the ghost which frightened your poor little school-fellow."

"I wish I could show it to him," said Armiger.

"Some day, perhaps, but not at present. You must not even speak of it; never mention the tower, nor anything that took place that night, to little Goodchild, unless Mr. Hartwell gives you leave."

"No, ma'am, I won't; Mr. Hartwell told me that before, and I shall be sure to remember it. I only wish he were well enough to talk as he used to do about other things. I think I had better go now, don't you?"

"Perhaps you had; but Mr. Hartwell is going with you to see his patient, and he will speak to Mr. Bearward about you, otherwise you might get into trouble."

John wished her good-bye, and thanked her for her kindness, and she kissed him; and Mr. Hartwell came out of his surgery, bringing a large bottle of medicine, which he gave him, desiring him to take two table-spoonfuls twice a day, and not to let anyone else have any of it. Then they walked home together. It had been a very pleasant day, and John felt much better for it; better in health and spirits; better in heart and courage. He would certainly be a doctor, he thought, when he should be grown up.

They found little Goodchild better, and John played with him for an hour or two, till he was tired, and lay down again. Then he opened the medicine-bottle; it was a very large one, and he did not much like the look of it, for it was dark of hue, and he thought it might be a black draught; it was not likely that anybody would wish to deprive him of it. He made a wry face when he tasted it; but after the first gulp he did not think it so very bad; in short, the after-taste seemed to him like port wine.

John Armiger returned to the schoolroom next day, and matters went on quietly till the holidays. There was a better feeling among the boys generally—less selfishness, and more consideration for the younger children. They avoided that corner of the playground which was nearest the house, that the quietude of the nursery might not be disturbed. For the same reason, they were allowed to go out

more frequently on half-holidays to the field, or for a walk. Willy Goodchild's father and sister came—as soon as he was able to bear the journey—and took him home. The former was a tall man, with a smooth, fresh-looking face, like an overgrown boy. He did not seem to realise the fact that his child had been ill-treated or in danger, and only answered, "Oh, indeed! Ah, yes!" to Mr. Hartwell's account of what had happened. Mr. Bearward offered to bring Hawkes major and Bootle before him, that they might express their contrition, and beg his pardon, but he declined seeing them.

"It would do no good," he said, "and such things are always more or less unpleasant."

"Of course they will be severely punished," Mr. Bearward said.

"Of course," Mr. Goodchild answered; "at least, I don't know; perhaps it would be as well to let them alone; I don't suppose they meant to do any harm. You don't wish to have them punished, do you, Susan?" he said, appealing to his daughter. Susan answered decidedly "No," and Mr. Bearward promised that it should be as she desired; so Bootle and Hawkes major were relieved from all further apprehension. In truth, they had been punished sufficiently already in the loss of their liberty and the long anticipation of the flogging which had been promised them, to say nothing of the misery they must have suffered from a consciousness of the mischief they had done.

"You would like to see the little boy who was so kind to Willy, would you not, papa?" Susan asked.

"Oh, yes, certainly—if not inconvenient."

John Armiger was sent for, and Mr. Goodchild shook hands with him, and thanked him warmly for all that he had done for his child.

"I must make you a present," he said. "What shall it be, Susan? I'll send you a book or something."

Armiger thanked him, and was very glad to be dismissed, for he felt all the while that he was himself a principal cause of the calamity which had happened, though so far from intending it. He was almost inclined to make confession of the unfortunate part which he had acted, and was quite determined not to accept of any book or other present.

Cubbinghame seemed very dull after they were gone, and had taken Willy with them, for John had been frequently with the child up to the last. But there was a bright prospect before him. "Only two weeks to the holidays" was the inscription now upon the walls. Only fourteen more notches remained upon the sticks to be smoothed away, and each day the score grew less. Couplets referring to the coming event, mere doggerel, but highly enjoyable, were made up, and repeated from lip to lip.

"To-day's the boy, to-morrow's the man,  
Next day catch me if you can!"

may be cited as a fair sample of such effusions. Mr. Sparrow, in the exultation of his heart, could not be satisfied with English, but sat down to write his last copy of Latin verses, bestowing upon it more time than he had ever given to any lesson since he entered the school. He did not show it up to the master, but handed it about to his schoolfellows, who made copies of it, and thought it very clever. Our readers may like to see it:—

*Adeo fore verto de arcu binam.*

Uratis putate mordaci ave et tot aras  
Eri hasta vafer mi olli das aufer limari  
An icon mystici cute vere da tuis fornix  
Remanere hic ut mi honesti cano more nix  
Adde uter heu ali re ter nota genere  
Jam sory forum idea boes heu remanere  
Nodule sons formæ, almi minute sto aras  
Dimidium est ultimum hoc : nonne vultis me eras ?

It was a complete puzzle to his schoolfellows, and for a long time they could make nothing of it.

"There are no concords," said Poser, who was looked upon as the best classic in the school; "and no grammar that I can see."

"Oh, it's all right," said Sparrow, "only you are not up to it. I won't answer for the spelling, though."

"The spelling is the only correct thing about it," said Poser; "it's not even good nonsense; it won't scan."

"That's because you don't know the prosody," said Sparrow, delighted. "Will you give it up?"

No, they would not give it up; they tried it again and again. "Aufer limari," said one; "it sounds like 'awfully merry.'" This at length gave them the clue, and with perseverance and patience worthy of a better cause, they made it out as follows:—

*Adieu for ever to dear Cubbinghame.*

Hoorala, 'tis but eight more days I have yet to tarry  
E'er I haste away for my holidays, awfully merry :  
A nick on my stick I cut every day—twice four nicks  
Remain e'er I cut my own stick, and no more nicks.  
Adieu to you all : I return not again here ;  
I am sorry for you, my dear boys, who remain here.  
No dull lessons for me, all my minutes to harass ;  
Dimidium est ultimum hoc : nonne vultis me eras ?

"The last line is good Latin, don't you see?" cried Sparrow; "all the rest is English already."

"Good Latin!" cried Poser. "This is my last half: don't you wish you was me?" It's literal, certainly; kitchen Latin I should call it; but it's not so very bad, really; it must have given you a great deal of trouble."

"It's the last copy of verses I shall ever write," said Sparrow; "my next will be of a practical kind—when I get upon the coach to go home, *Londinum* ~~erous~~."

"I'll tell you what, Sparrow: you are grown so clever lately, I should not wonder at all if your father were to send you to school again for another year; it would be such a pity to leave off now."

"Oh, no he won't; I've finished my education; it's my last half for good; and you all wish you was me, I know."

"Suppose I were you," said Poser; "what then? Let us argue the point."

The boys crowded round; they were fond of hearing Poser talk logic, as they called it.

"Well, if you was me?" said Sparrow.

"Yes; then you would have to be somebody else."

"Why, of course, if you was me, I should be you: that's understood; *subauditur*, as Bearward would say."

"Well, then; if I were you and you were I, everything that is yours would be mine, and everything that is mine would be yours."

"Of course, yes."

"My head, for instance, would be yours, and your head would be mine; and if my head ached you would feel it."

"I suppose so," said Sparrow, doubtfully.

"And if I were hungry you would have to eat for me, whether you were hungry or not, because your mouth would be mine."

"I don't quite see that," said Sparrow.

"You can't contradict it, though; it's a question of identity or individuality; and everybody knows that's a very difficult one."

"I hate difficult questions; I can't argue about grammar."

"It's not grammar, it's logic—chop-logic, as we call it; it's as good in its way as your verses, anyhow; but talking of grammar, I'll give you another instance. What part of speech is *argue*?"

"A verb," said Sparrow.

"I'll prove it by logic to be a noun."

"Go on, then."

"All words are nouns; you can see them and read them; you admit that?"

"Of course."

"All verbs are words; *ergo*, all verbs are nouns; argue is a verb; therefore, argue is a noun."

"Oh, it makes my head ache; you'll prove that black's white next."

"It's a play upon words," said Poser to the others, who wanted an explanation of the mystery. "Like Dr. Johnson's impromptu about cries, using two different words, as if they meant the same thing, because they are written alike:—

"If the man who 'Turnips' cries  
Cry not when his father dies,  
'Tis a proof that he had rather  
Have a turnip than his father."

Thus the boys amused themselves while the last days of the "half" wore slowly away. They were the slowest days, the longest hours, the most tedious minutes that were ever known; but they drew to an end at last, and the happy morning dawned which was to see the boys all dispersed and travelling homewards. Those who were going to London walked over to Bedworth to join the coach there, their boxes following them in the carrier's cart. Mr. Bearward stood at the gate and shook hands with them, smiling and looking almost as pleased to part with them as they to go; even Mrs. Bearward came to see them off, and to suggest to Mrs. Baggerly to be particular about their great-coats and handkerchiefs, though it was a warm summer's day. But all were in high good-humour, and the boys ran off with their utmost speed as soon as they were outside the gate, without once looking back.

Mr. Sparrow stopped, however, for a moment at Berry's shop to shake hands with Mrs. Berry. "I'm not coming back again, you know," he said. "I owe you three-and-ninence; but I'll send it by some of the boys next half. I shall go to the coach-office to see them off at the end of the holidays, and I won't forget it."

"You'll bring it yourself, Mr. Sparrow, I dare say," said Mrs. Berry; "and glad I shall be to see you."

"Oh, come! don't say that, you know; come, now, a joke's a joke, but that's no joke;" and Mr. Sparrow, shaking his head, and with a slight shadow upon his face, hastened after his companions.



## CHAPTER XIV.—THE REPORT.

"You know he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,  
More likely to fall in than to get o'er:  
Yet did you say—Go forth."—*Shakespeare.*

JOHN ARMIGER found Mr. Judd waiting for him at the George and Blue Bear when the coach stopped. They went home to Peckham together, and John met with a hearty welcome from his aunt. After tea many questions were asked about the school, Mr. Bearward, and the boys.

"You are rather silent, Johnny," said Mrs. Judd. "Are you tired?" for she could get little more than "yes," and "no," from him, in answer to her inquiries.

"No aunt, not very."

"Are you shy, then, or what is it?"

"Oh no, aunt; how could I be shy with you?"

"He'll talk more to-morrow," said Mr. Judd, "when he's had some rest, and feels himself at home."

Mrs. Judd wondered why he should not feel himself at home as soon as he arrived there; but she said nothing, and went away to unpack his things, and to see that his bed was ready.

John was very anxious about this unpacking, for he supposed that the "report," would be in the trunk with his books and clothes, and he feared that it might be of such a kind as to lower him in his aunt's opinion. But she said nothing about it when she returned to the room, and soon afterwards John was dismissed to bed.

"He looks pale and thin," said Mrs. Judd. "I have no patience with that Mrs. Bearward! But what I don't like is to see him so quiet and reserved. He used to be so full of spirits, and now he seems quite a different boy."

"Boys can't always be like little children," said Mr. Judd, impatiently. "I don't see anything the matter with him for my part. Of course he feels more of a man than he did, after being thrown on his own resources. You can't expect the same simplicity and naturalness as before."

"When a boy loses that," said Mrs. Judd, reflectively, "I wonder what he gets instead? I never felt quite satisfied about sending him so far away. I don't think my poor sister would have done it, at his age."

"He's all right," said Mr. Judd. "A boy must begin some time or other; you can't keep him tied to your apron-string; boys who never go from home into temptation don't know how to meet it when it comes, and generally turn out worse than others. Was there any letter in his box?"

"Oh dear me, yes; I left it on the table in his room;" and she went to fetch it. Johnny had already caught sight of it, and was standing by the dressing-table looking at it with an anxious expression when she entered the room.

"Aunt," he said, and hesitated.

"Yes, my dear?"

"Are you going to open that letter to-night?"

"Oh yes; I want to see what it says."

"I wish you would let it be till to-morrow."

"Why, my dear?"

"Or if you read it now, let me talk to you about it before I go to sleep."

"Why, John, is there anything that you're afraid of?"

He was silent, and she stood looking at him, with the letter in her hand.

"I should like to tell you everything myself," he said, "before you hear it from anybody else. I tried to write to you about it, but I could not say what I wanted to say in a letter. Have you not heard anything about it from Mr. Bearward?"

"No, John; but what do you mean by it? Mr. Bearward never wrote to us after the first week; and see, this is nothing but the bill for the half-year, and a short note to say you have got on very well with your studies, considering it is your first half; and 'conduct satisfactory.'"

"Is that all, aunt?"

She gave him the letter, and he turned it over and over, and then drew a long breath, a sigh of relief. "I'm so glad," he said. "Now I can tell you everything myself; but perhaps not to-night."

It was Mrs. Judd's turn now to be anxious and expectant. She waited while he said his prayers and got into bed, and then sat down and looked at him, for tears were in his eyes, and his lips quivered.

"It's so nice," he said, "to be able to kneel down quietly without any one to disturb you or to . . ."; but there he paused.

"You always kneel down, don't you?" she asked.

"N-no," he stammered; "but I mean to, when I go back. None of the boys do so at Cubbinghame; but I shall try, if I can only get one or two of the others to do the same."

Mrs. Judd stroked his smooth pale cheek, and looked at him tenderly and compassionately.

"Oh aunt!" he cried, suddenly throwing himself into her arms and hiding his face in her lap; "I must tell you all about it now; do let me." Then the poor child poured out the story of his trials and his faults, his efforts and his failures, his sufferings and errors, during the long three months of his sojourn at Cubbinghame. It was a one-sided account, interrupted by many questions from his aunt, which he tried to evade, shrinking instinctively from "telling tales" of others, and willing rather to suffer blame unjustly than to palliate his own misconduct at the expense of his schoolfellows.

But Mrs. Judd was a shrewd woman, and was able to form a tolerably correct opinion of the facts and circumstances. She said very little that night, but bade him lie down and sleep comfortably, and not be troubled any more about the past. "She loved him better than ever," she said, "now that he had told her all that was in his heart; and she had no doubt he would keep his good resolutions, and be wiser and better in the end for all that had passed." So she left him; and with a heart relieved of its last care, and full of thankfulness, he fell asleep.

Mr. Judd, waiting in the room below for his letter, had been quite forgotten, and began to think his wife was never coming. After leaving John's room she had gone to her own, and had sat there musing for a long time; and thoughts of her dead sister, and of the last earnest words with which she had committed this orphan child to her motherly care, had troubled her. But she came downstairs at last, and gave Mr. Judd the letter and the bill without a word. She did not wish to tell him what she had heard, but resolved first to make inquiries, and by some means or other to know all about Cubbinghame before she would suffer the boy to return there, even if it should cost them a quarter's payment instead of notice. Mr. Judd was satisfied with the report, and asked no questions.

"The boy seems all right," said Mr. Judd, next day; "he's natural enough, and merry enough; just as he used to be. He was only a little strange at first, as was likely. Waddy always gives the school a good character, and is going to send his own nephew there by-and-by."

"There seem to be a good many boys leaving, according to what Johnny says," said Mrs. Judd, "and the numbers are not what they used to be."

"Schools will fluctuate."

A few days later a phaeton stopped before the house, and a gentleman knocked at the door and inquired for John Armiger. It was Mr. Goodchild, and his daughter Susan was with him.

"I thought you must be at home by this time," he said, "and Willy has been asking after you so often, that I said to Susan this morning, 'I will drive over to Peckham, and see if Master Armiger is there.'"

"Oh, how is Willy?"

"Getting well, I hope; not quite recovered as to his memory, and so on; and we are obliged to be very careful with him. He is in the carriage; I did not tell him we were coming to see you; Susan thought we had better not, lest he should be disappointed if you happened to be out. We are always afraid of excitement for him."

Johnny looked out of the window, and saw his friend sitting apparently unconcerned in the carriage.

"May I go to him?" he asked; "do let me go to him."

"Susan will go first and tell him," said Mr. Goodchild.

It was soon done. The child had already risen from his seat, and was hastening to alight from the carriage, for he had guessed that his friend lived there. He ran into the house, grasped Johnny's hand warmly, and sat down close to him, but said nothing. Johnny, also, was afraid to speak, lest he should recall events which were better forgotten; so it was a very quiet meeting, though a very happy one. The three walked afterwards in the garden together, and then parted, Willy holding up his face to be kissed as if they had never been at school together. Meantime Mrs. Judd had had a long talk with Mr. Goodchild, Mr. Judd being from home, and had asked a great many questions about Cublingham. She was surprised to find how very little Mr. Goodchild knew of Mr. Bearward and his school. He had sent his son there because his nephews were there, and had never seen the place until he went down to fetch him home again; even then he seemed to have formed no opinion at all about it.

Before leaving the house, Mr. Goodchild turned to Johnny, and said, "Well, doctor, when will you come and see your patient? Mrs. Judd says you may come to-morrow and stay two or three days with us. Would you like to do so?"

Two or three days seemed a long time just then to be away from home. Johnny would much rather have stayed with his aunt, but he thought he ought not to refuse, being so invited; he was pleased to think that he had been of use before, and hoped he might be so again. Had not Mr. Hartwell said to him, "You are the best doctor in this case"? Perhaps he had made a similar remark to Mr. Goodchild. So it was settled that the visit should be paid.

## WEATHER PROVERBS.

June.

THE "leafy" month of June, as Coleridge so aptly calls it, is the freshest and most pleasant in the year. The trees have then put on all their beauty, and everything is in the full vigour of young life. The farmer is anxiously looking at his crops, and hoping for fine sunny days to bring them properly forward.

"Calm weather in June

Sets corn in tune."

"Mists in May and heat in June  
Make a harvest come right soon."

In early times the 8th of this month, which corresponds to our 20th, was considered an important day in guiding weather prognostications.

"If on the eighth (20th) of June it rain,  
It foretells a wet harvest, men say."

The French have a similar proverb for the day, which is St. Médard's Day.

"S'il pleut le jour de Saint Médard,  
Il pleut quarante jours plus tard."

If rain falls, however, on the 27th, we may expect a continuance of it from that day, which is St. Vitus' Day, and also the day of St. Gervais and St. Protais.

"If St. Vitus' Day be rainy weather,  
It will rain for thirty days together."

"S'il pleut le jour de Saint Gervais et de Saint Protais,  
Il pleut quarante jours après."

When the latter day has safely passed without rain, a continuance of fine weather is confidently hoped for, and considered eminently desirable.

"A dry summer never made a dear peck."

"When the sand doth feed the clay,  
England woe and well a day;  
But when the clay doth feed the sand,  
Then 'tis well for Angle-land."

The sand feeds the clay in a wet summer, which is by no means liked by agriculturists, whereas the opposite, of course, takes place in a dry time.

In Yorkshire it has been said that the summer is dry while the Great Bear is on this side of the North Pole; when it gets the other side, the season is a wet one, especially if he is then in conjunction with Venus and Jupiter.

In Scotland an early harvest is expected when the bramble blossoms early in June.

## Varieties.

JEWISH RETURN TO PALESTINE.—They seem never to have taken full possession of the land that was allotted to them; though I have a strong impression that all the promises and prophecies in their behalf will yet be literally fulfilled,—and more particularly that they will obtain full occupation, and in all its extent, of the land that was originally destined for them, even from the Mediterranean, or Great, Sea to the Great River, or Euphrates.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

PRIVY COUNCIL.—The late Mr. Holt Mackenzie, son of Henry Mackenzie, "The Man of Feeling," died this spring at the age of 89. Henry Mackenzie died in 1831, aged 84. Holt Mackenzie was not the oldest member of the Privy Council, but he was the oldest Commoner. There still (1876) survive the following members who were admitted previous to Mr. Mackenzie:—Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, July 20, 1820;

Marquis of Donegal, July 19, 1830; Lord Ebury, November 20, 1830; and Earl Russell, November 22, 1830. It may interest some of our readers to know that, after the above, the next twelve senior members are—Earl of Wilton, February 18, 1835; Earl Grey, April 18, 1835; Marquis Conyngham, May 20, 1835; Earl of Stafford, May 27, 1835; Sir George Grey, March 1, 1839; Viscount Eversley, June 3, 1839; Lord Kinnaird, June 15, 1840; Earl of St. Germans, September 3, 1841; Lord Ernest Bruce, September 3, 1841; Mr. Gladstone, September 8, 1841; Duke of Buccleuch, February 2, 1842; and Lord Cottesloe, May 23, 1844. The date of Mr. Disraeli's admission is February 27, 1852.

**PUZZLER FOR A PRONOUNCING BEE.**—In the paper on "The Spelling Bee" in the "Leisure Hour," April 29, under Rule 7, mention is made of "words pronounced or spelt in more ways than one." The following example might be useful to an interrogator in a "Pronouncing Bee," but whether it would be equally acceptable to the candidates is quite another matter:—

"While hewing yews Hugh lost his ewe,  
And put it in the 'Hue and Cry.'  
To name its face's dusky hues,  
Was all the effort he could use.  
You brought the ewe back by-and-by,  
And only begged the hewer's ewer,  
Your hand to wash in water pure,  
Lest nice-nosed ladies, not a few,  
Should cry, on coming near you, 'Ugh!'"

These lines were really given to a parish school, as a lesson in dictation, by an Assistant Commissioner in Lord Derby's Commission on Education, in the year 1859. I wonder how many candidates at the Civil Service or University Middle Class Examinations would be able to write these lines without a mistake, especially if the interrogator were a cockney. It would not be an easy matter for any examiner or interrogator to pronounce words having the same sound with sufficient distinctness to make it fair to the candidates.

**LOBSTER OF GIGANTIC SIZE.**—Mr. Frank Buckland received from Messrs. Poland Brothers, of Billingsgate, an enormous lobster, of the following dimensions:—Total length from end of tail to tip of claws, 28½ in.; claws, 16 in. long; horns, 13 in.; from end of tail to tip of beak, 17 in. Eight to ten pounds would be about its weight. It was caught in the Orkneys, and must have passed several years in some quiet abode under a rock.

**SAGACITY OF A SHEPHERD'S DOG.**—Professor Sedgwick, of Cambridge, used to tell a remarkable instance of sagacity in a collie dog. A lad, in riding, was thrown and broke his leg. He tried to induce his dog, who accompanied him, to go home by telling him to do so, and then by threats and trying to drive him off by throwing stones at him, but without success, the dog going just out of reach of the stones and refusing to go farther. It was not till after some time that the thought occurred to the lad of giving the dog something to take with him. He then called the dog to him, and showed him his glove, which he then dipped in the blood and tied round the dog's neck, telling him at the same time to take it home: which the dog immediately did, and, returning with help, saved the young man's life.

**JEWISH LONGEVITY.**—In a lecture on the sanitary aspects of the Mosaic code, Dr. Richardson, after giving statistics of the vitality and mortality of Jews compared with various nations among whom they live, said the facts were remarkable in the light of the severities amid which the ancestors of living Jews maintained such a tenacity of vital power, locked up in close quarters, debarr'd from social privileges. Three reasons had been assigned for this high vitality—(1) an innate excess of vital resistance, (2) the observance of the rules of health laid down in the Pentateuch, (3) that the Jews have followed, either under the influence of necessity or from natural prompting, a better life in all that relates to the maintenance of a healthy physical existence. The results were due to all three causes. There was no physiological or anatomical superiority of the Jews over other races. In some respects they were inferior to Saxons and Celts; but they had less hereditary tendency to diseases such as scrofula, consumption, rheumatism. Coming to the second cause, the influence of the Mosaic sanitary code could scarcely be overrated, and its provisions formed a marvellous collection of sanitary rules. The second commandment specified the times (the third and fourth generation) required to wipe out the effect of physical degradation. The third, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, all had reference to the rule of the passions. The fifth takes special care of the aged and infirm, and the fourth, which enjoins a special day of rest, and

was seven times repeated, is so important a provision for health that a nation which followed it strictly might, on the purest physiological grounds, expect to realise an extra seventh term of existence. The perfect cleansing of the house, that process which now, as the Passover approached, was about to commence, was one of those great sanitary rules which, carried out by the whole community, would do more to cut off the spread of disease than any sanitary law which a modern Parliament could impose. The cleansing of vessels, the separation of cloths for such cleansing and such ablutions, the baths that are religiously enjoined, the isolation of infectious sick, the purification or destruction of infected houses, were all parts of the scheme. A great advantage was gained by abstaining from the flesh of animals which feed on garbage, and from diseased or decomposed food. In the third category came causes of longevity, which might be called social and moral, as comparative immunity from hard physical labour, the value which persecution had taught the Jews to set upon the family life, their diligent care (it had been called "extravagant" care) of the young and old. Dr. Richardson also dwelt upon the valuable habit of thought for the morrow which had caused Jews to be accused of parsimony; and on their comparative freedom from intemperance.

**ENGLISH STATESMEN.**—The duke has acted with great fairness and honour in his administration of our foreign relations; he has fulfilled with the utmost fidelity all the engagements of the Crown, and feeling that the existence of his government was precarious, he made no arbitrary changes in our system of policy. The truth, however, is, that English interests continue the same let who will be in office, and that upon leading principles and great measures men of both sides, when they come to act dispassionately and with responsibility upon them, will be found acting very much alike.—*Lord Palmerston's Letters.*

**MISS RYE'S WORK IN CANADA.**—On the occasion of the passage of the Sardinian from Portland to Liverpool, Miss Rye, who was one of the passengers, was presented with a purse of money, £28 10s., in aid of her work in rescuing poor children in England from misery and destitution, and taking them out to the British North American Provinces, where, at Niagara, she has a house provided for them, preparatory to their distribution among respectable people in Canada. Several gentlemen who were present on the occasion, some of whom are members of the Provincial Parliament, drew up the following address to be forwarded to the respective Governments of the Dominion:—"That whereas Miss Rye has now been for eight years engaged in gathering up the poor friendless, destitute children of England, who otherwise, in all human probability, would be left to a life of sin and misery, and extending to them a mother's care, bringing them out with her to Canada (in which work she has crossed the Atlantic twenty-four times), and there, with judicious care, placing them in respectable families, thus, as far as possible, ensuring them a future of comfort and prosperity; and whereas, unlike thousands of adult emigrants who, by the instrumentality of agencies and otherwise, are induced to come to Canada, but who soon afterwards leave for the United States, these children will grow up, many of them, to be the wives and mothers of fixed residents, knowing no other home or nationality but that of their adopted country, it becomes a wise and expedient policy to encourage in such a way such an enterprise; and we most earnestly call upon our respective Legislatures to recognise and encourage and support this great work—a work which has brought and will bring to our shores thousands of humble, gentle children to be educated and brought up as virtuous and respectable women and citizens, and we respectfully but earnestly ask that our Legislatures extend to Miss Rye an annual grant such as the wisdom of our legislators may deem adequate or expedient." The "Montreal Gazette," commenting on this, says: "The work which Miss Rye has done on behalf of the poor friendless children of the streets of English cities, exposed to starvation and vice, is a noble one. There are, nevertheless, only comparatively few, we fear, who have given to her efforts that attention which they merit. For long years she has devoted herself with Christian earnestness to this her chosen employment. Quietly and unostentatiously, she has gone on untiringly from year to year, undeterred by discouragement and disappointment, adding conquest to conquest of the most glorious kind, that is, of souls won from evil, from idleness and falsehood and dishonesty, to industry and honesty and truthfulness. Her labours have benefited not only the young people whom she has thus rescued from a life of misery and shame, but they have also conferred advantages on Great Britain and Canada which thinking people in both countries ought not to be slow in recognising."



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Cosper.*



CONSTANCE SURPRISED BY A STRANGE DEMAND.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

**W**HILE Boston was garrisoned by British troops, and beleaguered by New England men, while the bridges of New York were one week thronged by the inhabitants of Whiggish proclivities, flying from an expected invasion of King George's forces, and the next with Tory refugees in dread of a pro-

vincial insurrection, the city of Philadelphia remained in peace and quiet, as if the spirit of its Quaker founders had become the genius of the place. The business of the Revolution was done there without disturbance or demonstration. The Continental Congress, an assembly of delegates from every American province, to whom their countrymen had entrusted the destinies of the land, civil and military, and among whom there were names that are famous to all time, sat in the old court-house, with doors closed

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against the public, kept up a constant correspondence with the camp before Boston, and opened their deliberations every morning with prayer by some esteemed minister of the town, whatever might be his church or denomination. Men seemed to think more calmly and soberly there than in other towns; disputes were seldom heard of; but the great majority of the citizens were staunch Whigs, and though an influx of the Tory persuasion had lately taken place, they were chiefly of the subdued order—families who came for peace and safety's sake, or men who somehow had had enough of standing up for King George and his parliament.

Their neighbours were at a loss under which division to reckon the inmates of a small but comfortable-looking wooden house, with flower-beds enclosed by a green paling in front, and with a vegetable garden in the rear, standing at the country end of Chestnut Street, where cornfields and meadows occupied the level land between the two rivers, Schuylkill and Delaware, which the city has long since covered in its growth of a hundred years.

In that house resided Squire or Colonel Delamere and his daughter, Philip, Hannah Armstrong, a negro girl hired by way of help, and in the intervals of peddling, Hannah's second husband, Green Crossland—for the courtship begun in the blockhouse of the wild valley had properly culminated in a marriage celebrated after the fashion of the Society of Friends.

It was a humble home compared with the family mansion at the Elms, but it suited Delamere's altered fortunes. "We are poor folks, and must not be particular now," he said. Poor, indeed, they would have been, but the Continental Congress, chiefly through the representations which Mr. Archdale made without his knowledge, allowed him an income out of his confiscated estate, small, but sufficient to ward off want or dependence, and they were things equally dreaded by the squire. He had chosen to remove thus far from his own New England because it seemed easier to spend his invalid, impoverished days where reflecting neighbours could not comment on the fact that pride had got a fall. Strangership is rather an advantage in times of reduction; nobody in their vicinity knew the Delameres except Jacob Stoughton and his family; and they were now gathered together again, all but Caleb Sewell, and living in a pleasant place called "Vinelands," about a mile and a half from the small wooden house. It was situated on the bank of the Delaware, a sheltered, sunny spot, where a French emigrant in a former generation had cultivated vines in spite of the Pennsylvanian winter. The house, which he had built in the old fashion of his country, was yet wreathed with them to the chimney tops; from its windows they could see the ships sailing to and from Philadelphia Harbour, catch sight of the farms and villages on the New Jersey side of the noble river, and in an opposite direction see the Schuylkill uniting with the Delaware on its journey to the sea. The Stoughtons' life there was much the same that it had been in Harbour Street, but without the cares of winding-up business and preparing for removal. Their days were passed in usefulness and benevolence, piety and peace, untroubled by the perturbations or vanities of the world.

Their friendship for the Delameres took no chill from misfortune. Had the squire been on the height of his worldly prosperity and military promotion they

could not have interested themselves more about his settlement at Philadelphia; Jacob found the house for him, and made terms with the landlord; Rachel looked after its warming and ventilation, and the whole family were ready to welcome him and his on their arrival, and supply them with everything needful as far as they could be induced to accept it.

Susanna had the warmest welcome of all for Constance; yet at their first meeting it was evident that the removal to Pennsylvania had not done all that was expected from it for her; the slender frame had grown thinner, the statuesque face more colourless and wan, and there was a perceptible increase of the weary look in her soft blue eyes.

They met with the friendship of their Boston days, but could not be so much together now. Susanna could venture out only in fine weather, and Constance would not leave her father to fret alone. His occupation, civil and military, was gone; the weather concerned him as much as it did Susanna now. He had no friend to visit him except Jacob Stoughton, who, knowing he was the only one, made it a point to drop in almost every day; and it was wonderful what cheer and solace the once hot-brained squire found in the converse of the sober Quaker.

Laid aside from the pursuits of active life, with much time and more cause for thought and reflection, Delamere was growing a wiser man and a less zealous partisan. He had settled in the outskirts of Philadelphia at the beginning of winter, and as it wore away, and the spring of another year came on, great changes took place in public affairs. The British troops were driven out of Boston to the ships, in which they sailed away with a following of fifteen hundred Tories. Washington and his New England army took possession of New York, flourishing towns and thriving ports along the Atlantic coast were destroyed by British cruisers and privateers, and people were everywhere heard to say that a total separation from England was the only course left to the American provinces.

How would such sayings have stirred up Delamere's wrath but one short year ago, yet now he discussed them and the circumstances which occasioned them so calmly that honest Jacob, who valued the blessing of the peace-makers more than the success of political parties, began to think of effecting a reconciliation between him and Archdale; but that was to be brought about in a different manner, and the Stoughtons had a subject of sad concern at home. The balance-weight of their prosperous fortunes and domestic tranquillity was to see the young branch of their wedded life withering before their age. The fatal foe of their race, which had followed the English colonists to the western shore of the Atlantic, insidious, deceitful consumption, had fixed on their only child with its usual alternations of recovery and relapse, which make friends and kindred hope to the last. They that die early escape much; we know it by looking back on the years of our own journey since the grave-grass grew between us and them. Yet there is no mourning like that for the death of the young; their memory is blessed, but our hopes die with them, and with some our hearts die also.

The weather was fine, for the glorious summer of Pennsylvania had come, and the bloom of the year brightened all the land; but Susanna could not venture out, she had caught a cold, her mother thought, and Constance went to see her one afternoon, pro-

missing to return at the evening's fall, the time when her father would miss her most. She found the young Quakeress shut in her own comfortable room, where the sun shone in with softened ray through a double screen of flowers and curtains, while all the neighbours sat with open doors and windows, but Susanna received her with the old smile of welcome. "It is very kind of thee," she said, "to come and see me this afternoon, for my mother had to attend a meeting of our society, and I was beginning to feel dull and lonely."

They sat and talked as they used to do in Harbour Street when Susanna marked the linen; now her pale, thin hands lay idle on her lap, and the book she had grown tired of reading lay before her on the table. "Tell me, Constance," she said, after kind inquiries for the squire, for Hannah, for Philip, and for Greenland, with whom she had got acquainted since his coming to Philadelphia, "dost thou know if Sydney Archdale will soon come here again? he comes and goes, as he told us himself, on business between General Washington and the Congress, but he has not been here since the time he went to the Indian country and released my father; and now that the army is in New York, which is so much nearer than Boston, I thought we should see him oftener."

"I can tell you nothing about him," said Constance; "it is a long time since he gave up visiting us, and we are scarcely worth visiting now, I suppose; but you should know most about his comings and goings, Susanna. I heard in Massachusetts that you and Sydney were engaged;" and she looked steadfastly down on the carpet.

"Then, Constance, you heard what was not true; and somehow my mind told me you had heard the like, because of his comings to our house; that was why I spoke to you of him, Constance dear, to let you know the truth and leave no shadow on your heart when I am gone. Sydney Archdale saved my life, and always acted like a friend to me and my family, but he never spoke of love or marriage; he never cared for me in that way, Constance; and now I am glad he did not. The love of a true, brave man like him might have made me fall away from our society, and so grieve my father and mother. We have reason to pray, 'Lead us not into temptation,' and, in great mercy, I have not been led. More than that, Constance, it might have made me cling to the earth, and be unwilling to go. Now, when my Father above is calling me to his better kingdom, I have nothing to leave or lament except my father and mother, and the Lord will comfort them. Sometimes I think of Caleb Sewell, too. My mind never inclined to him, but he asked me often, and especially before he went with Sydney to the Indian country. 'Susanna,' he said one day when we were alone, 'I know the New England men have right on their side, and I hold it no wrong to take up arms for a good cause; but if you will be my wife I will not go to the army, because it is against your father's mind, but stay at home and be a peaceable merchant and a good husband to you.' I knew then that the time of my departure was drawing near, and told him so, but he would not believe it, and pressed me to say honestly if I preferred Sydney Archdale to him; and I said, 'Friend Caleb, that was once the case, but all such thoughts are passing from me, for I am going the way of all the earth;' and he left me seemingly in great sorrow, and I have never seen him since."

There was no flush on Susanna's pale cheek now; she spoke in the shadow of the hereafter, and her speech and look brought the certainty of her early death so home to Constance that she could find no words of cheer or hopefulness, but sat by her side and wept sore.

"Don't grieve so, my friend;" and Susanna took her by the hand; "you will think it well with me in after years, when you are deep in the troubles of life, maybe, as I have heard old people speak of their friends who died young. There is a better life than this, Constance; set your heart and hopes on it, and not on the things of this poor and passing world. Yet there is one thing I would fain say to you: Sydney Archdale loves you, and you love him. I cannot tell you how I know that—maybe, it is revealed to me. Do not grieve your father for the young man's sake, but do not marry that king's officer for all his rank and grandeur, seeing you love him not, for that is the worst of perjury;" but Susanna stopped short, as her mother, just returned from the meeting, stepped into the room.

Constance made a great effort to recover her composure and speak cheerfully to Mrs. Stoughton. The poor mother and father, too, were cheated into hope by the fitful disease, and their gentle daughter would not gainsay the fond expectations that comforted them for the time; but as her friend rose to go she whispered, "Come and see me as often as you can, for my stay here will not be long."

Sad at heart, Constance took her homeward way. It led along the bank of the Delaware; streets and wharfs now occupy the ground; but then there was no building for more than a mile, except a cottage at a short distance from the Vinelands, close by a ferry, between New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and inhabited by the ferryman and his wife. Constance had some acquaintance with the pair; they had come from her native place, and formerly kept a ferry on the Connecticut; but as she paused to speak to the wife, who stood at the door and kindly inquired for her father, her attention was attracted by a woman who sat on the rustic bench outside appropriated to travellers waiting for the ferry.

Large, gaunt, and dark-complexioned, her dress was of foreign fashion, and had once been good, but was now worn and shabby. Her face was foreign, too—of the Spanish type, it seemed, and might have been handsome some time in her day; but it was prematurely old and wrinkled, and had, moreover, that strange, out-of-the-world look which people get by long seclusion from society in prisons, convents, or lunatic asylums. Constance was too little acquainted with life to know the meaning of that peculiar expression, and the woeful history it suggested; but she felt frightened by it, the more so that the black eyes of the strange-looking woman cast fierce and furtive glances at her from under a pair of almost shaggy brows. That feeling, and the fast falling shades of twilight, made her hasten along the lonely road; but she had scarcely got a quarter of a mile from the ferry-house, when quick steps behind made her look round, and there was the strange-looking woman. Constance stepped aside to let her pass; but instead of doing so she seized on the girl's arm, and said, in a loud whisper, "Where is he? tell me this minute."

"Who?" said Constance, terribly frightened, but trying to keep calm and collected.

"Who, indeed!" cried the woman, with a satirical laugh; "you know very well who I mean—Cecil Devereux; he is somewhere hereabouts, and I will find him, for I am his lawful wife—I am, and you need not think to marry him. If you and your father knew what I do, you would not be so ready for the business;" and she laughed louder than before. "But that's no matter; I am his wife. He spent my jointure and got my son kidnapped—poor, poor Philip!—ay, and he put me in the madhouse the old nuns keep over yonder in Lima; but I got out, you see; they didn't care to keep me any longer when he sent them no money. But I will have my husband. Where is he, I say?" and her clutch grew tighter; but pure terror gave the girl strength; with one desperate effort she freed herself, and fled along the road.

"Do you think to get rid of me that way?" cried the woman; "I'll stop your progress and your marriage too, senora;" and as Constance glanced behind, she saw her pull a long dagger-like knife from under her cloak, and come scouring after.

Her threat would have been executed; for quickly as the girl ran she was on the point of overtaking her, when a sound of hoofs and shouts rose on the road behind them. A party of four horsemen

rode up at full speed; one of them springing from his saddle, dashed in between the uplifted knife and the intended victim; and Constance, faint with flight and terror, would have fallen to the ground, but for the supporting arms of Sydney Archdale. "Fear nothing, Constance; I will defend you with my life," he cried, bearing her back a few paces, and at the same time warding off a thrust which the frantic woman made at him; but in making it her foot slipped on a loose stone, and she fell heavily to the ground, which the next moment was dyed with blood; for the sharp point of the knife had turned up in the fall and pierced deep into her right side.

The rest of the party had come up by this time; they consisted of Caleb Sewell, the French Count de Valencourt, and Dr. Adams. The latter's professional eye took in the situation at once. With the help of the other two he raised the woman from the ground; her fury was gone, for she was almost insensible from pain and loss of blood. The doctor drew the knife from her side, bound up the wound with a large handkerchief which he happened to have about him, and said, "Gentlemen, we must get her to the nearest hospital as quickly as possible; it is her only chance for life, if any chance there be."

## THE BORDER LANDS OF ISLAM.

### III.—MONTENEGRO.

**M**ORE than to any of the other border lands which fringe the dominions of Turkey in Europe, a romantic interest attaches to the little independent principality of Montenegro. For centuries it has held aloft in its mountain fastnesses the banner of Slavo-serb liberty; and though sometimes overborne by numbers or treachery—and at one time even forced to pay tribute to the Sultan—it has never submitted to Mussulman rule. Through long ages of Turkish despotism and oppression, Montenegro has thus given hope to the surrounding Slavonic peoples. Its strong national spirit, its hardihood, its chequered career of triumph and reverse, its geographical position and representative character, invest it with an importance which its small and poor territory, and its meagre resources, would not otherwise warrant. During the troubles in Bosnia and the Herzegovina, many of the Montenegrins volunteered aid to the insurgents; and, indeed, the entire sympathies of the little state were with them, although, owing to strong political reasons, it did not openly arm on their behalf. As a first requisite in the work of pacification promoted by the northern powers, they turned to the Prince of Montenegro to secure his neutrality. Montenegro and Serbia were, indeed, during the struggle, like hounds in the leash. Every sentiment of kinship, every patriotic aspiration, urged them to strike for their Christian brethren. The dominant influence of Austria and Russia, however, held them back. These powers were not then disposed for action, or not prepared to face the large questions consequent on a successful rising of the Slavs in Turkey. At the time we write no one can foresee what will be the result of the attempt at pacification; it may utterly fail, and the spirit of revolt, deepening and extending, may draw the two Serb powers into action, and lead either to armed

intervention or to a final rejection of Turkish rule. But, sooner or later, in one form or another, the day of deliverance will assuredly come; and looked at in the light of inevitable events, Montenegro, as the land of free Serbs, is worthy of our attention. The native virtues and sound-heartedness of its people, their habits of frugality and industry, and the progress they have made in civilisation, furnish good ground for anticipating a hopeful future for the emancipated southern Slavs.

The Montenegrin territory, a tract of country in length from north to south about sixty, and in its greatest breadth about thirty-five English miles, is throughout a mountainous and rocky region. Lying on the Adriatic, opposite to Italy, it is hemmed in between the Austrian and Turkish dominions. Its mountains form part of the Dinarian Alps, which also run through Bosnia and the Herzegovina. The general aspect of the country is that of a succession of elevations, diversified here and there by lofty peaks. The slope towards the Adriatic is steep, and on that side the streams are few and small, with but little vegetation on the rocky acclivities. The ridges which intersect the interior form valleys, which, however, are of no great size. Towards the east the mountains diminish in height till they are lost in the plain of the Moratsha. The Moratsha is the only river of any importance in Montenegro. It flows southward, receives the Zeta at the remains of the old Roman station, and afterwards Serbian town of Dioclea, the reputed birthplace of the Emperor Diocletian, and falls into the lake of Scodra. Although approaching close to the seaboard at Cattaro, Montenegro has no outlet or port. The name, Montenegro, or Black Mountain, given it by the Venetians, is a translation of the Slavic, *Tserna Gora*, a name supposed to be derived from the dark appear-

ance of its once pine-covered hills. The so-called Black Mountain territory consists of greyish-white limestone rocks; and although there are wooded heights in the interior which might justify the name, it is certain that its first and most striking appearance is white, and not black. Biela Gora, or White Mountain, travellers tell us, would be the more appropriate designation, not only on the ground of natural aspect, but because the word white, in its Slavonic figurative sense (in contrast to *kara*, black), signifies noble, or free.

Before the Turks crossed swords with the Slavs, the Black Mountain, with the adjoining territories, under the name of Zeta, or Zenta, formed the north-west corner of the old Servian kingdom, which, under Stephen Dushan, towards the middle of the fourteenth century, had attained to an imposing power and extent. On the overthrow of the Servian kingdom at Kossova, in 1389, Balsha, the local ban of Zeta, who had married a daughter of Lazar, the last Servian king, asserted his independence, and for a hundred years the unconquered Serbs were ruled by princes of the House of Balsha. To these princes succeeded Ivan Tsernoievitch, or Ivan Beg, as the Turks called him, whose memory still lives in legend and song. Ivan was related to the celebrated Albanian, Scanderbeg, and shared in most of that hero's victorious wars against the Turks. During these struggles the Serbs of Zeta were forced to exchange their old capital of Dioclea for Scodra, then Scodra for Jabliak, and, lastly, Jabliak for the mountain refuge of Cettigne. Cettigne, in the highlands of Zeta, or Black Mountains, has since continued the capital, or headquarters of the unconquered remnant of the old Servian kingdom. It will thus be seen that Montenegro is truly the representative of the ancient freedom of the southern Slavs, and the best exponent of their political aspirations; and that her present narrow dimensions are, in fact, owing to her faithfulness to the principle of Slavic independence. At the conferences of the Great Powers at Paris in 1856, the representative of the Porte having spoken of Montenegro as a province of Turkey, the late Prince Danilo, addressing the cabinets of Europe, said: "Montenegro would have a better right to claim half of Albania, and all the Herzegovina, since my predecessors, princes of Montenegro and Dukes of Zeta, formerly possessed these territories, while the Turks have never possessed Montenegro." The truth seems to be that, while Montenegro has declared its independence, the Sultan has never acknowledged it.

An alliance entered into between the Montenegrins and the Venetians, who then and long afterwards held what is now the Austrian territory of Dalmatia, resulted in the marriage of George Tsernoievitch, the son and successor of Ivan, to a Venetian lady of high rank. This dame, pining in the solitudes of the Black Mountain for the pleasures of civilised life, induced her husband to abdicate the crown and retire to Venice. This occurred in 1516. At the request of the people, the Vladika, or Bishop, undertook the duties of the civil administration, and from that time until 1851 the secular and ecclesiastical functions were united in the same person. Montenegro was ruled by Vladikas of various families until 1697. In that year power came into the hands of the Petrovichs of Niegush, the present reigning family. This family, it appears, had migrated at an earlier period from the Herzegovina. Under the

Vladikas the Montenegrins were occasionally reduced to great straits by their adversaries, the Turks. Cettigne was on two occasions captured, and for a time active resistance ceased. During this period of Turkish ascendancy some of the Montenegrins apostatised to Mohammedanism. Their descendants were, however, forced to return to Christianity when the country recovered its independence.

The last two of the line of these Prince-bishops were in their several ways specially distinguished. Peter Petrovich, or Peter I, who reigned for the long period of fifty-three years, was an able administrator in peace, as he was also a courageous man of war. He was educated at St. Petersburg, travelled much in Europe, and spoke Italian, French, and Russian as fluently as his own Slavonic tongue. He introduced some of the arts of civilised life into Montenegro, and in various ways laboured to improve his semi-barbarous subjects. The crowning achievement of Peter I was, however, the signal defeat he inflicted upon a large Turkish army in 1796. In this he was aided by the character of the country. After a feigned attack, the Prince-bishop fell back upon a pass, where he posted five thousand picked men. These he ordered to scatter on the ground their red caps, and to burn watch-fires by night, to make the Turks believe they had before them the entire Montenegrin force; while he, with the bulk of his men, by a forced march, cut off the retreat of the invaders. Three days the battle lasted, but in the end the Turks were completely vanquished. This great victory may be classed with the most signal exploits of ancient or modern times; and the result was that the Moslem invader has never since penetrated the recesses of the Black Mountains. It was during the reign of Peter I that the Montenegrins were first brought into warlike contact with the great powers of Europe. In the beginning of the century the French held the province of Cattaro, and the adjacent Adriatic coast. In 1806 the Russians opened the campaign against the French by an attack on Ragusa, aided by the Montenegrins and their brethren of Cattaro. The French remained in possession of Ragusa, while the Russians and Montenegrins held Cattaro. This seaport was, however, delivered up to the French at the peace of Tilsit. The Montenegrins had no wars with the French during their occupation of Cattaro, and in 1810 Colonel de Sommières, the governor, paid a visit to Montenegro, and published an interesting description of the country, before that time all but unknown to Europe. At the close of 1813 an English squadron besieged Cattaro, the Vladika joined the English, and greatly contributed to its capture. Cattaro was left by the English in the occupation of the Montenegrins. No possession could have been more prized by them, as the essential requisite of the country is a seaport on the Adriatic, giving to it a free communication with the whole world. In 1814 the Congress of Vienna, however, gave Cattaro to Austria, and the Montenegrins were again unfortunately shut up in their mountain seclusion.

Although the natives of the Black Mountain have access to the coveted Dalmatian seaport as a market for their produce, it is not without paying heavy custom-dues to Austria. Three times a week outside the town they hold a bazaar, at which the stranger may to some advantage observe their strange and varied costume. All visitors to Montenegro, by way of the Adriatic, can only reach the country through



Cattaro. The town lies at the base of an immense cliff, up which, in numerous zig-zags, winds the road to Cettigne, the capital. When the crest of the range is reached, a magnificent view is gained. On one side is the Adriatic, and on the other Cettigne, encircled by mountains. Far in the distance reposes the Lake of Scodra, and in faint outline rise the more distant Albanian hills. All around it is a scene of rocky peaks and precipices, interspersed with scanty bushes and herbage, cropped by herds of goats, attended by shepherds carrying the long Albanian gun. The approach to Cettigne from the east is, however, through a more diversified and fertile region. From Cattaro to the capital it is a six or seven hours' journey. On market days the road swarms with Montenegrins, with their mules, asses, or small ponies, carrying produce to the coast, or returning with purchases. Burdens are borne along the difficult road not only by animals, but by men and women. Of these burdens the women seemingly take an undue share. The traveller is struck with the lofty stature of the men, and is favourably impressed with their manly bearing, square brows, and intelligent countenances; their hair is generally brown, and their large eyes blue, or perhaps oftener dark grey. The women he finds of middle stature, thick set, and with weather-beaten complexions. Their expression is generally pleasing, being intelligent, as well as cheerful. But whatever good looks they may have in youth, it is evident they too soon lose by exposure and hard toil.

The great Vladika, Peter I, died in 1831, and being canonised by his people, is now spoken of as St. Peter. His body lies in the chapel attached to the monastery at Cettigne, and is regarded as an object of reverence. M. Broniewski, an officer in the Russian naval service, who early in the century visited the Montenegrins, has given an accurate description of their mode of warfare, which, in most respects, is true to this day. He thus speaks of Peter I:—"Peter Petrovich is of middle stature, well made, has a fresh complexion, an agreeable countenance, a grave deportment, and eyes full of animation. I have seen him in the capacity of a high priest, in that of a sovereign, in that of a general, of an engineer, and of an accomplished courtier." Peter I, from his superior courage and firmness, accustomed the wild Montenegrins to habits of subordination. He reformed many of their evil customs, and in particular did much to put a stop to the frequent murders and riots which prevailed among them.

On the day following the death of Peter I, his nephew and successor was solemnly invested with the sacerdotal robes, and presented to the people holding the staff of office. He received episcopal consecration at St. Petersburg, when he took the name of Peter, and was henceforth known as Peter II. This Vladika was a well-educated and talented man. He spoke several languages, and published a collection of his own poems, printed in his capital, under the title of the "Hermit of Cettigne." Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who visited Cettigne in 1844, had interesting intercourse and correspondence with Peter II. "Our neighbours," said he to the Englishman, "have stigmatised the Montenegrins as robbers and assassins; but I am determined they shall not be so, and will show that they are as capable of improvement and civilisation as any other people." "During my interview with the Vladika," says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "I had an

opportunity of adverting to the barbarous custom, adopted by his people and the Turks, of cutting off the heads of their enemies and exposing them on stakes as trophies of victory and revenge; and I was delighted to find him alive to the evil results of this practice, and desirous of its discontinuance." In Sir Gardner's book there is given an engraving of the old tower at Cettigne, decorated with Turkish heads; but we are glad to say that civilising influences have so far prevailed that the practice has since been abolished. In the last war of the Montenegrins with the Turks no heads were brought to Cettigne.

Peter II, the last of the Prince-bishops, died in 1851. His nephew, Danilo, who succeeded him, effected the separation of the ecclesiastical from the secular dignity, and, as the head of an independent principality, definitely declared Montenegro exempt from all claims of foreign suzerainty, whether Turkish or Russian.

Above all the mountains of Montenegro rises the summit of the beech-covered Lovchen, prominently visible from all parts of the country. On this summit is a chapel, built by Peter II, and in which he gave directions that he should be buried. These Danilo carried into effect. The top of Lovchen was to Peter II a favourite spot. There, in a tent, he used sometimes to spend days, engaged in composing poetry, or in communion with nature. And, certainly, to the poet or lover of the picturesque few scenes could afford more inspiration or delight.

Montenegro has been fortunate in possessing a series of able rulers. Prince Danilo was one of the most remarkable men of his time. He was greatly beloved by his subjects, and during his short reign carried still further the work of civilisation and reform begun by his predecessors. He married a lady who belonged to a Serb family at Cattaro—the Princess Darinka—and who had received a careful education at Trieste. Danilo was assassinated at Cattaro in 1860; and his widow, being left with an only daughter, proclaimed the present ruler, Prince Nicolas, the nephew of her husband, as his successor. The Princess Darinka resides at Cettigne, where she exercises an excellent influence. She is loved and respected alike by prince and people.

Prince Nicolas was the first of his dynasty who was sent, not to St. Petersburg, but to Paris for his education. He speaks French like a native, and understands also German, Italian, and Russian. It is considered essential that the Prince of Montenegro should have received an European education. It was for this reason, among others, that Mirko, the father of Nicolas and brother of Danilo, allowed his son to supersede him as successor to the throne. The warlike Mirko, the hero of Grahovo, died recently, and was long, and until his death, an important personage at the Montenegrin court. The Princess Miljena, the wife of Prince Nicolas, celebrated as a beauty, is the daughter of one of the most respected voyvodes of Montenegro; but as she has never been beyond her native mountains, she speaks no language but the Serb.

Several descriptions have been given of Prince Nicolas by visitors to Cettigne. All concur in representing him as very tall and handsome, of dark complexion, with a fine head, and with the frank smile of the true Montenegrin. Mr. Denton, who saw the prince in 1865, speaks of him thus:—"On being shown by the attendant into a room furnished in the English drawing-room style, a young man of four-

and-twenty came forward, and introducing himself as 'le Prince de Montenegro,' welcomed me to his palace and principality. Prince Nicolas is handsome in person, frank and pleasing in manners, and possesses all the bearing of a true gentleman. I speak of the impression he left on my mind at the first interview, an impression which was deepened and confirmed by subsequent acquaintance."

Lady Strangford, who was at Cettigne two years earlier, was told by the Prince himself that in Montenegro and the Berda together there were 200,000 souls. The Berda, we may say, are seven mountains adjoining Montenegro proper, taken by Peter I from the Pachalic of Scodra, and ever since retained in the principality. The fighting men—active and alert warriors—number 20,000. The official income of the Prince is from £10,000 to £12,000 a year, exclusive of the yearly sum of £4,700 paid by Russia. Not more than £1,000 a year goes to the Prince's privy purse. A man with £100 a year is a rich man in Montenegro. Out of his income the Prince devotes as much as he possibly can to promote education among his people.

The capital, Cettigne—certainly the humblest one in Europe—consists of one long street of stone houses of two storeys; from the middle of which another wider street projects at right angles, leading up to the palace. A large inn stands at the end of the main street for the use of visitors, and also for the accommodation of the senators who come from a distance. In itself nothing can be less romantic than the capital of the Black Mountain. The senate is composed of sixteen elected chiefs of tribes, subject, however, to confirmation by the Prince; it is both a deliberative and judicial body. The Prince is the centre of authority, and to him personally every peasant has the right to appeal on every matter, however trivial. The usual meeting-place of the senate in summer is a green, or meadow, in front of the palace, under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, round which two rows of seats are built. There is a seat for the Prince, and below him the senators are ranged.

Visitors to Cettigne may daily see the senate administering justice in the open air. There is, therefore, some ground for the boast that the Montenegrin senate house is the largest in the world.

Nothing can more show the patriarchal simplicity of social and political life in the Black Mountain. The attachment of the people to the Prince is great, and they receive his decisions with unquestioning approval.

As the Montenegrins are, from their situation, almost of necessity, men of war, they all carry arms. To their arms and dress they devote much attention. The handsome dress consists of a long white cloth coat, reaching nearly to the knees, and open in front; an ornamented red waistcoat, and jacket of the same colour; a thick, red sash and belt for arms; full, blue trousers down to the knee, and white gaiters below; while the ankle is covered by a thick worked sock, and the foot by a shoe of hide fastened by innumerable cords, which run across the instep. This is the full dress, but the waistcoat, coat, and jacket are seldom worn together. The cap is peculiar, and has a symbolism attached to it by the people. It is round, with a flat crown, and is covered with black, except the top, which is crimson, with a star and other ornaments of gold in one corner. The black, it is said, is worn as mourning for the subject

condition of the Servian people; the golden ornaments signify the freedom of Montenegro and its successes over the Turks; and when perfect liberty is obtained for the Slavs of Turkey, the whole crown will be ornamented in the same way.

Agriculture in Montenegro is in a very primitive state. The land is generally cultivated with the spade, and in many places on the mountain sides the merest patches. The plain of the Zeta is the most fertile portion, and almost the only district where it is possible to use the plough. Here is an agricultural school, the first of its kind established in these lands of the Slav; and here may be seen vineyards, with fields of potatoes, maize, tobacco, wheat, and oats, hedged with the fig and pomegranate and other fruit-trees. The potato was introduced by the Vladika Peter I, and now Montenegro supplies with that root not only the coast towns of Dalmatia, but North Albania. The rivers of the country abound in trout of a large size and of excellent quality, and the fisheries on the Lake of Scodra are very productive. Dried fish is thus a considerable article of commerce, and is carried to Cattaro with corn, butter, wool, cheese, and poultry. Rieka, to the north of Scodra, and the Turkish town of Podgaritz on the frontier, are also market towns, largely frequented. Danilo-grad, founded by the late Prince Danilo, is a new village, like a new town in Western America, and will no doubt one of these days be the central city of Montenegro; it will be approached from Cattaro by a fine carriage-road, now in course of construction. The valley of the Zeta narrows until it ends in a vast semicircle of mountains. High up in one is the sanctuary of Ostrog. The upper convent, as it is called, is now only a hermitage and sacred place, tenanted by an old priest, whose duty it is to watch the body of St. Basil, a bishop of the Herzegovina, who died in Montenegro, which lies in a sarcophagus of carved wood, and to administer the rites to the crowds of the faithful who climb thither on the great fête-days of the Church. The Ostrog Convent is impregnable, and has proved invaluable to the Montenegrins in their wars with the Turks.

The Serb language of the Black Mountain is the nearest approach to the original Slavonic tongue, into which the Scriptures were translated in the ninth century. The Montenegrins do not consider as canonical or orthodox any books but such as have been printed at Kioff; and such are supplied by the Russian government. Although ecclesiastically independent, there is a strong attachment on the part of the ruler of Montenegro and his people to Russia, founded on common feelings of religion and race. Russia, no doubt for political reasons, has recognised and reciprocated this feeling, and on different occasions sums of money and other presents have been given by the Russian monarchs to the rulers of Montenegro.

The Montenegrin Church, under its own metropolitan, though independent equally of the Patriarch of Constantinople, the Russian Synod, and of the Servian Church, is yet a part of the orthodox Greek Communion. Indeed, it prides itself on its strict orthodoxy. To the bigoted and prejudiced native, the Roman Catholic religion is the dogs' faith. Still, the Roman Catholics in the country are unmolested, and even the few Mohammedans are tolerated. Prince Nicolas, in pursuance of his liberal policy, has even offered to allow them to build a mosque should they choose to do so. In Montenegro,

there are about four hundred churches and five or six hundred priests. The priests are but poorly educated. There is a general observance of Sunday and fast days, and a regular attendance at church, but it would be, perhaps, too much to say that the vital doctrines of Christianity are to any extent understood, or that they practically influence the lives of the people. There are monasteries in the country; but the monkish system does not suit the free air of the Black Mountain. The monks have given place to schoolmasters and the monasteries been turned to schools. There is no country, it may be said, where the honour of woman is more respected, or where a purer standard of social intercourse prevails. The population is scattered throughout the principality in villages and hamlets; and the simple manners of these people have been maintained without much perceptible change for ages. There has been a remarkable concurrence of testimony among travellers to the truthfulness, honesty, and hospitable disposition of the natives of the Black Mountain. Their hospitality is carried to some excess, for the men will insist on kissing the stranger on the mouth, while the women are content to kiss his hands.

The custom of vendetta which at one time prevailed among the people has been vigorously put down by law. So also brigandage and depredations of all kinds are forbidden against those parts of Turkey which adjoin the frontier. These changes have been brought about by the wisdom and firmness of the present and late rulers. Until recently raids on Turkish lands were common, so that there was good reason for the remark of a poor Montenegrin:—"Were it not for the Turks, I don't know how we could live." Montenegro is, in fact, just emerging from that state of society of which we had ourselves at one time an equivalent in the border counties and the Scottish highlands. A law which has come down from the days of the first prince unaltered, and which is still in force, illustrates the value set upon the virtues of the warlike character in Montenegro, arising from its position of hereditary antagonism to Turkish despotism. It is as follows:—"The man who does not take arms when his country is attacked shall be deprived of his weapons, and never may he wear them again. He can never hold any place of honour in his country's service, and he shall be condemned to wear a woman's apron, that every one may be informed he has not the heart of a man."

Every Montenegrin is equal before the law; every one has a right to wear arms, and to give his voice in the assembly of the people. Except in the family of the sovereign, there is no such thing as hereditary office; and, except the sovereign himself, every one—even the relatives of the Prince—are called simply by their Christian names. Superiority in the social scale can be attained only in three ways: by the industry which makes a family rich; by the sagacity or courage which procures for the individual election to the post of senator, voivode, or judge; and, thirdly, by a European education.

Prince Nicolas has two hobbies—road-making and the promotion of education. The elder Montenegrins are mostly ignorant, but education is given to the children. Schools are established over the principality, and as attendance at school is in a certain sense compulsory, in another generation there will be few natives of the Black Mountain unable either to read or write. This is an encouraging circum-

stance in the interests of the country's civilisation and progress. As the Turkish power wanes, the necessity for warlike defence, and for an absorbing devotion to military pursuits, will lessen; and with access to the sea, an extension of territory, and the development of industry and commerce, the future of the little independent principality, we may well hope, will be one not unworthy of its heroic past.

## SCINDIA AND THE MAHRATTAS.

THE many readers who, though not at ordinary times attending to anything Indian, yet followed step by step the route of the Prince of Wales on his recent visit to the East, would observe the importance attached to the reception of his Royal Highness, first at Calcutta, and subsequently at Gwalior, by the Mahratta potentate Scindia. Not many years have elapsed since even an educated person could fall into the mistake of supposing Scindia, the man, and Scinde, the country through which the Indus flows, to be one and the same, an error analogous to that of the boarding-school miss who, in answer to a geographical question, alleged that Copenhagen was a Dutch admiral. Once for all, let it be stated that the similarity in sound between Scinde and Scindia is simply accidental; there is no identity in signification between the two words.

The personality of Scindia having now, we trust, been successfully vindicated, the way has been cleared for explaining his political importance in the East. This arises partly from his personal character, but chiefly from his being the virtual head of the vigorous and powerful Mahratta race. Our ancestors knew the Mahrattas better than we do, and it is not improbable that our successors on the scene may, in this respect, be in the same position as our ancestors were. The writer having lived among the men of the Indian race now spoken of for many years, and being familiar with their history, language, and character, entertains no doubt that they have a remarkable future before them, as unquestionably they have had a most notable past.

Though not much mentioned in history till somewhat recently, they seem for many unnoted centuries to have inhabited the country in the vicinity of the Western Ghats, and to have constituted, as they still do, the great mass of the population in that part of India. How thoroughly they became Brahmanised is shown by the fact that about four-fifths of the words in their language have been derived from Sanskrit, the old language of the Brahmans. Like most of the other Hindoo races, they bowed their heads for a time under the conquering Mohammedans, and then their history began to be of a different character from that of their compeers, and in some respects, indeed, of a complexion perfectly unique. The first fact clearly established was that they were too vigorous to be permanently held down by the Mohammedans, especially after the empire of the latter—the one whose head was the Great Mogul at Delhi—began to show unmistakeable symptoms of decrepitude.

A man, Sheevajee, half freebooter, half chieftain of more legitimate type, is universally recognised as having been the founder of the Mahratta power. Possessing himself first of a small district in and





SCINDIA, MAHARAJAH OF GWALIOR.



around Poonah, which had been granted to his father, he, by his courage, boundless fertility of resource, and unwearied tenacity of purpose, sullied, it must be confessed, by cruelty and treachery, managed, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Mogul empire, to wrest from the Mohammedans a country about 400 miles in length by 120 in breadth, which became the nucleus and is still the chief seat of the Mahratta power.

A notable revolution, as is well known, took place in the French Government between eleven and twelve centuries ago, when the Merovingian race of kings had become feeble and degenerate. A functionary called "Mayor of the Palace," who was regent whenever a minority occurred, succeeded in rendering the office he held hereditary in his family, and then, in the year 752 A.D., a descendant of his, Pepin by name, dethroned the last of the Merovingian kings and reigned in his stead. Events almost precisely identical happened in Mahratta history. The descendants of Sheevajee, like the Merovingian princes, became degenerate. Then the Peishwa, or prime minister, an astute Brahman, commenced playing the part of "Mayor of the Palace" to his sovereign, the first act of the drama being the successful effort to render the premiership hereditary in his family. The second act, which it fell to the lot of a descendant of his to carry out, sent the sovereign to a prison, and placed his Brahman prime minister on the vacant throne. The incarcerated monarch's name retaining a certain potency, he was nominally regarded as still being king, and as of his good pleasure conferring what was practically the supreme power on the man who had deprived him of a throne and of personal liberty.

The example of disloyalty is contagious, especially in a heathen land, and before long the hereditary Brahman peishwas had their supremacy endangered, and at times overthrown, by the rebellious proceedings of their great feudatories. Of these there ultimately were four—Scindia of Gwalior, Holkar of Indore, the Bhonsla of Nagpore, and the Guickowar, or Cowherd, of Baroda. These men, though often quarrelling with their superior, the Peishwa, and often with each other, yet held wonderfully together against the rest of the human race, and one of the most dreadful scourges from which India suffered during the century and a half which preceded the establishment of the British supremacy in the East was the pitiless oppression practised by the Mahratta race. In or about the month of October, when the rains were over for the year, and the flooded country was again becoming open, a great religious festival, called the Dussera, annually took place, and when it was finished, the chiefs, in place of returning for the winter to their homes, led forth bands of predatory cavalry on expeditions partly military, partly marauding. There was scarcely a region of India which these locusts in human form did not ravage. Before them was as the Garden of Eden and behind them a desolate wilderness. When the nineteenth century opened, one of the unsolved political questions in the East was whether the Mahrattas or the British should in the immediate future become the paramount power in the East. The year 1803 submitted that question to the dread arbitrament of battle. At Assaye, at Argaum, at Allypurgurh, at Lass Waree, and other sanguinary scenes of contest, it was decided that the sceptre of India was to be swayed by English and not by Mahratta hands; and

happy was it for the natives of the peninsula, happy for the world at large, nay, happy even for the Mahrattas themselves, that the contest ended as it did. An attempt to reverse the results of the former struggle took place in 1817, but it failed. In 1857, also, the notorious Nana Sahib set up as Peishwa and head of the Mahratta confederacy, but his reign was short, and when he vanished from the scene he left behind him as the one permanent memorial of his rule the well at Cawnpore.

The Scindia family, like that of most of the Mahratta foudal chiefs, was of humble origin. The first known name belonging to it was that of Ranaji Scindia, who about A.D. 1725 filled the office of holder of the Peishwa's slippers. One day his master, having been detained to a late hour presiding over a council of ministers, went, when all was over, to look for his slippers. He found his faithful follower asleep in the antechamber, but even in his unconsciousness firmly grasping to his breast the article of dress with which he had been entrusted. Touched by his devotion to duty, the Peishwa promoted him at once to high office, which he was found worthy to fill; and so rapid from that date was the rise of the family, that his immediate successor and natural son Madhajeo was recognised by the British in 1782 as an independent sovereign. His capital grew up under the shadow and protection of the Gwalior hill-fort, a precipitous escarpment of sandstone capped here and there by basalt. The length of this natural fortification is about a mile and a half, its breadth about 900 feet, and its greatest height 342 feet. It has been taken and retaken oftener than once, and is at present in British hands. Around it extends a territory of very irregular form, about equal in area and population to Scotland, and of this region the Maharajah Syadji Rao Scindia, the potentate represented in the engraving, is the universally recognised king. On three notable occasions our country has been signally indebted to him for important services.

In 1857, when our Indian empire was tottering, he remained faithful to us when strong temptation existed to take the other side. When Nana Sahib set up, and that at no very great distance from Gwalior, as the Peishwa of the revived Mahratta empire, what so natural as that Scindia, its first feudatory, should cast in his lot with the claimant belonging to his own faith and nationality? Nevertheless the Gwalior chieftain had the wisdom to take the other side. So unpopular in certain quarters was this step, that the sepoys of the contingent cantoned near his capital broke into revolt, seized Gwalior, made their sovereign for a time a fugitive, and, joining the Bengal native army, fought in some of the later battles of the mutiny and rebellion. There lie in a sequestered cemetery near Gwalior the remains of English men, women, and children who perished in consequence of the revolt of the contingent; but vastly more would have lost their lives, and the Bombay presidency, nay, the whole of India, been put in imminent jeopardy, had Scindia taken advantage of our distress to rise in arms against us and summon the Mahrattas everywhere to his standard.

With similar fidelity to that then displayed, he more recently arrested a man pretending to be Nana Sahib, and handed him over to be dealt with by the nation whose sons and daughters he alleged that he had slain. And now his very courteous reception of

the Prince of Wales should not be forgotten. When illuminations, and the display of jewels, and the shouting of sight-seeing crowds have faded into oblivion, the following touching incident in the recent events should still be borne in mind. At parting, the Gwalior sovereign, taking the hand of the Prince of Wales, said: "It has been much to see your face. I can hardly hope to see you again; but sometimes in England turn a kind thought towards me. All I have is yours." The Prince, as might have been anticipated, promised ever to remember him, and, we have no doubt, will do so. Many others here, we would venture to add, will also occasionally "turn a kind thought" to the Gwalior ruler; and the memory of his kind and considerate conduct to our country, our race, and the eldest son of our sovereign, will not soon pass away.

## BOY AND MAN:

A STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

### CHAPTER XV.—"WHAT WOULD YOU ADVISE?"

"A bitter and perplexed 'What shall I do?'  
Is worse to man than worse necessity."—Coleridge.

MR. GOODCHILD lived at Wimbledon. The common was then a fine open space, covered with gorse and bracken, with here and there a pool of water, surrounded by rushes and flags, with great yellow lilies floating upon its surface. Mr. Goodchild's house looked over the common, separated from it only by a row of posts and chains. It was not a large house; but it was his own, and he had made it very comfortable; and it was particularly pleasant in the summer. It was within a walk of Peckham, and Johnny went over early in the day, his bag being sent after him. Willy and his sister were waiting for him at the gate. Mr. Goodchild was also there, and called him into his room for a moment to speak to him; it was only to give him a caution not to mention Cubbingshame, or anything that had happened there, unless Willy should begin about it.

"He seems very well now," said Mr. Goodchild; "but he's odd in his fancies, Susan tells me, and always very timid in the dark. He always was timid in the dark; it's a feeling I can very well understand; I was very susceptible of it myself when I was a child; and even now sometimes I feel a little nervous; but I hope he will grow out of it."

Johnny thought, looking up to Mr. Goodchild, that if he, being six feet three inches in height, had not grown out of it, there was not much chance for little "Minimus."

"And then, again," Mr. Goodchild continued, "he is apt to be changeable in his humour and irritable—very irritable; he used to be very even-tempered and gentle in his disposition; but now he is sometimes really violent. You will be patient with him, I'm sure; but I don't think he will show you much of his temper."

Johnny promised to be both considerate and discreet; and he and Willy went out for a run upon the common. To his surprise, the young child began very soon to talk to him about the school.

"Aren't you glad it's the holidays?" he asked.

Johnny assented to that with all his heart.

"When are you going back again?"

"In about five weeks."

"Five weeks! only five weeks! Must you go?"

"Oh, yes," said John; "of course I must."

"Aren't you sorry? don't you hate it?"

"It was not quite so bad when I came away as when I first went. I hope it will be better still next half."

"Are all the boys going back?"

"Oh no; Sparrow isn't."

"That's a pity. I liked Mr. Sparrow very well; he used to show me the way to London sometimes—turning me upside down, you know; it was good fun, too, only I shouldn't like it with a headache such as I often have now. There were some other boys—"

"I know whom you mean."

"Will they be there?"

"I suppose so."

"Then I hope I shall not go back again."

"Of course you won't, Willy; at least, I should think not."

"I don't know," he said. "Papa said I was not to go; but he had a letter from Mr. Bearward the other day, and he has very likely changed his mind; he does change his mind sometimes. And, you know," he continued, "I must go to school somewhere; all boys do; and I should like to go where you are. Oh, I should hate to begin again in a strange place without knowing any one. I couldn't, and I wouldn't, and I won't." He almost screamed out the last words, stamping his foot upon the ground.

"No, no; of course not; you won't go anywhere at present, you may be sure; you must get quite well first."

"I'm quite well now; the doctor says so every time he sees me. I wonder why he keeps on coming. He always tells me I'm quite well. I wish you were going to some other school where I could go with you."

"I must go where Mr. Judd sends me," said Johnny. "Besides, I might be as badly off at any other school, or even worse; we don't know what a school is till we try it. Of course, it's not like home; I've made up my mind to that."

There was more conversation on the same subject, Willy fearing that he should be sent back to Cubbingshame, yet dreading still more lest he should have to go somewhere else to "begin again" without knowing any one. At night, after the child was gone to bed, John Armiger told Mr. Goodchild all that had passed.

"I don't know what to do about it," said Mr. Goodchild. "He must go somewhere; not this quarter, perhaps, but as soon as he's well enough. He might have done very well at Cubbingshame if it had not been for that unfortunate fright. It is a very good school, according to all I hear. How do you like it?"

Johnny would not give his opinion of the school; he supposed it was like most other schools of the kind, he said; he thought Willy was too young for such a school at present, especially after his illness; and nothing more was said about it that evening.

The next day the children went out again for a walk upon the common. There were some great yellow lilies, as they called them, floating upon the water in one of the ponds, and Willy tried to reach them with his stick, but they were too far off. John took off his shoes and socks, and went into the water

after them, sinking deep in the mud at every step, and wading with difficulty among the weeds. It was a hot day, and the water felt very pleasant and refreshing.

"I'll go in too," said Willy; and sitting down upon the grass, he began to take off his shoes.

"You must not go in, Willy," said Susan; "it might do you harm."

"Harm! What harm could it do me any more than John?"

"I am sure the doctor would not let you go in."

"I am sure he would; he says I'm quite well; he says so every time he comes."

"You must not, indeed, dear Willy," Susan persisted; and, sitting down by his side, she endeavoured to put on his shoes again, which he had just kicked off. There was a struggle. John came to land and tried to persuade the child, but could prevail nothing. At length he was obliged to put his arms round him, and restrain him with gentle violence, or he would have plunged into the water. The child screamed with anger, struck at his friend, and struggled with all his power to escape from his arms; but feeling himself mastered, lay down at last upon his face on the turf, sobbing violently. It was a long time before he grew calm, and then he seemed so tired and languid that John took him upon his back and carried him home; he was put to bed at once, and remained there till the following morning.

There was some more conversation that night, when Mr. Goodchild returned from the city, about Willy and the school.

"I don't know what to do with him, I'm sure," said his father. Mr. Goodchild never knew what to do about anything; he was never sure of anything, except that he "did not know." "Willy often has these fits of temper," he continued; "he used to be so good and patient. I never saw a child so altered. I don't know how it is, I'm sure;" and he walked about the room in great perplexity, stroking his smooth face with his fingers, as if trying to make it smoother.

"I don't think he can help it," said Johnny; "it's not his fault."

"I dare say not, but what to do with him I don't know;" then, after a pause, he asked, "What would you advise?"

Johnny looked up with wonder at the face a full yard above his own, but made no answer. "What does the doctor say?" he asked presently.

"He says he must be kept very quiet and tranquil. I suppose he could not be kept very quiet and tranquil at Cubbinghame?"

"I should think not, indeed," John answered, almost indignantly. "Mr. Hartwell will tell you all about that if you write to him; I dare say he could advise you as well as anybody, if you want advice. Mr. Hartwell is a very clever doctor. As good as any one in London, I'm quite sure."

"It's not a bad idea," said Mr. Goodchild; "I think I will write to him." And the next day, the suggestion having been more than once repeated to him by his daughter, he did write.

Mr. Hartwell's reply was as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—I am glad to hear that your son is improving in health. His progress must have been much more rapid than I anticipated, or you would not for a moment entertain the idea of sending him again to Cubbinghame. I do not think it would be possible for him to have the necessary attention and

freedom from excitement at any ordinary school; certainly he would not find it in this place. The fits of temper to which you refer are not to be cured by discipline (especially where that word is understood to mean punishment), but by patience and kindness, and home care. A year hence, if he goes on well, he may perhaps begin school again; and I hope he will do so then under more favourable conditions.

"I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

"E. HARTWELL."

"It's very tiresome," said Mr. Goodchild, when he had read this letter, feeling his upper lip, as if he thought there might be a moustache coming at last.

"What shall you do, sir?" John ventured to ask.

"I don't know, I'm sure; I'm sure I don't. I suppose I must wait and see how things turn out; things generally do turn out somehow or other, if one waits. Yes, I must see how things turn out."

John was glad that it was decided that Willy was not to return to Cubbinghame at present.

"If he should come again by-and-by," he said to Susan, "I shall be older and higher up in the school, and better able to take care of him. It would not do for Willy now. I don't mind it for myself, because I'm bigger; but it was a bad place for him, and he was so plucky and so patient, though such a little mite."

Johnny might have been a giant himself, from the way in which he said this.

"How good you are to Willy," Susan answered.

"I ought to be; I mean to be; I will be, if I ever have a chance," John answered.

"If it had not been for you he would have been much worse than he is; he would perhaps have gone on having fits all his life. Mr. Hartwell told papa that at Cubbinghame."

"If it had not been for me," said John to himself, "he would perhaps never have had any fits at all."

While these matters were being arranged at Wimbledon, Mrs. Judd was making all possible inquiries about the school at Cubbinghame. Mr. Waddy had been invited to dine and sleep, and had done both successfully, but without much furtherance of Mrs. Judd's object. He could only repeat what he had said before—that the school was well spoken of; he had not been down to look at it himself, but would not hesitate to send his own son to Mr. Bearward's in a minute if he had one. Subsequent inquiries were equally barren of results; and Mrs. Judd, though instinctively opposed to it, was overruled by her husband, who, being a man, ought to know more about boys than she did; and at length consented, by her silence, to young Armiger's return to Cubbinghame.

Black Monday arrived at length, and John took a sorrowful farewell of his friends, and mounted the early coach at Peckham. He had been over the day before to Wimbledon, and had spent the afternoon with Susan and Willy, and had brought away with him a little black profile of Susan, which had been out out in paper when she was but five years old, and represented her with a round cheek and pebble nose, long ringlets, and an eyebrow of three hairs, projecting like the whisker of a cat; and wearing a very short frock with little frills for sleeves, white socks, and shoes turning up at the toes. He knew it was Susan, however, because her name was written under it; and, besides, he would have known any portrait of her anywhere—whether like or not like; he was sure of that.

Arriving at the inn yard, he found it thronged with boys, all more or less dismal and downhearted, but trying to look as if it didn't matter. Conspicuous among them, on account of his length of figure, was Mr. Sparrow.

"Hallo, Sparrow!" cried Armiger; "are you come to see us off? you said you would. You are not going to crow over us though, I hope."

No; he was not going to crow over them; he did not seem to be in a crowing humour. He had a carpet bag in his hand, and turned away to say something to the coachman about the box-seat.

"Are you going part of the way with us, Mr. Sparrow?" one of the boys asked.

"Yes—at least, I'm going all the way."

"To Cubbinghame?—not going back to Cubbinghame?"

"Yes, I am."

"Why, I thought it was your last half!"

"Ah! but I'm going again now for a little while. I might have gone into business, you know, at the Brewery; but there were obstacles, so I decided I'd have another year at school."

John Armiger was very glad to hear it. "I'm sorry for you, Mr. Sparrow," he said, slyly; "sorry for you, but glad for myself, you know. We shall have another copy of verses then, shall we not?"

Sparrow made no answer, but looked after his trunk, blowing his nose frequently. Presently came the guard, nodding to them familiarly, and bidding them jump up. "There's a place for you," he said to Armiger, "in the dickey. I must have a thong to my hat, though, if I'm to sit high you."

The coachman then mounted to his place, the hostler "let go," and the coach rattled over the rough pavement once more on its way to Cubbinghame.

Mr. Sparrow got down from the box-seat every time the coach stopped to stretch his legs, as he said; and the boys made jokes about him, bidding him keep his spirits up. He nodded and winked at them, and said he was all right, and he hoped they were; at which they laughed, and one or two of them went on laughing till the corners of their mouths began to incline downwards instead of upwards, and their eyes grew moist; but no one knew of that except themselves.

It was not a very lively journey, however, on the whole; and when the coach stopped at Bedworth, and the old tilted cart was seen at the inn-door, with Mr. Berry standing by it, waiting for them, there was a general feeling that the fates were accomplished. Home, and all whom they loved—home, and all who loved them were separated from them now by a hopeless waste of time and distance. But they went forward still, with affected cheerfulness, and yielded themselves up without a murmur to their destiny.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—WHAT A CHILD MAY DO.

"Large streams from little fountains flow;  
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."—*Everett.*

JOHN ARMIGER had resolved to carry out the intention he had expressed to his aunt—of kneeling by his bedside every night, undeterred by anything that other boys might say or do. They might ridicule him, call him humbug, hypocrite; they might persecute him in any way they pleased, and he would bear it. In order to confirm himself in this purpose, he had repeated it to Mrs. Judd the night before he left home,

and had promised her, although she asked for no such assurance, that he would begin and persevere with it. He was not so sure about the morning; it was always a scramble to get dressed in time, and the penalties for being late in school were severe and cumulative. He felt that he must conform to circumstances as to getting up; but time in the evening was his own, and he would make a proper use of some of it.

It was with an anxious heart, however, that he entered his dormitory on the night of his return to Cubbinghame. The boys were not so noisy as usual; for though they had been talking loudly enough to keep up their spirits, like one who whistles as he passes near a churchyard after dark, the sight of the small white beds ranged round the dormitories, without any other article of furniture, or any appearance of home care and comfort, damped their spirits. They thought of the "Good night; God bless you," and the kiss from loving lips, which were to be heard and felt no more for five long months, and were silent. John Armiger went straight to his bed, undressed without a word, and then knelt down beside it. There were two new boys in the room, who, seeing him do this, immediately followed his example; there were four others, who, never having witnessed such a sight before at Mr. Bearward's, looked on with surprise. One of them began to whistle; another, Hawkes major, got into bed, and said nothing; a third, brother to the last-named, grinned, and remarked, in a low voice, "I say!" the fourth uttered a loud and derisive "Amen." Soon afterwards all were in bed and asleep.

Next morning the groaning of the bell-rope in the corner of the room, and the well-known sound of the bell upon the roof, woke them from their sweet dreams of home to the realities of their present altered life. They jumped up with a sense of anxiety and trouble, and began hurriedly to put on their clothes. Armiger, who was one of the first dressed, was just leaving the room, when one of the others called out to him in a snuffling tone, "Aren't you going to say your prayers?"

"Yes," he replied; "to-night and every night, please God. I wish all you fellows would do the same. I believe you would, some of you, if you were not ashamed; and what is there to be ashamed of?"

The next night a similar scene occurred, very little being said by any one. But the night following, when home sentiment had begun to lose its influence among the boys, there was more disturbance. John Armiger had spoken to the new-comers, and had told them what they might expect; and they had all agreed to stand by one another. Already attempts had been made in the playground to make the new boys fight it out; but Mr. Sprigg was more on the alert than he had been before the affair of little Goodchild and the haunted tower, and was resolved, if possible, to put a stop to the system of bullying and brute precedence which had so long prevailed in the school. There was no usher in the dormitory, however, and when the boys were on their knees, the others pushed against them, or stumbled over their feet, and then pretended to be very sorry, and apologised for disturbing them at such a solemn moment. Then there was a great deal of banter, and some talk about Methodists and Saints, and one of the boys gave it as his opinion that there would be no fun in the dormitories if such things were



allowed; he voted that it should be put down; they did not want a parcel of sneaks and telltales in the bedrooms.

At length a voice, which had not been heard before, bade them be silent. It was Hawkes major who spoke, and as he was the biggest and strongest boy in the room, he was listened to with respect.

"It's no good talking like that," he said; it's no disgrace to a boy, or a man either, to say his prayers. Some of the bravest soldiers that ever fought against Buonaparte used to say their prayers. And you know very well that these fellows are not sneaks or telltales, though you choose to call them so. I can answer for one of them at least. It would be a good thing if we were all of us to say our prayers." He seemed to grow bolder as he went on: "I don't always do as I ought myself, and you can do as you like; but if either of you meddle with those others when they're kneeling down, I'll knock your heads off. So there, now."

There were some rejoinders, but silence soon prevailed, and sleep followed silence. The next day Armiger went up to Hawkes major, and thanked him for what he had said.

"It's all right," said the other, without looking at him; "I don't forget what happened last half; and if anybody tries to come over you, or annoy you, just you let me know, that's all. Did you ever hear any more about that poor little fellow; you know whom I mean—little Goodchild?"

Armiger told him that he had seen him, and gave as good an account of him as he could, adding that he might, perhaps, come back to Cubbinghame in another half or two.

"If he comes while I'm here," said Hawkes, "I'll—but you shall see, that's all," and he nodded slowly, and looked resolutely at nothing for some moments. "He's sure to get well now, is he not? I'm so glad!"

There were no more interruptions of the nightly prayer; on the contrary, as the boys always knelt down at the same time, there came to be, after a few nights, an interval of silence while they were on their knees; and though there was plenty of conversation afterwards, there was seldom any of that coarse and profane language which had been common in the room before, and which still prevailed in all the other dormitories. "It was not a difficult matter, after all," John wrote to his aunt; "he need not have been so much afraid of beginning. Hawkes major had made himself a sort of monitor in the room, and with his help it was soon done;" and he gave her full particulars how it had been brought about.

That letter produced an extraordinary effect, and one which its young writer had little anticipated. Mrs. Bearward opened it according to custom, and conceiving that it reflected injuriously upon the discipline and management of the dormitories and of the school generally, showed it to her husband, and asked him whether it was to be allowed to go to its destination. Mr. Bearward took time to consider about it, and read it two or three times over. "I begin to understand now," he said to his wife, "how it is that that dormitory, which is over our own bedroom, you know, is so much quieter than it used to be."

"It really is," she replied, "very much quieter. I am sure when I used to go to bed early with one of my distracting headaches, the noise was dreadful;

there's a great improvement from some cause or other. I wish there was a monitor in every room. You might appoint one to each."

"I was thinking of that," said Mr. Bearward. He was thinking of something else also. He felt himself reproved by this letter, written by a school-boy scarce yet twelve years old; and he was not angry about it, as he would have been if the reproof had come to him in any way that could affect his dignity. He began to think that he might make a point of having more religion in the school, and that a great deal that was improper in the rooms and playground might be checked. It had saved him much trouble to wink at such things, and to leave the boys to settle their own customs after their own inclinations. But it had not answered in the long run; there had been serious disturbances from time to time, and punishments had come to be more frequent and severe than formerly, and the school had suffered in its reputation as a consequence. Mr. Bearward had always considered that such a thing as private prayer among boys was not to be expected; there were prayers in the schoolroom morning and evening, regularly and properly conducted; what more could be required? But he had now discovered that boys—even young boys—were susceptible of serious impressions, and he felt that he ought to foster and encourage them. It would be a great help, too, in managing the school, and a recommendation in the eyes of parents, who always approved of religion in the main, though they might not say much about it. So after a few days' consideration, Mr. Bearward made a short speech in the schoolroom commendatory of religion in general; and, calling up several of the elder boys, appointed them to be monitors in their several dormitories, charging them to encourage habits of devotion, and to order silence for five minutes before the candle was taken away, that those who should be religiously and devoutly disposed might kneel down undisturbed and say their prayers, as he hoped every boy in the school would do from that time forth without any further interference on his part. The monitors were to be rewarded with an extra half-holiday once a month, with liberty to take a walk out of bounds, as long as they should maintain the discipline of their respective dormitories, and keep them orderly and quiet. Thus the movement so quietly begun by John Armiger and two or three of his schoolfellows became the occasion of a general improvement in the habits of the other boys in all the dormitories, and of a better tone of feeling generally throughout the school.

Mr. Sparrow was, of course, one of the monitors; it was a position of importance, and he discharged it faithfully. Many jokes had been made at his expense, but every boy in the school liked him even while they laughed at him. There was a copy of verses made about him, after his own fashion, on the occasion of his return to Cubbinghame; but he took it in good part, and sent the verses home to his father and mother for their amusement: he felt, indeed, rather flattered by the attention, as three or four of the boys were understood to have been engaged upon the composition for several days, and it showed his importance. The lines were as follows:—

*Alas fore paro!*

Arme heus formis Thiasbe formis ite  
Ama sed illuc. Arduis es rite

Is it ago sta spectari do ferit  
 It luxat meo dari venter nêrit  
 Ars paro i situ? Heu sedo vehor  
 Ure vis age<sup>er</sup>uas tubæ cæno more.  
 Heu evasi; at æra pone ure facia.  
 Dimidium ultimum est annon? Heu taces!

It may be as well to give the interpretation of it:—

*Alas for Sparrow!*

Ah me! whose form is this before my sight?  
 Amazed I look! Ah, do I see aright?  
 Is it a ghost, a spectre? I do fear it!  
 It looks at me; O, dare I venture near it!  
 Ah, Sparrow, is it you? You said of yore,  
 Your visage here was to be seen no more.  
 You heave a sigh; a tear upon your face is.  
 Dimidi' ultim' est annon? Heu taces!

### THE SPRING CLEANING-UP.

POETS have sung of the delights of the sweet spring-time, the prose-writers have dilated on the same pleasant theme, and artists have done their best in reproducing the charms of budding nature upon their canvas. The subject is one which, though old as the hills, never does grow old in the sense of becoming subject to decay—for we are so constituted that we cannot help participating in the joyous spirit which animates all living creatures when the old earth renews her youth, and bounteous Nature, unlocking her treasures at the magic touch of Spring, strews her pathway with fragrant buds and tender blossoms,

“And spreads her mantle green  
 O'er every herb and tree.”

Though I am not a sentimental person, and have not the least desire to be thought such, I quite agree with the poets and painters and idyllic writers in their estimation of the pleasures and delights of the opening year and the early summer season. I like to hear the lark singing aloft; the monotonous, or rather duotonous, cry of the cuckoo is not unpleasant to my ear. I like the smell of the new-mown hay, and think there can hardly be anything more delicious to the olfactories than the fragrance of the garden or the hawthorn hedge just after the descent of a refreshing shower. I could say a deal more concerning the charming phenomena which proclaim the near approach of the sweetest of the four seasons, if I chose; but, as I said before, I am not a sentimental person, and just now it is not my design to discourse on those agreeable matters.

What I am going to say concerns phenomena of a very different character from those above alluded to,—which are by no means of a fascinating or agreeable complexion, but which, in my capacity of pater-familias, I find myself compelled to deal with every year, when “winter and rough weather” give place to warmth and sunshine. I shall just jot down a brief account of the last of these anniversaries—not in the hope of obtaining any sympathy for the sufferings I underwent, for I do not expect any; but merely to relieve my mind, and assert an Englishman's privilege of grumbling at an infliction to which he is compelled, willy nilly, to submit.

I had not slept very well in the night, and had been disturbed in my early morning slumbers by a

variety of sounds which, without being loud enough to awaken me, had yet in a manner mingled with my dreams and those half-waking visions which are usually so pleasant about sunrise, when one is not quite buried in forgetfulness, yet has not consciousness enough to care about anything but making oneself comfortable. I rose at the usual hour, and dressed myself with my customary deliberation,—not without being aware all the while that something was going on below-stairs beyond the ordinary routine. Not that I troubled myself at all about it, as I make a point of never interfering in matters which are or should be subjected solely to feminine supervision. But when I left my room, the first thing I saw was the bare staircase, stripped of the carpeting, and a slipshod wench kneeling on the top-landing, and about to begin the scrubbing process. Luckily, I did not tumble over the pail, though it was directly in my path; but, in avoiding it, I trod on one of the stair-boards that were lying about, which, rolling off with me, caused me to descend the first flight in a sort of spread-eagle fashion rather compromising to the dignity of the head of the house. The slipshod wench, I believe, witnessed my performance, for I certainly heard something between a titter and a giggle, though, when, on recovering my equilibrium, I looked round to see whence it proceeded, she of the scrubbing-brush was crouching face to floor, and busily intent on her work—or seemed to be. On arriving at the drawing-room door it suddenly opened, and there stood Mrs. Boddles, with both arms full of the damask window-curtains, which she had just stripped from their cornices, and was about to deposit elsewhere. She retreated on seeing me, and partly closed the door—not so quickly, however, but that I could see everything within the room in a state of confusion, the walls bare of pictures, and the furniture crowded in a mass in the centre. I knew now pretty well what was afoot; for the apparition of Mrs. Boddles at No. 9 always portends something moist and unpleasant; and, somehow, I hardly ever see, or even think of, that woman but I fancy that I smell soapsuds. Descending to the parlour, I am met at the door by the housemaid, who, with smutty fingers and a fiery face, and a hurriedly-ejaculated “Oh, please, sir,” informs me that I cannot go in there, because they are cleaning up to-day. But I motion her aside, and go in, notwithstanding, to witness a spectacle which, though by no means new to me, I have never become reconciled to. The mirrors are covered up in sheets destined to the wash; the larger pictures are hung with the same kind of drapery, and the smaller ones have been taken down and laid on sofas and settees; the large loo table is turned up, its broad, perpendicular disc showing like the grand target of the Toxophilite Society; the chairs have all lost their bottoms, and one-half of them, turned upside down, are reposing, legs in air, in the hollow laps of the other half; and from the open window I see Mrs. Bangham belabouring the bottoms of the chairs to get the dust out of them.

Escaping from the parlour, I cross the hall into the dining-room; but there things are no better. Cook is on her knees, ostensibly drawing the tacks out of the carpet, which has to come up, but really enjoying a pleasant gossip with Mr. Parker's man, who has come to take down the Venetian blinds, and who appears, by the sympathising expression of his

usually stolid face, to have brought her some interesting news. Seeing me, cook snatches the "Times" from the sideboard, and, presenting me with it, informs me that my breakfast is awaiting me in the back room; that mistress, who breakfasted an hour ago, is upstairs in the nursery, giving Master Billy his medicine; and that if I want anything, will I please to ring for it. As a matter of course, I am obedient to cook, and get my solitary breakfast as well as I can, in presence of the umbrella-stand, the hall-table and benches, a huge basket of linen bound to the laundry, a sitz-bath, a couple of ottomans, an extra coal-box, three sets of fire-irons, the boot-rack, the parlour flower-stand, and several other "sundries," which have been thrust in there to be out of the way, and make room for the disjecta from other apartments. I need hardly say that, in circumstances like these, my morning meal is not consummated with becoming deliberation and solemnity—that it is, indeed, slurred over, so to speak, as though it were a matter of no importance whatever. When I ring the bell, neither cook nor housemaid condescends to hear it, being, doubtless, too busy with rubbing and routing; but at length my wife, in *deeshabille*, pops her head in at the door, and, with a comically forlorn face, bobs a kitchen curtsy, and proffers her services, which, with a bad imitation of her assumed expression of misery, I decline.

I try to occupy myself with the newspaper; but Mrs. Boddles and Mrs. Bangham raise such a clatter between them that I find it hardly possible to gather the sense of what I am reading. Then, before these ladies have finished their colloquy, comes a tremendous noise in the wall close to my ears—a noise that is neither scraping nor snorting nor roaring, but a compound of all three—a noise which has often haunted my morning slumbers, and is due to the operations of the sweep, who, now that fires are done with, has come to sweep the parlour and dining-room chimneys, preparatory to decking the stoves in their summer garb of tinsel and red and white roses, with here and there a blue one, cut in tissue paper. Scrunch! that is the noise of the carpenter's plane. The careless fellow is planing the floor in the dining-room, where it has been cutting the carpet for this twelvemonth past, and in his hurry has struck on the head of what he calls "an Ironishman," that is, a tenpenny-nail sticking up in the way of his tool. Crash! that is Mrs. Bangham, who, in getting up from the table, has knocked down the tray and its contents, and who, with Mrs. Boddles to help her, will be picking up the pieces for the next quarter of an hour. Then comes a ponderous dab at the front-door, followed by the clump, clump, clump of hob-nailed highlows along the hall-floor, and a bumping and floundering down the kitchen-stairs, succeeded by the sound of rapid shovelling and scraping which sets one's teeth on edge, betraying that peculiar style of handling which characterises the work of the dustman.

I find myself by this time lowered a peg or two in my self-esteem—reduced, in fact, from a respected paterfamilias to a mere man about the house, and that man one too many. So I resolve to turn my back on all the dust and noise, confusion and bother. By dint of ringing the bell a good deal, and bawling a little, I at length get possession of my boots, and selecting a walking-stick from a whole bundle of them, I sally forth, first leaving word with cook that I shall not dine at home, and need not be expected

till supper-time—an intimation which I feel assured will be well received by my better half.

I halt on the door-step to consider for a moment what I shall do with myself; and the idea comes across me that it will not be amiss to knock up my old friend Thompson, whom I have not seen this age, and take a stroll with him wherever our inclination may lead us, returning at dinner-time to share his pot-luck. It is a pleasant two-miles' walk to Thompson's villa on the Finchley road. The sun peeps out fitfully from the white summer clouds that are scattered like a flock of sheep along the sky, and a balmy breeze is blowing. In less than forty minutes I am in sight of the villa, and in five more am at the garden gate. But oh, the fates!—the windows are all open, the front door is agape, the curtains are gone, and the blinds too; and these and other portentous signs tell me, as plainly as if they were endowed with the faculty of speech, that Mrs. Thompson is at the same game as my wife, and is, like her, turning the house out o' windows. And lo! there comes my old friend Thompson in his wideawake, and with his fishing-rod under his arm.

"Halloo, old fellow! Who would have thought of seeing you? Come in— But stop, you can't come in; the mistress is having the house turned inside out. Why didn't you let me know you were coming, old boy. We would have put it off, you know."

I could but explain, and the explanation was received with a hearty laugh, as heartily responded to on my side. "Shall I see Mrs. T.?" I inquired.

"Not if she knows it, you won't," he returned; "curl-papers, you know, brown-holland sleeves, and all that;" and he made certain pantomimic and very significant gestures, which may be left to the reader's imagination. Then, after a pause and a comical assumption of misery, he ejaculated, "Two wretched outcasts! What do you say; is it hang, or drown? or a prowl and a dinner at Jack Straw's?"

We decided for the dinner, and managed to pass the day agreeably enough without recurring to either of the other alternatives; and in discussing the subject of the domestic upset which had brought us once more together, agreed that after all it might be a necessary evil, and, like other necessary evils, sometimes, as in our case to-day, brought good in its train.

The moon was shining brightly as I drew near home at supper-time. Mrs. Bangham was just walking away from the gate, hugging as she went a huge bag half as big and bulky as herself, and which contained, I have not the shadow of a doubt, the sum total of the cast-off apparel of No. 9 for the whole of the past year—for Mrs. Bangham has any number of children at home; if you ask her how many, she begins to reckon them up on the fingers of both hands, and as she counts the dead ones as well as the living, and is not particularly lucid in her reckoning, it would puzzle the Registrar-General himself to strike an accurate balance. But I am satisfied with my wife's account, who declares the little Banghams are "quite a swarm."

I found order restored when I got in, and the mistress beaming with satisfaction at the success of the day's operations—thanks to the beautiful weather. But I am so dull in these matters myself—with shame I confess it—that I fail to discover all the benefit of these household revolutions, and therefore cannot feel so grateful as I ought to feel to those who achieve them.



# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



A VISIT IN STATE.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A DARK SECRET REVEALED.

CONSTANCE saw and heard no more, for Sydney led her away from the shocking scene to where the road was skirted by a grassy bank.

"Sit down here and rest for a minute," he said; "you have been overwrought, Constance. Lean on my shoulder as you used to do when you were tired in our long rambles through the Holyoke Woods."

No. 1277.—JUNE 17, 1876.

"Oh, Sydney, you have saved my life this day." She leaned on his shoulder, and he threw his arm round her as in the old familiar times. How much had happened since they parted!

"Thank Providence that I came in time. But take breath, and tell me who is that woman, and why did she attack you?" said Sydney.

Constance related the whole transaction as it occurred.

"Cecil Devereux—his lawful wife?" repeated the



young man. "The woman is mad, of course; nothing but madness could have made her fall on you. But, Constance, there is truth in her wild sayings. Lieutenant Gray, who knows a good deal of the captain's history, told me as much at the door of his own hut beside Fort Frederick; and if that unhappy woman lives, it may be possible to prove it yet. But now tell me one thing—honestly, Constance, and before the Ever-present, who alone can hear and judge between us: is it true what the lieutenant told me Mrs. Danby gives out—that you have been engaged to Devereux for some time, and they are all coming here shortly to celebrate the wedding?"

"Mrs. Danby has been kind to me, and I have a right to speak well of her," said Constance; "but that tale is false, whoever tells it. There never was an engagement between me and Captain Devereux, and there never will be while I keep my senses. He proposed for me, and my father was inclined to the match; but I never encouraged—I never liked him, Sydney."

"It takes a burden off my heart to hear you say so," said Sydney, immensely relieved, "for I was foolish enough to believe the report, because it seemed to come from such well-informed quarters; and that, together with the promise I made to my father, kept me from trying to meet you as I might have done many a time. Maybe I am not keeping the said promise now; but you once made a sort of engagement with one Sydney Archdale, when he was hiding in the Holyoke Woods; I know it depended on your father's consent; but are you inclined to keep it still, Constance?"

"I am, Sydney; but only on the same condition. I would not vex my father in the time of his prosperity, and far less would I do so now in his poor unlucky days; indeed, I partly expected you had forgotten all about it, now that you are a colonel in the patriot army, and we poor confiscated Tories." But the girl's look did not mean what she said, and young Archdale knew it.

"If you were ten times confiscated and twenty times Tories I should think myself fortunate—ay, if they put me in the place of General Washington, which Providence forefend, for the country would make a poor exchange—provided you would keep that old woodland engagement, and wait to see what time would do for us in the way of altering your father's views."

"Well, there is my hand upon it," said Constance.

He took the small white hand she offered, pressed and kissed it, and vowed and protested, after the manner of lovers in their fervid folly, as an old bachelor would say, till Constance noticed that it was getting dark, and started up with, "What a shame it is for me to leave my poor father so long alone; for charity's sake let me go, Sydney."

"I'll see you home," he said; "for I know the way to your house; if it were beyond the Rocky Mountains I should find it; and never fear, your father shall not see me; I would not give him cause of vexation any more than yourself."

Sydney kept his word, and took leave of her at a turn of the road, which, though close to the house, could not be seen from it for intervening trees. There were plans and promises of future meetings between them; but when Constance reached the garden gate, there stood the squire anxiously looking out for her. "Come into the parlour, child; I have

news for you," he said. She followed him; and after carefully closing the door he handed her an open letter. "The Tory runner brought me that an hour ago. Read it for yourself, and tell me what you think of it."

The girl's heart failed her at the first glance over that epistle; it was from Cecil Talbot Devereux, and set forth that, though circumstances over which he had no control, and which he would fully explain on the first opportunity, had prevented him from paying his respects to Squire Delamere and his charming daughter for a considerable time, yet his friendship for the one and his love for the other had undergone no change; and having, by the sudden decease of his uncle, succeeded to the family title and estate, he was on his way, and would probably arrive early in the following evening, to lay them both, together with his heart, "at the feet of the beautiful—the incomparable Miss Delamere."

The captain added that he had heard with deep regret how, in common with many loyal subjects, the squire had been involved in misfortune by the temporary triumph of rebellion; but if he would consent to accompany him, "and might not one say his bride?" to England, the Lavenham family had influence enough to obtain a government appointment adequate to his losses for the royal cause, till law and order should be re-established in the American provinces, and he could return to his patrimony of the Elms.

"There's what I call a true lover," said Delamere, looking more gratified than anybody had seen him look for many a day; "in haste to press his suit when he has come to title and estate, and we have come to poverty. Constance, my girl, that is not the way of the world."

"It is not, father," said Constance, collecting herself as well as she could; "but there are tales about the captain which you ought to hear, and one of them I should have told you long ago—maybe you'll be angry with me—but I feared it would annoy you, and you had trouble enough at the time."

"I will not be angry, my child; come here and sit beside me, and tell me whatever it is."

She sat down by her father's side, and gave him a clear but quiet account of the captain's strange conduct on the day of her interview with Washington; what Mr. Archdale had told her on the subject, and the kind message he sent to him. Then she narrated her adventure that evening with the frantic woman who said she was Devereux's wife, and brought so many charges against him; how Sydney Archdale had saved her life at the risk of his own; and what he said about the woman's words being true. But Constance did not tell what else he said, nor what she said herself while they sat on the grassy bank.

"It was a noble action and a generous one, considering how I have behaved to the Archdales. My conscience has often smitten me for that. It was carrying things too far with an old and steady friend—I mean Sydney's father; and he spoke so kindly of me, and behaved so handsomely to you, child, when you were left alone in the rebel camp. If things were well with me now, I would go or send to ask Archdale's pardon; but I cannot," said Delamere, "when our fortunes are so low, and his party getting the upper hand. I wish I could make some acknowledgment to Sydney. I wish he was a loyal man; but there is no use in wishing. And to come back to the captain. That was a queer turn for a

soldier and a gentleman to take, in front of the rebel general's quarters, too. Surely he was not afraid of the Frenchman. Suppose there had been a quarrel, or the like, between them, Devereux is not such a coward. As to the woman's talk, she is crazy, poor soul, and the upset brain will imagine anything. However, the captain has promised a full explanation of his long absence; doubtless he will be able to give it on those heads also. In the meantime, we must not condemn a man on such slender evidence, especially when he comes forward so handsomely. The Lavenham coronet and estate would be a temptation to many a girl better situated than my poor Constance. Oh, child, I am troubled in my mind with fears of leaving you unprovided for some day. Perhaps it is superstitious to talk of the like, but I have such strange dreams; every night my poor boy Gervase is with me, and always talking of you. What he says I never can remember when I wake; maybe it is a warning that I am soon to die and leave you alone in the world. Some of our deepest divines have held that people might be warned in dreams, as the wise men from the east were when they departed into their own country another way."

"No, father, no!" and the loving daughter threw her arms about his neck. "You will not be taken from me for many a year, Providence is kinder than that. But do not ask me to marry the captain, I cannot do it; I have bad thoughts of him, father."

Delamere seemed startled by her last words. He looked down and sat silent for a minute or two, and then said, calmly, "Well, Constance, I do not ask you to do anything that is really against your mind; but think seriously on the matter, and when Devereux comes here, either accept or refuse him, which you think best, for the consent I promised him was conditional on yours."

Having thus left her fate to her own decision, the squire rose, for it was growing late, and Hannah Armstrong brought in the supper. Constance thought there was something like disappointment in his look; but he referred to the subject no more, and father and daughter kept apart by mutual consent for the greater part of the following day.

When the heat of its Midsummer afternoon was getting tempered by the evening breeze, and the first flush of sunset was tinging the western sky, the inhabitants of the small houses which formed a straggling hamlet at the country end of Chestnut Street were surprised to see a gentleman, riding in high state and fashion, with gold-laced coat, hat of the newest cock, and two liveried servants behind him, alight at the house with green palings and flower-beds in front.

It was Cecil Talbot Devereux, Viscount Lavenham, coming in the certain hope to woo Delamere's daughter successfully at last. The good and beautiful girl had charmed him from the first introduction. He loved her with all the heart that remained to him in the lees of an evil life. Moreover, there was a distant prospect of the Elms afforded to him and his family, through the putting down of the rebellion, which all their class confidently expected. In short, circumstances on all sides seemed in his favour. One would have known by the man's look and bearing that he believed his star to be in the ascendant; but "the feet of the Nemesis are shod with wool," says the classic proverb.

At the time when the new-made viscount rode up to the house with green palings, a group of four—

Dr. Adams, Caleb Sewell, Count de Valencourt, and Sydney Archdale—stood speaking low and earnestly in the accident ward of the old hospital of Philadelphia, which was said to owe its foundation to William Penn, but has been long ago superseded by a structure more in accordance with the dimensions and appearance of the modern city. Their meeting there was casual, though on the same subject. Each had come to inquire after the poor insane woman, whose fall on her own knife they had witnessed on the preceding day; but Dr. Adams had been at the hospital some time before the others. His business in the neighbourhood was to see Susanna Stoughton. He had made the journey from Massachusetts at the request of her father and mother, but naturally took an interest in the case which had occurred before his eyes, and his professional reputation made him in a manner free of every medical institution.

"She has fallen into a state of unconsciousness," he said, in reply to a question from Sydney Archdale, "and may never recover, for, as far as I understand the symptoms, she has not many hours to live."

"Are you sure of that?" cried a voice which startled them all. The woman had partially raised herself in the bed, and was looking from one to another of the four, as if to recognise them.

"Are you sure of that?" she repeated, in a sharper tone. The fire of insanity had passed from her eyes and given place to a look of mingled fear and anxiety.

"Life and death are in the hand of God," said the doctor; "but if you have any worldly affairs to settle, I advise you to do so without delay."

"I have no affairs—Devereux has left me none," said the woman; "but I have something to tell which I cannot die with on my mind. Is there anybody here that knows Squire Delamere?"

"We are all friends of Squire Delamere," said Sydney Archdale; "and whatever you tell us shall certainly be told to him."

"You are the young man that saved his daughter from me—God bless you for that. I am glad I did not do it now; and she so kind to my son, Philip. Poor boy, to think of him serving strangers; and his father's property—all that Devereux couldn't spend and destroy of it—remaining for him in Jamaica. Will anybody go and tell them that he is the rightful heir? But listen, I have more than that to say," and she looked fixedly at Sydney. "If you are his friend, go and tell Squire Delamere that the man he thinks a grand match for his daughter is the murderer of his son. I followed him from his lodgings in the back street, and saw him do the deed in the garden of the old inn at Versailles; and all the city knew why it was done. He called himself Courteney Percival then, and pretended to be a West Indian. I don't know if I will be forgiven for keeping it so long, but I have told it now. He won't get marrying her when I am gone," and the woman fell back with something between a laugh and a moan.

"Let us go at once, and tell the squire," said Sydney; "perhaps he may get here in time to hear the tale from her own lips and inquire into the truth of it."

"It is true, every word," said De Valencourt, who had been standing with folded arms and downcast eyes while the woman spoke. "I recog-

nised the assassin in the midst of the American camp, after searching every town in Europe for him in vain; and I will search every town in America—ay, every British garrison, if that be possible, and bring him to justice with my own hand, wherever I may find him, for I am the man whose unguarded youth young Delamere protected from his robbery at the hazard table, and in revenge was foully murdered by the villain.”

## EARLY CIVILISATION.

BY GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY, OXFORD, AND CANON OF CANTERBURY.

VI.—THE CIVILISATIONS OF CENTRAL ASIA—ASSYRIA, MEDIA AND PERSIA, INDIA.

WHILE the Aryan civilisations, described in a former paper,\* were developing themselves peacefully side by side, in the extreme west of the Asiatic continent, the region which juts out towards Europe, and is known by the name of Asia Minor, the more central portion of the continent—the Mesopotamian Plain, the great Iranic Plateau, and the Peninsula of Hindustan—was the scene of a struggle, not always peaceful, between three other types of human progress and advancement, which in those parts contended for the mastery. Two of these were, like the West-Asian civilisations, Aryan, while one, the Assyrian, was of an entirely different character. It is this last to which we propose to give the foremost place in the present paper, not that we should assign it a priority of beginning over the other two, but inasmuch as it reached earliest its full development, and so belongs, on the whole, to a more remote period in the world's history.

The Assyrian empire is regarded by some writers as having commenced above 2000 years B.C.† Ctesias declared‡ that a thousand years before the Trojan War a great chief, Ninus, had founded Nineveh, had established his dominion from the shores of the Egean to the sources of the Upper Oxus, and had left his throne to his descendants, who held it through thirty generations for above thirteen centuries. The date of Ctesias for the Trojan War§ was probably about B.C. 1200—1190; so that he must have meant to place the commencement of the Assyrian power about B.C. 2200. This view was long followed by writers on ancient history,|| by whom the authority of Ctesias, who passed seventeen years at the Court of Susa, and had access to the Persian archives, was regarded as paramount. There have been, however, at all times historians to whom the Assyrian chronology of Ctesias has seemed extravagant and unreal, who have thought little of his authority,¶ and have lowered his date for the establishment of the Assyrian empire by nine hundred or a thousand years. Statements in Herodotus and in Berosus could be adduced in favour of the more

moderate computation;\* and it accorded better than that of Ctesias with the scattered notices contained in the Hebrew Scriptures. Thus, the shorter chronology has at all times held its ground against the longer one; and having approved itself to such writers as Volney, Heeren, B. G. Niebuhr, and Brandis, has in the present century been the view most generally accepted by historical critics.

The question, however, might have remained an open one for all time, either side of it being arguable, and the balance of probability appearing to different minds to incline differently, had not the discovery and decipherment of the cuneiform records come in to determine it. By their aid the connected histories of Assyria and Babylonia can now be traced back continuously, and with a chronology that, if not exact, is at least approximate, to the middle of the fifteenth century B.C.† It is now made clear‡ that, so far from there having been at this date a vast Assyrian empire, which for seven hundred and fifty years had ruled over all Asia, from the Mediterranean and Egean to the banks of the Oxus and the Indus, Assyria was really, in B.C. 1500—1400, a weak state, confined within narrow boundaries, and only just emerging from Babylonian tutelage, its earlier rulers having been called *patesi*, or “viceroys,” and its monarchs at this period having only just begun to assume the grander and more dignified title of “kings of countries.”§ The Assyrian empire does not commence till a century and a half later, B.C. 1300, when Tiglath-Nin (perhaps the Ninus of the Greeks) took Babylon,|| and established the predominance of Assyria over Lower as well as Upper Mesopotamia. We cannot date much earlier than this the commencement of that peculiar form of Semitic civilisation which is associated with the idea of Assyria, partly from the accounts of ancient writers,¶ but mainly from the recovered treasures of art and literature which line the walls and load the shelves of our museums.

The civilisation of the Assyrians was material rather than spiritual. Its main triumphs were in architecture, in glyptic and plastic art, in metallurgy, gem-cutting, and manufactures, not in philosophy, or literature, or science,\*\* properly so called. According to some, its architecture went to the extent of producing edifices of a magnificence scarcely exceeded by the grandest buildings of any age or country—edifices four or five storeys in height, of varied outline, richly adorned from base to summit, and commandingly placed on lofty platforms of a solid and massive character. The restorations of Mr. Fergusson,

\* Herodotus (I. 96) placed the foundation of the Assyrian empire 520 years before the revolt of the Medes, which event he placed in the latter half of the eighth century B.C. Berosus (Fr. 11) made the Assyrians acquire preponderance over Babylon 520 years before the accession of Pul, who was contemporary with Menahem (2 K. xv. 19), and must therefore have reigned towards the middle of that century. Both notices point to a commencement of the empire in the course of the 13th century B.C.

† See the author's “Ancient Monarchies,” vol. II. pp. 40-56, 2nd edit. ‡ M. Lenormant says emphatically and with good reason, “En effet des monuments positifs ne nous permettent plus aujourd'hui de douter que la monarchie Assyrienne n'ait débuté dans le quinzième siècle avant notre ère.” (“Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne,” vol. II. p. 56.)

§ See the “Records of the Past,” vol. v. p. 81.

|| *Ibid.* p. 85.

¶ See especially Diod. Sic. II. Compare Ezek. xxiii. 14-16.

\*\* In engineering science, which is a practical matter, the Assyrians made considerable progress. They were well acquainted with the principle of the arch, and could span with it a space of 14 or 15 feet; they constructed tunnels through the solid rock, sluices, dams, and drains. They knew the use of the pulley, the lever, and the roller. They quarried and moved with a full sense of security masses of stone with which modern builders would scarcely venture to meddle. (See Layard, “Nineveh and Babylon,” pp. 106-112.)

\* See “Lecture Hour” for May, 1876, pp. 292-6.

† Clinton, “Fasti Hellenici,” vol. I. p. 263 sqq.; Rollin's “Histoire Ancienne,” vol. II. pp. 12-14.

‡ Ap. Diod. Sic. II. 21, 22.

§ See Clinton, l. c.

|| As by Cephallion, Castor, Nicolaus of Damascus, Trogon Pompeius, Velleius Paterculus, Josephus, Eusebius, Moses of Chorene, Syncellus, Dean Frideaux, Freret, Rollin, and others.

¶ Among the ancients, Aristotle, Plutarch, and Arrian; among the moderns, Scaliger, Niebuhr, and Mure have detected and denounced the ill-faith and charlatanism of Ctesias, who seems to have had an actual love of lying.

adopted by Mr. Layard,\* present to the eye Assyrian facades whose grandeur is undeniable, while, if the style and luxuriance of their ornamentation is somewhat barbaric, yet the entire effect is beyond question splendid, striking, admirable. If these representations are truthful, if they really reproduce the ancient edifices, or even convey a correct impression of their general character, we must pronounce the Assyrian architecture to have attained results which the best architects of the present day could not easily outdo. Even if we hesitate to accept as ascertained fact conclusions which are in reality the ingenious conjectures of a fertile imagination, we must still allow that the actual remains sufficiently indicate a grandeur of conception and plan,† an appreciation of the fine effect of massiveness, and a variety and richness in ornament, which go far to show that the Assyrians were really great as builders, though it may be impossible, with such data as we possess, to restore or reconstruct their edifices.

If the remains of Assyrian architecture are such as to preclude an *exact* estimate of the merit to which the Assyrians are entitled as builders, with respect to their glyptic art it is quite otherwise. Here the remains are ample and, indeed, superabundant. The museums of London, Paris, and Berlin contain the spoils of the great Mesopotamian cities in such profusion that no one acquainted with them can lack the means of forming a decided opinion upon the artistic power of the people. Even such as are without the leisure or the opportunity of visiting these rich depositories and seeing the sculptures for themselves, may form a very tolerable judgment of them from the excellent works which have been published on the subject, as especially those of Mr. Layard and M. Botta.‡ The author of the present paper has also done his best to assist the public in forming correct views by placing before them the main features of Assyrian art in a condensed form in his "Monarchy of Assyria."§ Mr. Vaux, in his "Nineveh and Persepolis," and various writers in the "Dictionary of the Bible" and the "Bible Educator," have worked in the same direction; and the result is a very wide acquaintance with the products of Assyrian artists, if not a very exact critical appreciation of their merits.||

It may perhaps be allowed to the present writer to insert here, instead of a new criticism, the estimate which he formed of Assyrian glyptic art fifteen years ago, when fresh from a five years' study of the subject. "In the Assyrian sculpture it is the actual," he said,¶ "the historically true, which the artist strives to represent. Unless in the case of a few mythic figures connected with the religion of the country, there is nothing in the Assyrian bas-reliefs

which is not imitated from nature. The imitation is always laborious, and often most accurate and exact. The laws of representation, as we understand them, are sometimes departed from; but it is always to impress the spectator with ideas in accordance with truth. Thus the colossal bulls and lions have five legs, but in order that they may be seen from every point of view with four; the ladders are placed *edgewise* against the walls of besieged towns, but it is to show that they are ladders, and not mere poles; walls of cities are made disproportionately small, but it is done, like Raphael's boat, to bring them within the picture, which would otherwise be a less complete representation of the actual fact. The careful finish, the minute detail, the elaboration of every hair in a beard and every stitch in the embroidery of a dress, reminds us of the Dutch school of painting, and illustrates strongly the spirit of faithfulness and honesty which pervades the sculptures and gives them so great a portion of their value. In conception, in grace, in freedom and correctness of outline, they fall undoubtedly far behind the inimitable productions of the Greeks; but they have a grandeur, a dignity, a boldness, a strength, and an appearance of life which render them even intrinsically valuable as works of art; and, considering the time at which they were produced, must excite our surprise and admiration. Art, so far as we know, had existed previously only in the stiff and lifeless conventionalism of the Egyptians. It belonged to Assyria to confine the conventional to religion, and to apply art to the vivid representation of the highest scenes of human life. War in all its forms—the march, the battle, the pursuit, the siege of towns, the passage of rivers and marshes, the submission and treatment of captives—and the 'mimic war' of hunting, the chase of the lion, the stag, the antelope, the wild bull, and the wild ass—are the chief subjects treated by the Assyrian sculptors; and in these the conventional is discarded; fresh scenes, new groupings, bold and strange attitudes perpetually appear; and in the animal representations especially there is a continual advance, the latest being the most spirited, the most varied, and the most true to nature,\* though perhaps lacking somewhat of the majesty and grandeur of the earlier.† With no attempt to idealise or go beyond nature, there is a growing power of depicting things as they are—an increased grace and delicacy of execution, showing that Assyrian art was progressive, not stationary, and giving a promise of still higher excellence, had circumstances permitted its development."

To their merit as sculptors and architects, the Assyrians added an excellent taste in the modelling of vases, jars, and drinking-cups, a clever and refined metallurgy, involving methods which, till revealed by their remains, were unknown to the moderns,‡ a delicacy in the carving of ivory and mother-of-pearl, a skill in gem-engraving, glass-

\* See the coloured print, which stands first in Mr. Layard's "Monuments of Nineveh," second series, and the frontispiece to his "Nineveh and Babylon."

† Mr. Ferguson says with truth, "The imperial palace of Sennacherib is, of all the buildings of antiquity, surpassed in magnitude only by the great palace-temple of Karnak; and when we consider the vastness of the mound on which it was raised, and the richness of the ornaments with which it was adorned, it is by no means clear that it was not as great, or at least as expensive, a work as the great palace-temple at Thebes." (See his "Handbook of Architecture," vol. i. p. 176.)

‡ The two folios of Mr. Layard, entitled "Monuments of Nineveh, First Series," and "Monuments of Nineveh, Second Series," are works of great merit, highly creditable to English private enterprise. The "Monument de Ninive" of M. Botta has all the magnificence and *luxe* which naturally results from the French system of state subventions.

§ Forming part of his "Ancient Oriental Monarchies" (London, Murray, 1871, 2nd edit.).

¶ It is to be hoped that Englishmen generally form their estimate rather from the sculptures themselves in the British Museum, than from that coarse travesty of them which is to be seen in the "Assyrian Court" of a certain suburban building. (See "Ancient Monarchies," vol. i. p. 362.)

\* Herodotus, vol. i. pp. 466, 467, 1st edit.

\* The hunting-scenes from the palace of Ashur-bani-pal (Sardanapalus of the Greeks) are the most perfect specimens of Assyrian glyptic art. They are to be seen in the basement room devoted to Assyrian art in the British Museum. Sir E. Landseer was wont to admire the truthfulness and spirit of these reliefs, more especially of one where hounds are pulling down a wild ass. ("Ancient Monarchies," vol. i. p. 517.) Professor Rolleston has expressed to me his admiration of a wounded lioness in the same series, where the paralysis of the lower limbs, consequent upon an arrow piercing the spine, is finely rendered. (*Ibid.* p. 512.)

† See Layard, "Monuments of Nineveh, First Series," p. 8; and compare "Ancient Monarchies," vol. i. p. 346.

‡ Layard, "Nineveh and Babylon," p. 191, note.



blowing and colouring, brick-enamelling, furniture-making, and robe-embroidering,\* which place them beyond question among the most advanced and elegant of Oriental peoples, and show that, from a material point of view, their civilisation did not fall very greatly behind that of the Greeks. Combined with this progress in luxury and refinement, and this high perfection of the principal arts that embellish and beautify life, their sculptures and their records reveal much which revolts and disgusts—savage punishments, brutalising war customs, a debasing religion, a cruel treatment of prisoners, a contempt for women, a puerile and degrading superstition—teaching the lesson, which the present age would do well to lay seriously to heart, that material progress, skill in manufactures and in arts, even refined taste and real artistic excellence, are no sure indications of that civilisation which is alone of real value, the civilisation of the heart, a condition involving not merely polished manners, but gentleness, tenderness, self-restraint, purity, elevation of mind and soul, devotion of the thoughts and life to better things than comfort or luxury, or the cultivation of the æsthetic faculties.

Iranic civilisation, or that of the Medes, the Persians, and (perhaps we should add) the Bactrians, is supposed by some moderns† to have originated as early as B.C. 3784. Others‡ assign to it the comparatively moderate date of B.C. 2600—2500. The writer, however, who is most conversant with the early Iranic writings, and most competent to judge of their real age, Dr. Martin Haug, does not think it necessary to postulate for his favourites, the Iranians, nearly so great an antiquity. Haug suggests|| the fifteenth century B.C. as that of the most primitive Iranic compositions, which form the chief, if not the sole, evidence of an Iranic cultivation prior to B.C. 700.

The question is one rather of linguistic criticism than of historic testimony. The historic statements that have come down to us on the subject of the age of Zoroaster, with whose name Iranic cultivation is by general consent regarded as intimately connected, are so absolutely conflicting that they must be pronounced valueless. Eudoxus and Aristotle¶ said that Zoroaster lived 6,000 years before the death of Plato, or B.C. 6348. Hermippus\*\* placed him 5,000 years before the Trojan War, or B.C. 6184. Berosus declared of him that he reigned at Babylon towards the beginning of the twenty-third century before our era,†† having ascended the throne, according to his chronological views, about B.C. 2286. Xanthus Lydus,‡‡ the contemporary of Herodotus, and the first Greek writer who treats of the subject, made him live six hundred years only before the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, or B.C. 1080. The later Greeks and Romans declared that he was contemporary with Darius Hystaspis,§§ thus making his date about B.C. 520—485. Between the earliest and

the latest of these authorities, the difference (it will be seen) is one of nearly *six thousand years*!

Modern criticism doubts whether Zoroaster ever lived at all, and regards his name as designating a period rather than a person.\* The period intended is that of the composition of the earliest portions of the Zendavesta. To these portions, which are poems, and in the original bear the name of Gāthas, Haug (as we have already stated) assigns as the most probable date about B.C. 1500. We see no reason for doubting the soundness of this expert's judgment, and we incline, therefore, to regard Iranic civilisation as having commenced somewhat earlier than Assyrian.

Of this primitive civilisation, whereof the seat seems to have been Bactria, rather than Media or Persia, we possess no actual remains, no tangible or material evidences. The only existing proofs of it are the Zendic writings; and the only notion of it which we can gain is that derivable from a careful study of these writings, or rather of their most ancient portions. From these we gather that the primitive Iranians were a settled people, possessing cities of some size, that they were devoted to agriculture, and fairly advanced in the arts most necessary for human life. They had domesticated certain animals, as the horse, the cow, and the dog. They knew how to extract an exhilarating liquor from the Soma or Homa plant, the acid *Asclepias*, or *Sarcostema viminialis*. They lived peaceably together, and recognised the supremacy of law. They had formed the conception of poetry, and, while some could frame, the generality could appreciate the beauty of metrical compositions. Above all, they had a religion, which was surprisingly pure and elevated,‡ consisting mainly in the worship of a single supreme God, an all-wise, all-bounteous Spirit, Ahura-mazda.

The cultivation thus begun about B.C. 1500 in the far-off and little known Bactria, received a fresh impulse towards the middle of the ninth century B.C., when the Iranians first came into contact with the Assyrians.‡ Migratory movements had by this time brought the Medes into the district which thenceforth bore their name; and, having thus become neighbours of the Assyrians, whose civilisation was already advanced, they could not but gain something from their novel experience. Among the chief gains made was probably that of writing. The wedge was adopted as the element out of which letters should be composed, and an alphabet was formed far less cumbersome than the Assyrian syllabarium, whereby it became easy to express articulate sound by written symbols, and so to give permanency to the transient and fleeting phenomena of ordinary spoken language.

Further advances were made between the end of the seventh and the middle of the fifth century B.C., about which time Iranian cultivation reached its greatest development. The Medes first (B.C. 630),

\* For details the writer must once more refer to his "Assyrian Monarchy," where the entire subject of Assyrian art and manufacture is carefully worked out. (See ch. vi.)

† For proofs of this, see "Records of the Past," vol. i. pp. 133-5, and vol. v. pp. 169-170.

‡ See Baron Bunsen, "Egypt," vol. v. p. 77.

§ Lenormant, "Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. ii. p. 307.

|| Haug, "Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsees," p. 225.

¶ Ap. Plin. "Hist. Nat.," xxx. 2.

\*\* Ibid.

†† Berosus, Fr. 11, compared with Syncellus, "Chronographia," p. 147.

‡‡ Xanth. Lyd. Fr. 20.

§§ Agathias p. 117 c.; Arnob. i. 52; Clem. Alex. "Stromata," i. p. 357; Apuleius, "Florida," ii. p. 231.

\* Bunsen waives "the personality of the prophet" when he is discussing the date of Zoroastrianism ("Egypt's Place," vol. iii. p. 471). Lenormant inclines to regard Zoroaster as a person, but confesses that his existence is "enveloped in an obscurity which will probably remain for ever impenetrable" ("Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne," vol. ii. p. 308). Niebuhr consigns him altogether to the region of myth ("Kl. Schriften," vol. i. p. 200).

‡ Lenormant says with truth, "La doctrine de Zoroastre est sans contredit le plus puissant effort de l'esprit humain vers le spiritualisme et la vérité métaphysique, sur lequel on ait essayé de fonder une religion en dehors de la révélation et par les seules forces de la raison naturelle; elle est la doctrine la plus pure, la plus noble, et la plus voisine de la vérité parmi celles de l'Asie et de tout le monde antique, à part celle des Hébreux, basée sur la parole divine." ("Manuel," vol. ii. pp. 308-9.)

‡ The contact appears in the cuneiform remains of this century ("Ancient Monarchies," vol. ii. 101-110).

and the Persians afterwards (n.c. 560), attained to the leading position among the Oriental nations, and, inheriting the power, entered also into possession of the accumulated knowledge and civilisation of the earlier masters of Asia. They did not, however, simply continue the past, or reproduce what they found existing. In the remains of Median and Persian times, found at Hamadan (Ecbatana), Behistun, Istakr (Persepolis), Nakhsh-e Rostam, and Murghab (Pasargadæ), we have evidences of Iranian art and architecture, which are most remarkable, and which give the Medo-Persic people a very important position in the history of æsthetic culture. While adopting one or two leading features of building and ornamentation from their Semitic predecessors, the Iranic races in the main gave a vent to their own native genius and fancy, and the consequence was that they introduced into the world a wholly new architecture,\* a style of high relief not previously attempted, and a method of decoration altogether their own, excellently well adapted to the character of their climate and country.†

The Iranic architecture was characterised, in the first place, by simplicity and regularity of design, and in the second by the profuse employment of the column. The buildings have for the most part a symmetry and exactness resembling that of Greek temples.‡ They were emplaced on terraces formed of vast blocks of hewn stone,§ and were approached by staircases of striking and unusual design. Double porticos of eight, twelve, or sixteen columns, gave entrance into pillared halls, where the columns were sixteen, thirty-six, or (in one instance) as many as one hundred in number. Originally the pillars may have been more wooden posts,|| such as are commonly used in the domestic architecture of most nations where wood is plentiful. These, when wealth flowed in, it became the practice to overspread with thin sheets of the precious metals.¶ But after a while the Iranic architects, having to erect palaces in districts where wood was scarce, conceived the idea of substituting shafts of stone for the original wooden posts, and carried out their notion so successfully, that at last they were able to poise in air pillars sixty-four feet high, having beautifully slender shafts, rich bases, and capitals of an elegant, but perhaps somewhat too elaborate, composition. The halls constructed on these supports extended over so vast an area that moderns have found no existing constructions with which they could compare them but the most ambitious of European cathedrals. Speaking of the Chehl Minar, or Great Hall of Xerxes, at Persepolis, Mr. Fergusson says: "We have no cathedral in England that at all comes near it in dimensions; nor, indeed, in France or Germany is there one that covers so much ground. Cologne comes nearest to it . . . but in linear horizontal dimensions the *only* edifice of the middle ages that comes up to it is Milan Cathedral, which covers 107,800 feet, and (taken all in all) is perhaps the building that resembles it most, both in style and the

general character of the effect it must have produced on the spectator."\*

For the ornamentation of their buildings, externally, and to some extent internally, the Iranians, imitating their Semitic predecessors, employed sculpture. They did not, however, follow slavishly the pattern set them, but in important respects improved upon their models. They adopted generally a style of much higher relief than that which had prevailed in Assyrian times, sometimes almost disengaging their figures from the background,† sometimes carving them both in front and at the side, so that they did not fall far short of being statues.‡ They gave to their human heads great dignity,§ and imparted to some animal forms|| a life and vigour never greatly surpassed. In variety and grace, however, they cannot be said to have equalled the Assyrians; and it is in their architecture, rather than in their glyptic art, that they give evidence of real originality and genius.

The internal decoration of palaces was especially admirable. "Such edifices as the Chehl Minar at Persepolis, and its duplicate at Susa—where long vistas of columns met the eye on every side, and the great central cluster was supported by lighter detached groups, combining similarity of form with some variety of ornament; where richly-coloured drapings contrasted with the cool grey stone of the building, and a golden roof overhung a pavement of many hues";¶ where a throne of gold under a canopy of purple stood on an elevated platform at one end,\*\* backed by "hangings of white and green and blue, fastened with cords of white and purple to silver rings," attached to the "pillars of marble";†† where carpets of dazzling brightness lay here and there upon the patterned floor, and through the interstices of the hangings were seen the bright blue sky and the verdant prairies and distant mountains of Khuzistan or Farsistan—must have been among the fairest creations with which human art ever embellished the earth, and beyond a doubt compared favourably with any edifices which, up to the time of their construction, had been erected in any country or by any people. It was in these glorious buildings that Iranian architecture culminated; and there is reason to believe that from them the Grecian architects gained those ideas which, fructifying in their artistic minds, led on to the best triumphs of Hellenic constructive art, the magnificent temples of Diana (Artemis) at Ephesus,‡‡ and of Minerva (Athêné) on the Acropolis of Athens.

Of Iranian literary cultivation, not much is known. There are no portions of the Zendavesta which can be positively assigned to the space between B.C. 900 and B.C. 330. The inscriptions of this period§§ are dry documents, and as compositions have little merit; but lapidary literature is rarely of an attractive kind. We are told that the Persians of the Achæmenian times (B.C. 560-330) had among them historians and

\* Fergusson, "Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis," pp. 171-2.

† See the representation, "Ancient Monarchies," vol. iii. p. 334, which is taken from a photograph.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 296.

§ The casts in the British Museum, taken from the Persepolitan sculptures, show this sufficiently. The sculptures themselves are still in situ for the most part.

|| As especially those of bulls and lions. (See "Ancient Monarchies," vol. iii. p. 339, and compare Flandin, "Voyage en Perse," vol. i. p. 120.)

¶ See "Ancient Monarchies," vol. iii. p. 323.

\*\* *Ibid.* p. 291.

†† Esther i. 6.

‡‡ See the "Ephesos" of Professor Curtius, recently published.

§§ These will be found in Sir H. Rawlinson's "Persian Cuneiform Inscriptions," published in the "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," vols. x. xi. xii., and in the "Altperische Keilschriftent" of Spiegel (pp. 6-45).

\* Mr. Fergusson disputes this. He is of opinion that the Persian architecture was, in the main, a mere copy of the Assyrian, differing only in the substitution of stone pillars for wooden posts; but the use of wooden posts by the Assyrians is "not proven."

† See Loftus, "Chaldea and Susiana," p. 375.

‡ See the representation, "Ancient Monarchies," vol. iii. p. 289; and compare Rich's "Persepolis," p. 244.

§ Some of these at Persepolis are as much as fifty feet long, and from seven to ten feet broad. (See Flandin, "Voyage en Perse," vol. i. p. 77.)

|| This seems to have been the case at Ecbatana ("Ancient Monarchies," vol. ii. p. 265).

¶ Polyb. x. 27, § 10.

poets;\* but the productions of these early authors have perished, and we have no account of them that is to be depended on. Perhaps it is, on the whole, most probable that in the great work of Firdausi,† we have, in the main, a reproduction of the legends with which the antique poets occupied themselves, and so may gather from his pages a general idea of the style and spirit of the early Persian poetry.

In manners and general habits of life the Iranians did not differ greatly from the Assyrians. Their original religion was indeed of a high type, but it became corrupted as time went on,‡ and ultimately sank into a mere debasing and sensualistic nature-worship.§ Their war customs were less brutal than those of their predecessors, but their system of punishment was almost equally savage;|| they had the same low estimate of women; they were cruel and treacherous, voluptuous, luxurious, given to drunkenness.¶ Western Asia was perhaps better governed under their sway than it had ever been previously; but there was still much in their governmental system that was imperfect, and that fell short even of what is possible under a despotism. Their civilisation may be pronounced to have been, on the whole, more advanced than that of the Assyrians; it had a moral aspect; it was less merely material; but the highest qualities of real civilisation were absent from it, and it cannot be said to have laid the world at large under many obligations.

Indic civilisation is supposed to have commenced about the same time with Iranic. There are so many points of resemblance between the ancient hymns of the Rig-Veda and the Gâthas, allowed to form the most ancient portions of the Avesta, that it is almost impossible for persons familiar with both to assign them to periods very far apart. The ancestors of the Medes and Persians on the one hand, and of the Hindus upon the other, appear to have left their primitive abode about the same time, and to have embodied their earliest religious thoughts soon after they separated in poems of the same character. Thus, there is a general agreement among literary critics as to the near connection in date of the two literatures. With regard, however, to the actual period, great diversity of opinion prevails, the same variety of views\*\* obtaining in respect of the earliest Vedas as we have already shown to exist with respect to the Gâthas of the Zendavesta. But here again the chief "expert" — the writer who has the largest acquaintance with the whole range of the Indian compositions, and with the general history of language, has expressed himself, in moderate terms, as favourable to a date which is, comparatively speaking, late. Professor Max Müller, in his "Ancient Sanskrit Literature," lays it down that there are four periods of Vedic composition — the Chandas period, Mantra period, Brahmana period, and Sutra period; and after an elaborate and exhaustive discussion, of which it is impossible not to

admire the candour and the learning, comes to the conclusion that the approximate date of each may be laid down as follows:—\*

Chandas period . . .	1200 to 1000 B.C.
Mantra period . . .	1000 to 800 B.C.
Brahmana period . . .	800 to 600 B.C.
Sutra period . . .	600 to 200 B.C.

Thus, according to the highest living authority, the commencement of Vedic literature, and so of Indian civilisation, need not be placed further back than the beginning of the twelfth century B.C.

The civilisation which the writings of the Chandas period reveal is one of great simplicity.† Cities seem not to be mentioned; there is no organised political life; no war worthy of the name; nothing but plundering expeditions. Tribes exist under their heads, who are at once kings, priests, judges, and poets, and to whom the rest render obedience. Religion is a worship by hymns, and with simple offerings, as of honey, but scarcely yet with regular sacrifice. There is a power of metaphysical speculation which may perhaps surprise us, but which seems congenital to the Oriental mind; and there is evidence of progress in some of the mechanical arts beyond what might have been expected. Ships are familiar objects to the writers of the poems; chariots are in common use; the horse and cow are domesticated, and are sheltered in stables; armour is worn, and is sometimes of gold; shields are carried in battle; an intoxicating drink is brewed; dice have been invented, and gambling is not uncommon.

As time goes on, this extreme simplicity disappears.‡ There are advances of various kinds. Cities are built and magnificent palaces constructed; trades become numerous; luxury creeps in. The priests, having come to be a separate class, introduce an elaborate ceremonial. Music is cultivated; writing is invented or learnt. But, after all, the material progress made is not very great. Indian civilisation is, in the main, intellectual, not material. Careless of life and action, of history, politics, artistic excellence, trade, commerce, manufacture, the Indians concentrate their attention on the highest branches of metaphysics, ponder on themselves and their future, on the nature of the Divine essence, on their own relation to it, and the prospects involved in that relationship.§ They discuss and they solve the most difficult questions of metaphysical science; they elaborate grammar, the science of language, which is the reflected image of thought; they altogether occupy themselves with the inward, not with the outward — with the eternal world of mind and rest, not with the transitory and illusory world of outward seeming and incessant changefulness. Hence the triumphs of their civilisation are abstract and difficult to appreciate. They lie outside the ordinary interests of mankind, and are, moreover, shrouded in a language known to few, and from which there are but few translations. It is said, however, by those whose acquaintance with the early Indian literature is the widest, that there is scarcely a problem in the sciences of ontology, psychology, metaphysics, logic, or grammar, which the Indian sages have not sounded as deeply, and discussed as elaborately, as the Greeks. ||

\* Herod. i. 1; Ctes. ap. Diod. Sic. ii. 32, § 4; Strab. xv. 3, § 18; Diod. ap. Athen. Deipn. xiv. p. 638, D.

† The "Shahnameh," or "Book of the Kings," a good idea of which may be gathered from the account and translations of Mr. Atkinson.

‡ The corruption had begun as early as the time of Herodotus (Herod. i. 131).

§ See "Ancient Monarchies," vol. iii. pp. 360-1.

|| Ibid. pp. 246-7.

¶ Herod. i. 123; Strab. xv. 3, § 20; Duris Sam. Fr. 12.

\*\* Bunsen, whose date for Zoroaster is B.C. 3784, assigns the "oldest Vedic songs" to the period between B.C. 4000 and B.C. 3120 ("Egypt's Place," vol. iii. p. 573, compared with p. 564). Lenormant, who places Zoroaster between B.C. 2900 and B.C. 2500, believes the earliest portions of the Vedas to have been written between B.C. 3000 and B.C. 2900 ("Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne," vol. ii. pp. 301 and 305).

\* See pp. 313, 445, 497, and 572.

† "Ancient Sanskrit Literature," pp. 525-572. Compare Lenormant's

"Manuel," vol. ii. p. 205; vol. iii. pp. 445-471.

‡ "Ancient Sanskrit Literature," pp. 71-824.

§ Strabo, xv. 59 and 65; Max Müller, pp. 18-32.

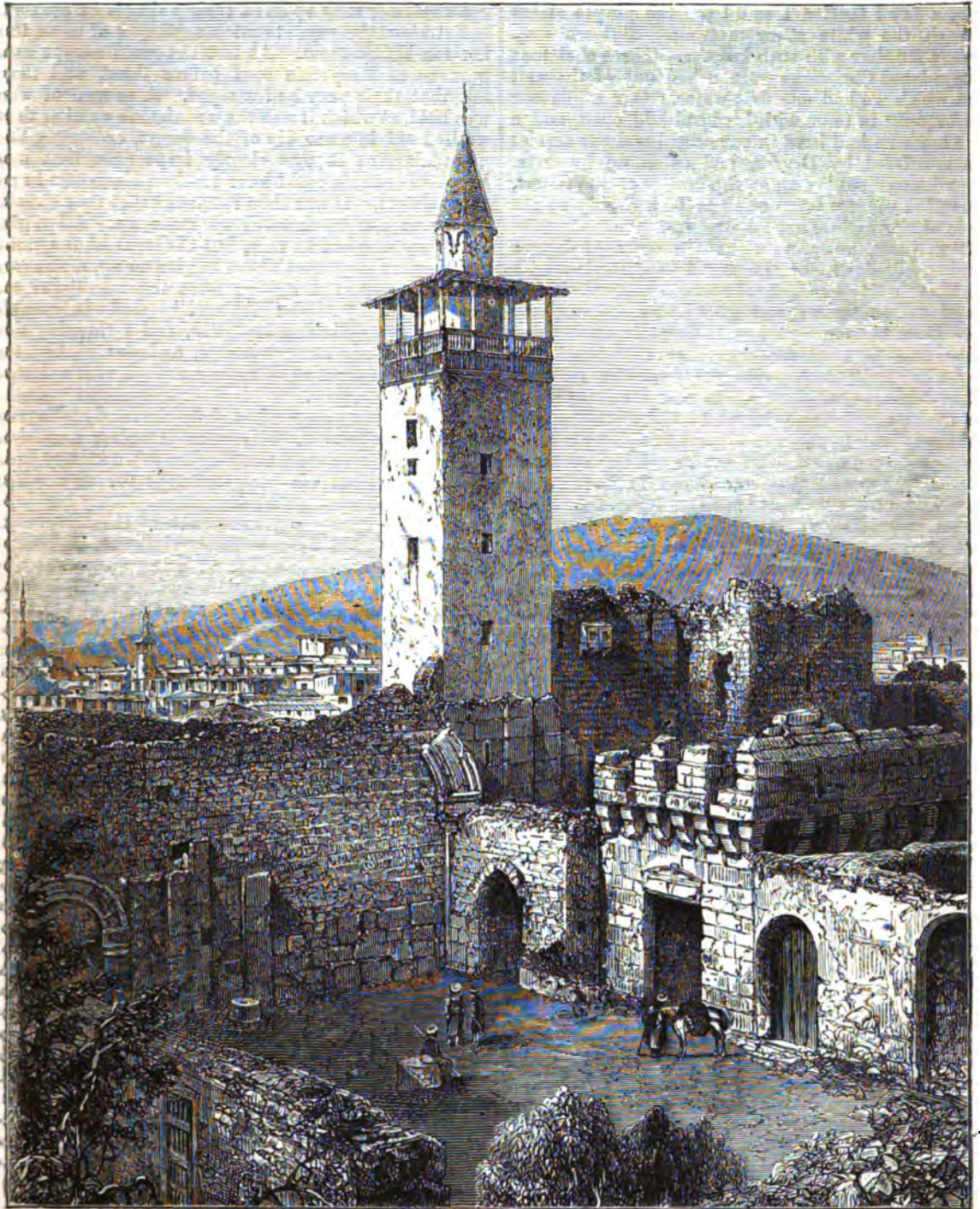
|| Lenormant, "Manuel," vol. iii. pp. 625-634.



# A TRIP TO PALMYRA AND THE DESERT.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WRIGHT, B.A., OF DAMASCUS.

VI.



BAB SHURKY, THE EASTERN GATE OF DAMASCUS.

**D**ANGER in Syria soon loses the romance of novelty and the thrill of excitement. I remember with what feelings of horror I heard from our first landlord in Damascus that two of his brothers had been murdered in the room which we had made our parlour. He had come in one gusty



night to see how we liked our new quarters, and to keep us from feeling lonely, and with twitching mouth he said, pointing to where we sat, "There is where my two brothers were killed, and my father was murdered over there, and then they threw them all into that fountain outside." The wind made horrid noises about the house that night, and for many a day I fancied I could see the purple stains through the white straw matting. But we soon became familiar with such horrors. Three skeletons of murdered Christians were fished out of the well from which we had our first water. Our colporteur was brought in to us with his head laid open, and a little boy who had been in our school and our service was murdered by Druzes, and eaten up by dogs. Our mission-field lay along the border of the desert, and in ten years we had come to look calmly at the deeds of city and desert Ishmaelites.

It was not, however, without a sense of danger that we lay down for the night in full view of a band of well-armed, hardy spearmen, who had vowed to murder us, and who had a will to keep their vow. Our guard was sufficiently strong and well-armed to keep the enemy at a distance, but they were only Turks, and the Bedawin, on their splendid mares, might dash into our camp during the night, and overwhelm us in the confusion and darkness; and it was not pleasant to fancy a spear penetrating one's tent. I went round our sentinels several times, and they continued to swear, and brag, and keep guard, as long as we watched them; but no sooner had we lain down to sleep than they stacked their arms, rolled themselves up in their great-coats, and lay down to sleep likewise.

A little after midnight my servant awakened me, and told me that our soldiers were all snoring at the stars. I walked through, among them, and over them, and found them loudly asleep. I thought of the sleeping hosts of King Saul that had gone out to seize David, and I wondered if we could repeat David's trick on Saul.\* In a few minutes my servant had the soldiers' rifles carried to beside my bed, and not a soldier had stirred. He then mounted guard himself, but as sleep under the circumstances was impossible, we roused our camp before dawn for the return journey. Then woke up the most indescribable Babel. The soldiers rushed about in search of their arms, frantic with rage, shame, fear. "The cowardly Bedawin had stolen their rifles while they slept, and would now fall upon them unarmed." The officers screamed at the men, and the men roared at the officers; and the choicest epithets in Arabic, Turkish, Kurdish, and Armenian were hurled about with dreadful fury. When the noise had reached the climax, I called over Brandy Bob, and quietly asked him what was all the shouting about. "Oh, sir," he replied, "I took my eyes off my men for an instant, and they have lost their rifles." "Nonsense!" I said. "You bragged how you would guard us, and then you all went and fell asleep. There are your weapons. My servant brought them here to keep the Bedawin from getting them, and then kept guard for you." The soldiers took their guns in silence, but, with the versatility of Falstaff, they all soon began to swear that they had seen me taking their rifles, and only wanted to humour me. We struck our tents in haste, and marched to 'Ain el-Wu'ul; and on the following

day continued our homeward journey as far as Karyetein.

But what of the Bedawin who had encamped over against us? We had given them the slip, and as they never suspected that we had discovered the 'Ain el-Wu'ul water, they pursued us, as they supposed, down the beaten track of ordinary tourists. All day long they spurred their animals in pursuit, and strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of us on the horizon before them. At last the gazelle-traps and gardens of Karyetein rose before them, and they felt that their prey had escaped. A council of war was held, at which it was the unanimous opinion that we had hid in some dip of the desert, or among the mountains, as it was clearly impossible that our baggage animals could have reached Karyetein in so short a time. It was then resolved\* that they should lie across our track until we came up. All night long they watched in vain, but at eleven of the next morning, as they were about to give us up, a caravan suddenly appeared issuing from the mountains on the north. "Allahu Akbar!" (God is great,) shouted the delighted Bedawin, and tightening the girths on their hungry horses, and the girdles on their own empty stomachs, they rushed with a desert hurrah on the prey.

The caravan was conducted by the hardy villagers of Jebel Kalamoun, who were bringing provision for their families from the Euphrates; and they had, besides, Persian carpets, and tobacco, and other valuable merchandise for Damascus. They had just passed the most dangerous part of their journey, and had relaxed their ordinary vigilance, and were somewhat scattered, so that with the first onset the Bedawin cut off and captured a number of stragglers. These were withdrawn to a distance, and secured. The remainder of the caravan was now drawn up in a circle, and the camels were tightly bound together in a living rampart, from behind which the villagers fired on their assailants. "The Arab force," according to the "Levant Herald," "consisted of about twenty horsemen, accompanied by forty dromedaries, each carrying two armed riders. They were the Giath Bedawin, accompanied by the 'Amour, under Sheikh Dabbous." They and their horses took a hurried meal of the food they had captured, and then, flushed with victory, and with the prospect of large booty, they dashed boldly against the living rampart. A desperate struggle ensued. The line swayed and staggered; but in a hand-to-hand encounter the Bedawin had no chance with the able-bodied† villagers, and many of them were dragged from their horses and stricken down with clubs. The Bedawin then became more wary, and galloped round and round the circle, making a feint here, and an attack there, till the villagers were weary of rushing round their rampart, and their ammunition was exhausted. Thus they continued, hour after hour, till near sunset, when a wounded camel staggered and fell, and broke the line. The circle opened out and became a crescent. Quick as lightning, the Bedawin rushed in at the breach, the camels started off in all directions, and the active horsemen, with their flashing spears, decided the victory in a few minutes. The "Levant Herald"

\* These details I have from one of the Bedawin, who kindly called on me in Damascus and gave me all particulars.

† The Bedawin are much smaller-bodied men than the Fellahin of the villages. Colonel Gawler, the keeper of the Crown Jewels, informs me that the suits of armour preserved in the Tower are too small for ordinary men.

\* 1 Sam. xxvi. 12.

summed up the result of this raid thus:—"The Bedawin took possession of, and carried off, all that the caravan contained—120 loads of butter (semmen), and an enormous number of donkeys, mules, camels, horses, arms, valued at £4,000. In addition to this, they stripped all the travellers, and left them naked in the blazing desert. They even stripped the dead. The brothers of the murdered men remained to watch the bodies till an animal was brought to convey them to the village. They succeeded in protecting themselves from the heat by day, and the cold by night, with rags from the furniture of a camel that was shot in the *mêlée*. The unfortunate men are industrious people, inhabitants of Nebk, Deir-Atiyeh, Rahibey; one of them is from Damascus. They were mostly heads of hungry families, and pay taxes to the Sultan for his protection. There is no reason why this state of things should be permitted to exist. The force in existence is the same with which Subhi Pasha kept the desert in almost perfect order. The Bedawy marauders are within easy reach of the Government. When the case was laid before Halet Pasha, he merely said that Karyetein was outside the bounds of Syria. Those who were present corrected his Excellency's geography, and he caused a sharp telegram to be sent to some of his subordinates," and with them the matter rested.

This report from the chief newspaper at Constantinople I know to be correct in every detail. I knew several of the murdered men, and one of them, Shibley Kasis, of Nebk, was brother-in-law to our chief Protestant in that district.

What would the Bedawin do with one hundred and twenty loads of butter? They brought it, or rather got it brought, into Damascus, and had it sold publicly. What would they do with the splendid carpets and shawls from the looms of Persia and Cashmere? They distributed them among their powerful friends in Damascus in return for their efficient protection, and some of the best found their way into the gorgeous saloons of those whose duty it was to administer justice. One of our Protestants found three of his camels in the hands of the robbers, and though he got an official order for the restoration of his property, he was never able to get it carried out, and the robbers were permitted to keep his camels.

We rested a day at Karyetein, and had the pleasure of finding that our school had taken root among Moslems and Christians; and we saw Moslems and Christians sitting side by side in that land of violence and blood, and spelling out together the story of Christ's love to men. In the evening we heard that a battle was being fought near by, and I believe the report of the guns was distinctly heard; but the Sheikh said the Turks were there to protect the district, and the Turks smoked their nargilleys, and ejaculated "Allâh is great," and did nothing.

We finished the day by visiting and receiving the visits of our friends, and on the following morning continued our homeward journey, before receiving the details of the battle. We passed several ruined khans—resting-places for caravans and travellers in more propitious times; had several spurts after gazelles with our Persian greyhound; caught a fox alive and a curious land rat; and, after a weary ride, encamped at 'Atny, a few miles west of a salt lake that glowed and sparkled in the evening sun.

Here, too, we were met by "rumours of oppression and deceit." The Ishmaelites had been to the

village three hours before us, and had carried off several flocks of sheep, and all the donkeys and camels and portable things they could find.

Any one who makes a tour through Northern Syria will be able to appreciate for the remainder of his life the advantages of a civilised government. He will there see as fine a peasantry as is to be found anywhere—handsome and courteous, but picturesque in rags; thrifty and frugal, but penniless; comparatively truthful and enterprising, but without credit or resources. They have broad acres which only require to be scratched and they bring forth sixty-fold, but they only cultivate little patches, surrounded by mud walls, and within range of their matchlocks. During the greater part of the year they dare not walk over their own uncultivated fields for fear of being stripped of their tattered garments.\* And yet these poor people are the most heavily-taxed peasantry in the world. They pay "black mail," called *Khowieh* (brotherhood), to the Bedawin, who plunder them notwithstanding. And they pay taxes to the Turks, who give them no protection in return. The Bedawin's claim is from time immemorial, and they enforce their claim by cutting off the ears of peasants from the defaulting villages, and by carrying off a number of the village children into the desert. The latter plan always brings the villages to terms. The Turks enforce their claims by imprisoning the village Sheikhs in foul, pestiferous sties, without food, till they have paid the uttermost farthing. These spoilers follow on each other's heels, and that which the Turkish caterpillar leaves the Bedawy locust devours. With anything like protection or fair government, the peasantry of Northern Syria would be among the happiest in the world; but for the last ten years they have seen the fruit of their labour swept away by organised robbers, and they have lived in a state of starvation and despair. All who can get away leave for Egypt and for the large cities, and the region is becoming depopulated year by year.

It was pleasant to see how lightly sorrow sat on the simple people of 'Atny. When we arrived they were plucking at their beards and rending their garments, and calling for vengeance from heaven on their spoilers and on the Turks. Toward sunset, however, the ceremony of marrying the Sheikh's daughter, a mature maiden of twelve, was commenced, and the people danced, and sung, and shouted, and clapped their hands, and the women sent up shrill notes of joy, and the old Sheikh scattered sweetmeats among the revellers, and all seemed merry and light-hearted, as if they had sat all their lives under their own vines and fig-trees, with none to molest or make them afraid.

The bawling and screaming came to an end about midnight, but soon broke out again. Somebody's house had been plundered, and the people were all proclaiming it from the housetops. The women's voices were still in tune, and they howled as if they had been robbed of their most precious treasures. I had been giving battle to a number of persevering mosquitos up till this new disturbance arose, but finding that sleep was impossible, and that I no

\* The "Levant Herald" of 12th August, 1874, referring to this subject, points out that "three villages, not the most important, have lost 7,030 sheep and goats, 65 camels, 32 donkeys, and an enormous amount of other property, besides shepherds and drivers killed and wounded. The other villages have suffered equal losses, and the people are in a state of despair."

† Are not the cries of the oppressed, which have gone up to heaven unceasingly for the last 400 years, being heard and answered?

longer required the protection of my companion's escort, I started alone, in the dark, for Damascus. I passed through Jeyroud, Muaddamiyeh, and El-Kutifeh while the people were still sleeping. The dogs lay thick in the streets, and my horse had difficulty in threading his way among them. They were too lazy and sleepy to even bark at me. The night was long, but at last the tops of the mountains were touched with gold, and as the plain of Damascus burst upon me through the Eth-thuniyeh Pass, the rising sun was pouring its first rays into a surging sea of verdure and beauty, and lighting up the minarets of hamlet and city with tongues of fire.

No wonder all Orientals rave over the beauties of Damascus. At all seasons of the year, and from every point of view, Damascus is beautiful; but its beauty is enhanced tenfold by the fact that you can only approach it through a howling wilderness. Your eye has been resting on the heavens as brass

and the earth as iron. Every green thing is a prickly shrub. Desolation and dreariness and sterility reign on every side. Suddenly you turn a corner, and your eye rests on Paradise.

A gallop down the hill, and I was among luxurious harvests. Then I passed through miles of orchards, golden with ripe apricots—the paths overspread by fragrant walnuts. Crystal waters tumbled in cascades over the walls, and ran bubbling by the side of the road. At last I reached *Bab Shurky*, the eastern gate of Damascus, in which the Roman arch is still visible; and as I passed through where Khaled and his fiery Saracens first entered the city, my heart sank as I saw a Turkish soldier levying "black mail" on a miserable Jewish pedlar. A minute more and I was at home, even in Damascus.\*

\* We are indebted for the photographs from which our engravings have been taken, to the special permission of Madame Bonfil, of Beyrouk, who publishes a large and very beautiful collection of Oriental photographs which tourists would do well to inspect.

## BOY AND MAN:

A TALE FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

### CHAPTER XVII.—SHYLOCK.

"But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."—*Shakespeare.*

**A**MONG the new boys this half was one named Slocum, who had been at school before, and who found himself at home immediately at Mr. Bearward's. It was evidently what he had been accustomed to, and the only occasion that he found for complaint or dissatisfaction arose out of the new fashions, as he called them, brought in by a few boys for the annoyance and bother of the rest. "Where's the good," he argued, "of having prayers twice over? Isn't there prayers in school? People may be religious without making such a fuss about it. Where I was before we used to have jolly good fun in the dormitories every night; singing and bolstering and telling stories; and hot suppers cooked at the cake-shop, and drawn up through the window with a string. That was something like! I don't mean to put up with this sort of thing long, I can tell you."

He was a sharp-featured, cunning-looking boy, this Slocum, with black hair, and bushy eyebrows meeting together above a large aquiline nose, small restless eyes and thin lips, drawn tightly, as it seemed, over a set of large, projecting teeth. He usually went about with his hands in his pockets, jingling a few halfpence, and asking other boys how much money they had left, and if they would like to borrow some; because, if they would, he could accommodate them, and they could pay it back next week, when they had their allowance.

It was very kind of him, some of the little boys thought, to offer such accommodation; and when the cake-stall was opened in the playground on half-holidays, they were much tempted to borrow of him. The only condition he required was that they should entrust him with a pocket-knife or some other valuable by way of security, and pay twopence at the week's end for every penny borrowed. He also

carried on a traffic in bread-and-butter, purchasing for a few halfpence, paid in advance to those who were improvident enough to deal with him, one of the three slices which each boy received at breakfast-time and tea-time for a week; which slices he sold to others at an advanced price, collecting and delivering them in a thoroughly business-like manner after each meal. Now and then a boy who had sold his "thirds," carried away by force of appetite, would eat what ought to have been saved and delivered. But Slocum had an unpleasant way of retaliating when he was thus defrauded, seizing the defaulter by the feet, and turning him upside down until—but enough! *Si quisque furetur, sic ille pendetur* was his argument on these occasions. It was a grim joke; and, like Shylock's pound of flesh, brought no advantage to the creditor. But Slocum would have his bond. Hanging was the fashion in those days. Boys had been hanged by the neck instead of the heels for stealing a morsel of bread, without the butter, and Slocum considered that he was fully justified by the laws of the land in executing the sentence in its modified form as above described.

John Armiger, however, when he saw, one day, a boy of ten years old being treated in this way, thought otherwise. Catching the victim by the shoulders, he endeavoured to restore him to his natural position; but as Slocum would not let go of his heels, and other boys hastened to assist at either end, without stopping to inquire into the merits of the case, the poor boy was in danger of being pulled to pieces, which would have been a return to the old punishment for treason, quartering; or to the barbarism of tearing an offender limb from limb by wild "asses," as one of the spectators remarked. Armiger began to think that he had not done much good by his knight-errantry this time; but as Mr. Sprigg was presently attracted by the cries of the victim, his persecutors all let go of him at the same moment, and he fell to the ground with a bump.

He was not much hurt, however; and some good resulted, for an inquiry was made into the origin of the disturbance, and the facts were reported to Mr. Bearward. It was a case that he felt bound to take notice of, chiefly because it seemed to reflect upon the supply of bread-and-butter; but he was at a loss how to deal with it.

"I wish you would not trouble me about such trifles," he said to Mr. Sprigg. "You should deal summarily with cases of this kind, and see that there is no repetition of them. I can't flog a boy for lending money or carrying on a commerce in bread-and-butter."

Mr. Sprigg, who had been much impressed with the success of the monitorial system in the bedrooms, suggested that the offender should be left to some of the big boys, for them to judge and punish him.

"Lynch law!" cried Mr. Bearward; "lynch law at Cubbinghame!"

"Trial by jury, rather," Mr. Sprigg replied; "with an appeal to the higher court, yourself, if necessary."

"Ahem! it might do very well," said Mr. Bearward, beginning, as he thought, to see a way out of his embarrassment. "Let the monitors of the dormitories confer together and decide what steps to take; subject, of course, to my approval."

The monitors, eight in number, were called together, and an inquiry was instituted into Slocum's usurious practices. The little boys who had been induced to borrow money, and had suffered in consequence, were confronted with their creditor, and encouraged to make their troubles known; and then the eight retired into a corner of the schoolroom to consider their verdict.

"I propose *Lex talionis*," said one.

"How do you mean?" Sparrow asked. "I wish you would speak English."

"Slocum has been in the habit of making these boys disgorge. Let us serve him the same."

"What, hang him up by the heels?"

"No; make him produce his money-bag, for he must have one somewhere, and refund; that will do for the present. If he offends again, *sic ille pendetur*."

The verdict was approved; and, with Mr. Bearward's sanction, immediately put into execution. Slocum was ordered to bring forth his ill-gotten gains, and restore to each of the boys the money he had unjustly taken from him. It was a very painful operation; almost as painful as the alternative above described, but there was no avoiding it. At first the boy declared, with loud asseverations, that he had no money belonging to him beyond the few halfpence that were in his pockets. Then his box was brought, and he was desired to open it, but he protested he had lost the key. The key was discovered tied to a string which he wore round his neck—"by anticipation," Hawkes remarked. The box contained a variety of odds and ends—knives, pencils, sheets of paper, and other articles—which he had taken in pledge; quite a little pawnbroker's shop. There were also slices of stale bread-and-butter, mouldy apples, knobs of cheese, and a cold red-herring toasted. Underneath all these a bag was found full of copper coins, with some silver wrapped up separately in paper.

Slocum seemed almost frantic when he beheld his treasury turned out, the pledges restored, and money he had received as interest returned to those from

whom it had been extorted; but all his entreaties, all his threats, all his loud, abusive epithets, were of no avail. The money that remained after all claimants had been reimbursed was replaced in the bag, and Slocum was then desired to take his box of rubbish and empty it upon the dustheap.

"It must be scrubbed inside and out before it is again admitted to the box-room," said Hawkes. "*Non redolet, sed olet*."

"How can you say '*Non redolet*'?" cried another boy, pointing to the red-herring. "Take it away, Shylock, but be careful with it; don't eat it all at once." And he went by the name of Shylock from that time forth, as long as he remained at Cubbinghame.

Mr. Bearward was so well satisfied with the result of this judicial process that he determined to extend the power of the monitors by giving them a general authority to deal with offences of a minor kind, and to maintain order in the playground as well as in the dormitories. It would save him a great deal of trouble, he thought, and put an end to the complaints which had been made of late by some of the parents of the frequency and severity of the punishments inflicted by himself. Thus, a system of self-government was established among the boys, and many evils which no master's eye, however vigilant, could detect (and the masters at Cubbinghame were not vigilant) were brought to light, and many mischievous designs prevented.

So the days passed on, till, as winter again approached, and the quicksilver in the thermometer fell lower and lower, the spirits of the schoolboys rose in an inverse ratio, and happy thoughts of home and holidays became more powerful and constant. Sticks were cut and almanacks blotted and blurred after the usual fashion; inscriptions appeared upon the doors and walls—"Only three weeks—Hurrah! Only two weeks—Hurrah! hurrah! Only one week to the holidays—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" "Stir-up Sunday" was welcomed as a harbinger of Christmas; and the clergyman, when he began the collect with those words, was looked upon as an ally and a friend. At length the trunks were packed, the great-coats and comforters brought out and distributed, and in the cold grey December morning all the boys started off with light hearts and red noses by the several conveyances which were to bring them to their homes; and silence reigned once more in Cubbinghame.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—SHYLOCK AGAIN.

"Whatever lies or legendary tales  
May taint my spotless deeds, the guilt, the shame,  
Shall back revert on the inventor's head."—*Shirley*.

THE monitorial system which had been established at Cubbinghame was maintained in full vigour during the greater part of the next full-year. It had originated as if accidentally and by force of circumstances, from the determined action of one boy, John Armiger, who had not the slightest idea when he entered his dormitory on that first night of his return to school and knelt down by his bedside to say his prayers that such a result would follow. Who, indeed, could have anticipated such consequences, so easily and so quickly brought about? Even now he was not conscious of having been in any sense the author of this salutary change; and though he told the whole story to Mrs. Judd, he took no credit to himself, nor did the thought occur to his mind that any such was due for the benefits that had



ensued. There were two or three new boys at the school after the Christmas holidays; but some of the elder ones had left, so that the numbers were not increased. Matters went on in the old routine, and another half-year was drawing to a close before anything occurred at Mr. Bearward's school worthy of being chronicled. The monitorial system worked well to a certain extent; and if Mr. Bearward had taken the trouble to direct it a little, and had possessed sufficient hold upon the confidence and affection of his pupils to give him a decided influence with them, some inconveniences which arose from time to time would have been avoided. Boys are but boys; and though generally right in their instincts, are very liable to error in their judgments. Too much power or authority is not good for any of us, whether young or old. Mr. Bearward, unfortunately, neither trusted his monitors nor assisted them temperately with his advice; he had appointed them to their office only to save himself trouble, and he either left them to themselves to do as they would, or interfered in an arbitrary manner to complain or punish whenever he felt himself instigated by temper or his wife to do so.

The boy Slocum had not been deterred by the *Lex talionis* from continuing his usurious practices, but he did so with more secrecy and circumspection. He had lent money to several of the boys before they went home at Christmas, receiving their written promises to repay five-fold on their return, or half-a-crown for every sixpence. He had gone on afterwards lending halfpence at the beginning of the week, and receiving pennies at the end of it when the pocket-money was given out; and there had been many a dispute between him and his victims, of which neither the monitors nor any one else took much notice. There was an unfortunate boy, named Small, who had borrowed threepence, and being unable to repay it had been told, week after week, that the sum was doubling itself at compound interest, and that it must be paid as soon as he should receive a heavy letter from home, which he expected on his birthday. The birthday came, and the letter also, containing half-a-sovereign. Of this Slocum claimed seven shillings and ninepence, the threepence having mounted up to that sum by arithmetical progression in four weeks. Small resisted the demand, but offered Slocum a shilling, which he took as an instalment, and went on, by threats and persecutions, to extort the balance. Small paid another shilling, and then declared he would tell the monitors; and Slocum, fearing the consequences, at length desisted from his importunities.

Two days later it was found that Small's box had been opened, apparently with a false key, and the whole of his money abstracted from it. Suspicion fell upon Slocum, who denied all knowledge of the theft. He wanted his own, he said, and could not get his own; it was too bad to be accused of taking what did not belong to him into the bargain; he believed it was some of those pious parties, who pretended to be better than their neighbours, but were just as fond of money as other boys. He wouldn't stand being accused in that way, and having his character taken away, but would tell Mr. Bearward.

The monitors consulted together and with Mr. Sprigg, and decided that, in a serious case like this, they also must appeal to Mr. Bearward. They did not, indeed, expect much assistance from their master, for he always told them to settle their affairs among

themselves, making a great show of confidence in their judgment, though sometimes finding fault with them afterwards. But this was a very serious case, a case for hanging, according to the criminal code of England, if it had occurred a few years earlier; and the monitors resolved to make a strict inquiry, and to send up the thief to Mr. Bearward for exemplary punishment, if they could detect him. The box had been left among the others in the box-room, and Small had seen his purse there, with the money in it, at bedtime one Thursday evening, and had locked it up securely. The following morning he had found the box still locked, and everything apparently as he had left it, except the purse, which was empty. That was all he could say about it; he did not suspect anybody. Slocum had been teasing him to pay him five and ninepence, which he said he owed him, and if that sum only had been taken, he should have thought that Slocum had helped himself to it; but it was all gone—six and fourpence. Notice was published in the schoolroom that if any boy could offer information, or throw any light upon the matter, he must do so; and several of the boys offered scraps of evidence, which, when put all together, amounted to almost nothing.

A boy, pushed forward by his schoolfellows after much whispering, deposed that he had seen a light in the box-room on the night in question—Thursday night; he was looking out of his bedroom-window, and saw the light moving about as if some one were looking in the boxes. Being asked how lights generally moved when people were looking into boxes, he said, "Sideways, here and there." Another boy asserted that Rowland, one of the four boys who slept in his dormitory, had been out late that night, and had not come up to bed till all the others were asleep. "Was he asleep also?" he was asked. "Yes, but woke up when the door opened, and saw Rowland come in in the dark." There was no monitor for that room, it being a small one, and all the boys in it very young. Rowland was interrogated; he acknowledged that he had been up late, but not in the box-room; he had gone back to the schoolroom to look for his dictionary, which he had lent to another boy, who had left it lying about instead of taking the trouble to return it.

At this point the matter rested for several days, suspicion being directed towards Rowland, but no proofs forthcoming.

Mr. Bearward, being in school next day, after he had heard his class, inquired whether anything had been discovered as to the theft, and was told how matters stood. He then called for silence, and made a speech, looking very stern and resolute the while, declaring that he possessed a certain clue which would inevitably bring the offender to justice, and recommending him to confess his fault and ask for mercy while there was yet time; otherwise his punishment, when discovered, should be of such severity as to serve as an example for all unprincipled boys, and put an end to all transgressions of the eighth Commandment as long as Cubbinghame should remain as a place of Christian education.

This announcement caused a great sensation, and there was much whispering and wondering when school was over, Rowland feeling himself especially an object of suspicion, though his name had not been mentioned.

The next day, which was a half-holiday, Armiger found this boy Rowland lying on the grass in the

playfield, looking very miserable; and, sitting down by his side, began to talk to him.

Slocum had been taunting him, he said, as if he were guilty of the theft, and telling him that it would certainly be traced home to him, and that he had better confess at once, so as to get off with moderate punishment. "As if I cared for the punishment more than for anything else!" he exclaimed, indignantly.

"But if you are innocent," said Armiger, "you need not care what such a fellow as Slocum says."

"If!" said Rowland; "I know no more about the theft than you do. Do you think I would touch anything that did not belong to me? Get out, do!"

"I don't think so," said Armiger; "but somebody must have taken the money. If you deny it, I believe you, and shall be very glad if I can help you to find out who is the real culprit. What led this fellow Slocum to talk to you about it?"

"I don't know; unless it is that some of the boys think he is the thief; several of them say it lies between him and me. I was up late that night when the money was taken; so much the worse for me; I only went to get my dictionary so as not to be fined for leaving it about."

"All I can say," said Armiger, in reply, "is that I will do anything to help you out of the suspicion if you can only show me how. If you think of anything, come and tell me."

The next morning Rowland came to him, much more distressed than before. "I have found it," he said.

"Found what?"

"The money—on my shelf, behind my books. I suppose it is Small's money, I know it isn't mine; it was there this morning when I went to fetch my Latin grammar."

Armiger looked at him suspiciously.

"I thought you would not believe me," he cried, bursting into tears; "and if you won't, who will? I wish I had thrown it away or hidden it; none of the other boys saw me find it, and I was so startled and frightened that I put it into my pocket in a moment, and need not have told you or any one else."

"Well, don't say a word about it; we must think it over. I do believe you; but we must be careful. We will tell Mr. Sprigg and the monitors, and leave it in their hands. Don't be afraid; God will make it all right for you."

Mr. Sprigg was consulted, and the purse handed over to him with many protestations from poor Rowland. There was a consultation, or a levy, as they called it, of the monitors; and after school, when Mr. Bearward was not present, for he was suffering with a fit of the gout that day, the boys were ordered to sit still and deliver up their keys to Mr. Sparrow, who went round the desks collecting them.

"We are not going to meddle with your boxes," he said; "and you shall have your keys again presently." Many of them had no keys; they were lost. Others had no boxes. Slocum's key was found as before, tied to a "noose" round his neck, but he protested there was nothing in his box; they might search it if they liked, but he would go with them and see what they were after.

"We are not going to touch your box," said Sparrow; "we only want your key."

The keys being collected, Small was desired to

bring his box up into the schoolroom, and there, in the presence of all the boys, trial was made which of the keys would fit. It was a common kind of lock, and any key almost that would go into it would open it.

"It seems to have no wards," said one of the monitors, peering into the lock. "If there ever were any they have been broken off."

"That might have been done in forcing it," said another.

Altogether, no less than five keys were found which would open Small's box. One of these was Rowland's; another was Slocum's; a third was Sparrow's, at which there was, as modern police reports say in most cases, however serious and shocking, "a laugh." The other two keys belonged to two little boys, who were as much beneath suspicion as Sparrow was above it.

"It lies between those two," was whispered again; but the five keys were retained for the present, and all the rest, which would not fit the box, were returned to their owners, and the school dismissed.

Small was afterwards called up, and the money which Rowland had produced delivered to him. It was the exact amount which he had lost, two half-crowns, two sixpences, and four pennies.

"Is it the same money?" one of them asked. "Are they the same coins?"

"Yes," said Small. "At least, not exactly. There was a sixpence with a hole in it. I remember that because, when I changed the half-sovereign, Mrs. Berry pointed to it, and said it was a lucky sixpence, and I must keep it. Neither of these sixpences has a hole in it."

"That may lead to something," said Sparrow; "don't say a word about it to any one. We must keep our eyes and ears open and our tongues still, in the hope of further discoveries."

## Varieties.

**RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.**—A recent return of railway accidents states that, as a passenger train was starting from Broad Street, on the North London line, the crank axle of the engine broke. The axle had run no less than 459,238 miles before it failed. It was made of cast steel, by Messrs. Krupp, of Essen, Prussia. If record is kept of the length of service of all "rolling stock" on our railways, it is to be hoped that doubtful metal will be renewed in less time than is required for wearing out Krupp's famous steel. An axle "failing" after running nearly half a million of miles can hardly be classed as "an accident."

**INVARIABLE WEIGHTS.**—A question has been raised as to variability of platinum weights in process of time. The Warden of the Standards shows, in his recent report, that the weight of the English platinum kilogram of the Standards Department was found in 1875 to be practically unchanged since it was weighed, with the greatest care and accuracy, in 1845, and that its utmost possible loss of weight in that period could not have exceeded three parts out of 10,000,000. But though the platinum standard weights have thus been found unaltered by atmospheric influences, the slight changes observed in a few exceptional cases being attributable to improper preparation of the metal, yet pure platinum is too soft a material to stand the friction of much use without losing some of its weight. This defect, it is found, may be remedied by combining with the platinum about ten per cent. of iridium. An alloyed metal is thus produced as hard as steel, such as has been adopted for the new international standard kilograms by the Metric Commission at Paris.

**POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS.**—Mr. Macdonald, M.P., has obtained a return relative to the Post-office and other savings

banks for the last ten years. In 1865 the number of depositors was 1,468,490, and the amount £38,745,298. Of the number and the amounts raised in the succeeding years, the number never reached the first years given, nor the amounts until the year 1871. In 1874 (the last year given) there were 1,464,306 depositors, and the amount was £41,466,399 as to savings banks. With respect to Post-office savings banks, the depositors numbered 611,384 in 1865, when the amount invested with interest was £3,851,887, and there was at the end of the year due to depositors £6,526,400. In 1874 the largest amount in the ten years was invested, being £8,865,815, and the total amount due to 1,668,733 depositors, the greatest number in the period, £23,157,469.

**THEODORE HOOK AND THE LOTTERY MAN.**—The account of lotteries in the "Leisure Hour" for January, and of the dire results often caused by the spirit of gambling, recalls an anecdote of Hook, told by Mr. Julian Young in his "Recollections":—"Theodore Hook dined at General Moore's, and as usual was the life of the party. His wit and humour, his sayings and doings, his pranks and his practical jokes, his hoaxes and political squibs, are so well known that I am almost afraid to reproduce any of them, lest I should be accused of bringing stale goods to market. However, I do not think the two following stories, which he told us yesterday, have ever been in print. Not long since, he went by stage-coach to Sudbourne, to stay with Lord Hertford. Inside the coach he had but one companion, a brown-faced, melancholy-looking man, with an expression of great querulousness, quite in character with the tone of his conversation, which was one of ceaseless complaining. 'Sir,' said he, 'you may have known unfortunate men, possibly, in your day—you may, for aught I know, be an unfortunate man yourself—but I do not believe there is such another unfortunate man as I am in the whole world. No man ever had more brilliant prospects than I have had in my time, and every one of them, on the very eve of fulfilment, has been blighted. 'Twas but the other day that I thought I would buy a ticket in the lottery. I did so, stupid as that I was, and took a sixteenth. Sir, I had no sooner bought it than I repented of my folly, and, feeling convinced that it would be a blank, I got rid of it to a friend, who I knew would thank me for the favour, and at the same time save me from another disappointment. Sir, would you believe it? I know you won't; but it is true,—it turned up £30,000.' 'What?' said Hook. 'It is incredible. If it had happened to me I should certainly have cut my throat.' 'Well,' said he, 'of course you would, and so did I;' and, baring his neck, he exposed to Hook's horror-stricken gaze a freshly-healed cicatrix from ear to ear."

**ELEPHANT BATTUES.**—It seems a pity to destroy, for the sake of simple sport, such useful, intelligent animals as elephants. In destroying tigers and other strictly wild and destructive beasts, the sportsmen perform a public service, and this knowledge doubtless adds additional zest to the enterprise, but the wholesale destruction of these huge and valuable assistants to man, on the plea of sport, when their hunting and capture for domestication would be equally exciting and far more instructive, is a proceeding repugnant alike to the teachings of our flag, and to our humane ideas of advanced civilisation. If the risk of life from the furious charge of a wounded bull elephant is required to establish the courage of their future king in the eyes of his Eastern Empire, let some other plan be devised, and let his millions of half-civilised subjects practically associate his visit with recollections of mercy rather than with the wanton slaughter of animals almost idolised for their utility, tractability—the most powerful, and yet the most docile creatures in the universe. Wanton waste brings woeful want. The commercial loss, though large, in an elephant battue is not of so much consequence as the example. The wanton slaughter of buffaloes of late years on the American prairies, and of moose deer in Canada, has already excited the action of their respective governments, and nearly every State of the Union has been compelled to pass severe repressive game laws to prevent the extermination of many of the indigenous birds and beasts, and this, too, in a wild country with almost unlimited range. We trust to hear that the royal party will have plenty of sport in every legitimate sense, but elephant battues are not legitimate sport. Sport is a misnomer; it is simple butchery.—*Land and Water.*

**DALTON IN LOVE.**—The Quaker philosopher lived in "single blessedness," and died a bachelor, but he was not insensible to the charms of the fair sex, according to his own confession in his journal: "I never met with a character so finished as

Hannah's. What is called strength of mind and sound judgment she possesses in a very eminent degree, with the rare coincidence of a quick apprehension and most lively imagination. Of sensibility she has a full share, but does not affectedly show it on every trivial occasion. The sick and poor of all descriptions are her personal care. Though undoubtedly accustomed to grave and serious reflections, all pensiveness and melancholy are banished from her presence, and nothing but cheerfulness and hilarity diffused around. Her uncommon natural abilities have been improved by cultivation, but art and form do not appear at all in her manner—all is free, open, and unaffected. Extremely affable to all, though every one sees and acknowledges her superiority, no one can charge her with pride. She is, as might be expected, well pleased with the conversation of literary and scientific people, and has herself produced some essays that would do credit to the first geniuses of the age, though they are scarcely known out of the family, so little is her vanity. Her person is agreeable, active, and lively. She supports conversation, whether serious, argumentative, or jocular, with uncommon address. In short, the *tout ensemble* is the most complete I ever beheld. Next to Hannah, her sister Ann takes it, in my eye, before all others. She is a perfect model of personal beauty. I do not know one that will bear a comparison with her in this respect, at least in our society. With abilities much superior to the generality, she possesses the most refined sensibility, but in strength of mind and vigour of understanding must yield to her elder sister. I dwell with pleasure upon the character of these two amiable creatures, but would not have thee communicate my sentiments to others."—*Dr. Lonsdale's "Worthies of Cumberland."*

**NAPOLEON DEMENTED.**—This architect of his own fortune, this great thinker, this observer, once so sagacious, so prompt in mastering circumstances that could serve his turn, had come to this—infant-like he fell into a passion with the quiet and sovereign power of reality. He regarded facts that unluckily did not please him as though they did not exist, or rather he treated them like courtiers in revolt, whom a great king dismisses and drives away from his presence. He no longer deigned to enter into a discussion about the force of things as they are. An obstacle was not an obstacle if he refused to see it. Such had he been made by ten years of absolute power! One day, nevertheless, one of the last days of 1811, this year that was ending so gloomily, a ray of prudence and reason passed across that spirit already possessed by delusions, and Napoleon wrote to his librarian for "information as complete as possible on the campaign of Charles XII in Poland and Russia." What a lesson lay in that name of Charles XII and in the recollections of Pul-towa! It was not chance that brought to his pen that fateful word. What was he to see in it? A presentiment! A last warning of destiny! Or was he merely to find an occasion to plume himself at the expense of the great Swedish adventurer? We know not what impressions his study made on him, but we know the lesson was useless. Everything, even the means of safety, becomes a snare and a peril to those who will their own destruction.—*M. Lanfrey.*

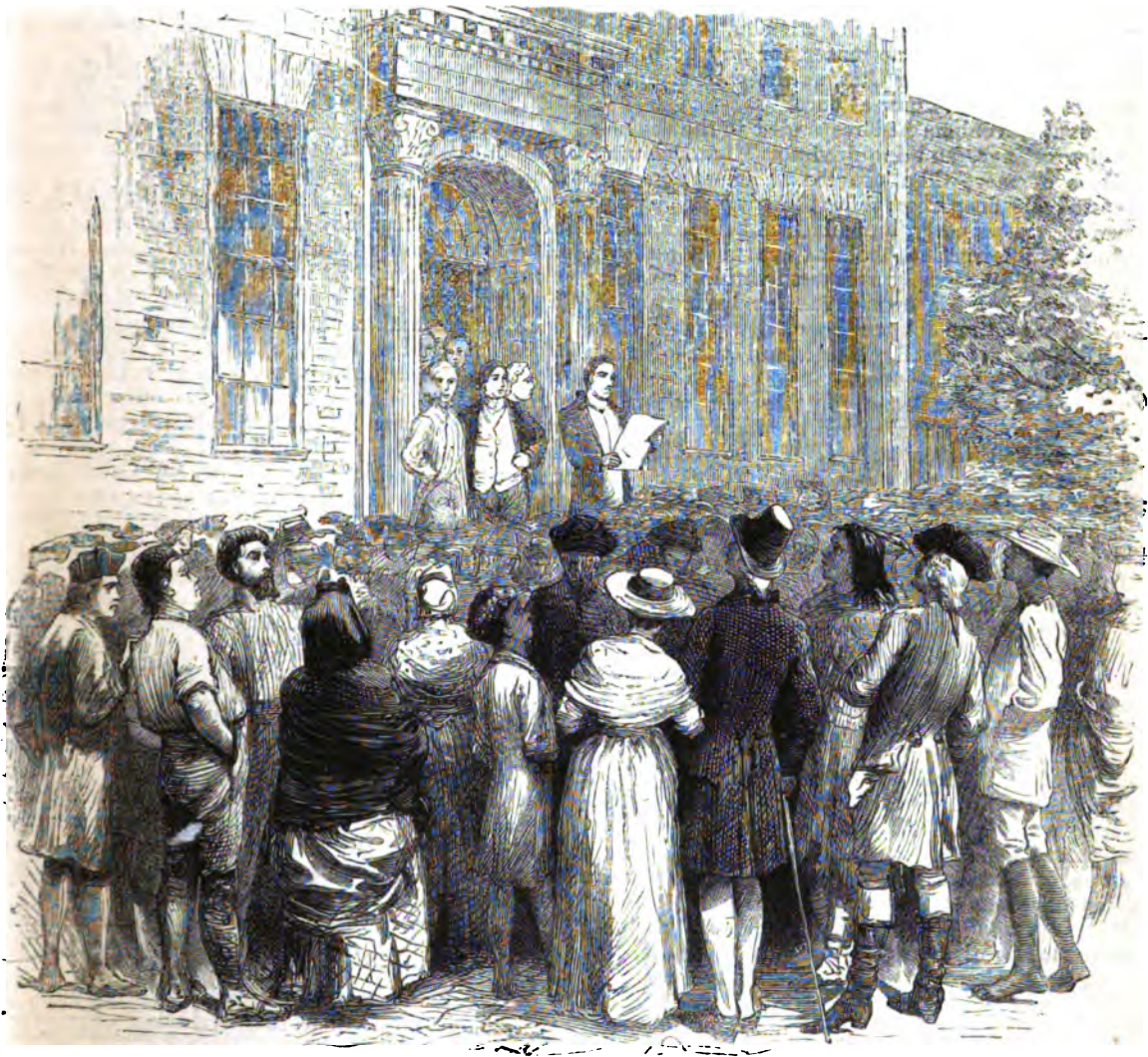
**JEWS PURCHASING LAND IN SYRIA.**—The committee of the Sir Moses Montefiore Testimonial Fund state in their report that the total amount of subscriptions received is £10,682, a portion of this being payable by annual instalments in forthcoming years. Having taken into consideration the expressed views of Sir Moses, and attentively considered various suggestions, the committee have unanimously resolved to expend this sum in the purchase of ground in the Holy Land, in the building of houses there, in establishing a loan fund, and in aiding the able-bodied inhabitants in agricultural and trading pursuits, or in such of those objects as the committee may from time to time deem expedient. At a meeting held at the Portuguese Synagogue, Bevis Marks, presided over by Mr. Joseph M. Montefiore, these recommendations were adopted by the general committee. It was suggested that a portion of the money should be applied to providing secular education to the Jews of Palestine, and, after a protracted discussion, the chairman ruled that no part of the fund could be thus applied. [We have always understood that the Jewish authorities strenuously objected to the purchase of land in Syria. The land belongs to the Jewish people by right, and they expect to recover it "in the fulness of time," without the cost or the disgrace of purchase. Now that this sentiment is broken in upon, it is possible that the purchase of land may extend. A good round sum from the Jews would be a windfall to the Sultan and to Turkish bondholders.]



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Couper.*



THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—JUSTICE AT LAST.

CONSTANCE had slipped away to her own room to prepare her mind for the approaching ordeal. She had that evening to refuse definitely the Lavenham coronet, and permanently disappoint her father; there was no alternative to be thought of; and old Red-hand's wigwam, with Kashutan haunting

No. 1278.—JUNE 24, 1876.

its corners, would have been, for the moment at least, a welcome retreat from the whole business. She sat at the window, leaning her head on her hand; the lingering light of the summer day still made objects plainly visible, but she did not see, because the same trees which concealed Sydney and herself in the previous evening, now hid from her view him and his two companions. They had hastened to the house to make known to Delamere the dying woman's disclosures, but paused there to take counsel. None

C O

PRICE ONE PENNY.



of them imagined that the man whose long-hidden crime they came to reveal was then sitting in the squire's parlour; yet the two most forward men in facing steel or cannon found their courage fail them.

"I cannot enter the house of a gentleman to whom I have caused the loss of his only son, and I a stranger to him," said De Valencourt; "you are his friends; go in and tell him the woman's tale. I will remain at hand, and be ready to give my evidence if necessary."

"It looks rather cowardly," said Sydney, "but I confess myself half afraid to face the squire with this news; he has a stiff prejudice against me, and will say at the first brush that it is an invented calumny."

"Your scruples are honest, friends," said Caleb Sewell; "I, who have no reason for any such, will inform Delamere, seeing that, as the case stands, it is needful he should know at once."

Viscount Lavenham had responded to the squire's cordial greetings, and inquired for Miss Delamere in terms of more than usual compliment; he had expressed his deep regret for the squire's mishaps in person and property, and his firm belief, founded on the best information, that the wrongs of all loyal subjects would be amply redressed within the year; and was opening his own particular business with, "In the meantime let me hope, now that I have succeeded to my family estate and title—" when Philip looked in at the door.

"There is a gentleman outside who wishes to speak with you, squire; he will not come in, because I said you had company; but," the boy added in a lower tone, "I know it is Mr. Sewell."

"How is this, friend Caleb, that you will not come in, and it is ~~such a time since we have met?~~" said Delamere, ~~stepping out~~ and offering his hand to the military merchant.

"Friend Delamere," said Caleb, as he took it with the kindly grasp of former days, "I would not be hasty in speaking of a grievous ~~matter~~, but these times admit not of ceremony in ~~breaking~~ bad news. I have come to tell thee that the man to whom thou intendest giving thy daughter in marriage was the slayer of thy son."

Stunned and stupefied, Delamere staggered back against the wall, and stared on the speaker without uttering a word, while Devereux, who had heard all that passed through the open door, darted between the two, and out of the house, exclaiming, "It is a false, malicious slander; I will prove it."

"It is true," said Sydney Archdale, stepping forward to bar his retreat, "for your poor wife, now dying, has confessed that she saw the deed done."

"False or true," cried Devereux, the criminal ruffian within him breaking through the thin coat of high-life polish, "you shall never get Constance;" and he rushed upon Sydney with his drawn hanger. The young man happened to be unarmed at the time, yet he stood his ground, determined to close with him; but before Sydney could try that desperate chance, De Valencourt had stepped from behind the garden-gate. His sword was drawn in a moment, and he rushed forward to strike down the assassin's arm. But Devereux, furious as the truth dawned upon him, sprang forward, caught the blow, and fell severely wounded. He reeled and fell almost at the threshold of the man whose noon of life he had darkened with such a heavy cloud of sorrow.

Constance flew downstairs at the tumult, and saw

her father standing still against the wall. The colour left her face at the sight of his; but somebody came between them, took each by the arm and led them into the parlour, and then they saw it was Mr. Archdale.

"This is kind of you, Archdale. I have behaved ill to you and your son, and I am sorry for it; that is all I can say, for my mind is confused. May the Lord help me!" said the squire, sitting down beside his daughter.

"Any man would be confused in your circumstances. As for the past, never mind it, we are all liable to mistakes and misunderstandings, my friend. I was passing your house, saw what occurred, and came to see if I could be of any use to you."

"Well, that was kind; but are you sure what Caleb Sewell said to me was true?" said the poor bewildered squire.

"Caleb Sewell would speak nothing but the truth, as far as his knowledge went," said Archdale. "I do not perfectly understand the case myself, but probably Sydney can explain it; and if you will allow him, he will do so by-and-by."

Constance would ask no questions that might further confuse her father, and the three sat almost in silence till a low voice spoke at the parlour-door. Nobody would have thought it was the colonel of one of the best regiments in Washington's army who asked in such gentle and modest tones if he might come in.

"Come and welcome, Sydney! I wish you had never been a stranger in my house," said Delamere.

Sydney came, sat down at his other side, and rehearsed to them all the particulars already related, adding that De Valencourt had been arrested by the legal authorities; but himself and Caleb Sewell, having become security for his appearance at the inquest, he was allowed to go at large. The young man also informed them that, on inquiring at the hospital, he had learned the unlucky woman was gone from this world. Except a few words in response to the prayer which Dr. Adams offered up for her departing soul, she had never spoken after her statement regarding Devereux. It soon became apparent that Devereux himself would not long survive her. He had not strength to stand against the consequences of his wound, and succumbed in a few days.

When the first shock was over, it was surprising how calmly Delamere heard and spoke of the fearful discovery, though in all his after-days it was observed that he avoided the subject as far as possible, and the only reflection he ever made upon it was, "Men might learn from my experience that the ways of Providence are wiser than our wishes, for into what an abyss would the fulfilment of mine have plunged me and my child!"

As the family were strangers in Philadelphia, the private history of their case remained unknown to the public, though it was generally believed that rivalry for the hand of Delamere's fair daughter had prompted the Englishman's attack on Colonel Archdale. That attack furnished the best and safest plea for De Valencourt. It was proved by all the witnesses on the inquest that he had stepped forward in defence of his unarmed friend, and on a subsequent trial he was acquitted by a verdict of justifiable homicide.

The Danbys, on their journey to assist at the expected marriage, arrived in time to take charge of their cousin's funeral, and themselves carried the news of his fate to England, whither the major was allowed to return in consideration of his age and state

of health. The entire connection there at first blazoned the tale as the murder of a British nobleman by American rebels; but De Valencourt's letters to his friends in Versailles, where the assassination of young Delamere was yet remembered, cast such a light on the subject, that they were fain to hush it up, and the records of the period say that the last Viscount Lavenham fell in a duel with an American officer, leaving no issue, and thus the title became extinct.

There was a searching inquiry into all the circumstances of Devereux's death, the legal authorities somehow guessing that there was more in the business than they had heard of, and being also solicitous that no suspicion should attach to their justice in the case of a British officer. To the relief of all concerned it came to a close at last when nearing the noon of a glorious July day. De Valencourt was exonerated from all blame. Delamere's entire household had been summoned, though none but himself and Philip were witnesses of the fact; and as they emerged from the police-office where such investigations were held, Hannah Greenland and the negro girl took the shortest way home on account of some domestic affairs, while the squire, his daughter, and her page lingered to see what the town expected, that its streets were thronged by such an eager multitude.

For days past the people had been gathering in from the farms and villages beyond the Schuylkill, from the New Jersey towns on the other side of the Delaware, from the hill hamlets on the north, and the backwood townships on the frontiers of New York.

Something was to be seen or heard in Philadelphia which the Delameres' own troubles prevented them from knowing, though it was known to all the land beside.

They had not seen Mr. Archdale for some time. The Continental Congress, of which he was a member, had been sitting with closed doors day and night, it was said, and in deep debate; but towards its place of assembly the living stream from every street was tending, and they went with the tide.

The old court-house of Philadelphia, which still forms an integral part of that historic block of buildings known as the State House, and fronting on Chestnut Street, then fronted on the green, or common, an enclosure which, for almost a century, has been named Independence Square. When the squire and his company reached it, the crowd there had become so dense that further progress in any direction was impossible, and they remained fixed as the rest. The air was filled with a hum of subdued voices, but every eye turned to the court-house. Its doors were fast closed till the clock of the nearest church struck twelve; then a sonorous bell rang out a long and solemn peal. That bell is treasured among the heirlooms of the land, and still bears the inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." As its tolling ceased, the doors of the court-house slowly opened, and Mr. Archdale appeared on the steps, with a parchment in his hand. A dead silence fell on the gathered thousands, while in a clear, distinct voice, which all could hear and none mistake, he read to them one of the most important documents of modern history, the Declaration of Independence of the thirteen United States of North America, signed by their chosen representatives in the Continental Congress. The dead silence continued till Archdale had read

the last words, "and for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour." Then the outburst of a people's approbation, shout after shout, rent the summer air, and was re-echoed by the streets and squares around.

In another moment the multitude began to move, the members of Congress had already made their way out of the court-house, and Archdale was shaking hands with Delamere.

"I never thought to hear that, Archdale," said the squire.

"I never thought to read it once, but Providence conducts the steps of nations, as well as those of individuals, to goals they little dream of, my friend. This is the birthday of our nationality, our history, and our hopes. From it we begin to found on this great continent the republic which England missed through the unworthiness of one generation. It may be that monarchy tallies best with her historic memories and feudal institutions; but when the strife between her and us has been long buried in the graves of the men who caused or maintained it, her thinkers and her patriots will appreciate our work, and do justice to our motives."

"Well, Archdale, you had always a deeper insight into things than I, and my days of meddling with politics are over." Here Delamere perceived that his friend had caught sight of something which seemed as much to his mind as the Declaration; and following the direction of his look, he saw Sydney and Constance arm-and-arm, their cheeks flushed and their eyes sparkling with the same patriotic fire. "See her safe through the crowd, my boy," he said, in the familiar fashion of bygone days, for the people were now surging round them and shouting, "Archdale! Archdale!"

"Let me see her safe through life, sir," said Sydney, coming close to him; "there has been an agreement between her and me to that effect for many a day, but she always made it depend on your consent."

"You have it, Sydney," said Delamere; "Constance is a good daughter, and you are a good son; may the future make up for the past to us all."

#### CHAPTER XXX.—FINAL SETTLEMENTS.

It is an acknowledged canon of the ancient art of tale-telling, that when parted friends are once more united, and the barriers which separated faithful lovers removed, the narrative is bound to come to a close, and so it must be with this eventful story. While the Declaration read that day on the steps of the court-house was yet in course of being published in the newspapers of Boston and New York, from the pulpits of old Puritan meeting-houses, and by beat of drum in country villages and outlying townships—some of which are great commercial cities now—Constance Delamere became Mrs. Colonel Archdale, by a very quiet and unostentatious wedding. She lived to prove, by her own example, that the loving and dutiful daughter is likely to make a devoted wife, for she accompanied her husband in most of his campaigns, and was his help and consolation in all times of danger or difficulty.

Sydney served with valour and distinction throughout the War of Independence, though it was said a Mohawk chief of the Puma tribe spent most of his

time in laying ambuscades for him, and most of his plunder in bribing Indian sorcerers to charm away the colonel's courage. He ultimately rose to the rank of major-general, and was one of the officers of whom Washington took leave in front of Francis Hotel in New York, when the peace which secured freedom to his country allowed the citizen soldier to return to home and kin.

Delamere, finding the house with green palings lonely when his daughter had left it, removed, with his small following, to Vinelands, by the earnest invitation of Jacob and Rachel Stoughton.

Their daughter had gone from them also, but it was on the returnless journey. One day, shortly after the marriage of her friend Constance, Susanna seemed stronger than usual. The poor parents thought she had benefited by the advice and prescriptions of Dr. Adams, but when her mother entered her room next morning, she had fallen asleep till the resurrection day. An open Bible lay beside her, and as if her last thought had been to comfort those she left behind, her small white fingers rested on the text, "I would not have ye ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not as those that have no hope."

Caleb Sewell was with them at the time, but soon after he rejoined Washington's army, and never returned, for in a gallant attempt to rally his regiment he fell in the disastrous battle of Germantown.

The Stoughtons said Providence had sent Delamere to them in his place, and he continued to reside in their house, as unconcerned about public events as the worthy Quaker, even when British troops occupied Philadelphia.

At the end of the war the Elms was restored to him, chiefly on account of the distinguished services of his son-in-law, and he returned to his patrimonial mansion a wiser if less loyal man. Many of his old tenants and servants, who had been in Archdale's militia, returned at the same time, and among them Denis Dargan to his ancient place of best man. With him, by way of assistant and successor to Hannah, who had now Greenland to manage as well as Delamere's house, came Martha, once the steadfast-minded maid; but she had been Mrs. Dargan for some years, her sympathetic attentions when he came among his old neighbours an invalid, from the wounds received at Bunker's Hill, having completely conquered the some time obdurate heart of Denis. "It's thrue," he remarked, in a sort of apology for the unexpected match, "she's not the flower o' beauty like Miss Constance, that wouldn't look at the likes o' me at all, but what's beauty till a thrue heart."

Philip had followed his early patroness in the military career she chose to take with Sydney Archdale, and having grown to man's estate before the war was finished, he served with good repute in the latter's regiment; when peace came, the remains of his father's property in Jamaica were recovered for him by the exertions of his American friends, the testimony of his dying mother and corroborative circumstances being thought sufficient to prove his right, as there was no other heir to dispute it.

Philip, however, sold his West Indian inheritance, and with the proceeds bought a farm on the banks of the Connecticut, partly on account of a New England lady of colour, whom he wooed and won, and partly on account of the lady whose page he had been, and whom he occasionally called Miss Constance when

she was training up her sons in the way they should go.

Another settler, and not the least fortunate, who came to the vicinity of the Elms, was Lieutenant Gray. He had been exchanged some time before Washington's army evacuated New York, and while in garrison there chanced to meet the lady whom he so gallantly excused for jilting him and marrying the rich army contractor. That gentleman had left her a widow, wealthy and childless; the lieutenant was as poor as when she left him to wear the willow; but the old love revived in her heart, he wooed again, and in his latter days carried off the prize of which his youth had been disappointed.

Having, as he said, made little by soldiering, and no inclination to fight English-descended men, who had the right on their side, particularly as his bride was of the same opinion, he sold his commission for what it would fetch, and after some travels in search of a peaceable settlement, the pair ultimately took up their abode in the neighbourhood of his old friends, where they are said to have built the first of those handsome villas which are now so numerous in the outskirts of Northampton.

Of Count De Valencourt nothing is known, except that after serving the cause he had adopted in field and fortress, and seeing the sword of France finally turn the scale in favour of America, he returned with Lafayette and other soldiers of liberty to set up her standard in his native land.

The time of peace and prosperity which succeeded the War of Independence brought its blessing to the Plantation and the Elms; the two squires who had differed so far concerning the way that led to it, lived to rejoice in their country's advance; grandchildren played about their knees, and the friendship that grew between them in life's morning warmed and brightened the evening of their years.

The united descendants of the Bedfordshire knights, Sydney and Constance, in their turn grew old and grey before the bearer of the scythe and sand-glass; but his winters had no frost for the fond and faithful love that linked their hearts together, and had been so sorely tried in their time.

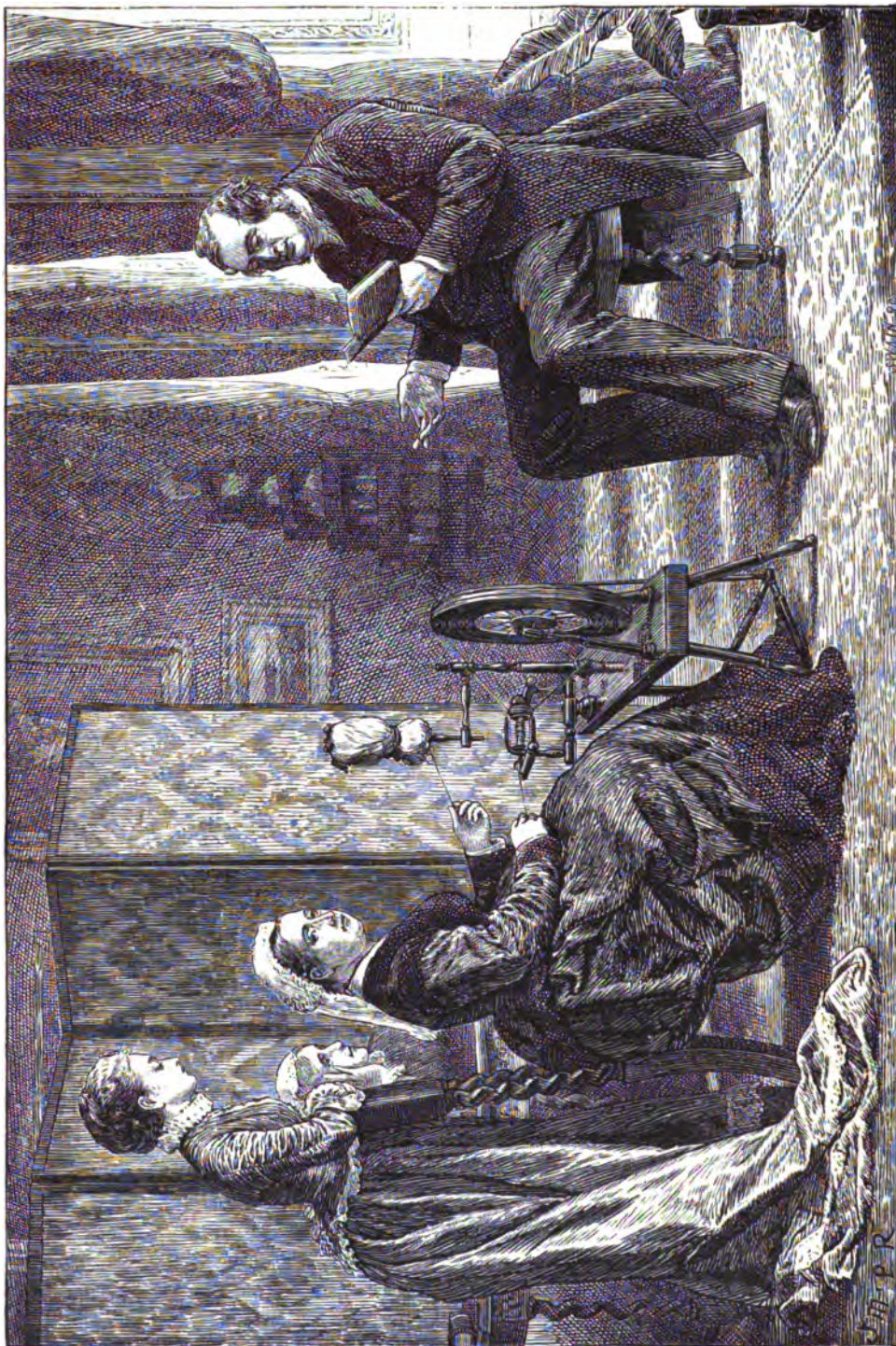


THE OLD LIBERTY BELL.

American records state that the bell was not rung on the 4th July. The Declaration of Independence was published on the 8th, and read on the 9th to the people, after which the bell pealed forth the message of liberty. by Google







T. McL. Ralston.

### AT BALMORAL.

"THE QUEEN SAT DOWN TO SPIN AT A NICE SCOTCH WHEEL, WHILE I READ ROBERT BURNS TO HER: 'A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT,' HER FAVOURITE."—*Dr. Norman Macleod.*



## ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

### June.

JUNE, as heralding in the season of summer, has ever been a very favourite month of the year. Now it is that Nature assumes her most brilliant attire, and English landscape scenery may justly be said to reach the height of its beauty. Not only are the trees arrayed in their richest foliage, but from every quarter there comes floating on the air either the delicate perfume of some fragrant flower or the sweet music of one of heaven's many songsters. By our Saxon ancestors June was called *sero* month, from the dryness of the atmosphere at this time; but more anciently *weyd* month, "because their beasts did then weyd in the meadows, that is to say, go to feed there." They also named it *Lida Erra*—the word *Lida*, or *litha*, signifying in Icelandic, "to move or pass over," may imply the sun's passing its greatest height, and *Lida Erra* may consequently mean the first month of the sun's descent.\* The Romans regarded June as the most lucky and propitious month for contracting matrimonial engagements, just as May was held to be most unlucky, because thought to be under the influence of spirits adverse to happy households (see "Book of Days," vol. i. p. 719). This superstition has been to a certain degree prevalent even in modern times. Thus Sinclair, in his "Statistical Account of Scotland," tells us that in the parish of Logierait, Perthshire, no one ever begins any business or marries upon the 14th of May. Pennant, too, in his "Tour through Scotland," says that a Highlander never begins anything of consequence on the 3rd of May, which is called *La Sheachanna na bleanagh*, or the dismal day.

Mary Howitt, in her charming book, entitled, "Pictorial Calendar of the Seasons," alluding to sheep-shearing and haymaking practised at this season, says:—"Our ancestors took advantage of every natural holiday to keep it long and gladly. Rural sports, or, as Shakespeare calls them, Whitsun pastorals, succeeded, after a little interval, the games of May; and now, in June, a feast exclusively rural and popular took place at the time of sheep-shearing." Drayton, in his "Polyolbion," describes such a scene where he tells us how—

"The shepherd king,  
Whose flock hath chanced that year the earliest lamb to bring,  
In his gay baldric sits at his low grassy board,  
With flowers, curds, clouted cream, and country dainties  
stored;

And whilst the bagpipe plays, each lusty jocund swain,  
Quaffs syllabubs in cans to all upon the plain,  
And to their country girls, whose nosegays they do wear,  
Some roundelays do sing; the rest the burthen bear."

Whitsunday, which falls this year on the 4th of

June, is observed in commemoration of the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles. The origin of the term has been much contested, and even still seems an undecided question. Some are of opinion that it is a corruption of *White Sunday*, because, in the primitive church, the newly-baptized persons, or catechumens, were in the habit of wearing white garments at this season. Wheatly quotes a letter from Gerard Langbain, in which is cited a passage from a MS. in the Bodleian Library,\* where it is stated that the day is called *Witsonenday* or *Vitsonenday*, because our ancestors used to give to the poor on this day all the milk of their ewes and kine, which milk was called, in some places, *the whites of kine*, in others, *whitemeat* ("The Prayer-Book Interleaved," 1866, p. 127). A writer, however, of the fourteenth century, supplies us with a more spiritual etymology than either of the preceding. He says:—

"This day Whitsunday is cald  
For wisdom and wit seuene fold  
Was gounen to the Apostles as this day."

In England, before the Reformation, during the Roman Catholic times, it seems to have been customary to dramatise the descent of the Holy Ghost, and in Barnaby Goode's translation of "Naogeorgus" we find this practice thus alluded to:—

"On Whitsunday, white pigeons tame in strings from heaven  
fly,  
And one that framed is of wood still hangeth in the skie;  
Thou seest how they with idols play, and teach the people too;  
None otherwise than little gyrls with puppets use to do."

In the ancient romance of "Sir Bevis of Hampton," we find that the gentry amused themselves with horse races:—

"In somer at Whitsontide,  
Whan knightes most on horsebacke ride;  
A cours, let they make on a daye,  
Steedes and palfreye, for to assaye;  
Whiche horse that best may ren,  
Thre myles the cours was then,  
Who that might ryde him shoulde  
Have forty pounds of redy golde."

In Ireland a superstition prevails that on Easter morning the sun dances in honour of the Resurrection. In England it is, says Hampson, supposed to dance also on Whitsunday morning, but less vigorously than at Easter. Dr. Forster, in his "Perennial Calendar," quotes a curious passage from an old book, entitled, "Arise Evans's Echo to the Voice of Heaven; or a Narrative of his Life," 1652:—"He went up a hill to see the sun arise betimes on Whitsunday morning," and "saw it at its rise skip,

\* See Hone's "Every-Day Book," 1826, vol. i. p. 737.

\* Bibl. Bodl. MSS. Codex, 1903.



play, dance, and turn about like a whale." It is inquired in Dunton's "Athenian Oracle," "Why does the sun at its rising play more on Easter Day than Whit Sunday?" The question is answered thus:—"The matter of fact is an old, weak, superstitious error, and the sun neither plays nor works on Easter Day more than any other. It is true it may sometimes happen to shine brighter that morning than any other; but if it does it is purely accidental. In some parts of England they call it the lamb-playing, which they look for, as soon as the sun rises, in some clear or spring water, and is nothing but the pretty reflection it makes from the water, which they may find at any time, if the sun rises clear, and they themselves early."

Mr. Fosbrooke says that in Spain this feast was celebrated with representations of the gift of the Holy Ghost, and of thunder from engines, which did much damage. Water, oak-leaves, burning torches, wafers, and cakes, were thrown down from the church roof; pigeons and small birds with cakes tied to their legs were let loose; and a long censer was swung up and down. The Whitsun-ales, which were formerly kept up in our country with much spirit, were no doubt derived from the *agapai* (ἀγάπαι), or love-feasts, of the early Christians. On such occasions voluntary contributions were made, with which the churchwardens purchased malt, bread, and a quantity of ale, which they sold out in the church or elsewhere. The profits, as well as those derived from the games of dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, etc., were either applied to the repair of the church, or else given to the relief of the poor.\* In Douce's time—about eighty years ago—a Whitsun-ale was conducted in the following manner:—Two persons are chosen, previously to the meeting, to be lord and lady of the ale, who dress as suitably as they can to the characters they assume. A large empty barn, or some such building, is provided for the lord's hall, and fitted up with seats to accommodate the company. Here they assemble to dance and regale in the best manner their circumstances and the place will afford; and each young fellow treats his girl with a favour. The lord and lady honour the hall with their presence, attended by the steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, and mace-bearer, with their several badges or ensigns of office. They have likewise a train-bearer, or page, and a fool, or jester, dressed in a parti-coloured jacket. The lord's music, consisting of a tabor and pipe, is employed to conduct the music. At these ales the Whitsun plays were performed, and Shakespeare, speaking of the plot of his own "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," says in the prologue—

"It hath been sung at festivals,  
On Ember eves and holy ales."

Formerly at St. Briavels, Gloucestershire, after Divine service on Whitsunday, pieces of bread and cheese were distributed to the congregation at church. To defray the expenses, every householder in the parish paid a penny to the churchwardens, and this was said to be for the liberty of cutting and taking the wood in Hudnalls. According to tradition, the privilege was obtained of some Earl of Hereford, then lord of the Forest of Dean, at the instance of his lady, upon the same hard terms that Lady Godiva obtained the privileges for the citizens of Coventry.

At Monk Sherborne, near Basingstoke, both the priory and parish churches were decorated with birch on Whitsunday. The old church, too, of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, is annually strewn with rushes on this day.

At Corby, near Rockingham, in Northamptonshire, every twentieth year the inhabitants assemble at an early hour on Whitsun Monday, and stop up all roads and bye-ways in the parish, demanding a toll of every person who may have occasion to pass through the village on this day. In case of non-compliance, a stout pole is produced, and the non-conformist is placed thereon, in a riding attitude, carried through the village, and taken to the parish stocks, and imprisoned until the authorities choose to grant a dismissal. It appears that Queen Elizabeth granted to the inhabitants of Corby a charter to free them from town toll throughout England, Wales, and Scotland, and also to exempt them from serving on juries at Northampton, and to free the knights of the shire from the Militia law. This custom of taking toll has been observed in commemoration of the granting of this charter ("Notes and Queries," 3rd S. vol. i. p. 424).

Formerly the Whitsun mysteries were acted at Chester during the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in Whitsun week. The performers were carried from one place to another by means of a scaffold—a huge and ponderous machine mounted on wheels, gaily decorated with flags, and divided, we are told,\* into two compartments, the upper of which formed the stage, and the lower, defended from vulgar curiosity by coarse canvas draperies, answered the purposes of a green-room. The performers began at the abbey gates, where they were witnessed by the high dignitaries of the Church; they then proceeded to the High Cross, where the mayor and the civic magnates were assembled; and so on throughout the city, until their history of God and his dealings with man had been played out. Although immense numbers of people from all parts came to witness these pageants, yet great order was preserved. To describe each of the plays would take up far more space than we are able to give, but suffice it to say that to each craft in the city a separate mystery was allotted. Thus the drapers exhibited the "Creation," the tanners took the "Fall of Lucifer," the water-carriers of the Dee acted the "Deluge," etc. The production, too, of these pageants, was extremely costly; indeed each one has been set down at fifteen or twenty pounds sterling.

On Whit Tuesday a sermon is annually preached at St. Leonard's Church, Shoreditch, and called the "Botanical Sermon." Formerly it was customary for the President and several Fellows of the Royal Society to be present. At St. James's Church, Mitre Court, Aldgate, a sermon is also preached from a text having special reference to flowers; this is called the "Flower Sermon." In Poor Robin's Almanack for 1676 stool-ball and barley-break are spoken of as Whitsun sports.

Trinity Sunday (June 11th) is a festival of late institution. Anciently all Sundays were held to commemorate this mystery. Durandus says this festival dates from the time of Gregory the Fourth, A.D. 834. Gervase of Canterbury, however, tells us that Thomas à Becket instituted this festival in England soon after his consecration. In the twelfth century

\* See Smith's "Festivals," 1881, p. 151.

\* Abridged from "Edinburgh Review," 1866. See Timbs' "Things not Generally Known," p. 87.

the Feast of the Trinity was kept by some churches on the octave of Whitsunday; by others on the Sunday preceding Advent. The Synod of Arles, 1260, made a canon commanding the celebration of the Feast of the Holy Trinity to be observed on the Sunday after Whitsunday. ("Prayer-Book Interleaved, p. 129.) It is still customary on this day for the judges and great law-officers of the Crown, together with the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council to attend service at St. Paul's Cathedral.\*

In the "Memoires de l'Académie Celtique" (vol. iii. p. 447), in the "Notice sur quelques Usages et Croyances de la ci-devant Lorraine," we read:—"Le jour de la fête de la Trinité, quelques personnes vont de grand matin dans la campagne, pour y voir lever trois soleils à la fois."

In the Lambeth accounts, we find the churchwardens' expenses for garlands and drink for the children, for garnishing ribbons, and for singing-men in the procession on Trinity Sunday even.† The parish of Cleve, in Lincolnshire, possesses a right of cutting rushes from a piece of land called "Bescars," for the purpose of strewing the floor of the church on Trinity Sunday. A small quantity of grass, says Edwards,‡ is annually cut to preserve this right.

Corpus Christi Day (June 15th) is a grand festival in the Romish Church, held on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, in celebration of the doctrine of transubstantiation. It is observed in all Roman Catholic countries with music, lights, flowers strewed in the streets, rich tapestries hung upon the walls, and with other demonstrations of rejoicing. Anciently, in our own country as well as abroad, plays representing Scripture subjects were performed on this day. Thus we learn that the play of "Corpus Christi" was acted in the city of York till the twenty-sixth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, 1584. It consisted of a solemn procession in remembrance of the sacrament of the body of Christ; the symbolic representations being borne in a shrine. Every trade in the city was obliged to furnish a pageant at its own expense and join the procession; and each individual had to personify some particular passage in the Old or New Testament, and to repeat some poetry on the occasion. The whole was preceded by a great number of lighted torches, and a multitude of priests in their proper habits.

At one time, too, the crafts or companies of Norwich walked in procession on Corpus Christi Day. Each company had its banner, on which was painted its patron or guardian saint.

On the 21st of June happens the *Summer Solstice*, or longest day. At Greenwich, the sun is above the horizon from 3.43 morning to 8.17 evening, making the day 16 hours and 26 minutes long. In Edinburgh the longest day is about 17½ hours.

Upon the vigil of St. John the Baptist's Day (June 24), called also Midsummer Day, many superstitious practices were observed. It was a popular belief that if any unmarried woman fasted on Midsummer Eve, and at midnight laid a clean cloth on the table, with bread, cheese, and ale, and then sat down as if about to eat, the street-door being left open, the person whom she was afterwards to marry would come into the room and drink to her by bowing; and after filling the glass, would leave it on the

table, and, making another bow, retire. Young women also used to divine by hemp-seed, making use of the following incantation:—

"Hemp-seed I sow,  
Hemp-seed I hoe,  
And he that is my true love,  
Come after me and mow."

The mugwort was regarded as potent against storms—and even the devil himself—if branches of it were hung up against the doors of houses on St. John's Eve. On this night also it was customary, among other observances, to light large bonfires,\* around which the people danced with much mirth and glee. These, it should be remarked, have been common on this night, at all times and in all countries. We find them spoken of as existing in India and Egypt, and in use also among the Druids. Some writers are of opinion that they have reference to the character of St. John in Holy Writ, which describes him as "a shining light." Others, again, affirm that these fires were made to drive away dragons and evil spirits hovering in the air, and a writer, quoted by Strutt, says that in some countries they burned bones, which was called a "bone-fire," for "the dragons hattyd nothyng more than the styncke of brenyng bonys."†

In Cornwall, the day was anciently called *Goluan*, a word signifying both *light* and *joy*. In other parts of the west they were termed *Blessing Fires*, which Soane considers indicates their religious origin. This custom, we are informed, is still kept up by numbers of the Irish people in Liverpool. Contributions are collected from house to house, in either fuel or money, and as soon as night sets in the fires are lighted.

In addition to the superstitious observances practised on Midsummer Eve, many of a similar nature were observed on Midsummer Day itself. Thus Aubrey tells us, "the last summer, on St. John's Day (1684), I accidentally was walking in the pasture behind Montague House; it was twelve o'clock. I saw there about two or three and twenty women, most of them well habited, on their knees, very busy, as if they had been weeding. I could not presently learn what the matter was. At last a young man told me that they were looking for a coal under the root of a plantain to put under their heads that night, and they should dream who would be their husbands. It was to be found that day and hour." From time immemorial, the maidens on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in Spain, have gone forth on the morning of this day to gather flowers, which they bind in a garland on a "snow-white wether." The object of this custom is an amatory divination, expressed in the following song, which is sung on the occasion:—

"Come forth, come forth, my maidens, we'll gather myrtle boughs,  
And we all shall learn from the dews of the fern, if our lads will keep their vows;  
If the wether be still, as we dance on the hill, and the dew hangs sweet on the flowers,  
Then we'll kiss off the dew, for our lovers are true, and the Baptist blessing is ours."

\* The origin of the term *bonfire* has been much disputed. Some find its derivation in the fact of the fires having originally been made of bones. Thus, Fuller says, "Some deduce it from fires made of bones, relating to the burning of martyrs, first fashionable in England in the reign of King Henry IV. Others, says Soane, derive the word from *bon*, that is, good, and *fires*. Dr. Hickes considers that the word finds its origin in the Anglo-Saxon, *beofyr*, a burning pile."

† See Hampson's "Medii Ævi Kalendarium," vol. i. p. 296. Strutt's "Gilt. Gamena," b. iv. c. 8, s. 23.

\* See Timbs' "Something for Everybody," p. 83.

† Quoted in Lysons' "Enviions of London," vol. i. p. 810.

‡ "Old English Customs and Charities," p. 217.



Formerly, in Cornwall, Midsummer Day was looked upon as a high day. A pole was erected, decorated with garlands, around which the young people danced and made merry.

Before leaving this part of our subject, we must not omit to mention the watch kept on Midsummer Eve. The origin of this custom seems to have arisen in the thirteenth century, when, in consequence of great disorders committed in the streets of London; it was customary to set the midsummer watch upon the eve of St. John the Baptist. The ceremony was performed with great pomp and pageantry, and the whole was conducted at a very heavy expense. This practice was kept up till the year 1539, when it was discontinued. It was revived, however, again in 1548, but soon afterwards finally abolished.\* ("Sports, Pastimes, and Customs of London," 1838, p. 35.) At Nottingham,† the custom was kept up till the reign of Charles I.

At Chiltern, in Wiltshire, there is a sport very widely practised by the boys at this season of the year called "Egg-hopping." The boys forage the woods in search of birds' eggs. These, when found, they place on the road at distances apart in proportion to the variety or abundance of the species of egg. The hopper is then blindfolded, and he tries to break as many as he can in a certain number of jumps. This game is most universal, and carried on with great spirit.‡

St. Peter's Day (June 29th) is still observed in some parts of England, when some of the superstitions connected with Midsummer Day are repeated. Formerly, says Brand, on the evening of St. Peter's Day, the inhabitants of Northumberland carried firebrands about the fields of their respective parishes. On these occasions they made encroachments upon the bonfires of the neighbouring towns, of which they took away some of the ashes by force. This they called "carrying off the flower (probably the flour) of the wake."

## NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

### AN AGED CANARY.

"J. B. C.," in the interesting "Natural History Anecdotes" for March, instances the case of a canary which attained the age of fifteen years, and then says that perhaps some readers know of similar cases of longevity. About eighteen months ago a favourite bird of ours died that was over twenty-two years of age. It was what is called here a "mule" bird, a kind of cross between the canary and the goldfinch, I believe. It was in our family for ten years, and previous to coming into our possession had been the property of some intimate friends of our family for at least twelve years to my certain knowledge. It was a beautiful songster, possessed of a clear, ringing voice, and was very tame. It continued to sing blithely until within about twelve months of its death, when the first signs of age began to be observable in a loss of its accustomed sprightliness. About this time, too, another curious circumstance manifested itself. Whenever the cage was taken down for the purpose of being cleaned, the bird would go off in a kind of swoon, sometimes at the

bottom of the cage, at others remaining suspended, head downwards, from the perch. It would remain in this state about five minutes, and on recovering no ill effect would be discernible. Every care was taken of it; but at length, one fine evening, poor Tom was discovered on its back at the bottom of the cage quite dead. Wishing to have the bird preserved, I entrusted it to a local taxidermist for that purpose, and that was the last I saw of poor Tom, as after making numerous unsuccessful applications at the bird-stuffer's shop, I one day found the latter closed, and that "the place that had known him" was to know him no more. After this I could obtain no trace of the bird.

*Exeter.*

W. C.

### A TAME PARTRIDGE.

A young partridge was given to me by a friend leaving the country. I put it in an open cage in a window place, and it soon became quite at home, not liking to be left alone, and if so at any time in the day calling very loud. It made friends with the dog and cat, and used to lie before the fire with them, sometimes waking up to pull a hair out of their backs, and then crouching down as if asleep. It always went to its cage at night. It liked wheat or bread, but best of all rice-pudding, and came every day into the parlour at dinner-time for some. It strayed into the fields once, and was brought back almost starved. Pat, as we called it, was a great pet, but did not live very long. My dog died, and her successor (a puppy) bit Pat in play. Two little stones in my garden mark their graves, and I well remember my grief.

R. W.

### SAGACITY OF A DOG AND ATTACHMENT TO A PONY.

When living in a midland county I had a spaniel and a pony. The latter was ill for some time, when the dog slept in or under his manger and sometimes on his back. On his recovery she seldom left him long, and if the groom put his harness on, would jump into the manger, and thence on his back, barking loud. When taken out she followed, but, hunting the game, was shut up by order. She disliked this, and as soon as the pony was harnessed would start off, hide herself, and wait till he appeared, delighted with her success. On one occasion the groom rode the pony to a town, and, it being the Queen's accession day, the street was crowded. She begged to be taken up, and rode before him. On my leaving, both were sent to my father in Cheshire, where, as long as the dog lived, the attachment seemed to increase. She would go into the field and stay with him.

R. W.

### SAGACITY OF A RAT.

I have a pond in my garden, about fourteen feet square, which drains the walks. It has a steep bank and a walk round it, and fruit-trees on one side. I saw a rat swim out of a drain, ascend the bank, selecting the ripest of the fallen pears, rolling it along the bank into the water, like a man rolling a cask, and, pushing it before him to the mouth of the drain, he disappeared.

R. W.

### A USEFUL HORSE.

The Rev. Wilse Brown, Rector of Whitstone, Exeter, sends the following memorandum recorded by his late father:—"Every member of my family has seen my riding horse, Walter, take the handle of the stable pump in his mouth, and pump water into the trough in a stream. CHARLES BROWN, Rector."

\* See Stow's "Survey of London," 1848.

† See Deering's "Nottinghamia Vetula et Nova," 1751.

‡ See "Notes and Queries," 3rd S. vol. iv. p. 492.

## My Big Brother.



### "I HAD A BROTHER ONCE.

'Tis many, many years ago,  
I'm getting old and grey,  
And yet the sweet remembrance lasts  
Of one bright, happy day.  
I had a darling brother then,  
To me he seemed a man,  
For I had scarce five summers pass'd,  
Whilst he had numbered ten.

That day was one of summer's own,  
With soft and balmy breeze,  
That gently stirred the little stream  
And murmured mid the trees.  
Down to the streamlet's bank we sped  
To set the old boat free,  
John clamber'd in—then o'er the side  
He gently lifted me.

No need had he to stir an oar  
(We drifted with the tide),  
Save when our clumsy barque too near  
The weedy banks would glide.  
And tho' but childish prattle served  
To while the time away,  
Those childish dreams came back to me,  
As if 'twere yesterday.

He told me all his cherish'd hopes ;  
And many a boyish plan  
Was formed to bring him wealth and fame  
When he should grow a man ;  
And how some day to foreign lands  
He'd sail across the sea,  
To soon return with riches blessed,  
And share them all with me.

Then would we dwell in some old hall  
O'ergrown with ivy green,  
Where he would rule like some great lord,  
And I should reign as queen.  
And when glad Christmas time came round  
The poor should be relieved,  
And share with us at festive board  
The blessings we received.

And then in fancy age advanced,  
But brought no haunting fears,  
For I should ever linger nigh  
To cheer his fading years.  
And I in lisping tones replied  
I'd ne'er forget dear John,  
But be his little nurse one day,  
When dread old age crept on.

Those childish dreams ne'er came to pass.  
He lived to be a man ;  
And many a good deed mark'd the course  
Of his life's little span.  
But then he calmly passed away,  
So like a fading dream,  
And left me all alone to drift  
Down life's fast-ebbing stream.

And oft I sit and ponder  
By the fire's pale flick'ring light,  
And see amid the glowing coals  
A picture clear and bright—  
A picture that too well recalls  
That bright and happy day ;  
And thoughts of that dear brother's love  
Still cheer me on my way.

## BOY AND MAN:

A STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

## XIX.—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;  
Take honour from me, and my life is done."  
—Shakespeare.

THE next morning Mr. Bearward, to whom all these proceedings had been reported, again addressed the school. He summed up the evidence, and called upon Rowland to explain by what means he had become possessed of the money. The poor boy told his story in public, as he had told it before to Armiger and the monitors. Before he began to speak there was a dark frown upon the master's face; the only answer to his earnest, passionate denial was a portentous opening of the desk and groping for the key of the book-room.

"There can be no doubt, I think, who is the culprit in this case," Mr. Bearward said, in measured accents. "The evidence is circumstantial, but conclusive. You, sir," addressing Rowland, "were absent from your room at bedtime on the night when the money was abstracted; a light was seen in the box-room at the time when you pretend to have been in the schoolroom just above it; your key is found to fit the box from which the cash was taken; and, finally, the money is discovered concealed among the books on your shelf, the same sum, and apparently the same coins, with one trifling exception, which had been stolen. You have had time and opportunity to acknowledge your fault, but have not taken advantage of it. Do not speak, sir; it is now too late for confession."

"I was not going to confess," the boy exclaimed, indignantly. "I did not take the money. You can flog me for it, if you like; you'll be sorry afterwards, if you do. The truth will come out some day, perhaps—but oh, what shall I do?" and in a moment all hope seemed to fail him, and he broke out into passionate sobs.

Mr. Bearward eyed him coldly. He had witnessed a great deal of falsehood and treachery in that school, and was not prepared to expect much else. He descended from his stool, and led the way towards the book-room.

The manner of punishment at Cubbinghame was this. The master, advancing with solemn steps towards the torture-chamber, was followed by the culprit, generally imploring pity or protesting his innocence, and promising never to do it again. The master in his progress beckoned silently to a tall boy to go with him, on whose back, as was well known, the victim was to be hoisted. Another shorter boy was also beckoned, to lend whatever other help might be necessary. So much must be told, for it is matter of fact that such "discipline" was common in the schools of this land within the present century.

To a boy of spirit, conscious of his own innocence, such a punishment as this must be utterly hateful. Rowland could have borne, he thought, to be broken on the wheel, but not to be whipped upon another boy's back. He would have been shot or beheaded with his eyes uncovered; but to be thus humiliated was unendurable. How could he submit to such an ordeal with dignity? How could he respect himself, or look any of his friends in the face,

after being so degraded? He was but twelve years old, yet he felt that he would rather die than be flogged after this fashion; and then to have the theft imputed to him, and no prospect that he could see of ever being cleared of it! "*Malo mori quam fœdari*," was the motto which he had read upon his grandfather's monument in the old church at home, and which he had always thought it would be a grand thing to maintain. He clenched his hands and set his teeth together, resolving to do anything rather than submit to the impending punishment; but when it came to the point, what could he do?

Mr. Bearward, quite insensible to what was passing through the boy's mind, paced on towards the book-room.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said one of the monitors, "we were going to make some further inquiries."

"Have you any additional evidence?"

"No, sir; but we thought—"

"It is for me to think," said Mr. Bearward. "The evidence is, as I have already observed, circumstantial, but conclusive."

"Many innocent men have been hanged upon circumstantial evidence. If you would give us a little more time, sir—"

"It is unnecessary; prompt measures are best."

"Oh, ah, yes!" Mr. Sparrow broke in; "that is, you know, as long as they are fair and just, you know."

"Just, sir! Does any one here presume to call in question the fairness and justice of what I think proper to do?"

There was no answer, and the progress was renewed.

"We think, Mr. Bearward," said the monitor who had before spoken, "that as you have entrusted this inquiry to us, you ought to allow us to follow it out to the end; and we are not yet satisfied about it."

"If you are not satisfied, I am," said Mr. Bearward. "You are taking too much upon yourselves; you are impertinent. Follow me!" These last words were addressed in a stern and angry tone to Rowland, and they fell upon his heart like hailstones. At the same time Mr. Bearward beckoned to Hawkes major, and moved forward. But Hawkes major did not move; he stood erect, now hot, now cold, scarcely breathing, but stirred not from the spot.

Mr. Bearward looked behind him. "Hawkes major," he said, and again beckoned. Hawkes major looked at him, but kept his place.

"Sparrow," cried Mr. Bearward, angrily—for he saw it was useless to persevere with Hawkes, and he feared a scene—"Sparrow, come with me."

Sparrow looked at the boys on each side of him, shook his head resolutely, and sat down.

Mr. Bearward was amazed. Hitherto his sway in Cubbinghame had been absolute. Rebellion had, he knew, been sometimes whispered among the boys in former days, and a barring-out had once been imminent. He had heard, also, that most of the boys had bound themselves in what they called a solemn league and covenant, that if they should ever chance to meet him in after-life, when they should be grown up, they would thrash him. But that any

of them should deliberately refuse obedience to his commands and set him at defiance now, while they were boys and he in vigour of his years, was incomprehensible. The truth was, however, too evident. Neither of these two boys would follow him into the book-room to horse the culprit, upon whom they had not themselves passed sentence.

Mr. Bearward, however, was not to be defeated. He called one of the little boys to him, and desired him to go in search of Berry, who was at work somewhere on the premises, and to bring him up to the schoolroom without delay; and in a few minutes Berry appeared, wondering very much what was wanted with him. Again a movement was made towards the book-room, and Mr. Bearward, with an expression of wrathful determination on his large, pale face, beckoned, as he passed along, to Armiger.

Armiger took a step or two in advance, as if to obey the summons, but checked himself and stepped back again.

"Come here, sir," cried Mr. Bearward, with a voice of thunder.

But Armiger did not move.

"Very well, sir," said the master; "as you please. It will be your turn next." Then he called up another and a smaller boy, who advanced unwillingly and trembling.

"Come this way," said Mr. Bearward to Berry, pointing to the book-room. "Now, let us see if we cannot settle this business."

"If you please, sir, did you want me for anything particular?" said Berry.

"Yes; in the book-room."

"I beant no scholar, sir; I not got nought to do in the book-room. I'll mind my own jobs, sir, if you please; it's o' no use me going in there. I were just a-going to stick the pig when you sent for me; and I'd better go and do it. The poor thing lies upon the thrall, and I don't want to punish her no more than I'm obliged."

Mr. Bearward looked sternly at Berry for a moment, as if he would have persisted in his purpose; but Berry turned away without more ceremony, and shuffled out of the room. There was something very like a cheer from some of the boys as he departed, but it was immediately suppressed.

"I'll waive this matter for a time," said Mr. Bearward, in a loud voice—"only for a time, as you will all discover to your cost. This comes of having monitors; I'll have no more monitors in this school. Hawkes major, Sparrow, and Armiger are kept in for punishment; Rowland also. You will know my meaning shortly." So saying he walked hastily out of the room.

The first person to speak after he was gone was Slocum.

"I suppose I may have my key now?" he said.

"By-and-bye," said Sparrow; "there's no hurry."

"I'm in a hurry, if you aren't; I want my key. You've no right to keep it; you're not a monitor any longer; there are not to be any more monitors, and I'm glad of it."

"If I'm not a monitor, I shall be at liberty to give you a good thrashing on my own account," said Sparrow; "and I will, too, the first time I catch you out of doors."

"Well, you give me my key; you've no right to keep my key."

"I suppose they may all have their keys now, Mr.

Sprigg, may they not? I'll give them to you," said Sparrow.

Mr. Sprigg took the keys, and calling up their owners, distributed them. He made Slocum wait till the last on account of his insolence, and was just going to give it him, when, suddenly drawing back his hand, he examined it more carefully. "There's something in this key," he said; "a bit of iron, or something, wedged in tight in one of the slits. It looks like—it is, I believe—part of a ward out of a broken lock!"

Mr. Sprigg's conjecture was correct; the lock of Small's box was taken to pieces, and the fragment found sticking in Slocum's key was seen to correspond exactly with the piece of the ward which had been broken in it. All eyes were now turned to Slocum; his insolent manner was gone; he was speechless.

"Fetch up Slocum's box," said Mr. Sprigg; and the box was brought.

"Now I will search it carefully; two of you boys stand round as witnesses. Perhaps I shall find nothing, but I am justified in searching."

Sundry treasures were removed, as on a former occasion, and Slocum's money-bag was found, like Hope, at the bottom of the box; but there was not much appearance of hope on the face of its miserable owner. Pale, and in a cold perspiration, he looked on while the contents of the bag were poured out, and, among other coins, a sixpence with a hole in it exposed to view.

"That's the sixpence!" cried Small.

"And that's the thief!" said Sparrow, pointing to Slocum.

"I'll confess it," he cried; "I'll confess it; tell Mr. Bearward I confessed. But I didn't steal it; he owed it me; he wanted to cheat me out of it. I had a right to take it; he owed me more than that for interest."

"Had you a right to lie about it? Had you a right to bear false witness and cast suspicion on another boy? Get off your knees, you wretched creature. Mr. Bearward can do as he likes with you."

So said Mr. Sprigg, as with a powerful hand he seized the abject, miserable boy by the collar of his coat, and dragged him away at once to the master's house.

We need not describe Slocum's punishment; we may conclude, however, that what would have been to such a boy as Rowland the most terrible part of the infliction was entirely unfelt by Slocum. A boy who could commit a theft as he had done, and endeavour afterwards to cast the odium and the consequences of his crime upon another, could not be humiliated or disgraced. The flogging he received could not, therefore, do him any harm, and might possibly do him some good.

None of the monitors were punished, nor was Armiger. Mr. Bearward, who had resolved within himself that he would flog them all severely, one by one, in his own study, and then proclaim the fact to all the rest, thought it better to abandon his purpose. He told Mr. Sprigg to set them at liberty the following morning with a caution; they were deposed from their office as monitors, and were not allowed to go out of the playground, and it was understood that further penalties remained suspended over their heads for their disobedience; but the summer holidays were near, and they heard no more about it.



## CHAPTER XX.—TASKS OR LESSONS?

"Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,  
Or surely you'll grow double:  
Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?"—*Wordsworth.*

HOLIDAYS again! A happy time at Peckham for John Armiger; a happier still for him at Wimbledon. Little Goodchild well again and strong; paddling in the pond for flowers and rushes unforbidden; consenting to whatever orders or restraints are laid upon him, cheerfully; quiet, patient, and accommodating himself to circumstances almost as easily as before his illness. Susan walking with her brother's friend; and all as blithe as the summer days were long.

So the month passed; and then another half at Cubbinghame. Then Christmas—merry Christmas!—and then school again. And so we find John Armiger older by nearly three years than when we first made his acquaintance, and Mr. Bearward's school thinner as to numbers, with several of the big boys gone for good, and many other changes.

There were no monitors now; there had been none since the first eight were so arbitrarily deposed by Mr. Bearward. The tone of the school had gone down in consequence; the rule of might prevailed. Duffer, the cock of the school, had left long ago, but other Duffers crowed on the same dunghill and washed in the same piggin. Armiger found it each half-year more difficult to maintain the independent and straightforward line of conduct on which he had resolved. He found himself involved in many a scrape, and obliged to consent in silence to many a serious misdemeanour. Yet he had always persevered with the habit of kneeling at his bedside, and two or three other boys in his dormitory did the same. The rest took no notice of them; and if they did not always keep silence while they were so engaged, at all events, they never purposely disturbed them. But Armiger's dormitory was the only one in the house in which prayer was wont to be made; in all the others there was quarrelling, foul jesting, and practical joking wholly unrestrained. New boys were persecuted, being "cramped" with false representations, and taught to do things which would expose them either to ridicule or punishment; or they were roused from their sleep on the first night of their home-sickness, and dragged out of bed by a string tied to their toes, unable to see where they were going, or who were their tormentors. Apple-pie beds, entailing a night of shivering and discomfort in the cold and darkness of the winter, were frequent; and, in a word, the elder tyrannised over the younger, and the old boys over the new, habitually and unmercifully.

Willy Goodchild minimus, as he was still called, though both his cousins were gone, had returned to Cubbinghame. He had been committed to Mr. Hartwell's care, and the good doctor had judiciously arranged for him to be as much as possible under Armiger's protection, and to sleep in his dormitory. The history of his illness was known to all the boys, and, an appeal being made to them before his arrival, they agreed, as with one consent, to abstain from making him the subject of any of their tricks and persecutions. John Armiger spoke a word privately to two or three of whom he stood in doubt, and who he thought would be more amenable to threats than to persuasions; but let us hope that even these would have been equally tender and forbearing in a case like this without such warning.

Among other changes which had occurred at Cubbinghame, Mrs. Baggerly's departure may be mentioned. Betty now ruled in the nursery, and there at least quietness and kindness were always to be found. Boys would even sham illness for the sake of a comfortable day or two under her care. Sometimes she suspected them; but then she would give them a good dose of senna to qualify them for the coveted indulgence; or if they came too often, would send them away with a hint that Mr. Hartwell was expected, and would soon find out all about them, and set them to-rights again.

Minimus, however, was free of the nursery; he could take refuge there at any time from the troubles and disturbances without; and it was found that even the tasks and lessons must give way when Betty spread her skirts around him and claimed him for her care.

Tasks and lessons! There were plenty of the former at Cubbinghame; indeed, all the lessons were tasks, and were called so, though not many of the tasks were really lessons. Let it be admitted that boys must learn a great deal that they can find no pleasure in, and which they cannot even understand. Declensions, conjugations, rules, tables, dry and uninteresting as they are, must be got by heart and repeated by rote; no exercise of reason and intelligence can ever take the place of such mechanical accomplishments as these; it is always true, and always will be, as long as the world shall last, that there is no royal road to learning. But boys and girls will cheerfully apply themselves to the dreariest tasks as a matter of duty; if only their work is sufficiently varied, and such parts of it as can be made interesting and intelligible are so treated, they will make no trouble of it. There must be in all schools tasks, or *tares*, as the word implies, as well as lessons, or *readings*. There must be bitters as well as sweets: a teacher apt to teach will so administer the former as to give appetite for the latter. But there was no such happy mixture in Mr. Bearward's school. The school existed, in point of fact, for Mr. Bearward's personal advantage; the lessons therefore were but a secondary matter—a task for him, and, by consequence, a task for all his pupils.

Among these were some boys who were really anxious to improve; boys who had been sent to school to be qualified for some future and definite calling; boys who wanted to get scholarships, and to lessen the burden of their future education, which their friends perhaps were not very well able to sustain. Armiger was one of this number; he wished to learn, yet he could find but little pleasure in learning, and could not get on as rapidly as he expected. To ask questions of his teachers was generally useless; he was now in Mr. Bearward's class, and no boy had ever been known to consult that gentleman as to a difficult word or passage since Cubbinghame was a school. To wrestle with difficulties, on the other hand, took up more time than he could spare from stated, measured task-work. So Armiger often put away his books with an aching head, wondering what would be the end of all his labour, and how it was to profit him in after-life.

A consequence of this was that sometimes he grew idle; he could not keep alive an interest in his work, and fell to dreaming over it. Often he had had a lesson to write out ten or twenty times as a punishment, or a hundred Latin lines to learn by heart without knowing the English of them. One day

Mr. Bearward, casting about for some extreme penalty short of a flogging, which he was rather shy of inflicting now upon boys of a certain age and character, ordered him to write out the whole of the 119th Psalm, by way of making him more perfect in the translation of his Cicero next morning.

Armiger was engaged upon this task, or imposition, in which, at another time, he might have found pleasure and advantage, marking the alphabetical divisions, the peculiar mnemonic arrangement of the verses, and the repetition of one or other of the same eight words in every verse save one, law, testimonies, ways, precepts, statutes, commandments, judgments, word, and had begun to enter a little into the spirit of David's meditations on these subjects, when little Goodchild came into the room and sat down by him.

"I have been looking for you," he said, "all the afternoon. Why don't you come out?"

"I wish I could," said Armiger; "my fingers ache, and my head aches; but I have work to do yet."

"You are always at work," said Goodchild, impatiently; "what's the good of it?"

"Ah, what indeed!" he thought to himself.

"I wish you could come out; it is so pleasant out of doors."

"I must finish my task," said Armiger.

"I wish there were no such things as tasks or lessons," said Goodchild, with a sigh. "You don't like being here, do you? I don't."

"Liking is out of the question, of course."

"I hate it; I shouldn't have come back here if it had not been for you. I'm a dunce and always shall be. Nobody teaches me anything, and I can't learn as you can, without being taught."

Armiger had frequently reproached himself for having suffered this boy to be sent back to Cubbinghame. He liked to have him there, and the child wished to be with him; but he was persuaded by this time that it was not a desirable school, and he doubted whether he ought not to have been more explicit with his friends at home, and to have told them more of his experiences.

"I hope you won't come back next half-year," the boy continued, "and then I shan't. But do come out now; it's no use sitting here writing out that old Psalm."

"It's one of the best things I have done since I came here," Armiger replied; "only I'm so tired now, and want some fresh air. I'll read it to you some day; just hear two or three verses now. David might have been at Cubbinghame when he wrote them."

"My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken Thou me according to Thy word."

This is my comfort in my affliction: for Thy word hath quickened me.

The proud have had me greatly in derision: yet have I not declined from Thy law.

I remembered Thy judgments of old, O Lord; and have comforted myself.

Horror hath taken hold upon me because of the wicked that forsake Thy law.

Depart from me, ye evildoers: for I will keep the commandments of my God.

I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek Thy servant; for I do not forget Thy commandments."

It's some comfort to know that David did go

astray, when he could write such words as these all the same. That's the way the Psalm ends, as if to show that we may use it in spite of all our faults, and get good from it. And then see how the next Psalm begins: 'In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me.' It is a great help to have such words put into one's mouth. I only wish I could always think of them at the right time."

"Yes; but is it the right time now?" Willy asked. "It's such a fine day; do come out."

Armiger put away his book and went with his young companion into the playground. "I can finish it to-night," he thought; "and I will write to Mr. Judd to-morrow, and tell him I think I might go to another school now; he could give notice at Easter; I am doing no good here."

He came in early and set to work again, but he could not get through his task that evening. He was obliged to go to bed when the bell rang, but could not sleep, wearying himself with many thoughts of the past and future, and questioning whether he should write to Mr. Judd or not. "He ought to know what is best for me," he argued; "and yet he can have very little idea of the real state of affairs here."

#### CHAPTER XXI.—"THE RIGHT TIME NOW."

"In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me." Ps. cxx. 1.

It was past midnight before John Armiger fell asleep, and then his rest was not sound, but broken and troubled. Waking for the third or fourth time, and feeling his mouth dry and parched, he sat up in bed, wishing for a draught of water, which, however, was not to be had. The air seemed dry and suffocating; there was smoke in the room and a smell of burning. He jumped up hastily, and saw the buildings on the opposite side of the playground illumined with a dull, reddish glare. "The school-room is on fire!" he thought. But no; it was a reflected light. While he looked, sparks flew up past his own window; the house—the very house itself, was on fire under his feet!

At the same moment an alarm was given from the lower windows. "Fire! Fire!" It was repeated almost immediately from the opposite side of the playground, where one of the masters had his rooms; and within a few minutes the village was astir, and a crowd of people hurrying to and fro, gesticulating and shouting. Many of the boys were now seen in the playground in their night-clothes, where they were presently joined by Mr. and Mrs. Bearward.

"Where are the other boys?" cried Mr. Bearward.

He was soon answered; the windows of the dormitories were thrown open, and they were seen there crying out with terror, and imploring help.

"Come down the stairs—make haste!" cried Mr. Bearward. They shouted to him in reply, but he could not hear through the din what it was they said.

"The staircase is all a-fire!" said one of the men, who had been vainly endeavouring to make his way to them. "Ladders! ladders!" A dozen men and boys ran off instantly for ladders. One was at hand, but it would not reach to the window of even the lower dormitory, which was on the second floor, above Mr. Bearward's bedroom. Another was soon brought and tied to it, and the boys from that bedroom, and from others communicating with it, were all rescued. But there was another room above, an

attic, in which four smaller boys had slept; how were they to be delivered? Several men had run off already to a farmhouse at the farther end of the village, where a long ladder would certainly be found; but would they be in time? Others went after them to hasten them and help them. They were coming with it at full speed, but as they turned a corner, it came with the force of a battering-ram against a building; and, being old and tender, one side of it broke in two, and the "rounds" fell out. Away they went again to other houses to fetch every ladder that could be found, in the hope that, by tying several together, the window of the attic might be reached.

Meantime it was discovered that two boys were missing from the lower dormitory—Armiger and little Goodchild. The ladders were raised again, and Berry mounted; but the room was now so full of smoke and flame that it was scarcely possible to enter it.

"Go in," cried those below.

Berry did so, stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth, but came out again in a moment half choked, and nearly fell off the ladder, from which he had to be assisted down. Others mounted and tried to enter, but in vain. "It's no good," Berry said at length, with a sob; "they must be gone, poor creatures, before now; and *them two*, of all others!"

They were gone, but not in the sense which good old Berry intended. Armiger, after he had roused the other boys, attempted to escape by the stairs, but was prevented, as we have seen, by the flames, which were already roaring up the staircase, fed by the wind from the open door, by which the occupants of the lower storey had escaped. The boys returned then to their dormitory, and waited for the ladders. But while so waiting, John Armiger bethought him of the room overhead. Those young boys, perhaps, were still asleep; they might be suffocated in their beds; he would go to them; it might be possible to run up the stairs, though he could not get down. It was done in a moment. Slipping on his trousers and his shoes, he sprang hastily up the staircase, through the glowing, stifling atmosphere, and reached the door of the attic. As he was closing the door hastily behind him, in order to exclude the smoke, he felt his arm clutched, and looking round, beheld young Goodchild.

"Oh, Willy," he cried, when they were both inside the room, "why have you followed me?"

The boy could not speak: but it was evident that he would go where his friend went, and stay where he stayed.

The little boys were wide awake and crying; and Armiger would have led them down to the lower storey, but even that retreat was now cut off. "We must wait here for a ladder," said Armiger, stoutly; "they'll bring a ladder soon. Get your clothes on, and be ready." But his heart failed him, nevertheless, for the house was old and dry, and the fire was gaining on them rapidly, as he could judge by the roaring of the flames, and the increasing heat and denseness of the smoke.

"In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me!" The words flashed suddenly upon his memory. "It is the right time now, Willy, is it not?" he exclaimed, as he repeated them aloud. "Keep up your courage. Say your prayers, all of you. Think of your Father which is in heaven. 'In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me.'"

He could scarcely get the words out for coughing. The boys were leaning out of the window, looking eagerly for the ladder, which was not yet in sight. Men were stamping frantically upon the ground; others rushing to and fro; others making signs to the poor children, as if promising them help, which, however, they had no means of rendering.

"Oh, if I had but a rope!" thought Armiger; "Can't I make one of the sheets? They would not be long enough, and there's no time! Ah, the bell-rope!"

The rope of the great bell on the roof of the house passed down the corner of this room, and through each floor into the hall below. Armiger seized it, and endeavoured to draw it up through the hole. It was knotted at the end and would not come at first; but by vigorous efforts the boys, all pulling together, dragged it up, and had it in the room with them. Armiger seized one of the boys, tied a sheet tightly round him under his arms, fastened the end of the cord to it, and, lifting him, with Willy Goodchild's help, out of the window, lowered him slowly down.

In a moment the ladder which had been used before was brought to the spot, and Berry, mounting it, received the swinging burden, and guided it in safety to the ground.

Another and another of the little boys were lowered in the same way; but the last of these uttered a shriek of terror as he descended, for the flames were darting now through the windows of the room below, and almost reached him. So they wrapped the fourth boy in a blanket, over head and feet, and he escaped unsinged.

"Now, Willy, it's your turn," said Armiger, panting; "make haste."

"And how are you to go?"

"I can slide down the rope."

"So can I."

"No nonsense! we shall both be lost if you delay one moment; and it will be your fault."

"I won't go till you do."

"You'll go now; do as I bid you." He spoke so fiercely that young Goodchild submitted; indeed, he could not resist, for he was by this time blind with the smoke, and could scarcely breathe. Armiger threw him on the floor; tied the rope round him, having first taken a turn with it round one of the bedposts for greater security; threw a blanket over him, and so lowered him safely down. Then grasping the rope with both hands, he lifted up his thoughts for one instant to God, and clambering out of the window, began his perilous descent. He could see nothing; but the sound of the flames bursting from the windows, almost directly under him, reached his ears, like a roaring, rushing wind. The anxious crowd below watched him with intense anxiety in silence; they had put beds and mattresses upon the ground, and were standing near them to render help, if possible; but he knew not of that. He grasped the rope so tightly, in his uncertainty and darkness, that he seemed for a moment to make no progress; then he slipped a little; then held on again; then came a scorching breath from the furnace under him, with a great cloud of lurid smoke, which hid him for an instant from the sight of those below. The rope glided swiftly through his hands, his knees relaxed their grasp, and before Berry, who was waiting for him on the ladder, could lay hold of him, he fell to the ground and lay there motionless.

Mr. Hartwell was by his side in an instant. "Lay him gently on this sheet," he cried. "Now one at each corner; carry him away; keep step—so." Not a man or a boy there but would have fought for a corner of the sheet on which they bore him; not a woman of them all but would have sat up with him all night to nurse him. They thronged the doorway of the usher's room under the schoolroom in which he lay, and prayed "God bless and spare him!" But Mr. Hartwell put them all out, and would have no one there but his own wife and Betty, and the door was shut. In a very few minutes the doctor opened it again. "No bones broken," he said; "not much harm done, I hope; but a nasty burn; be thankful it's no worse. Now all of you go away." Then catching sight of little Goodchild's face, up-turned imploringly, he said, "Yes, you may come in; no one else."

The next day every available means of conveyance was put in requisition, and the boys returned all to their homes. Armiger was removed to Mr. Hartwell's house, and remained there about three weeks, being tenderly and skilfully nursed until sufficiently recovered to make the journey to London. Mrs. Judd came to stay with him, and help to nurse him. He had passed through a period of much suffering, and bore the mark of the fire in a great scar upon his neck and forehead; but he was very happy and thankful to have escaped so well.

The schoolhouse, which was completely gutted, never was rebuilt. The school was broken up for ever, and very few, except Mr. and Mrs. Bearward, grieved over that.

The lads were scattered, but the world is not so large but that we shall probably soon meet with some of them again; and it may then be seen what effect these trials and experiences of the "Boy" produce upon the character and conduct of the "Man."

## Varieties.

**LIFE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.**—It is generally understood in the insurance offices of the United States, that the average length of life in that country is greater than in England, as shown by the English tables. And this accounts for what would otherwise be unexplained—the immense profit of the business there—the rates of insurance being chiefly based upon English tabular estimates of life.—*Sanitary Record*.

**ARCTIC HEALTH.**—The doctor of the Pandora, Captain Young's Arctic ship, in some amusing papers in "Land and Water," describes his professional duty as a sinecure:—"As it may interest many persons to know what I had to do as surgeon on board the Pandora, I may at once say—Nothing, or next to nothing. We took a medicine-chest full of the choicest of drugs, as well as instruments in case of accidents. This box, which was kept under the mess-room table, was the bug-bear of everyone. It was always in the way. The last-comer at meal-times invariably found this box where he wanted to put his feet, and it was only by distributing its corners in a most judicious and impartial manner that he was enabled to find a seat. Nobody would get ill, and therefore we all wished the box at the bottom of the sea. But, after all, it had its advantages, for it frightened away all germs of disease; and the reason for that was, that it was generally understood that any offender might expect to have it stowed in his cabin, as his special privilege for requiring its contents. By some unlucky accident on our outward voyage, it was one day found to contain the elements of 'phiz,' so that, after that date, the demand for 'pick-me-ups,' 'sherbet,' and 'nice drinks,' was perfectly overwhelming, and at last induced me to stop such burglarious proceedings by changing the labels of the bottles,

or putting 'poison' on the most palatable drugs. What consolation could any medical man find in pulling out one tooth, curing one eye, or stopping in the bud one cold? During a period of nearly four months, and among thirty-one persons, one has a right to expect some sort of illness, or an accident, or something to break the monotony; but no, it never came. Before leaving Southampton, a kind-hearted lady presented us with three large bottles of cough lozenges. It struck me that, as I had no coughs to cure, I might distribute some of these lozenges among the crew. They took the bait admirably; so I waited in readiness for all emergencies, but with no result. I could not hatch a cough, nor would they get sick (there was ipecacuanha in the lozenges), but only asked for more of those 'lollipops,' as they called them. A whole bottle was consumed in no time; so, in despair, I gave up all further hopes of physicking any one."

**DR. GUTHRIE'S SKETCH OF A RITUALISTIC CONGREGATION.**—"Yesterday," says Dr. Guthrie, "I resolved to see the largest exhibition I could get of the Ritualists of the Church of England. The congregation consisted chiefly of very poorly or very grandly dressed women and young men. Mine was the only grey head in the church. The appearance of the young men (*en masse*) was quite marked; and I found that it had forcibly struck Mr. Chubb as well as myself. Poor fellows; they were devout indeed—some of them most devout—but they had long necks, very sloping shoulders, faces like birds, low foreheads, and retiring chins. . . . As I looked at some of them, they recalled to my mind the caricatures of Ritualists in "Punch." Often during the sermon I thought of Sydney Smith's description of "Posture and Imposture."—*Dr. Guthrie's Diary*.

**CAPTAIN WEBB THE SWIMMER'S ANTECEDENTS.**—Captain Matthew Webb was born at Dawley, in Shropshire, in 1848. His father, a surgeon at Ironbridge, had a family of twelve children, of whom Matthew is the eldest but one. After spending some time at school, young Matthew entered the training-ship Conway, lying in the Mersey. He had learnt to swim at seven years old, and his first life-saving feat was achieved while he was on board the Conway, when he and the companions who formed the crew of his boat received each a silver pencil-case for rescuing a comrade who had fallen overboard. He was subsequently apprenticed on board an India and China merchantman, and when his indentures were expired, he served first as second officer, and afterwards as chief officer, on board various ships in the Calcutta trade, and while taking a vessel through the Suez Canal, he dived and cleared away a hawser that had fouled her. In April, 1873, having shipped before the mast in the Cunard steamer Russia, he jumped overboard in a gale of wind to save the life of a man who had fallen into the sea from the yard-arm, the Russia going fifteen knots an hour at the time, and, though the lifeboat was immediately lowered, it was thirty-five minutes before he was with difficulty picked up, having failed in his noble endeavour to save the life of his shipmate, who had probably been stunned and sunk at once. For this deed of gallantry he received the medal of the Liverpool Humane Society, as well as the Silver Medal and the Gold Stanhope Medal of the Royal Humane Society, which latter were presented to him by the Duke of Edinburgh, and a present of £100, subscribed by the passengers. Captain Webb steadily and determinedly prepared himself for the great feat of swimming across the English Channel, which he had set his heart on accomplishing, his training virtually commencing with his twenty-mile swim from Blackwall to Gravesend in four hours and fifty-two minutes. A fortnight later he gave another proof of his powers of endurance, by swimming from Dover to Ramsgate in eight hours and forty minutes. He swam across the English Channel from Dover to Calais in twenty-one hours and three-quarters.

**SCOTT.**—Of Sir Walter Scott Lord Cockburn's portrait is one of the most finished in his gallery. "What extraordinary combinations of genius with industry; of glory with modesty; of the poetical powers without any of the defects of the poetical temperament. If the acquisition of money entered too much into his literary thoughts, who ever made so liberal a use of it, or one that so much extended the renown of his country? With a strong worldly head, great power of ridicule, an abhorrence of all sentimentality, and a manner naturally coarse, no man was so uniformly gentle. Where shall we find a steadier friend? A better man in all the domestic relations? What author ever passed through so splendid a career so utterly unspoiled? To what rival was he ever ungenerous? How noble the spirit with which he bore up against the wreck of his fortune! How



honourable the feeling of justice, and the ambition of ultimate independence with which he struggled for his creditors! If literature can boast of a brighter example of professional authorship with good sense, good conduct, and good manners; of inventive fancy with regular labour; of simplicity with unchecked success and applause; and of genius being never considered as any excuse, or even as any temptation, for the slightest failure in the performance of any duty—I know not where it is. Dear Scott! When he was among us we thought we worshipped him, at least as much as his modesty would permit. And now that he has gone we feel as if we had not enjoyed or cherished him half enough. How would we cling to him were he to reappear! It is a pleasure which the next generation may envy that I still hear his voice and see his form. I see him in the court, and on the street, in company, and by the Tweed. The plain dress, the guttural burled voice, the lame walk, the thoughtful heavy face with its mantling smile, the honest, hearty manner, the joyous laugh, the sing-song feeling recitation, the graphic story—they are all before me a hundred times a day."

**CEDARS OF LEBANON.**—Upon the slopes of the great snow-mountain of Lebanon stood those gigantic cedar-trees—whole forests of them then—now only one or two small groups, but awful, travellers tell us, even in their decay. Whence did they come? There are no trees like them for hundreds, I had almost said for thousands, of miles. There are but two other patches of them left now on the whole earth—one in the Atlas, one in the Himalaya. The Jews certainly know of no trees like them; and no trees either of their size. There were trees among them, then, probably two and three hundred feet in height; trees whose tops were as those minster towers; whose shafts were like yonder pillars, and their branches like yonder vaults. No king, however mighty, could have planted them up there upon the lofty mountain-slopes. The Jew, when he entered beneath the awful darkness of these cedars; the cedars with a shadowy shroud—as the Scripture says—the cedars high and lifted up, whose tops were among the thick boughs, and their height exalted above all the trees of the field; fair in their greatness; their boughs multiplied, and their branches long—for it is in such words of awe and admiration that the Bible talks always of the cedars—then the Jew said, "God has planted these, and God alone." And when he thought, not merely of their grandeur and their beauty, but of their use; of their fragrant and incorruptible timber, fit to build the palaces of kings, and the temples of gods; he said—and what could he say better?—"These are trees of God; " wonderful and glorious works of a wonderful and a glorious Creator. If he had not, he would have had less reason in him, and less knowledge of God, than the Hindoos of old, who, when they saw the other variety of the cedar growing, in like grandeur, on the slopes of the Himalaya, called them the Deodara—which means, in the old Sanskrit tongue, neither more nor less than "the timber of God," the "lance of God"—and what better could they have said?—*C. Kingsley.*

**THE ENGLISH STATE CROWN.**—The following description of the Imperial State Crown has been furnished by Professor Tennant, mineralogist to the Queen:—"The Imperial State Crown of Queen Victoria was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge in the year 1838 with jewels taken from old crowns and others furnished by command of her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds set in silver and gold. It has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39 oz. 5 dwts. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of 129 pearls, and the upper part of the band of a row of 112 pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled) purchased for the crown by King George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size and six other sapphires (three on each side), between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the 7 sapphires are 14 diamonds, and around the 8 emeralds 128 diamonds. Between the emeralds and the sapphires are 16 trefoil ornaments, containing 160 diamonds. Above the band are 8 sapphires, surmounted by 8 diamonds, between which are 8 festoons consisting of 148 diamonds. In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward III, called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around

this ruby, in order to form the cross, are 75 brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively 132, 124, and 130 brilliant diamonds. Between the four Maltese crosses are four ornaments in the form of the French *fleur-de-lis*, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively 85, 86, and 87 rose diamonds. From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches composed of oak leaves and acorns; the leaves contain 728 rose, table, and brilliant diamonds; 32 pearls form the acorns, set in cups containing 54 rose diamonds and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is 108 brilliant, 116 table, and 559 rose diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended 4 large pendant pear-shaped pearls, with rose diamond caps, containing 12 rose diamonds, and stems containing 24 very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere 304 brilliants, and in the upper 244 brilliants, the zone and arc being composed of 33 rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by 4 large brilliants, and 108 smaller brilliants. Summary of jewels comprised in the crown:—1 large ruby, irregularly polished, 1 large broad-spread sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, and 273 pearls."

**MOTHER GOOSE.**—The story of this Iliad of the nursery is told by William L. Stone in the "Providence Journal." The mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet, the editor, in 1731, of the Boston "Weekly Rehearsal," was the original Mother Goose—the Mother Goose of the world-famous melodies. Mother Goose belonged to a wealthy family in Boston, where her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married by Cotton Mather, in 1715, to Fleet, and in due time gave birth to a son. Like many mothers-in-law in our own day, the importance of Mrs. Goose increased with the appearance of her grandchild; and poor Mr. Fleet, half distracted with her endless nursery ditties, finding all other means fail, tried what ridicule could effect, and actually printed a book, with the title, "Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children; printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing-house, Pudding Lane, Boston. Price, ten coppers." Mother Goose was the mother of nineteen children.

**RITUALISM IN INDIA.**—The Madras correspondent of the "Indian Church Gazette" speaks in enthusiastic terms of the "wonderful improvement in Church matters" which has occurred of late years in the diocese to which he belongs:—"Five years ago there was but one surpliced choir in Madras, and none in Bangalore, and the invocation before the sermon was quite unknown in the diocese. In 1870 the choir of St. Mathias, Vepery, were put into surplices and cassocks, and the invocation was adopted. A year or two afterwards cassocks were adopted at the cathedral at Madras; and now, at Bangalore, there are four choirs vested in surplices and cassocks, the invocation is used before the sermon, and at the church, one choir turn to the east at the *Glorias*." The "Lucknow Witness" well remarks:—"And this is improvement! Now, cannot this earnest writer tell us of some poor sinners brought to Christ? Cassocks and surpliced choirs, and invocation before sermon, and turning to the east, may be important enough to some people, but all this reminds us so very little of the improvement in Church matters mentioned so freely in the Book of Acts, that we cannot help wishing to know if sinners are turning from the error of their ways, and finding peace and joy in believing, in this highly prosperous diocese."

**STEAM PIONEERS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.**—The following extracts are from the "Annals of Liverpool," which form a part of "Gore's Directory for Liverpool":—

"1819. The steamship Savannah, Captain Rogers, arrived at this port from Savannah, in 26 days, June 20. The first steamer that crossed the Atlantic.

"1838. The steamship Sirius sailed from Liverpool for Cork, March 27, and from Cork for New York, April 2.

"1838. The Great Western steamship sailed from Bristol on her first voyage for New York, April 8.

"1839. The steamer Royal William, 617 tons burden and 276 horse power, sailed from this port for New York, with passengers only, July 5, and returned August 19. Her outward passage was performed in 19 days, and her homeward in 14½. This vessel has the honour of being the first steamer from this port to cross the Atlantic. See 1819."

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



JOHN ARMIGER AND WILL GOODCHILD AGAIN.

## BOY AND MAN:

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER I.—ALL SAINTS' PARISH.

"Jumping o'er times;  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour-glass."—*Shakespeare.*

AT the date of the commencement of this story, when little John Armiger started on his first journey to Cubbinghame, there was no such thing as a railway in all England. There were fast coaches

for passengers, and heavy wagons and canals for goods, but no other public means of locomotion. At that time there were no omnibuses, nor even cabs, in London; nothing but lumbering hackney-coaches to be hired in the streets, or glass coaches from the mews. Then there were no steamboats darting to and fro upon the river above bridge, nor landing-stages by the river side; but "trim-built wherries" and "jolly young watermen," with three sculls each instead of one, and "stairs" at which they might be



hired. Steamers, indeed, there were, plying from new London Bridge, just opened, to Marcate or Gravesend, concerning which the popular belief was that they were in a manner amphibious, and that when they had completed their voyage upon the water, they could run up with their paddle-wheels upon dry land, and so conveniently discharge their cargo. No smart policemen paced the streets day and night; but ancient watchmen ("Charles," not "Bobbies"), with rattles and horn lanterns, slept from hour to hour in their watch-boxes, and emerged at intervals to proclaim the time of night and the state of the weather, to the admiration of country cousins lying awake to hear them. No gas lit up the streets; but oil-lamps, dingy and smoky, giving but a dim and flickering light.

A few years have passed, and not a few changes have been witnessed. At the date of this second part of our history, the great railway problem has been solved; already the first railway has been completed, and the first victim slain; already the country has been mapped out for a network of iron roads; and now first sods are being cut near London, and long viaducts of brick are being built to carry passengers and goods among the chimney-pots, and so away out of the smoke and fog north, south, east, west, and everywhere.

And yet the schoolboys who were so suddenly dismissed from Cubbinghame by the burning of Mr. Bearward's house, and who had gone to their homes, some in po'chay, others by fast coach or mail, had hardly yet arrived at man's estate. The elder boys were indeed grown up and out in the world, married, some of them; the younger were under indentures or at college. Scattered once abroad, it is hardly to be expected that many of them will ever meet together again; but the paths of some will cross each other, and a few will run side by side, like some of those new railways, for a greater or less distance through life; and as with those great highways the usefulness and durability of the lines depend upon the judgment with which they have been planned, and the soundness and excellency of the workmanship which has been exercised in their construction, so the course of these men in after-life will show what care has been bestowed upon their education, and under what good or evil influences they have been trained up; for although religion may impose restraints upon the most unruly, and break through habits which have become second nature, and so avert or overrule the consequences of bad teaching or neglect, yet in most cases the truth of the proverb will assert itself, "The child is father of the man."

Looking down into a deep cutting where a gang of navvies were at work excavating soil and loading it upon railway trucks, stood a young man of about five-and-twenty, dressed in clerical black. He was tall, of fair complexion, and well favoured, with brown, waving hair, beneath which a red mark might be observed, extending from the right temple to the ear and neck, an old scar caused, as was plainly to be seen, by a burn. A younger man, blue-eyed and of slighter build, and apparently not of robust health, was by his side, and they both appeared to be much interested in the labour which was being carried on.

"I wonder which are the happier in the long run," said the elder of the two, the Reverend John Armiger, "navvies who dig from morning to night and have not much else to think about, or educated people? I think I should like to have a share in

those men's labour; it must be such a satisfaction to see the great masses of earth break away and fall towards the wagons ready to be shovelled in, and to know that so much measured work is done. I never see a man breaking stones upon the road without thinking what a pleasure it must be to observe one heap grow larger and the other less."

"Stones are but stones," Willy Goodchild answered. "When they are broken they are good for nothing but to be thrown upon the road and ground to powder; and then more are wanted in their place; so there is no end to the labour. You are disappointed because you do not see more fruit of your work at All Saints' in the South; but you have a better material to work upon, and a higher object to reach after; so you must have more patience."

John Armiger was not a doctor, nor was Willy Goodchild's sister a doctor's wife; neither did they live in the country with cows and pigs around them, as they had once pictured to themselves; but in a narrow street in one of the not most agreeable suburbs of London. Mr. Armiger had been two years in holy orders, and was curate of All Saints' in the South. Not that all his parishioners were saints; if, as John Wesley says, cleanliness is next to godliness, that description would have applied to very few of the thirteen thousand of whom he was supposed to have the oversight. Yet there were good and pious men and women among the grimmest of the toil-stained multitude who thronged the factories and workshops of that dreary neighbourhood by day, and huddled together in its tumble-down houses, and narrow, sordid rooms at night; and these might have been in larger proportions, and their spiritual attainments of a higher standard, if their homes had been physically better and more wholesome. Mr. Armiger had not yet been long enough at All Saints' to know how many of these good Christians were to be found among his flock. One or two here and there he had discovered of whose simple unaffected piety he was assured; but others, who had won his confidence at first by their professions had caused him pain and disappointment. He was just now smarting under these discouragements, and his brother-in-law had persuaded him to take a holiday and a long walk with him into the country in the hope of reviving his spirits; and so they had come to Wimbledon.

"I do want to see some fruit of my labour," said Armiger, after a pause. "I don't care how hard I work; you know that, Will. I chose that curacy because it was confessedly a difficult place to deal with; and I thought that, being young, with good health and energies, I ought not to settle down in an easy, comfortable parish, nor to build upon another man's foundation. But after two years one ought to see some results. There, all those trucks are loaded, and away they go, to be tipped up somewhere else where the soil is wanted; and so the cutting gets continually deeper at this end, and the embankment higher at the other. If I could only cut down and build up in my parish like that!"

"All in good time," said Will, cheerfully.

"But time goes on so quickly; and so little is done! I am like that poor fellow whom I went to see the other day in the House of Correction—one of my backsliders. He was shut up in a cell by himself, and was occupied there for several hours daily turning a winch fixed in the wall, with the pleasant

conviction that he was all the while grinding nothing. 'I shouldn't so much mind, sir,' he said, 'if there was a millstone or something at the end of it, and so many bushels to grind; but it's a weary thing, and makes one feel like a fool to be for ever turning that there iron handle round and round, and nothing to show for it.' 'You might be doing worse,' I said; but he hardly seemed to think so. So I might be doing worse; but it is hard work grinding nothing."

"Come along," said Goodchild; "I did not bring you out to hear you talk like this. Let us turn back again; it can't be very far from this spot that the old house stood. Not a vestige of it is to be seen now; it is impossible even to recognise the site."

"The site," Mr. Armiger replied, "is carted away miles hence very likely; we shall never see it again. But I am glad we came here, the air is so refreshing, and the walk will do us good. I wish Susie could have come with us; but that was out of the question under the circumstances. I should like some day to bring those poor ragged children from Duck Court to have a day's run on the common. There will soon be no common left if all the new railway schemes are carried out at the present rate. See! there's the pond where the water-lilies used to grow. I should like to wade after them now if the water were not so muddy."

"That can't be the pond," said Goodchild; "ours was a great deal larger than that."

"It looks small, certainly; but it has been growing in your imagination ever since you saw it last, when you yourself were smaller. I have been down here more than once since then. I used to like having a walk upon the common with that black outline of your sister in my pocket, and many tender recollections in my heart. I think we had better be going home now; I feel a little anxious. I hope all is well in Joy Street."

Joy Street was the name of the thoroughfare in which Mr. Armiger's house was situated. It was not altogether such a misnomer as it appeared to be to those who only read the name painted up on the corner house. Its outward appearance did not indeed promise a great deal; but there is as much happiness, perhaps, in humble life as in the gay scenes of extravagance and dissipation; and, strange though it may seem, as much enjoyment to be reaped in a noisy thoroughfare as in the brightest scenes of rural beauty; for the great question is not where a man is, but what he is, and how he spends his time. Joy Street was rightly named in respect to one, at least, of its tenants, for there was not a happier couple in all England than John Armiger and his wife, and there was a promise of yet greater happiness in store for them within a very short time, when, if all went right, the only thing yet wanting in their house would be there, a presence to be felt and seen and heard every hour of the day—and of the night, too, perhaps, though that did not enter into their calculations. Meantime, the shadow of disappointment which had begun to fall upon them in parochial matters only served to draw the curate and his helpmeet nearer together in their home, and to make mutual sympathy more precious.

"You have not yet served your apprenticeship," Susan would say to him. "Do you suppose a place like this can be converted in two years?" Yet Susan herself had almost thought so when she married him. Her John would work a mighty change in the place, and win all hearts; and she was

grieved to see his earnestness and diligence so little valued. Two years was a long time for him to be in the church, and the church not full. Two years! let him work on for twenty, and then he will have learnt to expect less and yet to hope for more. His labour is not in vain in the Lord though it may seem so. He must wait and have long patience. He may never see the fruits of his work in this world, but they shall follow him. The word of the Lord can break stones harder than any of those upon the road; it is a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces. That word shall not return unto Him void, but prosper in the thing whereto He sends it.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE RAGGED-SCHOOL.

"There's but a shirt and a half in all my company."—*Shakespeare.*

WILLIAM GOODCHILD was staying with his sister and Mr. Armiger during a part of his long vacation. He was an undergraduate at Oxford, his future calling being as yet undecided. Mr. Goodchild had thought first of the navy; then a lawyer's office was proposed; after that commerce. Commerce was never brought to any tangible shape; and literature, which was next proposed, proved equally unmanageable. Willy could not bring his father to any conclusion; so he persuaded him to let him go to Oxford in the meantime, and see how things would turn out.

"Things are sure to turn out somehow or other," Mr. Goodchild said; "we need not decide at present. Yes; you can go to Oxford, and try it for a term or two, at all events."

Young Goodchild had tried it for several terms, and meant, of course, to take his degree. Beyond that his destiny was still unsettled.

"It's time you made up your mind," said Mr. Armiger to him again that day, as they were walking homeward.

"Make it up for me, John; I'll do anything you tell me, but I feel so puzzled."

"A country curacy would suit you as well as anything."

"You always say so. I should prefer a town parish like yours, if I could stand it. It must be a grand thing to be able to carry the Gospel of Christ into the strongholds of sin, to do battle with the enemy, and to save souls with fear and danger—pulling them out of the fire, as you saved some of us, in the flesh, at Cubbinghame. That is what you have to do in this parish, and it suits you, but I should never be equal to it. I should not have courage or resolution for it. I don't even think I could always live in a crowd; and besides—" But he checked himself, the truth of the matter being that he shrunk from the responsibility of making the cure of souls his profession, and did not feel himself called to it, or fit for it. He also thought it would be pleasant to see some fruit of his labours, whatever his calling might be, and his brother-in-law's experience, notwithstanding what he himself had said on that subject, was not encouraging.

"A doctor?" said Mr. Armiger, suggestively.

"To cut off legs and arms? No; I should never have nerve for it, unless some blessed anodyne should be discovered which would send the patient to sleep, and enable me to cut at him without his feeling it. A surgeon, it has been well said, ought to have the heart of a lion, the eye of an eagle, and the hand of a woman. I am afraid I should have none of these qualifications, except, perhaps, the last."

John Armiger sighed. This, he thought, was one



of the consequences of the fright which little Willy Goodchild had experienced at Mr. Bearward's, and of the fits which followed it. To the same cause it was to be attributed that he could not bear much study, and was cut off from all opportunity of honours and emoluments at Oxford.

"You are tired with your walk," Mr. Armiger said, as they approached their home; "you had better not go to the school to-night."

"Oh yes, I will; I shall not have many more opportunities. I like it; it's good fun."

"I don't know about fun," said the curate; "it is exciting, certainly."

The school in question was a ragged-school; the first that had been opened in that parish; ragged-schools being then quite a novel institution. It was situated in Duck Court, and was open twice a week in the evening for secular instruction, and on Sundays.

After tea the two young men set out together in good time, for they had work to do on their way—picking up a child here and a child there, as they found them idling in the streets, and taking them with them almost by force, inviting others of older growth to follow them, and stopping now and then to argue with the men and women, who stood leaning against the doorposts smoking, urging them to send their children to the school. Parents were generally slow to exercise authority in this behalf. "What have you got to give them?" was sometimes asked. But the most frequent objection was, "They don't like schooling; and if they don't want to go, how are we to make them?"

The schoolroom was a loft over a stable; the approach to it was by a step-ladder. A crowd of boys of all ages were assembled in the yard, waiting for the door to be opened, when the curate arrived; squalid and dirty most of them, playing tricks with each other, practising Cat'n wheels, and making a great noise and hubbub.

"Hullo, Teacher!" cried one of them, as Mr. Armiger approached, and straightway stood upon his head, and then walked towards him on his hands, presenting the dirty soles of his feet on a level with the curate's face. "You couldn't do it, Teacher," he said, when he had recovered his normal position; "you couldn't pint your toes down my throat o' that fashion. Try it; I'll teach you, if you like."

Mr. Armiger would have done a great deal to win the respect of his parishioners, but he was not prepared for such an exhibition of muscular Christianity as this. "Very clever," he said; "but I'm older than you, so I'll teach you something first, if you'll go in."

They went in. It was a long, low room, lighted with gas, and furnished only with a few benches and one long desk. A rush was made for the latter, and several of the biggest lads took possession of it, and began elbowing each other for room and amusement. Some minutes passed before order could be obtained. Most of the boys wanted to write; they did not care about reading; and after they were divided into classes there were frequent remonstrances on this point. There was only one teacher besides the curate and young Goodchild. The classes were large and restless; the boys seemed to have become suddenly impressed with the value of time, and did not like waiting for their turn to read, while their class-fellows were slowly spelling through their several sentences, so there were many interruptions. Often a willing scholar, making a guess at some word

which he ought to have spelt, would utter some absurd nonsense, at which all the rest would laugh aloud, not that they understood the joke, but for the sake of making a noise. Others would make ridiculous, or even worse blunders, in their reading, purposely, and then the mirth would be still more boisterous. Here a boy would be tilted backwards on to the floor just as it was his turn to read; and there another, intent upon his book, would find it suddenly snatched from his hand and passed round the form like a game of hunt the slipper, or (a similitude which they, alas, would have understood much better) like a purse filched from a pocket in the streets.

The greatest forbearance and good-temper on the part of the teachers was necessary under all these trials. If one of them spoke angrily or harshly to his unruly class, they would rejoice to have put him out of temper, and would give him no more peace that evening. The teachers must be blind and deaf to many things that were done and said, and it would have saved them much discomfort if they could have been deprived, for the time, of other senses also. Of course the boys were not all troublesome alike, nor were they, on the whole, so ill-mannered now as they had been when the school was first opened. On that occasion the scholars had dismissed themselves almost as soon as they were assembled, and Mr. Armiger had been nearly led to despair of doing any good with them. They had come in the hope of receiving a morsel of bread, or a bit of victuals of some sort, and were disappointed. There was then no gas in the room, and the candles were constantly being blown out. As soon as one was relighted, another was extinguished, until at length, as if by signal, caps were sent flying at them all at once, and the room was left in total darkness. Then there was shouting and whistling and swearing, and the boys all rushed together to the door, falling over each other down the step-ladder, and one or two new books, a Bible among them, disappeared in the scuffle. The attempt had been renewed, however, and gas laid on, with the taps out of reach, and a better feeling now prevailed; and some of the boys, especially the little ones, seemed to take kindly to their books, and to give promise of becoming scholars.

The curate was in pretty good spirits this evening. His walk to Wimbledon had done him good. They were getting on swimmingly, he thought; his class seemed to be interested in their work, and he was explaining something to them, when suddenly there was a loud laugh, and all eyes were directed towards himself. Looking round, he saw the naked soles of a pair of very dirty feet close to his ears, one on either side, and a voice from the floor exclaimed, "You couldn't do it." The next moment feet and voice were gone, rolling away like a wheel, and the owner thereof was to be seen intent upon a book in the next class, as if he had not moved. Hardly had this sensation passed away, when a heavy foot was heard outside, stumbling up the step-ladder. The door was pushed open, and a short, thick-set man, with a large head and a quantity of bristly hair sticking out all over it, entered the room. He stood for a moment in silence, gazing upon the scene before him.

"It's Tuffey; look at old Tuffey," two or three of the boys were heard to say. "Oh, what a lark!"

Mr. Armiger took no notice of the apparition, though his pulse beat rather more rapidly; he knew something of the man, and thought it best to wait and hear what he was come for.

Tuffey appeared to have had some drink, but not more than he could carry. He had a short pipe in his mouth, and went on smoking while he looked around him.

"Werry good!" he said, after a short time, during which silence and expectation had prevailed; "werry good!" Then, removing the pipe from his mouth and spitting, "This is edication, is it? This is *Kerristian* edication." He emphasized the word "Christian" scornfully, and again spat upon the floor. "That's my opinion of it," he said, "if you ask me!"

The word "ask" was pronounced so emphatically that Mr. Armiger could not refrain from saying, quietly, "I did not ask you."

"No," said the man; "you knowed better."

"We are busy here, as you see," said the curate. "Are you looking for any one? Do you want anything?"

"Do I want anything?" he said, slowly, looking Mr. Armiger in the face with placid scorn. "Do I want anything? Yes, I should think I did. If you ask me. 'What do I want?'" Then, after a long pause, in a low voice, like a snarl, "'What do I want?' I want—the rights of man in every age and nation; them's what I want."

It was difficult to reply to such an appeal, so Mr. Armiger said nothing, but attempted to go on with his teaching.

"Aha!" said Tuffey, "you are dumb-founded, are you? I thought so! Now, I'll tell you what,"—with a great appearance of candour—"I'll argue this with you, out and out."

"Really," said the curate, "our time is occupied, and I am not prepared—"

"Not prepared? No, I thought not! No more s'nt I. But I don't want no preparation, I don't, nor edication neither. I'm always ready for a argument on that pint, I am, or any other too."

"I shall be very glad to talk to you at another time," said Mr. Armiger; "but I should be obliged if you will leave us now to go on with our work."

"Work do you call it! Work! You don't know what work is, you don't. I'm a working-man, I am. I should think, now, you never did a day's work in your life—not real work."

Mr. Tuffey was not himself famous for industry. It was said that his wife earned the money by charing, and that he drank it; but he claimed for himself the honourable title of a working-man, as if all who were not of his kind were idlers. "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour till the evening," saith the Psalmist. More is not required of him; but men like Mr. Armiger often work on far into the night. "Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work," is the merciful commandment. Five days, or five and a half at most, are now thought to be enough; but curates have no Saturday half-holiday, and certainly no Sabbath in the sense

of rest. Yet Tuffey could not look upon those who had only the cure of souls as "working-men."

"Work do you call it!" he exclaimed, with drunken scorn. "You don't know what work is; not you. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, after a pause. "Come to the 'Toad-in-a-Hole' any evening and ask for Tuffey; he's a tough customer is Tuffey. I'll argue with you, free and open; and them as uses the house shall judge. Edication! What's the good of edication? Look at me—I never had no edication, and I'll argue with you, or with anybody else! You can't put me down; the rights of man in every age and nation, them's what I want! Here I am, so make your own appointment."

Yes, there he was—a fine specimen to be sure! Look at him. He never had "no edication;" it was quite unnecessary to tell them that. Why should not all the world grow up as ignorant and impudent as he? But a moment later there he wasn't, which was better still; and they heard him stumbling down the stairs, and muttering to himself with indignation, "Rights of man—'Toad-in-a-Hole'—them's what I want."

There was nothing more to be done in school that night; the time was nearly up, and there was a storm of laughter, and shouts of "Bravo, Tuffey!" which it would have been impossible to quell. Some of the bigger boys went after their hero; the others stayed a few minutes while Mr. Armiger read aloud a short passage from the Bible, according to his custom, before he let them go. This practice he had resolved to maintain, and he hoped by degrees to bring the gentle might of religion to bear more fully and directly on his work. The secular teaching was but a means to an end. It was not to teach writing and arithmetic that he had been ordained; like Tuffey, he did not think much of "edication" for its own sake; but he hoped that boys who came to him for such accomplishments might be eventually won by sympathy and kindness, and so "remain to pray."

When Mr. Armiger and his brother-in-law reached home they found the street-door open, and the parlour-maid peeping out.

"Oh, if you please, sir, I'm so glad you are come, she said; 'missus is upstairs.'"

"Nothing the matter?" cried Mr. Armiger, anxiously.

"Oh no, sir. Mr. Morbid is here,"

"Mawby! is he here?"

"Yes, sir, and the nurse. Mr. Morbid sent for her directly."

"A fortnight earlier than we expected! I hope and pray there may be nothing wrong."

There was nothing wrong. Before the morning dawned the nurse tapped at the door of the dining-room, where Armiger and Goodchild were watching, and said, "A boy, sir! a great big boy, and going on beautiful—both of 'em!"

## AMERICAN MYTHS: AS RELATED TO PRIMITIVE IDEAS OF RELIGION.

BY PRINCIPAL DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S.

### I.—THE IDEA OF GOD.

**M**AX MÜLLER, in his lectures on the Science of Religion, rejects the ordinary division into natural and revealed religions, and adopts a three-fold grouping, corresponding to the division of

languages into Turanian, Aryan, and Semitic. Though not quite satisfactory, more especially in its treatment of revelation, this method is suggestive of some important thoughts and questions. While we regard,

for example, our own religion as revealed, we must bear in mind that it necessarily includes also the elements of natural religion. Further, while it may be classified as Semitic, as coming to us through a Semitic people, yet, according to its own history, in its earlier stages it was much more general than this, and in its earliest stage universal. Still further, we must not forget that it was not all revealed at once—that Adam, for example, could have known very little of it, Noah a little more, Abraham a little more, and so on. Again, the natural religion to which St. Paul refers in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, as sufficient to teach men the power and divinity of God, was never absolutely pure at any time subsequent to the fall of man, and must have always contained some mixture, and this usually more or less corrupted, of what those who believe in divine revelation would regard as revealed religion. These considerations, from the point of view of the Christian, greatly modify Müller's classification. They further lead us to suppose that the Semitic religions will be found to be those most impregnated with revealed truth as we hold it, for our God is the "Lord God of Shem." The Aryan religions will be those bearing most evidence of the exuberance of human fancy, for Japhet's destiny is "expansion," if not "delusion;" while the wild old Turanian races, which I have endeavoured to show in a previous series of articles in this journal\* are the most primitive of all, may be expected to have religions the least mixed with the later ideas of revelation, and most stamped with the impress of its earliest truths, as well as with the general features of natural religion.



CHIPPEWA CHIEFS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

Showing the characteristic Turanian type of the American aborigines.

I have shown in the articles referred to that the aboriginal races of America are Turanian in features and in language and customs, and they existed unmixed with other peoples, and unvisited by missionaries of the "book religions," up to a very recent period. We can learn with much certainty the tenets of their religious belief, as it existed in tribes and nations both in a state of barbarism and in various stages of civilisation. We can scarcely propose to ourselves a more interesting question in the present state of religious controversy, than that which relates to the beliefs of these people. How much did they know of what we regard as truth, whether in the domain of natural or revealed religion? and what relations have their religions to those of the ancient and prehistoric peoples of the Old World? What do

primitive, untutored men like those whose stern, grave faces are presented in the two photographs of Chippewa chiefs reproduced here, believe as to the great questions relating to God and a future state?

Our first answer shall be from the narrative of the old Breton seaman, Cartier, who discovered the St. Lawrence three hundred years ago, and who can teach us all the better that he is no missionary, but merely a rough sailor, not recognising any similarity between the traditions of the Indians and those he himself believed. The creed of Stadacona, the ancient Quebec, according to him might be stated thus: "There is one god, known by the name *Cudragny*.\* He speaks often to men, and gives them warning of the changes of the weather; but when offended, he throws dust in their eyes, or makes them blind. When men die, their souls rise to the stars, and, descending with these to the west, are received into the happy plains where there are beautiful forests and delicious fruits." This creed was that held in one modification or another by all the American tribes, and expressed the fundamental ideas of their religion. The Great Spirit might be the Great Manitou, or Oghee-ma of the Algonquins; Okee, or Omaha of the Mandans; or approaching more nearly to the familiar Aryan Theos and Deus, he might be the Teo of the Mexicans; but in every case there was a Great Spirit, though there might be multitudes of inferior deities. So in all these religions there was a distinct recognition of immortality and a future life beyond the grave. Let us consider these two doctrines separately; and first, that of the existence of a supreme God interesting Himself in human affairs.

The American deity was not a Hindoo Brahma, isolating himself from all inferior beings. That is a later conception of a degenerate faith. He revealed himself to men, and it was the general American belief that this took place in dreams, in "thoughts from visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men," and such revelations were usually made to gifted and chosen men, prophets who had, like Balaam, "their eyes open, and heard the words of God, and saw the vision of the Almighty." The absurdly sounding name "Medicine men," by which these prophets or Shamans were designated, seems to be a corruption of the Algonquin word Meda or Medawin, by which their art was designated; a word which, like many others used by these tribes, has its allies in the Greek and other Indo-European tongues, and may be radically the same with our "medicine."

That these revelations should relate in great part to the weather, is precisely the same fact which we find in the Pelagic mythology of Zeus, or the Scandinavian worship of Thor. In either case, the Great Spirit is not the god of the ether merely, as some closet mythologists suppose, because of a fanciful deification of the elements, but because to a rude people the changes of the weather are the principal natural facts which concern and impress them, and which, being apparently capricious and irregular, they refer to the most direct kind of divine action. Hence it may be affirmed that among all primitive peoples the chief god is more or less a weather-god. In the Old Testament, Baal, the Phœnician sun-god, was eminently a deity of this kind, as was also the Great Amen-Ra, "prince of the dew" and "lord of

\* The word is allied to Mandan *Okee*, Sioux *Oghee*, Iroquois *Oke*, Esquimaux *Aghatt*, Algonquin *Oghee-ma*. It seems to mean the higher or highest one. It resembles the name of the ancient Hindoo god Agni, and is perhaps allied to the Og and Agag of the prehistoric peoples of Palestine.

beams," among the Egyptians;\* and even the Elohim of the Hebrews does not disdain to be the Being whose voice is the thunder, who holds the lightning in his hands, who makes the clouds his chariot, and whom the winds and the waves obey. So in the old sacred book of the Quiches, the Creator is the Heart of Heaven, the lightning-flash, the thunder-bolt, and his name is Hurakan, the storm-god—a name remaining in our word hurricane.

But like many other ancient nations, the Americans were not content with the simplicity of pure monotheism; they added many subordinate gods. First among these stands a deification of the sun, arising perhaps from a natural confounding of the glorious and world-enlivening orb of day with the Great Spirit his maker, but in many nations taking the form of a separate worship. Among the ancient Peruvians, and possibly also among the Toltecs, this identification of the sun-god with the supreme Being, seems to have been complete. The Mexicans, however, had a separate sun-god, Tezcatlipoca, and in this they agreed with the Iroquois and Algonquins, whose sun-god was a deified hero, the child of the great first mother. With sun-worship was naturally connected fire-worship, and it is interesting to observe that this, which seems to have been the principal cultus of the Alleghans, or extinct mound-builders of the west, and of the Natchez and other southern tribes, had extended from them to the Algonquin peoples of the north. One of the Chippewa tribes, for example, inhabiting Keweenaw Point, one of the former mining districts of the Alleghans, kept up, according to Schoolcraft, a perpetual sacred fire in a sort of hearth or open furnace. Its chief attendant was the "Great Sun," or "Chief Sun," and one of its priestesses was called the "Woman ever standing in presence of the God," or as it has been quaintly rendered the "Everlasting standing woman," the Pythoness of this western fire-god. This worship was said to have been derived from the south, and it seems to explain the altar hearths of the mound-builders. Among the Iroquois and Hurons the sun was in some sense an emblem of their Ares or Mars, *Areskoui* or *Agreskoui*, while the Mexicans had a separate war-god regarded by some as the brother of him of the sun.

In most cases among the Americans the sun was a beneficent god, associated with light, fertility, and happiness, as was also the case among the Indo-European and Semitic races of the Old World; and he connects himself in some respects with the ideas of a mediator or redeemer. This last thought centres around the great fundamental tradition of the first mother, which figures in all the American mythologies. We may take the Iroquois version of it as given by the early Jesuits and by Schoolcraft. *Nso*,† equivalent to Anu of the older eastern theologies, is the Great Spirit; *Atahocan* is the Master of Heaven; *Tarenawogan*, or the Great Hare, of whom more hereafter, is the Keeper of Heaven. From this trinity originates *Atahensic*, the first woman, and the American equivalent of *Alytta* and *Astarte* of the east; *Persephone* and *Artemis* of the Greeks, and the mother-goddesses of so many other ancient nations.‡ Married

to one of the six first created men, who seem to represent the six creative days, and expelled from heaven, she produces twins, who are Darkness and Light, or "Good mind" and "Evil mind," and who introduce the knowledge of good and evil on the earth. She afterwards bears a daughter who has two sons, the elder of whom, *Yoskeka*, kills his brother, and afterwards becomes the parent of mankind. Finally *Atahensic* is deified as the "Queen of Heaven," with the moon as her emblem; while *Yoskeka* also becomes a demi-god in the other world, and the sun is his totem or emblematic mark. In Hades, *Atahensic*, like the ancient *Artemis*, in one at least of her functions, and like the Scandinavian *Hela*, becomes a guardian, and also a judge and castigator of her children after death, while on *Yoskeka* devolves the more beneficent function of being their advocate and intercessor. This story, which is but a specimen of this part of American theology, as held in various forms by different tribes, bears no remote resemblance to our own familiar narrative of Eden and the Fall. But its significance is far greater than this. It shows the connection of the biblical Eve, the introducer of evil, and at the same time the mother of the Redeemer, who is the "seed of the woman," with all those primitive idolatries in which the first woman becomes the object of worship as the Queen of Heaven and mother goddess; and it shows how natural is that superstition which in like manner, in more modern times, transfers the adoration of the Saviour to his mother. Alike in the *Atahensic* of America, the two-horned *Astarte* of primeval Syria, and the virgin queen of modern Rome, we have precisely the same modification of a religious idea, that of the promised seed of the woman, which underlies all the biblical development of the doctrine of the Saviour, and in corrupt forms figures in a host of superstitions, both ancient and modern.

Perhaps even the old Phœnicians, in the worship of their *Moloch*, or *Melkart*, scarcely carried the idea of mediatorial atonement to so tragic a pitch of grandeur as did the Mexicans in their annual sacrifices to *Tezcatlipoca*. Their priest selected one of the most beautiful young men, at once a representative of the god and a sacrifice, and after feasting and honouring him as the impersonation of deity, slew him upon the high altar in the presence of adoring thousands, and held up his dripping heart as a sign that the sins of the people were atoned for.

The Messianic idea has, however, engrafted itself on the American religions in quite another way. All the Indian nations have traditions of a great benefactor, a teacher of arts, and introducer of humanity and civilisation. Among the Peruvians he is *Manco Capac*; among the Mexicans, *Quetzalcoatl*; among the Crees, *Gepuchican*; among the Micmacs, *Glooscap*; and the Iroquois form of the tradition forms the basis of Longfellow's "*Hiawatha*." He is represented as a benevolent hero, or demi-god of the olden time, who has left the world or been spirited away, and is to return. We may compare him with *Vishnu*, *Odin*, and *Balder*, with *Horus*, with *Hercules*, and a hundred other heroes and demi-gods of the eastern continent, all of them outgrowths of the yearnings of the human mind for a great deliverer from all the

\* See the remarkable Hymn in his honour recently published in Bagster's "Records of the Past," vol. II.

† Supposed by some to be a corruption of the French *Dieu*, but more likely allied to Mexican *Tio*.

‡ In Smith's translation of the Assyrian account of the Deluge, as given on the clay tablets in the British Museum, *Ishtar* (*Astarte*) is introduced as appealing to the gods on behalf of men, as the children she has brought forth, and as weeping over their calamities (lines 110 to

120). This fact, which I noticed after the above was written, affords an absolute confirmation of the idea that *Astarte* is identical with the biblical Eve and the American *Atahensic*. The Assyrians seem, however, to have had a later *Ishtar*, or an older mother-goddess, the mistress of *Nodes*, *Nin-ki-gal*.



evils which beset humanity, yearnings which belong to the higher spiritual instincts of our nature, and which for the Christian are satisfied in the person and work of Jesus the Christ.

I have mentioned above the Iroquois legend of the Great Hare, which forms another, if less intelligible, connection of the religions and superstitions of the East and of the West. This idea prevailed throughout North America, from Mexico to the shores of the Arctic Sea. As held by some Algonquin tribes, it represented Manibozoo, the Great Hare, as moving on the waters, and making the earth out of a grain of sand from the bottom of the sea, and man out of the dead bodies of animals which had preceded him. The Great Hare is thus the creator, and also embraces some attributes of the Divine Spirit as introduced in the Scriptures. We can only conjecture the origin of this use of the hare as an emblem of God. It may have arisen from the harmless, simple, and noiseless spectre-like habits of the creature, or from its expressive face and eye, or from its habit of erecting itself on its feet, and its antics at certain seasons, or, as some think, from its whiteness in winter. But whatever its origin, it goes back into remote antiquity, and is of very wide distribution. One effect of it is the aversion to eat the flesh of the animal, which still lingers as a sort of superstition in some parts of Europe, and which I have noticed even in European settlers in America. The Laps are said to refuse to eat hares, and so do the Somal Arabs, while even the Chinese are said to object to it.\* The ancient Britons had the same superstition, and their conquerors, the Saxons, held the hare as sacred to the goddess Freya. The bones of the hare are not found in the Danish shell-heaps or the Swiss lake-habitations, whence it is inferred that the ancient peoples who have left these remains did not eat the hare. They do, however, occur in the *débris* in the cave of Mentone and in the Belgian caves; showing that the hare was not everywhere regarded with the same veneration among the earliest races of Europe, or perhaps that, as in America, where the Hare Indians and many other tribes feed much on this animal, while still regarding it with a certain traditional veneration, the regard for it as a religious emblem did not hinder its use as food. A recent writer, who mentions many of these facts, seems to think that they have some connection with the rejection of the hare as food by the Jews, which he wrongly states was owing to "a false impression about its chewing its cud," whereas this would have been a reason for regarding it as clean, the reason of rejecting it being that it had paws instead of hoofs. But the Jewish Scriptures have no trace of the superstitious regard for the animal, and the Algonquin and Iroquois traditions give us the most probable explanation of the religious veneration of the hare in regarding it as the emblem of the Divine Spirit.

One part of the Iroquois tradition above referred to relates to a deluge by which the descendants of Atahensic were all destroyed, and the earth was replenished with inhabitants by the conversion of beasts into men. The traditions of the Mexicans on this subject are well known, and they are but a type of those prevailing throughout all the American tribes, and pointing to a division of the human period into two portions by a great diluvial catastrophe. One Mexican tradition connects this, as did the

Egyptians, with the disappearance of the great continent Atlantis, which in antediluvian times connected America with Europe, and whose name has perhaps as good a claim to be derived from the Mexican *Atl* (water) as from the somewhat conjectural root adopted by Greek linguists. Another Mexican tradition, preserved by Humboldt, relates that Tezpi, or Noah, embarked in a great acalli, or house, with his wife, children, and animals, and stores of grain. Tezcatlipoca, the second person of the Mexican Trinity, equivalent to Atahocan of the Iroquois, caused the deluge to abate. Tezpi sends out a vulture and other birds, and finally a humming-bird,\* which returned to him with green leaves, and then Tezpi joyfully disembarks on the mountain of Colhuacan. This story bears very nearly the same resemblance to the Noachic account of the Deluge which we find in the Chaldean tablets translated by Mr. Smith, and with much the same amount of local colouring, but with less of complication with a developed system of idolatry, and, therefore, with a more truly primitive aspect. We may well suppose that similar traditions, with similar local variations, were repeated around the camp-fires of those hardy wanderers who first penetrated into Europe after the post-glacial submergence, and served to explain the bones of the gigantic men and still more gigantic beasts that lay in the caves they inhabited.

In some sort of connection with the belief in a deluge was the belief of many American tribes that the souls of drowned persons could not attain to paradise until their bodies were recovered and buried with certain sacrificial rites, consisting of the burning of parts of the viscera before interment. This may also be connected with the belief in malignant spirits of the waters—the Kelpies of our own ancestors; and with the superstition in China and elsewhere that it is unlucky to rescue a drowning person.

It may be said that the preservation of such a tradition as that of the Deluge is impossible, since it is held by some historical critics that an oral tradition cannot survive with any degree of accuracy even for a century. But the geologist knows that a footprint in the sand, which in some circumstances must perish in an hour, may in others survive for untold ages. So with traditions. Among a rude people, with few ideas, when fixed in a form of words, traditions may be handed down indefinitely. If once reduced to pictographs, like those of the Mexicans, or even recorded on quipus or wampum-belts, they become still more unchangeable. But even an oral tradition among such people as the Americans is more enduring than a temple or a pyramid.

## RUSSIAN CELEBRITIES.

### THE CZAREWITCH.

**H**IS Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexander Alexandrovitch of Russia was born on February 26th, old style (corresponding to March 10th, new style), 1845. He is the second son of his Majesty the Emperor Alexander II, and became heir-apparent to the Russian throne on the death of his elder brother, Nicolas, which took place at Nice on April the 4th, 1865. On November 9th, 1866, he was married to the Princess Dagmar, second daughter of the present King of Denmark, and sister to our own Princess of

\* Hardwick.

\* This bird, like the dove among us, was also the emblem of the third person of the Mexican Trinity.



**THE CZAREWITCH.**



**PRINCE ALEXANDER GORTSCHAKOFF.**



**COUNT SCHOUVALOFF.**



**GENERAL TODLEBEN.**

Wales, born November 26th, 1847. The Grand Duke is aide-de-camp of the emperor; "ataman," or commander-in-chief, of all the Cossack troops; and "proprietor" of several regiments of the Russian and of the 61st Austrian Infantry, and the 12th Prussian Lancers. Endowed with great strength of character, combined with those sympathies of a noble nature which seem to be the patrimony of the house of Romanoff, he is beloved by all who have the privilege to be closely acquainted with him. In the year 1874 he spent some time in England, and it is said that he took a lively interest in our public works, manufactures, and national institutions, whose greatness he admired. It is to be hoped that his Imperial Highness will follow in the footsteps of his illustrious father, and become a tower of strength for good in the vast empire of Russia.

#### PRINCE ALEXANDER GORTSCHAKOFF.

Among the various agencies to which the vast extension of the material and moral power of the Russian empire in modern times may be attributed, one of the most prominent is undoubtedly the great efficiency of its diplomatic service, which traces its origin and tradition as far back as the time of Peter the Great. There are few countries that can boast such a vast array of capable and withal single-minded and self-sacrificing men as we find in the long list of Russian Foreign Ministers and representatives at foreign courts. If it be not invidious to single out many particular names from this catalogue, we need but point to the Nesselrodes, the Pozzo di Borgo, the Gortschakoffs, the Kisseleffs, Ignatieffs, and Brunnows; and he who would attempt to increase the numbers tenfold would yet have to say, like M. Victor Hugo, "*j'en passe, et des meilleurs.*"

Prince Alexander Gortschakoff, who has been since 1856 Chancellor and Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Russian Empire, was born on the 4th (16th) of July, 1798. He is the head of a family of the highest nobility, which in the "Almanach de Gotha" takes an equal rank with the "mediatised" sovereign houses of Germany. Prince Gortschakoff received his early training at the college of Zarskoe-Selo, where he had the celebrated poet Pushkin for his schoolfellow, and he made his first *début* as a diplomatist in 1824, when he was appointed Secretary of the Russian Embassy at the Court of St. James's. Four years later he was promoted to the rank of *chargé d'affaires* to the Grand-ducal Court of Florence; and in 1832 he became Counsellor to the Legation at Vienna. From the very first, Prince Gortschakoff stood very high in the estimation and confidence of the late Emperor Nicolas, by whom he was in the year 1842 sent as Envoy Extraordinary to Stuttgart to arrange for the marriage of the Emperor's daughter, the Duchess Olga, with the Crown Prince of Würtemberg, who succeeded his father on the throne in 1864. Apart from the politics of his own country, Prince Gortschakoff always took a deep interest in those of Austria, and it is said that the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand I, in favour of his nephew Francis Joseph, on December 2, 1848, was in a certain measure due to his influence. During the Eastern War, Prince Gortschakoff was constantly employed in connection with the diplomatic proceedings of that agitated period; and immediately after the termination of the war—i.e., in April, 1856—he succeeded Count Nesselrode in the office of Chan-

cellor of the Empire and Foreign Secretary. This position he has now occupied for twenty years with distinction, and in the immense moral influence Russia now enjoys, both in Europe and in the world at large, we may trace, step by step and year by year, the working of the hand of the eminent Chancellor. The part he took in the pending "Eastern Question" at the late Berlin Conference of the three Imperial Chancellors is so well known that we need not dwell upon it.

#### COUNT SCHOUVALOFF.

Count Peter Schouvaloff, the present Russian ambassador to the Court of St. James, may justly be looked upon as a representative character of modern Russian polity and statecraft. He is a descendant of an ancient noble family, and first entered public service in 1845. In 1857 he became major-general, and so great was his success in the military career he had elected, that he soon became the subject of an unusual cumulation of offices. As governor of the Baltic provinces, he gained the esteem of its inhabitants by his enlightened and liberal administration. In 1864 he was appointed general aide-de-camp of his Imperial Majesty Alexander II, superintendent of the gendarmerie of the empire, and head of the Privy Chancellery of the Third Section of the Empire, which he entirely remodelled.

In 1872 he was promoted to the grade of cavalry general, which is one of the highest in the Russian army. Ever since the accession of the present illustrious occupant of the throne of Peter the Great, Count Schouvaloff has often been the recipient of the special favours of the emperor, which in the administrative circles of the empire have always been thought to be fully deserved; in fact, his rare genius and exemplary life have won him the esteem of all who know him. On several occasions has he been entrusted with important missions, and it is admitted on all hands that he always discharged the duties devolving on him with the utmost *devouement* and efficiency.

In our time, the functions and responsibilities of an ambassador are not identical with what they were in the age of Richelieu and Mazarin. Owing to the immense improvement and simplification of the means of communication existing between the various nations, a Minister in a foreign court has now literally become what he ought to be, the spokesman and mouthpiece of the sovereign he represents. Still, the personal influence and *prestige* of an able diplomatist must always remain in excess of the moral power the office he holds confers upon him; and thus we may hope that by having such a distinguished nobleman as Count Schouvaloff among us as the representative of the Emperor of all the Russias, his own individuality will contribute to the maintenance of friendly relations between the two empires, and of the peace of the world.

#### GENERAL TODLEBEN.

General Francis Edward Todleben was born at Mitau, in Courland, on May 8, 1818. After studying in the schools of Riga, he was admitted into the College of Engineers of St. Petersburg, and served with the forces dispatched to quell the rebellion of the Circassians in 1848. When the war between Russia and the Western Powers broke out in 1854 he was acting as second captain in the corps of engineers destined for service in the field. He had

previously distinguished himself as *ad-latus* of General Schilders, and this general, having been wounded at the siege of Silistria, in the campaign of the Danube, Todleben was sent at first as a mere *locum tenens*. From the name of Sebastopol, Todleben's has become for ever inseparable. At the time he arrived there, it was comparatively an open town, and its fortifications barely sufficient to ward off a *coup de main*. Todleben succeeded, under the continuous fire of the besieging host, in making it a real fortress of the first order, so that it for nearly twelve months resisted successfully the combined efforts of the allied armies. The French and the English had two of the most renowned specialists at the head of their engineering corps, viz., General Niel, who afterwards became Marshal of the Empire, and Field-Marshal Burgoyne, the veteran of the Peninsular War. But Todleben baffled their combined exertions from the beginning of October, 1854, till the midst of September, 1855. During that period he passed successively through the grades of captain, lieutenant-colonel,

and adjutant-colonel, and, among other distinctions, received the decoration of the 4th and of the 3rd Class of the Order of St. George, which is given only for brilliant deeds, and upon the proposal of the Chapter of the Knights of the Order. It is certain that no name connected with the siege of the Crimean fortress has had so much lustre bestowed on it as Todleben's. Since the end of the war he has continued his official duties, and still occupies the highest post of the engineer corps in the military service of the empire. It is not only as a soldier, but also as a man, that Todleben must be considered most remarkable; his kindness and affability is known to all those who are brought into contact with him, either officially or in private life; and the writer of the present sketch, in his journey to the Russian capital, 1874, has been able to fully verify the reputation General Todleben enjoys as a gentleman in the best sense of the word. In 1855 the general visited England, and was everywhere most respectfully and cordially received.

J. A.

## THE LIFE OF LORD MACAULAY.

### I.

THE chief outlines of the life of the great essayist, historian, and statesman are known almost as extensively and perfectly as the charming papers which have given immortality to his memory. The recently published volumes of his biography, by his nephew, will furnish those to whom his name and works are interesting not merely with the opportunity of forming a more distinct and candid judgment of his character, but will, perhaps, bring out, even to the acknowledgment of those who have entertained prejudices against him, some pleasing traits and characteristics scarcely surprising or unexpected; while it must also be admitted these volumes may tend to confirm some of those prejudices which this great writer has assuredly been, we may almost even say, not indisposed himself to create and to strengthen. They give that information which is furnished from confidential letters—perhaps never intended to see the light; stray anecdotes illustrative of character in its moments of undress; conversation; and the knowledge of the houses frequented, and the friends with whom the most social hours were passed. What Macaulay was in political opinion, and as a statesman, as an orator, historian, essayist, and critic, all the world knows; but these volumes shed much light upon his personal character, his habits and tastes, and his private as well as public life.

We shall not be particular to follow the life in its detail of dates and succession of events; it will be sufficient if we mention a few of its characteristics. Macaulay was remarkable as a boy. He came, like so many of the minds which have illuminated our land and language in this century, from a good old Scottish stock. It was towards the close of his life, when they were both on a visit at Lord Ashburton's, that Thomas Carlyle, as he saw Macaulay's face in repose, while he was turning over the pages of a book, said, "I noticed the homely Norse features that you find everywhere in the Western Isles, and I thought to myself, Well, any one can see that you

are an honest, good sort of fellow made out of oat-meal." He was born on St. Crispin's Day, the 25th of October, in the year 1800. Macaulay himself appears to have felt more pleasure in identifying the day of his birth with the Battle of Agincourt than with the patron saint of shoemakers. His father was the well-known Zachary Macaulay, honoured and loved as one of that small illustrious band of men with whom originated the great idea of the abolition of the slave trade. Mr. Trevelyan, Macaulay's biographer and nephew, naturally speaks with honour of his grandfather, but he deserves more consideration and higher estimation than we venture to think, he receives in these volumes.\* Sir James Stephen, in his interesting essays in ecclesiastical biography, has penned a much more unhesitating expression of affection and admiration to the old friend and fellow-labourer of Thomas Clarkson and William Wilberforce. "The one idea," as Sir James Stephen says, "the master passion, with him was the belief that God had called him into being to wage war with this gigantic evil. It was the subject of his visions by day and of his dreams by night. He edited voluminous periodical works, but whether theology, literature, or politics were the text, the design was still the same—to train the public mind to a detestation of the slave trade and of slavery." He rests in Westminster Abbey, and in the modest inscription upon his tomb, some affectionate pen has recorded that he was a man "who, during forty successive years, partaking in the counsels and the labours which, guided by favouring Providence, rescued Africa from the woes, and the British Empire from the guilt, of slavery and the slave trade, meekly endured the toil, the privation, and the reproach, resigning to others the praise and the reward." This testimony is simply true. Old Zachary Macaulay was also one of the Clapham sect, and it is in Sir James Stephen's beautiful little monogram upon that

\* "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay." By his nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. 2 vols. (Longmans.)



interesting and influential cluster of pious folk that the reference to his memory occurs. Mr. Trevelyan might have studied a little more closely Sir James Stephen's paper, in which case he would have saved himself from some mistakes which he has made with reference to the circle of which Zachary Macaulay was a distinguished member, and have discovered that John Newton was in no sense what he has described him as being—its real founder. We fancy Mr. Trevelyan has very few sympathies with those old Clapham people and their ways. Had the case been different, he certainly would not have thought it necessary to vindicate old Zachary Macaulay in such language as that "he was no common fanatic." But the biographer evidently knows very little of the real life or influence of that old evangelical school which commanded the eloquent eulogy of Sir James Stephen.

There are pleasant lights on the old Clapham home; perhaps to some modern ideas it would seem severe. In after days Macaulay was wont to say that he was brought up after "the straitest sect of the Pharisees." Evangelical Church-of-Englandism and Quakerism were the predominating influences of his child-life; he was in the habit of saying that he got his joviality and his humour from his Quaker relationships. His uncle appears to have been a very lively, clever man, full of good stories. One, Macaulay mentions of him, how, when a son of this old Quaker, resident in London, had upon some occasion attended service at Rowland Hill's Chapel, and had there lost a new hat, mentioning the misfortune to his father, the old Quaker said, "John, if thee had gone to the right place of worship, thee'd have kept thy hat upon thy head!" It will be interesting to those who reside near or who ever pass that way to know that the old Clapham house where Macaulay passed his happy childhood was in that part of Clapham now called the Pavement, a few doors from the Plough Inn, but a little nearer to the Common. If the house be not entirely pulled down, it has disappeared behind an imposing shop-front, so that the old rooms which Lady Trevelyan describes so affectionately as the scene of that pious, intelligent, and happy early home, are altogether undistinguishable. When the boy was little more than an infant, he began to read with avidity everything that came in his way, and from the very first with him, to read was to remember. From his earliest days his memory was always wonderful, and he appears by the singular feats which are recited of him to have retained without an effort almost everything that passed before his eye—astonishing heaps of rubbish as well as worlds of valuable material. It would seem as if he almost lisped in dithyrambs and splendid inflations of expression. When he was about four years of age he was taken by his father on a visit to Lady Waldegrave at the famous Strawberry Hill. Here the servant spilled some hot coffee on the child's legs. The hostess was all anxiety, kindness, and compassion; and after some time, asking again how he was feeling, the little literary atom replied, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated." It was about the same time as the exceedingly proper, ladylike, and saintly Mrs. Hannah More used to relate, that, calling at Clapham, she was met by a fair, pretty, slight child, with an abundance of light hair, who came to the door to receive her, telling her that both his parents were out, but that if she would be good enough to come

in he would mix her a glass of spirits! The excellent lady, whose refreshments never passed beyond a glass of cowslip wine, was startled, and questioned the child as to what he could know about spirits, when it turned out that his idea that this was a proper expression of hospitality and entertainment was derived from "Robinson Crusoe." This, however, appears to have been the commencement of his intimacy with this distinguished lady, who kept up a correspondence with her young entertainer, and who, only a short time after, thanks him for his letters, "so neat and free from blots," and in her reply talks to him of Johnson's "Hebrides," Walton's "Lives," "Cowper's Poems," "Paradise Lost," and "Racine"!

When he left home he was placed with the Rev. Mr. Prestow, of Little Shelford, a village in the immediate neighbourhood of Cambridge. The spirit of the Clapham sect presided over the selection of the tutor. "He held," says Mr. Trevelyan, "extreme Low-Church opinions;" he was certainly a disciple of the eminent Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, who was in that day the apostle of the Low-Church school. Of course, the atmosphere of Cambridge hung round Shelford; and, young as he was, Macaulay became known to and honoured by Cambridge men. Of him, Dean Milner wrote to Mr. Macaulay: "Your lad is a fine fellow; he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." And the lad writes to his mother how surprised and delighted he was to be invited to Cambridge to Queen's College, where he was the guest in Dean Milner's own apartments. At Shelford, he writes to his mother that he is "intimidated at nothing but Greek, and that mathematics suit his taste," concerning both of which an entire revulsion of opinion very soon took place. That beloved and tender mother was anxious about him in a very different way, and we must quote the following beautiful maternal passages from one of her letters. Let us remember that he was still only something over twelve years of age:—"I have always admired a saying of one of the old heathen philosophers, when a friend was condoling with him, that he so well deserved of the gods, and yet that they did not shower their favours on him as on some others less worthy, he answered, 'I will, however, continue to deserve well of them.' So do you, my dearest; do your best, because it is the will of God. You should improve every faculty to the utmost now, and strengthen the powers of your mind by exercise, and then in future you will be better enabled to glorify God with all your powers and talents, be they of a more humble or higher order; and you shall not fail to be received into everlasting habitations, with the applauding voice of your Saviour, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' You see how ambitious your mother is; she must have the wisdom of her son acknowledged before angels and an assembled world. My wishes can soar no higher, and they can be content with nothing less for any of my children. The first time I saw your face I repeated those beautiful lines of Watts' 'Cradle Hymn'—"

'Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,  
Trust and love Him all thy days;  
Then, go dwell for ever near Him—  
See His face and sing His praise.'

And this is the substance of all my prayers for you. In less than a month you and I shall, I

trust, be rambling over the Common, which now looks quite beautiful." This is a beautiful glimpse into the very interior of a tender mother's heart.

At the age of eighteen, Macaulay went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge. "Soak your mind with Cicero!" was his constant advice to students; but, on the other hand, his abhorrence of mathematics might have satisfied Sir William Hamilton himself. He wrote to his mother:—"I can scarcely bear to write on mathematics. Oh, for words to express my abomination of that science. *Discipline* of the mind! say, rather, starvation, confinement, torture, annihilation! But it must be! I feel myself becoming a personification of algebra, a living trigonometrical canon, a walking table of logarithms; all my perceptions of elegance and beauty gone, or at least going. By the end of the term my brains will be as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage!" Some readers will be surprised that, notwithstanding his affluence of knowledge, and his hearty, earnest student life, he did not come out as a first man in Cambridge. It is singular that Mr. Trevelyan, while he refers to the fact that his uncle did not obtain the Chancellor's medal for the prize poem on Waterloo in 1820, makes no reference whatever to his prize poems, "Pompeii" and "Evening," which obtained the gold medal in 1819 and 1821. Both of those poems are published with their author's sanction, acknowledged by the publishers, in the Collection of Cambridge Prize Poems. They are in the possession of the writer of this paper, and in elegance and graceful strength of expression, and in the general treatment of the subjects, finely foreshadow, as the productions of the boy, the future eminence of the man. It is strange that they are quite unmentioned in the biography. He was elected a Fellow in 1824, and in the same year took his Master of Arts degree; and he was called to the Bar—to which, however, he never looked seriously as a profession—in 1826, joining the northern circuit of Leeds.

Macaulay was only twenty-five years of age when, like Lord Byron, he woke up one morning and found himself famous. It is well known that, with a cluster of young, brilliant Cambridge men, he had fallen in the way of Charles Knight, and for some time contributed, with them, to "Knight's Quarterly Review." In this connection appeared some of those pieces which remained almost unnoticed and unknown until after Macaulay's death; and have still a singular obscurity as contrasted with their own merits and the fame of all his other writings. But it was his paper on Milton, in the "Edinburgh Review," which instantly raised him into the rank of the most splendid English essayists. In after years he was wont to speak somewhat disparagingly of the rich colours and fancies overflowing this paper; but perhaps, in these later years, he had receded further from that severe and saintly Puritan household which had, no doubt, contributed to lend its glow and charm to the portraits of the men who were Milton's friends. Certainly, the fine, rhetorical, and balanced antithetical delineation of the old Puritan is one of the most splendid pieces of writing in our language, and has ever since held its place as one of the choicest pieces of English composition. Macaulay had a great admiration for Robert Hall, and when he heard that the great preacher, the mighty master of all that was most perfect in English composition, had given his admiration to this first

real effort of his pen, it filled him with a very natural pride; nor less when Lord Jeffrey, in acknowledging the receipt of his manuscript, said, "The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." He was a mighty bookman, and when on circuit one night he was seen going up to bed with a volume under his arm, and an old king's counsel remonstrated with him on the danger of reading in bed, he rejoined, with immense rapidity of utterance, "I always read in bed at home, and if I am not afraid of committing parricide, and matricide, and fratricide, I can hardly be expected to pay any attention to the lives of the bagmen of Leeds."

His clothes were badly put on. Indeed, he is said always to have dressed, although not cheaply, yet badly, and he was unhandy to a degree quite unexampled in the experience of all who knew him. If he wore gloves, they were never worn with any tidiness or propriety. After he left his chambers for India there were found between fifty and sixty straps, hacked into strips and splinters, and razors innumerable. When once he hurt his hand, and was obliged to send for a barber, after the operation he asked "what was to pay." "Oh, sir," said the man, "whatever you usually give the person who shaves you." "In that case," said Macaulay, "I should give you a great gash on each cheek." He was entirely destitute of all bodily accomplishments. He could neither swim, nor row, nor drive, nor skate, nor shoot; he seldom crossed a saddle, and never willingly; and when in attendance at Windsor as a Cabinet Minister, he was informed that the Queen had placed a horse at his disposal, he said, "If her Majesty wishes to see me ride, she must order out an elephant." But he was an incessant walker, and when not walking out of doors, walking rapidly up and down the room. He made a call once, and stopping short in the midst of some declamation, he said, "You have a brick floor here!" The lady of the house confessed it was true, but hoped it had been disguised by a double matting and a thick carpet. He said that his habit of always walking enabled him to tell accurately the material on which he was walking.

One of the most interesting items of the biography might be entitled, "Macaulay at Holland House." At that famous shrine of princely hospitality and munificence, that retreat and abode of all that was famous in scholarship or wit, in genius or eloquence, Macaulay appears to have been an eminently welcome guest. He has well repaid all that he received by the immortality he has conferred upon the mansion in one of the most splendid passages in his essays. Very soon after he took his place of eminence as a leading writer in the "Edinburgh Review" he received an invitation, and very highly he evidently esteemed the honour. "Well, my dear," he writes to his sister, Hannah, "I have been to Holland House; arrived through a fine avenue of elms; the house is delightful—the very perfection of the old Elizabethan style; a considerable number of very large and very comfortable rooms, very rich with antique carving and gilding, but furnished with all the skill of the best modern upholsterers." The glimpses are curious which we obtain of that distinguished lady who presided over the hospitalities of the mansion—Lady Holland—to whose winning grace of manner he somewhere in his essays pays a compliment, but of whom we obtain a rather more complete idea in his letters to his sisters. He had met Lady Holland

a short time before his visit to her house at the Marquis of Lansdowne's, and, it may be supposed, had pleased the lady. "I was shaking hands with Sir James Macdonald, when I heard a command behind us, 'Sir James, introduce me to Mr. Macaulay,' and we turned, and there sat a large, bold-looking woman, with the remains of a fine person, and the air of Queen Elizabeth. 'Macaulay,' said Sir James, 'let me present you to Lady Holland.' Then was her ladyship gracious beyond description, and asked me to dine and take a bed at Holland House." So soon as Samuel Rogers heard that he had received the invitation, he told him that he would contrive to meet him at Holland House, and initiate him into all its ways; Rogers was as much at home there as at his own home in St. James's Place; and so the young man had a fine introduction to the select and favoured circle. Lady Holland was a curious person, managing everybody like an autocrat. "To me she was excessively gracious; yet there is a haughtiness in her courtesy which, even after all I have heard of her, surprised me. The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she keeps her guests; it is to one, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Do this, and it is done. 'Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay.' 'Lord Russell, lay down that screen; you'll spoil it.' 'Mr. Allen, take that candle, and show Mr. Cradock that picture of Buonaparte.'" In Macaulay she probably met with her match. Even upon this first occasion she took exception to the word *talented*, whereupon Macaulay talked to her about the word talents and its history, and in the course of his remarks referred to the parable in the New Testament; he says, "She seemed quite surprised, never having, so far as I could judge, heard of the parable of the talents. I did not tell her, as I might have done, that a person who professes to be a critic in the delicacies of the English language ought to have the Bible at his fingers' ends." She was a dictatorial oddity, but, like many such persons, she appears to have been afraid of, or at any rate kept in order by, the wits she gathered about her—men like Luttrell, Brougham, Rogers, and Sidney Smith. To Sidney Smith she said, in one of these dictatorial moments, "Mr. Smith, ring the bell!" "Oh, yes," he said, "and then I'll sweep up the fire-place!" Macaulay entertains his sisters with charming accounts of the tattle at the dinner-table at Holland House, and how her ladyship kept up a continual lamentation during the whole repast. "I should never have found out that everything was not as it should be but for her criticisms. The French cook was ill, and so the soup was too salt; the cutlets were not exactly *comme il faut*, and the pudding was hardly enough boiled. I was amused to hear, from the splendid mistress of such a house, the same sort of apologies which — made when her cook forgot the joint, and sent up too small a dinner to table. I told Luttrell that it was a comfort to me to find that no rank was exempted from these afflictions." And after reciting a great many more of these cuisinier jeremiads, with some interpolations of her ladyship's tittle-tattle with the then Prime Minister, Earl Grey, he says, "This tattle is worth nothing except to show how much the people, whose names will fill the history of our times, resemble in all essential matters the quiet folks who live in Mecklenburg Square and Brunswick Square." Another curious personal trait of her ladyship: "She is the greatest coward I ever saw. The last time that I was

there she was frightened out of her wits by the thunder. She closed all the shutters, drew all the curtains, and ordered candles in broad day to keep out the lightning, or, rather, the appearance of the lightning. On Saturday she was in a terrible taking about the cholera; talked of nothing else; refused to eat any ice because somebody said that ice was bad for the cholera; was sure that the cholera was at Glasgow, and asked me why a cordon of troops was not instantly placed around that town to prevent all intercourse between the infected and the healthy spots."

There are pleasing glimpses of other old and well-known houses in which Macaulay was a welcome guest, none more notable or noticeable than the well-known house in St. James's Place, the residence of the modest Mæcenæ of our times, the poet and wit Samuel Rogers. Among the houses of the wealthy nobility, there were those like Bowood and Holland House, which exceeded in splendour, but perhaps none were invested by such a halo of affectionate regards as the mansion in St. James's Place; it was a charming museum of elegance and art, looking out on the most pleasant part of the Green Park. The writer of the present paper well remembers many visits paid to it, when little more than a youth, as a young cadet of literature; he well remembers the pride with which the master of the mansion instructed him in some of the beauties of Guido's "Ecce Homo," which now, by the bequest of Rogers, enriches the National Gallery, and which then hung on the left side wall of the breakfast-room overlooking the Park. Very singular anecdotes are told of many of the visitors to this house, beautifully illustrating the character of its loveable owner. Macaulay mentions one, but it has found its way into print before. Chantrey, the sculptor, dined with Rogers, and took particular notice of an antique vase, and the table on which it stood, and inquired who made the table. "A common carpenter," said Rogers. "Do you remember the making of it?" said Chantrey. "Certainly," said Rogers, in some surprise, "I was in the room while it was finished with the chisel, and gave the workman directions about the placing it." "Yes," said Chantrey, "I was the carpenter. I remember the room well, and all the circumstances." "A curious story, I think," says Macaulay, "and honourable both to the talent which raised Chantrey, and to the magnanimity which kept him from being ashamed of what he had been."

The lights from these pages fall upon the features of many noticeable characters. It was impossible to visit at such houses as those we have mentioned without meeting the most remarkable men of the time. Especially noticeable, at Holland House he met him whom he somewhat irreverently calls, "Old Talleyrand." "He is certainly the greatest curiosity that I ever fell in with. His head is sunk down between two high shoulders; one of his feet is hideously distorted; his face is as pale as that of a corpse, and wrinkled to a degree; his eyes have an odd, glassy stare, quite peculiar to them; his hair, thickly powdered and pomatumed, hangs down his shoulders on each side as straight as a pound of tallow candles. His conversation, however, soon makes you forget his ugliness and his infirmities. There is a poignancy, without effort, in all he says, concise, pointed, and delicately satirical." It may be questioned whether there anywhere exists so graphic and living a portrait of this astonishing man.

WEATHER PROVERBS.

July.

**T**HROUGHOUT the northern countries of Europe this is always regarded as the hottest month of the year, although the sun has already commenced its downward course. As is well known, the so-called Dog Days begin on the 3rd of July and continue into August, during which time great heat not unfrequently prevails. The husbandman looks for calm and bright weather, diversified by mild showers of rain to bring on his crops in due season.

" July, God send thee calm and fayre,  
That happy harvest we may see,  
With guyet tyme and healthsome ayre,  
And man to God may thankful bee."

" A shower of rain in July, when the corn begins to fill,  
Is worth a plough of oxen and all belongs theretill."

" No tempest, good July,  
Lest corn come off blue by (mildew)."

There is a general belief that during July a spell of fine or wet weather may be expected—the former if the spring has been wet, the latter if dry. This is the result of accurate observation, and cannot be gainsayed; but unfortunately the proverbs embodying this idea have been attached to particular days, which in themselves cannot, of course, have any effect on the succeeding weather. The special days are July 13th, 16th, and 27th, the latter of which is "Old" Saint Swithin's Day. They all point to the particular weather on those days as heralding a duration of similar weather.

" If the first of July [13 N. S.] be rainy weather,  
It will rain more or less for four weeks together."

" If Bullion's Day [16th] be dry there will be a good harvest."

" Bullion's Day gif ye be fair,  
For forty days there'll be nae mair."

" If the deer rise dry and lie down dry on Bullion's Day,  
There will be a good goose harvest."

The last special day is sacred to St. Swithin, on whom great reliance is placed by the common people. Observations during several years prove, as might have been expected, that this confidence is not warranted so far as the particular day is concerned, but that a spell of dry or wet weather is very common about this time. Consequently, if the proverbs connected with this day are transferred to the three or four days collectively on each side of it, the general weather experienced throughout that week is no bad index to that of the future.

" St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,  
For forty days it will remain;  
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,  
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair."

" If St. Swithin greets, the proverb says,  
The weather will be foul for forty days."

" In this month is St. Swithin's Day,  
On which if that it rain, they say,  
Full forty days after it will,  
On more or less some rain distil."

—*Poor Robin's Almanack*, 1697.

The same day belongs to two other saints, Saint Processus and Saint Martin; and a Latin proverb tells us that "it suffocates the corn if it rain on the feast of Saint Processus and Saint Martin." The homely saying, "Saint Swithin is christening the apples," applied to rain on that day, is a fitting conclusion to the proverbs of this month.

Varieties.

**C. E. MUDIE AND A COLLECTOR.**—In an interesting account of his recent visit to Palestine lately delivered, Mr. C. E. Mudie, the well-known librarian, says that on the road to Jericho he was met by a clerical gentleman who, advancing upon him book and pencil in hand, asked for a donation towards the cost of silver cups for use at the Communion Service at a neighbouring church. Mr. Mudie expressed his belief that at the institution of the Sacrament the vessels used were of very much cheaper material than silver, and hardly thought the object one which he was called upon to aid. Well, would he then help them in carrying out a scheme for the erection of a wall in the burial-ground, marking off the portion in which the poorer members of the community were interred, from the rest? This Mr. Mudie at once declined to have anything to do with, and explained that in England efforts were being made to get rid of all such distinctions, it being thought quite enough that they should exist during life, without being maintained amongst the dead. Then, if this did not meet his views, would he for pure humanity's sake subscribe towards the fund for relieving the blind members of the church? This looked a little more promising, and Mr. Mudie ventured to ask for particulars, inquiring how many of such members there were, when he was told they had only one at present, but they hoped soon to increase the number; whereupon Mr. Mudie expressed his sympathy with the idea, but intimated that under the circumstances the fund might wait awhile, and the would-be collector was obliged to give up his task in despair, though he was afterwards comforted by a contribution which Mr. Mudie forwarded to him through Bishop Gobat—to whose earnestness and personal excellence, by the way, he bears the most hearty and unqualified testimony.

**INFIDELITY AND PHILANTHROPY.**—Mr. Bradlaugh, the infidel, having lectured at Deptford, was replied to by a well-known resident, who contrasted the work that Christians were doing with that of the Secularists, and said:—"I have been out often between the hours of midnight and daybreak, searching for poor friendless lads, with a view to rescue and bring them to our Boys' Home at Deptford, and I have visited some of the lowest lodging-houses in London, and there I have seen the Scripture-reader engaged in his work for God; and as I have walked through the streets, I have seen the female missionary dealing with those of her own sex who had fallen, and seeking to save them from a life of misery. But never," said he, "have I seen an infidel out at these hours, ready and willing to afford even temporal help to those who were in need."

**COLD IN THE HEAD.**—Professor Ferrier says that catarrh may usually be checked by using a snuff, composed of six drachms of bismuth, two drachms of acacia powder, and two grains of hydrochlorate of morphia. Half of this mixture may be taken in twenty-four hours.—*Lancet*.

**CORN-HUSKING IN NEW ENGLAND.**—An old-fashioned scene of social merriment is still in use in New England at the end of the maize or corn harvest. The neighbours assemble in a barn for "husking" the grain. An American paper last autumn gave the following account of a husking for the benefit of the ladies' department in the Centennial Exhibition. We quote it, as giving a peep into Yankee life in a phase not familiar to most Englishmen:—The home of Representative Banks, on Main Street, in Waltham, Mass., was last evening the scene of a royal frolic improvised in aid of the National Centennial. General Banks lent a helping hand, and kindly threw open his mansion and barn for the entertainment, which was nothing



less than a genuine, old-fashioned husking. General Banks, who makes "success a duty," raised this year about 200 bushels of corn, 100 bushels of which were placed in the middle of the barn floor in a rack with seats on either side. In order the more successfully to realise fully the fun attending the discovery of red ears, 100 of these was scattered throughout the winrow. The barn was lighted with lanterns, and in one corner a stand was erected for musicians. The barn is situated a short distance from the house, with which it was connected for the occasion by a covered way, a large marquee in the centre forming a conspicuous feature of the arrangements. The interior of this was brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns. An admission fee of fifty cents was charged the visitors, and, no expense whatever having been incurred, the receipts, which amounted to a considerable sum, all went to aid the woman's department in the Centennial Exhibition. The husking began about eight o'clock, old and young entering alike into the sport, demanding, receiving, and paying forfeits, as one after another lucky one discovered a red ear. The company were then invited to a substantial collation, such as was served to the boys and girls of New England 100 years ago. This was a gratuity on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Banks, and consisted of baked beans, brown bread, squash, apple and mince pies, dough-nuts and cheese, with coffee and sweet cider.—*Worcester Gazette*.

**AN ITINERANT BROTHERHOOD.**—While I was at St. Luke's, I was several times the subject of an effort to bring on some development of ritual in our worship. There is, I believe, a migratory brotherhood, or confraternity, which takes as its mission to go about and push "Catholic usage," as it is called. I remember once we were invaded by a gang of these devotees, who scattered themselves here and there in the congregation, and by studiously devout bowings and crossings tried to promote what they conceived to be improved gestures of reverence among the people. They gave us up, however, in about a month, and disappeared suddenly, like swallows.—*East and West London*, by Rev. Harry Jones.

**AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.**—The following advertisement appeared lately in the "Times":—"To noblemen and gentlemen.—An accomplished and highly respectable single English gentleman, age 25, who is truly energetic, honest, candid, temperate, moral, staid, of good intellect and address, prepossessing in appearance, of strong and healthy constitution, has travelled in various parts of England, France, and America, can ride, swim, row, shoot, fence, sing, play, etc., and can give unexceptionable references, is desirous of an engagement to travel to any part of the world (European tour preferred) as a travelling companion. To those noblemen or gentlemen about to travel now or at a future date (or otherwise), desirous of engaging a strictly trustworthy person without conceit, in above or any other capacity which necessitates travelling with an honourable commercial or private commission requiring tact, skill, and experience, please address H. R. (bona fide), — Post-office."

**ANECDOTES OF M. LESSEPS.**—In his work on the Suez Canal, a personal narrative (translated by Sir H. Drummond Wolff, M.P., Blackwood and Sons), M. Lesseps gives some amusing experiences of his relations with England. Before going to England M. de Lesseps had published a work to prepare the public mind for his proposal. On arriving in England, he caused a translation to be made, and consulted a publisher as to the cost and the best means of insuring a large circulation:—"The publisher promises me an answer for the next day. Next morning I return to him, and he gives me a bill of costs, in which the largest item is intended for an attack on the work. We must believe that the epidermis of the English is less sensitive than ours. We certainly do not pay for the rods that scourge us. 'There is no need for praise of a book,' says the publisher; 'when it is attacked, honest people want to see it, and judge for themselves. How many works have had an immense run only because they have been cried down!' The English publisher was a man of good practical sense." The English publisher was laughing at M. de Lesseps. No such item ever figured in a bill of costs, and the bare supposition of charges for either praise or blame is so preposterous that it cannot even be regarded as a serious charge against the Press, and M. de Lesseps, too, must have had ample experience that attacks *à discretion* may be had gratis. He attended numerous public meetings in England, and had no reason to complain of his reception. The "heads of wood" were confined to the politicians:—"My addresses having given full satisfaction, and public opinion being favourable, I had only to follow it up.

I returned to Egypt and Constantinople, and employed the success of my meetings to counterbalance the effects of English diplomacy. I succeeded only in 1858. As you see, the first steps were long and laborious. Fancy that in the first four years I travelled 10,000 leagues every year—more than a journey round the world!" In one respect English opposition was of use to him. It stimulated the eagerness to subscribe in France. To take shares in the Suez Canal became a popular mode of avenging Waterloo. "An old bald-headed priest, doubtless an old soldier," is one instance. Another was a well-dressed man, profession unknown:—"I wish," said he, 'to subscribe for the Railway of the Island of Sweden' (le chemin de fer de l'île de Suède). 'But,' it was remarked to him, 'it is not a railway, it is a canal; it is not an island, it is an isthmus; it is not in Sweden, it is at Suez.' 'That's all the same to me,' he replied, 'provided it be against the English I subscribe.' The same patriotic eagerness was found in many priests and military men."

**MACAULAY'S ESSAYS.**—Upwards of 120,000 copies have been sold in the United Kingdom by a single publisher. Considerably over 180,000 copies of separate essays have been printed in the series known by the name of the "Traveller's Library," and it is no passing, or even waning popularity which these figures represent. Between the years 1843 and 1853 the yearly sales by Messrs. Longman of the collected editions averaged 1,230 copies; between 1853 and 1864 they rose to an average of 4,700; and since 1864 more than 6,000 copies have, one year with another, been disposed of annually. The publishers of the United States are still pouring forth these reprints by many thousands at a time; and in British India and on the continent of Europe these productions, which the author classed as ephemeral, are so greedily read, and so constantly reproduced, that taking the world as a whole, there is probably never a moment when they are out of the hands of the compositor.—*Lord Macaulay's Life*.

**SNOW STORM OF 1836.**—We know nothing of what has been passing on the continent, all the mails having been stopped by the weather. One of my messengers reached the Foreign Office last Thursday, having started from Boulogne the Friday before, and having thus been seven days getting from Boulogne to Downing Street. He tried to go by land from Dover to London, but found it impossible, and so took shipping and came by sea.—*Lord Palmerston's Letters*.

**SKATING RINKS AT NIGHT.**—Let parents and ladies who respect their character note the following paragraph. Being from the "Field," a sporting paper, it may be taken for granted that the warning is not without good reason:—"A rink in day-time, properly managed, is one of the cheapest means of healthy exercise and legitimate flirtation. At night-time, judiciously managed, with no awkward questions asked of those who present themselves at the door, it becomes one of the cheapest and most remunerating modes of encouraging social evil. A proprietor of a music-hall has to obtain a licence for music; and of a casino, one for dancing also. Both these licences have to be obtained, often with much opposition, from a licensing bench of justices; and if adverse reports are raised as to the conduct of the place—that it in any way becomes a nuisance to neighbours—the licence may be refused, to the loss of the proprietor who has sunk capital in it. But in a rink no such risk is run, no licence is required. Yet, except that for a boarded floor there is an asphalt pavement, and that instead of dancing, skating takes place for a minority, wherein do such places, after nightfall, differ practically from acknowledged casinos, that flaunt their shame with more candour, but no greater social evil? So far as speculation is concerned, it was a bright idea when sundry rinks were opened after nightfall, and no questions asked at the door, provided those who applied for admittance were well dressed. Patronage of a certain class was found inevitably to follow. The system, however, raises a serious question—whether the legislature should not pass some Act which shall bring places of entertainment of this sort directly under the control of the county magistracy. So long as there were only avowed casinos, which required licence before they could offer special attractions, there was some control over vice; but now that the new amusement has given facilities for the evasion of the principles upon which licences are required for places of public entertainment, and has begun to be perverted to an immoral purpose, it is time that places of public entertainment other than those which offer conventional 'music and dancing' should be similarly placed under legal supervision."

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Cowper.*



A TEMPTING SPECULATION.

## BOY AND MAN.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER III.—ON 'CHANGE.

"Bless railways everywhere, I said, and the world's a-livance.  
Bless every railway share in England, Ireland, France,  
For never a beggar need now despair, and every rogue has a chance."  
—*Thackeray.*

IN a counting-house in one of the streets or lanes leading from Bishopsgate to Fenchurch Street, a young man of dark complexion and generally un-

washed appearance was sitting thoughtfully, an open letter in his hand, and several others, with their seals yet unbroken, on the desk before him.

"I wish I knew," he said, half aloud, "when Lewis will be here." Lewis was the name inscribed upon the door-post below—"Lewis and Co., first floor"—and the speaker was Lewis's clerk, or pupil. It would have been difficult to say what was Messrs. Lewis and Co.'s calling or profession, but it had to do with money, and was sometimes described as a



"General Financial Agency." "Lewis" was a tall, dark-haired man, round-shouldered, with long eye-teeth, thin, sallow cheeks, and more than his proper share of nose, which must have been trying and expensive to him, as it absorbed a much larger quantity of snuff than a nose of average capacity would have required, and was apparently insatiable. "Co.," on the contrary, was an imaginary quantity. No one had ever seen it; no one knew whether Co. was singular or plural, male or female, black or white. Mr. Slocum, our old acquaintance from Cubbinghame, whom we have seen seated at his desk in Lewis and Co.'s office, was supposed to be related to the firm in some way or other, and might have been the Co., or a part of it, for anything that was known to the contrary.

"I wish I knew when Lewis will be here," said this gentleman. "I wonder whether there would be time for me to run over to Bootle's before he comes. Lewis makes such a row if I leave the office for a few minutes when there's no one else in the way. But I must see Bootle. If he doesn't look in this morning, I'll go round there at dinner-time. Hallo! how you made me jump? How long have you been there?"

"Only just popped in," said Bootle, using a slang phrase of the day; "hope I don't intrude!"

"What do you come creeping in in that way for?"

"I didn't creep, that I know of. I opened the door quietly, because I thought Lewis might be here; but you would have heard me fast enough if it had not been for the noise in the street. What have you been up to, that you look so startled?"

"It's enough to startle anybody to see your ugly face against the glass door when one don't expect it. But, here; I was just thinking of you. Look at this."

"Ah, I've got one like it," said Bootle. "I have given your name as a reference."

"All right. One good turn deserves another; I've referred to you. So you do my business, and I'll do yours."

The letters which these two young men exhibited were printed forms, being answers to applications which they had sent in for shares in one of the new railway companies which were brought forth nearly every day at that period. This was a very *promising* undertaking—"The Universal Curve-and-Gradient Railway Construction Company." It was to do away, so the prospectus said, with all levelling, and to make railroads to follow the surface of the country up and down hill, without any cuttings, tunnels, or embankments; a good discovery, if it could be carried out, as every one acknowledged. Not a new idea exactly; but still it was wonderful that no company had hitherto attempted it.

Mr. Slocum, who was now closeted with his former schoolfellow, had speculated already in various companies. It had been his custom to give as reference "Lewis and Co.," and to answer all letters of inquiry, which he contrived to intercept, in his own handwriting, giving himself an excellent character as a responsible and highly respectable party; and signing it in the name of the firm. There had been some alterations and inconveniences arising out of this procedure; and to avoid any further collision with his chief, Mr. Bootle and he had now arranged to answer for each other. Very few new companies were started without an application from one or both

of these young men for shares. Not that they had much money to invest; but they had opportunities of hearing what was likely to be taken up, and could often transfer the shares allotted to them, and realise a premium before any deposit or instalment had been paid.

"There's a good thing coming out now," said Slocum; "it's sure to take. I'm going to write for a lot of shares; I expect to make no end of money by it. You must have some—'General Grand Junction Railway Company.' It's to supply all the missing links in all the railways running east and west, and north and south, so as to connect every one with every other, and to render the system complete throughout the kingdom. No shares are to be allotted under any circumstances without a satisfactory reference as to the solvency and responsibility of the parties applying. It's a splendid thing, but it's not out yet."

"How did you hear of it, then?"

Mr. Slocum placed his finger on the side of his eagle-like nose with a knowing look.

"You're safe, are you?" he asked.

"Safe as a dummy."

"Honour bright?"

"On a what?"

"Honour, man; don't you know what honour is?"

"Oh, *honner*! Yes, of course I do. Go on."

"You won't mention it to any body?"

"Not to a creature."

"No, I don't think you will; not till I tell you. You may tell as many as you like then."

At that moment Mr. Lewis entered the office. "Do you want me?" he said, eyeing Bootle suspiciously. Mr. Bootle explained that he had only called to see Slocum.

"Any letters?" Mr. Lewis asked, with evident dissatisfaction. Slocum gave him several. He turned them over and examined the seals.

"This letter has been opened," he exclaimed.

"No, sir."

"I say it has; who has been tampering with it?"

"I don't know anything about tampering."

Mr. Lewis looked at him with his small eyes, as if he would read him through and through. "Who took it in?" he asked.

"Mrs. Bobbin, the laundress."

"Call Mrs. Bobbin up."

Mrs. Bobbin appeared, wiping her face with her apron. (Why are the housekeepers in London chambers called laundresses? Is it because they never wash anything?) Mr. Lewis questioned her closely, but could only learn that the letter in question had been taken in by her before office hours, and that she had laid it upon the clerk's desk as usual. "She didn't know nothing about the letters; she couldn't read what was on the covers if she tried; she was no scholar herself."

Mr. Lewis was not satisfied. The letter was marked private, and the impression of the seal was almost obliterated. He felt sure that it had been opened, but he could say no more, and retired with it to his own room.

"Pleasant, is it not?" said Slocum; "one would think his letters were full of bank-notes that he makes such a fuss about them. What should I open them for?"

"Well, of course, you know when they're marked 'private and confidential,' you know—" Bootle answered, timidly.

"It's no more than old Bearward used to do at Cubbinghame. He or Mrs. Bruin opened all the fellows' letters, and very often stopped them too. Not that I want to open Lewis's; I don't mean that. But if I did do such a thing, just by accident, what then? it's no great crime."

"I think I had better go," Bootle replied; "you'll come out at one o'clock to dinner, and then I'll meet you." So he departed.

Mr. Bootle's parents lived in Huntingdonshire. They had sent their son to London for the same reason that they had sent him previously to Cubbinghame, because they had been told that he would be "likely to get on there." Mr. Bootle preferred London to the country, and was "getting on" rather fast at the time of his re-appearance in these pages. Huntingdon is not a lively county; there are no theatres there, no supper-houses, and very little excitement of any kind; and Mr. Bootle had a taste for these things. True his home was in Huntingdon; he had been born there; but having been sent to a boarding-school before he was eight years old, it was not to be expected that home sentiment or home traditions could have much weight with him. He had never pined for his father's house when at school, except as a place of greater liberty and indulgence, nor did he think much about it now, as long as his wants could be supplied and his tastes indulged elsewhere. Moreover, his father had told him plainly that, having finished his education under Mr. Bearward's auspices (a little prematurely, perhaps, on account of the fire), he must now make his own way in the world. A good situation had been found for him in a drysalter's warehouse, and, by industry and perseverance (and honesty, of course) he might in due time hope to become a drysalter himself, and ultimately to arrive at civic dignities and wealth. Mr. Slocum had, however, suggested to him a quicker way of advancement than industry and perseverance (and honesty, of course) could promise, and Mr. Bootle had followed up the enterprise with spirit.

At dinner-time Mr. Bootle met his friend, as agreed, and the subject of the new company was resumed in a little corner box of an eating-house in Gracechurch Street.

"How many shares shall you write for?" Bootle asked.

"Guess."

"What are they?"

"Ten pounds would you guess?"

"How can I guess? Twenty, perhaps?"

"Multiply by ten."

"What! Two hundred shares! Two thousand pounds!"

Slocum nodded his head.

"You don't mean it?"

"I do, though; it's a bold stroke: but what signifies? It's sure to take. Write me a good letter in answer to inquiries, and I'll do the same for you."

"How am I to apply for shares?"

"Leave that to me; I'll get them for you; there's only one condition."

"What is that?"

"When the shares go up, as I know they will, you must sell out when I tell you, and realise the premium."

"Of course."

"And give me half the profits."

"I don't see that."

"You'll have to see it, though; why should I get shares for you, if I'm not to make anything out of it?"

Bootle protested; but yielded the point at last, considering, as Slocum told him, that half a loaf was better than no bread, and that there was no risk of losing anything, because he had not got anything to lose.

That afternoon Mr. Slocum called at the office of Messrs. Hazard, Buzzard, and Co., Money-penny Court, and desired to speak with one of the principals. He was Mr. Lewis's confidential clerk, he said. His principal had told him of the new company which they were bringing out, and had given him permission to use his name and card in making application to their firm for shares.

"Did Mr. Lewis intend to take any shares himself?" Mr. Hazard asked.

Mr. Slocum "thought not."

"Then you can have some in his stead," Mr. Hazard answered.

Mr. Slocum entered his name, and also Mr. Bootle's, for a large allotment each, and walked away from the office, well satisfied.

A day or two later Mr. Bootle was going to call on Slocum at the office, when, as he drew near the house door, which always stood open, he heard a clattering noise upon the stairs; then a hat came flying out into the street; and then its owner, Mr. Slocum, followed it precipitately. He appeared to have descended the stairs with more speed than prudence, and, being unable to recover himself, was projected into the street, and fell headlong in the middle of it. A red bag of moreen and a coat and umbrella came flying after him.

"Hallo!" said Bootle, as he recognised his friend.

"Hallo! Is that the way you come downstairs?"

"Can't a fellow come downstairs which way he likes?" Slocum answered, rubbing himself, and looking very hot and angry. "I'll be even with Lewis, though, see if I don't."

"Oh, if you like it, that's another thing," said Bootle. "Perhaps that was why Lewis did it."

"Who told you it was Lewis?"

"Well, perhaps it was the Co.; I thought I saw a boot not far behind you."

"Never mind; I'll pay him out; he is as savage as a bear because he has got no allotment in the General Grand Junction. I'm very glad he has not, and I'm very glad I have; and so have you. Lewis was storming about it in an awful temper, so I thought I had better go; I slipped on the stairs and fell, that's all. I shall not go back there any more. I've done with Lewis and Co. Where's my bag?"

"That slipped after you, I suppose," said Bootle. "Here it is. Does it hurt much? Does it remind you of Cubbinghame?"

"You had better not chaff me, I can tell you. I've got the shares, though, so I don't care. Let them laugh that win."

On that day week there was a great stir in the City. Eager men hurried to and fro, catching hold of other eager men by the button, dragging them into doorways and inquiring of one another about this new company—"General Grand Junction Railway Company of Great Britain."

"I hear the shares are all taken up," says one.

"Prospectus only just out, and not a share to be had; too bad, you know," says another.

"Do you know Hazard and Buzzard, or any of



the directors? Couldn't you give me an introduction?"

"No use—too late; can't stop now—appointment."

"Just a moment."

"Very sorry—must catch Welcher on 'Change."

Welcher had been caught a dozen times already, and had not a button left upon his coat.

"Splendid chance," he says, in answer to all inquirers. "Can't promise anything—wish I could. Shares going up like b'loon. Do what I can for you. How many? Premium, of course. Just write your name here, address, and so on. You shall hear to-morrow if I can do anything."

Sir Jarrom Diddell, Lord Downderry, the Hon. Mr. Heydown, Captain Black of the Guards, and other directors were assailed with similar applications and gave similar answers; and the morning papers of the next day described the scene as one which had not been equalled since the days of the great South Sea bubble, though the result promised to be as favourable as that was disastrous.

Mr. Slocum was safe, and walked about arm-in-arm with Bootle, surveying the eager multitude, both of them very well satisfied with themselves and with things in general. "I wish I had applied for two thousand shares instead of two hundred," said Slocum. "Why, we might sell to-morrow for double the money. But they will go up higher yet."

A week later the shares had gone up as far as it was thought safe to trust them, and Mr. Slocum realised both for himself and Bootle. He had kept Bootle's scrip in his own hands, and when they came to settle accounts, he had several hundred pounds to pay him. "Of course," he said, "you won't want all this money; have a little to go on with and leave the rest with me; I'll put it into something else and double it again. You can live like a gentleman now. You must leave the drysalting concern, and change your lodgings. Go to Jermyn Street, or somewhere: and I'll send you some wine—first-rate wine, such as you could not get at any price; just a few dozen, you know; and you'll want to drive a cab; I've just got the very thing for you—the best style; you shall have it cheap."

"Drive a cab!" cried Bootle, in astonishment. "What, a private one?"

"Of course; that's the way to get on; you'll get as many shares as you like to apply for when you drive your own cab, and very likely come to be a director yourself."

"Why don't you try it?"

"Perhaps I shall; for the present I can do better by keeping in the background while you make a dash."

It was settled at length that Bootle was to have the port wine, and the cab, and some jewellery. Slocum gave him some money for present expenses, and promised more when it should be required. "You would not have had any of it, you know, if it had not been for me," he said; "just you leave me to manage; we shall both of us make our fortunes in a twelvemonth."

#### CHAPTER IV.—OLD FRIENDS AND NEW.

\* Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?—*Marlowe*.

SOME one has said that there is a certain amount or kind of satisfaction in reading the name of a friend or acquaintance in the obituary of a newspaper. If

this be true, it must be much more gratifying to read of a marriage or a birth, unless, indeed, the custom of the Thracians is to be preferred, who wept over their new-born babes, and carried their dead to the grave with exultation. Perhaps in some of the courts and alleys of great London such a practice as this would not be altogether incomprehensible or inconsistent even now. The first column of the "Times" supplement ought to be called the ladies' column, for ladies, especially those of a certain age, appear to take the keenest interest in it. It was a gentleman, however, and a bachelor, whose age could not have exceeded eight or nine-and-twenty, who exclaimed, as he took up the paper at breakfast-time a few days after the events related in our last chapter, "Hallo, John Armiger! that must be the little chap who fought Bootle at Cubbinghame;" and he read aloud, though there was nobody to hear it but himself, "'At Joy Street, on the 3rd instant, the wife of the Rev. John Armiger, curate of All Saints' in the South, of a son.' Think of that little chap being married! I wonder what he looks like now he is grown up? I liked that young fellow. I declare I'll go and call on him." And Mr. Sparrow looked at himself in the glass, and thought, as he had thought a great many times before, that he ought to be doing something for himself in the matrimonial line, if only he could see the way to it. "*Tempus fugit*," he said; "I ought to know that pretty well, for I wrote it out a thousand times at least, at Bearward's, for impositions."

Mr. Sparrow finished his breakfast and his toilet, read the announcement in the paper over again two or three times, copied the address in a good round hand into his pocket-book, and set forth from his lodging at Kensington to call upon his old school-fellow. Mr. Sparrow had chosen Kensington for his abode because it was a pleasant neighbourhood, and he was fond of walking in the park; but his place of business was on the Surrey side of the water, where he had a desk in the office of a brewery belonging to his uncle. He had learnt the mysteries of brewing, and understood the art of choosing and buying malt and hops; but having inherited a small independence from his father, and not being naturally very industrious, he did not follow his business so closely as he might have done. "It does not much signify," he would say to himself, "as long as I have only myself to think about. By-and-by I shall get married, and must then stick to work." Meantime, the brewery was doing very well without him, and his money was all invested in it, and brought him a good return.

Walking towards London Bridge, after leaving the omnibus which had carried him to the City, a little man, who emerged suddenly from one of the houses, nearly ran against him; then dodged, first to one side and then to the other, Sparrow doing the same, in a vain effort to pass without collision.

"Now, then," the little man exclaimed, impatiently.

"Well," said Mr. Sparrow, quietly; "what now?"

Then they stood still for an instant, and were on the point of renewing their dance, when the little man exclaimed,—

"Why, it's Mr. Sparrow, isn't it?"

"Slocum! is it you? How are you?"

There were mutual greetings—not very cordial on Mr. Sparrow's part—and mutual inquiries.

"I'll walk a little way with you," said Slocum, hooking his arm into the other's.

"I thought you were in a hurry," Sparrow answered; "you seemed to be. Don't let me detain you."

"Nothing particular. One don't meet with an old schoolfellow every day. Which way are you going? I'll go with you. What are you doing? Where do you live?"

"And how much money have you got?" I thought that would come next," said Sparrow, not relishing the familiarity and warmth of Mr. Slocum's manner.

"No, indeed; I should not take such a liberty now," Slocum answered. "Though it is an important question, aint it? especially in these days of speculation, when a fellow finds himself rich in the morning and a beggar before sunset, if he don't mind what he's about."

"I don't meddle much with speculations," said Sparrow. "I'd rather make sure of a little, and keep what I've got."

"Of course. It's a good thing sometimes to have one's money tied up, so that one can't touch it," Slocum observed, artfully.

"Mine is not tied up," said Mr. Sparrow; but he stopped, for why, thought he, should he talk about it to this fellow.

"Still, it's better not to speculate," Slocum continued, "unless you can be well advised, and can get the tip from somebody who knows what's what. Now, there's Hazard and Buzzard, and Lord Down-derry and the Honourable Heydown, and Sir Jarrom Diddell, and Captain Black of the Guards; I know them all intimately, on 'Change, you know; so I get behind the scenes a little, and have some good chances."

"Then you are making money, I suppose?"

Mr. Slocum laid his finger on his nose and smiled, but answered nothing.

"You remember Bootle?" he asked, presently. "Well, Bootle used to be in a warehouse not far from this; a regular drudge. Bootle keeps his carriage now, cab and tiger. I put him in the way of a good thing or two. He's not over sharp, and would never have got on by himself. We will go and see him, if you like."

"I don't care about it," said Mr. Sparrow.

"I'll give you his address, at all events," said Slocum. "By-the-by, where do you hang out?"

Mr. Sparrow gave him his card.

"I don't live anywhere, myself," said Slocum, anticipating the question; "but you can find me any day on 'Change in the afternoon. And if you should want to do a little business, I could give you a hint, I dare say. I'd do it with pleasure, for the sake of old times, as I did for Bootle; and he keeps his carriage now. You ought to see his turn-out."

Mr. Sparrow thawed gradually towards his companion as they walked on together. He seemed so genial and friendly that it was impossible to give him the cold shoulder. "Why should a fellow be bad when he grows up, because he was a sneak at school?" Mr. Sparrow argued with himself; "it is not fair to recollect by-gones." They parted on the Surrey side of London Bridge, Slocum saying he should come and look Sparrow up, and Sparrow answering he hoped he would; and then the latter walked on in search of Joy Street.

Joy Street was soon found. Most of the houses in

it were small; but there was one larger than the rest, with a clean white door-step and a very bright bell-handle; and at this Mr. Sparrow stopped instinctively. He sent in his card, and Mr. Armiger came out instantly into the passage to welcome him. They shook hands warmly, and then stood and looked at each other.

"Why, how you are grown!" said Sparrow. "I should not have known you."

"I suppose I am grown," Mr. Armiger replied; "and you, too; though I should have known you anywhere, I think. This is Mr. Goodchild. You remember Willy Goodchild—Minimus, we used to call him—and this is his father, and my father."

"How do you do, Mr. Minimus? How is your little boy? But of course he is grown up, too. And your daughter, how is she? I saw her once at Mr. Bearward's."

"She's my wife, you know," Armiger said.

"Oh, and you are married, too! But of course you are; that's what brought me here; seeing it in the paper; about the little boy, I mean. I hope Mrs. Armiger is quite well."

"As well as can be expected under the circumstances; going on well."

"Ah, to be sure; I forgot. How strange it all seems. And how's the baby? Ha, ha, ha! How's the baby?"

The baby was no joke to Mr. Armiger, but a delightful reality. "You shall see him," he said, "before you go. But you will stay and dine with us—or call it luncheon, if you will—at one o'clock. Willy will be here then. You would like to see Willy."

"Willy? Oh! Minimus, you mean? Yes, I should like to see Minimus: a jolly little fellow he was. And oh! by-the-by, I wanted to say I congratulate you very much on your marriage, you know, if it isn't too late. And the baby: ha! ha! it does seem so strange, all coming together, you know; and I'm so glad to see you, you know, old fellow!"

"Sir!" said Mr. Goodchild, who thought, not without some reason, that these last words were addressed to him, Mr. Sparrow's eyes, which had been wandering round the room, having fallen upon him at the moment he uttered them. "Sir!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Minimus—Mr. Goodchild, I mean; I'm sure I'm very sorry; I did not mean you, sir; but it all seems so strange. You don't look any older than you did."

It was perfectly true; but Mr. Sparrow felt that he ought not to have said so, and sat down confused. Mr. Goodchild was indeed as slim in figure, as smooth of cheek, and his hair as soft and free from any tinge of grey as it had been a dozen years before. He had come to see his daughter, and to express his pleasure and surprise at the advent of the baby, and his doubts as to what was to be done about it. John Armiger had already addressed him, in the joy of his heart, as "grandfather," and Mr. Goodchild had not yet quite got over the sensation. It was a serious thing, Mr. Goodchild said, to be a grandfather; he did not know, he was sure; he was hardly prepared for it, and could not realise it. To be familiarly addressed by a stranger as "old fellow," so soon afterwards, was yet more startling. So Mr. Goodchild stood before the fire musing, and passing his hand lightly over his face, as if to prove whether, among other changes, he might soon have to begin

shaving, a crisis in his life which had never yet occurred, though he seemed to be in hourly expectation of it.

Mr. Sparrow's absence or confusion of mind was not altogether due to the excitement of meeting an old schoolfellow under such altered circumstances; nor was he usually so wanting in self-possession as he showed himself on this occasion. There was a lady in the case. A cousin of Mrs. Armiger, who had come to London to be with her during her confinement, happened to be in the room when Mr. Sparrow arrived, and passed out of it as he entered. "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" Mr. Sparrow saw her only for a moment; but he could see nothing else clearly for a long time afterwards. He longed to ask who she was—where she came from, whither she was gone; he was resolved to find out all about her, and was casting in his mind how to accomplish it; and now he waited impatiently for the dinner-hour, fondly hoping that, as she seemed to be at home in the house, she would then reappear.

Presently William Goodchild came in, and there were fresh complications. The baby was sent for. "Can he see yet?" Mr. Sparrow asked.

"See? Why not?"

"Oh, I thought their eyes did not open till they were eight days old," Mr. Sparrow answered. "When my dog had kittens—puppies, I mean—they were all born blind, I know."

"Babies are not like kittens, or puppies either. Oh yes, baby can see. Come in, nurse; there, look at his eyes."

"How very small he is," said Mr. Sparrow, inspecting the infant curiously.

"Small!" cried the nurse, indignantly; "indeed, sir, it's a remarkable fine baby—a great big boy as ever I see!"

"Well, but he looks small; of course, you know, because he's very young."

"Perhaps the gentleman would like a microscope?" said the nurse, tossing her head.

"Four days old," said his father, "that's all; they all say he's a fine child of his age; you should feel his weight."

"Begging your pardon," said the nurse, "I shouldn't like to trust him out of my own arms; the gentleman is not used to babies, that's evident."

"Whom do you think he's like?" William Goodchild asked.

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Can't you see a likeness?"

"Well, yes, I think I can; he's a little like—the Archbishop of Canterbury," said Mr. Sparrow, anxious to say something pleasant. "I heard him preach last Sunday, and a very good sermon, too."

There was a general laugh, in the midst of which nurse and baby disappeared. Soon afterwards dinner was announced, and Mr. Sparrow, whose eyes were fixed upon the door, was not disappointed.

"Miss Annie Goodchild," said Mr. Armiger, introducing the lady: "you remember the two Goodchilds at Cubbinghame, major and minor? They are Miss Annie's brothers."

Yes, Mr. Sparrow remembered them well, and felt an extraordinary desire to know all about them; he took the young lady in to dinner, and of course sat next her. "Do you know," said he, "you are very like your cousin Willy; like what he was, I mean; as like as a lady can be to a boy: he was such a nice-looking boy, so very, very nice. I always

liked him so much. I used to send him to London, making him throw somersaults, you know, head over heels. Do you like London?"

"Not very much," she answered, with a smile; "but I have not seen anything of it; this is my first visit, and I have scarcely left Mrs. Armiger since I arrived."

"I should like to show you about the parks, you know, and all that, when Mrs. Armiger is well again."

After dinner there was a great deal of pleasant conversation. Mr. Sparrow seemed more himself, and was in excellent spirits. Old times and old boys were called to mind.

"Whom do you think I met this morning?" Mr. Sparrow asked; "Slocum; you remember Slocum, a little dirty-looking boy; he is not much bigger or much cleaner now, but he does not seem a bad sort of fellow."

"I should not care much about him," Armiger remarked; "but he may be altered. I hope he is. What is he doing?"

"On the Stock Exchange, or something of the kind, making no end of money, according to his own account."

"That's where you should be, Willy," said Mr. Goodchild, "I believe it's a very good profession on the whole; I never thought of it before. Should you like to be a stockbroker?"

"I must go back to Oxford and get my degree first," said Willy, evading the question.

"It's worth thinking about," his father answered.

"I should like to see this Mr. Slocum."

"Slocum his name is; I'd go to somebody else, if I were you, for information; an older man, you know. I would not consult Slocum."

"Perhaps not," Mr. Goodchild replied; "I don't know, I'm sure."

Soon afterwards Mr. Sparrow took his leave, though he would have liked to remain till tea-time. He inquired particularly as to the services at All Saints' in the South next Sunday. It would be very pleasant, he thought, to walk over and see Armiger in his surplice, and to hear him preach, without saying a word to anybody, and then meet him coming out of church and walk home with him; of course *she* would be there also.

## NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

### ANECDOTES OF WAR-HORSES.

IF a horse loses its master in battle it does not forget the regiment to which it formerly belonged, and often naturally returns to it at the first opportunity. During the war between the Tyrolese and the Bavarians, fifteen military horses belonging to the Bavarian troops were taken prisoners by the Tyrolese, who mounted them with their own men and sent them forth into battle. But no sooner did they come within sight of the Bavarian troops and recognise their uniform, than, despite the infuriated struggles of their Tyrolese riders to the contrary, they carried them bravely within the Bavarian lines, and delivered them up as prisoners of war.

Horses once subjected to military discipline and accustomed to the evolutions of war, should their occupation subsequently become peaceful, even after years of patient toil and drudgery on the country

roadside or in the streets of the city, they still retain a vivid recollection of their army life and its lessons.

Professor Youatt, in his excellent and well-known work on "The Horse," gives us the following account of an old military horse, named Solus. This animal was employed in carrying backwards and forwards a clerk who was engaged as superintendent of the works on a new turnpike-road in course of erection. He had to see that all the men engaged were at work, and that they did their work properly. One day Solus was engaged as usual in carrying his master, when his attention was attracted by the unusual sound of a military trumpet-call and the roll of a drum, which proceeded from a company of volunteers who were drilling on the adjacent common. In a moment all the former military ardour of old Solus was called into energetic action; and leaping the fence, he galloped towards the common, placing himself at the head of the company, as if he carried on his back, not the clerk, but the commanding officer. Nor could the utmost efforts of the clerk get him off the ground until the volunteers themselves left the field and recommenced their march homeward. Then placing himself at their head, he carried the clerk back into town, prancing in true military style, as cleverly as his old stiff legs would allow him, to the great amusement of the volunteers and the spectators, and the no small annoyance of the clerk, who certainly could not appreciate the high honour conferred upon him by Solus in placing him in such an exalted and ridiculous position, and making him the colonel of the company against his will.

A Methodist travelling preacher, commencing his labours in his new circuit, was mounted for the first time upon the circuit horse. This animal, unknown to him, had been formerly a soldier's horse. He had to pass over a road which was undergoing repairs, and through the midst of labourers who knew the horse. They suspected that, as he was the new preacher, he was probably ignorant of its character. Perceiving him riding leisurely towards them, thinking, no doubt, on peaceful not warlike themes, they immediately ceased work, and stationing themselves on the side of the turnpike, one of them shouted "Charge!" and away went the horse at a gallop up the road, as if charging the enemy, the preacher nearly over the tail of the gallant animal and reining in most lustily. When another of the men shouted "Halt!" the horse in a moment stopped in the midst of the road, as if he had grown to the spot, the preacher this time nearly over his head.

Our readers may have heard of the famous war horse Bucephalus, which Alexander broke in the presence of his father Philip and the assembled court, and which afterwards carried him in his battle with the Persians; but some of them may not have heard of Copenhagen, the brave and noble horse of the Duke of Wellington, his faithful friend and servant during the Peninsular War, but more especially at Waterloo. Speaking of Waterloo to Mr. Rogers, "On that day," said the duke, "I rode Copenhagen from four in the morning till twelve at night, and when I dismounted he threw up his heels at me as he went off. If he fed, it was on the standing corn, and as I sat in the saddle. I rode him hundreds of miles in Spain and at the battle of Toulouse." The duke did not forget his services, but made him as comfortable as possible in his old age. He had everything that a horse could

wish to make him happy—a good stable and a rich pasture ground, and was fed twice a day, sometimes taking his meals from the hand of the duchess herself, who used to feed him with bread. In the latter part of his life his oats were broken for him. He was, as he deserved to be, a great pet with the family; and the duke, when at Strathfieldsaye, very seldom omitted to pay him a daily visit. Thus he was rewarded for his toil at Waterloo and on other battle-fields; and after surviving his master, and following him to his last resting-place, he too was buried with military honours.

#### LADYBIRDS (*Coccinellide*).

For some years past I have noticed that the inside of my library window, having a northern aspect, has been more or less covered with ladybirds, which begin to show themselves about the 14th of April, whether the season is backward or otherwise, and continue to assemble until the 30th of the same month, after which I seldom find an individual. This year I have taken some pains to ascertain from whence they come, and have traced them to the folds of the carpet exactly under the window, which, from being too large for the room, is doubled, and forms a snug and warm retreat. From this I have watched them emerge, crawling up the wall and making for the light, when it has been my pleasure to open the window and give them liberty. A closer inspection has shown me that a few have succumbed to the inclemency of the winter, perhaps one in ten; and in a few cases they have lost their lives by getting entangled with the minute webs in the corners of the ill-swept panes. It is not, as generally supposed, the insect itself that is so great a benefactor in our hop-gardens, but the larva of the *Coccinellide*, which feeds so ravenously upon the green fly or green blight; and this should be more generally known, for I have found the best-intentioned amateur florists falling into this mistake, and ruthlessly smoking to death their best friend. When the larva is full fed it attaches itself to a twig or leaf by the end of its tail, and thus hangs with its head downwards. Presently, the larval skin splits down the back, but the pupa does not emerge, remaining within the larval skin until it has changed into its perfect form. It is as well to be better acquainted with these useful creatures, as two or three transferred to a bush will clear off the aphides in an incredibly short space of time. F.

#### INFLUENCE OF BAD HABIT.

An ass belonging to a carrier at Wigan used to stop with his master at a certain public-house, where the master had his pot of beer, some of which was always allowed to the animal. At length the carrier turned teetotaler, and had no occasion to call at the public-house; but the ass would not pass the place until he had received his beer as before, so that the carrier was obliged to treat.—*Rev. J. S. Watson.*

#### OTTERS AT PLAY.

The Canadian otter has a curious mode of amusing itself during winter. Several of them select a spot on the steep bank of some river, whose current has resisted the effects of frost; upon the snowy surface of that bank they slide down in succession into the water; returning again to the top of the bank they repeat the operation, just like boys sliding on the ice. The water from their fur being quickly frozen on the snow, soon converts it into an excellent slide, on which the otters keep up the game with an untiring activity.—*W. S. Dallas, F. L. S.*



## CHILDREN AND CHILD NURSES.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

At length the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day."

WORDSWORTH, who ought to be an authority on the subject, says this, but, with us, it is at least questionable. Of outward circumstances, at any rate, our conviction is that there is less of heaven (in the sense of peaceful enjoyment) in babyhood than about any other stage of life. Of course, we know that Wordsworth used the words in another and quite different sense, but we are taking them as a paraphrase of the common saying that Providence takes special care of children, and of others less worthy of special care.

When Shakespeare speaks of "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," he must surely include "flesh" in its smallest form, for no flesh is subject to shocks so varied and so many. *Poor babies!*

We have all been babies, and it strikes one as marvellous that we ever struggled on to be anything else. If babies could but tell their first experiences of life, how many a tender mother would mourn for sufferings to which, in entire ignorance, she had exposed her darling, and how many a culprit little boy and girl would have to pay penance.

For, passing by the inevitable "shocks" of "teething," "thrush," and so on, to which all babies are open, we have in our mind evils and most painful "shocks," suggested by the annexed picture, namely, those entailed on "quite babies," who have the misery of being "nursed" (as it is called) by *almost* babies. In a cradle, infancy is safe to a certain degree. There are, indeed, objections raised against "rocking" in these days (when most things are objected to, sometimes from the pure love of fault-finding). Some physiologists say that rocking is a barbarous custom, stupefying the brain; and the neglect of the practice, they declare, accounts for our generation being, on the whole, wiser and longer-living than former ones. I suppose, as I went through my babyhood before this was mooted, I was rocked; but I am not far from seventy, so my days have not been shortened, nor is my brain in bad condition even now. I quite forget who the old divine was with whose picture we are all familiar: he is writing a sermon (or studying one) and rocking the cradle. He must have thought well of the process, or he would not have used it, for he was a good man, and doubtless, if he had a thought to spare from his grave subject, it was, "what a blessing it was that a rocked cradle sent and kept the baby asleep."

But about young nurses. We don't want physiologists to tell us that they are serious evils. Of course, among the poor, the adoption of them is inevitable; the mother goes out to work, or stays at home to wash or clean, then how can she "mind the baby"? So Jane, who was a baby not very far back, is kept from school and play, and dubbed "nurse!"

There she is, coming down the village street. At first sight you take her for a walking bundle, but as she draws near you perceive the bundle has two heads, one, rather the less of the two, niddle-nodding

against the other, and you say at once, "Oh, it's Jane Jones and that unfortunate baby!" Jane holds the baby much as a small spider clutches a large fly; the corner of the shawl in which it is rolled up trails on the ground, to the imminent risk of tripping them up and enacting

"Down comes nurse and baby and all!"

for it is evident that Jane is resolved that she and baby will stand or fall together. She looks at the children let loose from school, and would like to run riot with them, but she is *nurse*, and feels the responsibility and dignity of her office; so when one begs her to join in the game, she answers, with an important air, "You see I've got the baby." Poor Jane! Of course "baby" is to be pitied for being cramped in such a clutch; but Jane has a stunted growth, if not a crooked back, to look forward to on account of the undue tasking of her strength. On the whole, one hardly knows which to pity more, Jane or the baby!

Jack Smith is a small "nuss" of another stamp. Not at all proud is he of the distinguished post conferred on him; not at all conscientious in fulfilling its duties. He is sent out with "baby" in the "prammylater." "Now, Jack, you mind you keep going; don't let the poor little creetur stand still to be starved in this cold wind; and don't go off a gentle run, not skeltering over the stones, a shaking it to fits!" Jack listens with profound attention, and wheels on in excellent order while in sight of the cottage; but turning the corner, he sees, at some distance, a knot of playmates at marbles. Away he goes, and away goes "prammylater." Baby being tied in there is no fear of leaving it among the heaps of dirt and stones he rushes over in making the shortest possible cut to the boys. He is welcomed with a shout; immediately he pushes the "prammylater" up a gap in the hedge, right in the teeth of the wind, and goes to marbles. Baby is miserable, of course, for he goes on playing long beyond the time when he was to take her in to be fed; and she is hungry, and the wind has turned her purple. Suddenly he hears a distant "Jack!" and knows at once it means, "Where's the baby?" Mother is in chase. He darts to the "prammylater," and uses all his blandishments to stop the wailing, and starts off to meet his mother, looking as innocent as poor baby herself. Mrs. Smith has a suspicion that the victim has not had fair play, though Jack is loud in protests of rectitude, and is fully convinced her suspicion was a just one when in the night baby wakes her with a terrible strangling croup cough.

We have seen little nurses "racing" with perambulators, and once an infant was thrown on its head upon a hard pavement. Its "nurse" kissed it, shook it, and did all she could to stop its screams, and, as there was no external mark of injury, she hoped it would pass off "not found out." Unhappily, for the mother at any rate, the result was death from no assignable cause, till the doctor discovered and pronounced it.

The Italian nurse in the picture is more in Jane Jones's spirit, judging from her countenance, than Jack Smith's or the girl just alluded to. Would, for the sake of mothers who must work, and babies who must "be minded," there were more such!



THE LITTLE NURSE.

Ludwig Paschke.



## THE EAST OF LONDON.

IT is related of the Queen, that after her recent visit to Whitechapel she expressed her astonishment at seeing "so much refinement, so much order, so much decency, and so much kindness in a district which had been represented to her as the most impoverished in the metropolis." A little volume recently published—"East and West London,"\* by the Rev. Harry Jones—is the most effective protest that can be found against this conventional idea of the East of London. By contrast with the wealthy west, the east is poor—a squalid-looking quarter, with its vast accumulation of dingy streets—to those who come to it from the parks and squares, or from the architectural City, or whose knowledge of it is confined to the view they get from the railways which run level with its housetops. The most sensational phases of its life have been many times described by writers in search of attractive wares, or wanting colours, dark and strong, to set off their pictures. It is known still more widely from the statements of those engaged in philanthropic work amongst its teeming population, and whose representations of the vice and misery with which they daily come in contact have left an impression on many minds that there was little else to be seen. An altogether different view is presented by Mr. Jones, who has all the advantages of observation which belong to a resident, and whose shrewd common sense takes a wider survey. He complains that "the best intentions have resulted in the creation of an evil impression about the condition of the East of London, which is, to say the least of it, in many respects exaggerated and injurious, and which is slow to pass away." There are many who regard the Easterners as the scum of the metropolis, and there are many more who speak of the whole region almost as if it were "a crowd of poor lodging-houses inhabited by the poorest servants of the west." We quote a few passages which may help our readers to a better understanding of this important district.

### EAST AND WEST.

"An impression has somehow got abroad that the East is in so degraded and miserable a condition, that a man of means and leisure who devotes some of his spare time to visitation among those who reside in it, is a sort of missionary martyr; but that, if he can bring himself to penetrate the dim regions beyond the City, his mere presence there will be sure to shed sweetness and light. Now I believe that any man anywhere, who in all truth, humility, and godliness seeks to do good, will see of the travail of his soul. The assumption, however, that the East of the metropolis is really worse in a moral sense than the West, is one that needs the testimony of fact. It is true that here, as a rule, there are more poor in proportion to the rich than in the West, and I am sure that we should be benefited by a better resident mixture of classes. There is, I fear, not much chance of this, since a sort of centrifugal force, which is in operation over the whole of London, is ever sending the most successful among its traders and manufacturers away from the scene of their daily business to reside in or near to the country. As it is, we residents in St. George's are almost all of us obliged to work for our bread. We have no gilded youth, we have few idlers. But I have yet to learn that a

region is necessarily degraded because it has no opera house, polo clubs, or footmen in powder. Indeed, at the risk of being considered an ungracious heretic, I am inclined to think that if it comes to a question of teaching and example, the West has quite as much to learn from the East as the East from the West. I grant that a larger proportion of families among us, not pressed with the necessities of toil, would have a wholesome influence. They might make themselves useful in many ways connected with the local advancement of desirable social and civil measures; and the resident attached presence of more men of ability and leisure, would help in breaking the dead level of labour, and bring fresh blood into our veins; but I think that people in general hardly realise the sterling industry and independence of the present East of London. . . . It is not a colony or concourse of Lazaruses, sitting distantly at Prince's Gate, and desiring to be fed with crumbs of comfort from Pall Mall. . . . The Eastern poor are more virtuously independent than the Western."

The one great feature of the East of London is its labour. The strain of work and sentiment of toil is continuous. "We live much from hand to mouth," says Mr. Jones; "every farthing has to be earned, and a sixpence is severely perceived to be worth six pennies."

### ST. GEORGE'S CURFEW.

"An illustration of the general acceptance of the prevailing necessity of work in these parts appears in the use that is made of the big bell of our church—a use of it which, I fancy, would not be tolerated in the West of London.

"St. George's is the only place I know of in which the curfew fulfils some of its original purposes. Directly the clock has done striking eight, it tolls for a quarter of an hour; and I am informed that it gives the signal for the cessation of work and the turning off of the gas in divers workshops.

"But the tolling of the day is pre-eminently in the morning. Then the big bill is rung for fifteen minutes before six, with irregular clang. Sometimes a few strokes are less vigorous than others, but they are never equidistant, and they are always strong. The purpose of this peal or metal monologue is not so much to herald the hour at which work should begin as to awaken the workers; and as it has been so rung for years by the same man, he has become an expert in the business. The sleeping ear might survive an even unvarying sound, such as the striking of a clock, but it could hardly outsleep the strain of our alarm.

"Did our awakener toll the bell with the same regularity and force as that which announces the hour, I believe that many might sleep through the summons, though he sounded it for a quarter of an hour. It is remarkable how soon the ear learns to accommodate itself to a recurrent sound when it is simply and evenly repeated. But he knows better than merely to reproduce his message. He never precisely repeats his morning performance; sometimes he tolls rapidly and loudly for a minute, then pausing for some fifty seconds, he gives a couple of clangs which seem to discharge an accumulated store of sound. Then, after another silence, he lets off another big bang; to wait again during a parenthesis which is broken by a score of strokes, that increase in loudness, and crowd so closely on each other, that one wonders how he can get the heavy clapper to obey his tugs with sufficient rapidity. But his great

\* East and West London. Being Notes of Common Life and Pastoral Work in St. James's, Westminster, and in St. George's-in-the-East. By the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A., Rector of St. George's-in-the-East. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1874.

and expiring effort arrives when the chimes begin to precede the striking of six o'clock. Then, stimulated by the additional perception that he can produce a discord as well as a noise, he pulls with a will, and produces a tocsin so complicated and vehement, that if the sleeper has outlept even the summons of the previous fifteen minutes, he must awake, at least if he lives anywhere near the church. My house adjoins it. Its tower is so close that I can hear the rattle of the rope and the groan of the wheel before each metal 'boom.' And when the last stroke of six has been struck in a storm of accompanying clangour from the heavy alarum bell, the air long remains filled with an angry hum, as if the emperor of all the hornets was flying around the room.

"And this is done summer and winter, wet and dry. Here, in this tocsin, this alarum, which is meant to be intolerable, and so borne with, we have remarkable witness to the general acceptance of the necessity of work in these parts. A great feature of the business here is cartage. The goods brought into dock from over the seas are incessantly being dispersed by wheel and axle. When the tocsin ceases you presently begin to hear a dull, distant rumble of wheels as the vans start for their day's work."

The spaciousness of the East, in contrast to some other parts of London where the poor are crowded in narrow courts, is due to the neighbourhood of the river and the docks. The motley population that swarms in some of its streets, speaking many languages, indicates a relationship with other parts of the earth which has a stimulating effect upon the residents. "Education," remarks Mr. Jones, "has been somewhat neglected here, but the people are, it strikes me, eminently shrewd and colloquially intelligent. Their acquaintance with distant commerce must, I think, account for a certain freedom from that local exclusiveness of sentiment and information which characterises many dense communities. Fresh points are given to the many-sided sharpness of London life by familiarity with distant interests."

Or, again: "Here most seem to have seen something of the world, and disclose unexpected experiences in conversation. I think this moment of three men who are daily engaged about our church and churchyard, and who might any morning be seen together at our gate. One was for many years guard of a popular mail-coach; another, apropos to some remark of mine one day, incidentally showed that he was familiar with Constantinople; and when I had been here some time, I found that the third had twice been round the world."

As to local sentiment and life, "it strikes me that here in the East the people are eminently freespoken and keen to criticise. I have noticed on their part a shrewd sense of humour and a quickness to resent any imperious pretensions. A thoughtful friend, who knows this part of the metropolis well, once said to me, 'The East of London is the place to learn courtesy.'" Public spirit, moreover, is fostered by the local press: "We read the leading penny dailies extensively. Besides these, however, there are several local papers conducted with considerable ability, and read by all. These keep a sharp eye on everything that goes on, and no local public man can make a slip without its being known by each one of his neighbours. In the West of London there are no such generally recognised inspectors of social and parochial life. Most people there take in only the

large London journals, and a parochial event must be of exceptional magnitude to find its way into them. . . While these popular local organs render it impossible for anything to be done in a corner, they provide an eminently useful channel for announcements. Indeed, in this respect East London resembles provincial towns."

The working-men of the East are superior in physique, according to Mr. Jones, to their brethren of the West; a fact perhaps due to the nature of their occupations, and to the improving sanitary conditions under which they live. We get some interesting glimpses in these pages of the commerce of London, and the special trades and industries of this district. The vaults and cellars near the docks are accounted among our great sights; some of our readers, perhaps, would think them stored with as abundant a capacity of mischief as the cellar in which Guy Fawkes was found. "People must be impressed with a sense of things being done on a large scale, when we have in one cellar six acres of port, sherry, and madeira, and under one roof 60,000 large casks of brandy, worth, on an average, say some £70 apiece. Besides the cellar just mentioned, there are eight others, not so large, but immense." Each vault has its countless alleys laid with iron rails, on which the casks are rolled. In the largest vault these alleys reach the incredible distance of twenty-one miles. Another sort of interest attaches to the huge stores of ivory collected from various parts. "In the early part of this year (1875), the result of discoveries of old accumulations of tusks by Livingstone made its appearance in a display of them, which at one sale realised, it is said, some £70,000. Divers of them were pronounced to be hundreds of years old. They covered a huge floor, and buyers came from all parts to secure them." We must not stop to enter the indigo or the coffee or spice warehouses. It is evident that the dispersal of these goods by wheel and axle must constitute in itself one great industry of the East. The provisioning of ships, and the fitting of them out in all they require, occupy another large class. Then there are chemical works, sugar refineries, and other important manufactures also in full operation. The East of London, indeed, except that it does not include all the gradations and interests which belong to most separate towns, might be called

#### A MANUFACTURING CITY.

"The East is, as it were, a manufacturing city in itself, though its proximity to the colossal centre of commerce, known as the 'City' of London, has so dwarfed it, that people in general have very erroneous ideas of its industrial importance. It is, moreover, though counted as distant, not far enough from the West to appear in due perspective. Large provincial towns, such as Leeds and Sheffield, stand out distinctly in the manufacturing scenery of England. Every one sees and recognises their commercial individuality and importance. Perhaps this is clearer from the fact of their being characterised by special manufactures, such as woollen cloth and cutlery; still their prominence is partly due to their distinctiveness. Were they suburbs of London the case might be somewhat different."

We can quote but a part of the account of

#### THE LONDON DOCKS.

"It is difficult to realise the amount of labour and wealth represented by the square plantations of bare



masts upon which we can look down from the summit of our church tower. They show like woods or copses in the map of the estate of London. In a much fuller and more accurate sense than that in which the phrase is generally used, the docks are a world in themselves, since they represent every corner of the earth into which British enterprise has thrust itself. Those dull piles of white brick warehouses, which discard every sentiment of decoration, and fearlessly exhibit the ugly side of usefulness, are, within, full of tropical products and appliances and means of the most luxurious beauty and sumptuous fare. Here are stores of ivory and ebony. Here are the choicest cigars, the richest drugs, the brightest dyes, the sweetest perfumes, and the finest wines. Here are landed and hence are dispersed the accompaniments of perhaps the costliest, most curious and exacting civilisation, and the busiest commerce to be found on the face of the globe. Here are pines from the West Indies, oranges from Seville, teas from China, masses of ice from Norway, and of marbles from Carrara, along with spices from Ceylon and ivory from Africa. Here, on these wharves, are heaped together for the day the most unlike though equally precious products of the earth, and yet many a man in walking through them would probably carry away a very slight impression of the business being carried on around him. Take our comparatively small docks, such as the London and St. Katharine's. I say comparatively small, as there are besides them the West India, Millwall, Surrey, etc. You perceive no bustle or prominent strain of labour within their limits, and would hardly believe that five or six thousand men are not unfrequently paid their wages at the close of the day. Their employment is, however, necessarily uncertain. The great bulk of them do not live here. Many of them—almost shiftless, without a trade, reminding one of Falstaff's recruits—come from all parts of London for the chance of a job; and if the weather has been against the progress of ships in the Channel, you may see hundreds of these would-be labourers standing all the day idle about the various entrances of the docks. Then a shift of wind brings in a number of ships, and the whole machinery of the place is suddenly in full operation. But it works smoothly, and it is only after repeated visits that the magnitude and complexity of the business transacted can be apprehended. I am told that nothing strikes foreigners more than the quiet methodical way in which everything moves on here. There is no shouting, scolding, uproar, or excitement of any kind, as the riches of the world are unfolded or poured out. But go round the perfect little dock of St. Katharine, with its hedge of hydraulic lifts steadily disembowelling the vessels, which lie so close to the shore that you might toss a halfpenny into their holds when you look out of the top storey of the warehouse which is absorbing the cargo. Go round this little dock. Mount tier after tier of floors; see even a single shipload of coffee, consisting of about 10,000 bags, or sacks, being repacked and distributed; or picture, if you can, the presence of, say £750,000 worth of indigo—which was the value of the amount being prepared for show in a single department when I went over it one day—and you will begin to perceive the largeness of the work in these parts, and admire the quietness with which it is carried on."

The ecclesiastical questions which are discussed in

this little volume lie beyond our province. We commend it, however, heartily to our readers, whatever differences of opinion they may entertain. It should be read by city clergymen and magistrates, and by all engaged in active philanthropic works. The extracts we have made are designed to correct a popular mistake, but there are many other topics treated which are of equal interest.

## THE LIFE OF LORD MACAULAY.



II.

MACAULAY accepted an important position in India, a post of the highest dignity and consideration, with a salary of ten thousand a year. He accepted the position with the clear intention, which he fulfilled, of only retaining it for a few years, and of being of service to his family, especially to his admirable and estimable father, who had succumbed to pecuniary difficulties, and to provide for himself, before he had reached the middle of life, a sufficient independence. To his family he behaved in the transaction in a beautiful and truly affectionate manner. His sister Hannah he took with him. In India she married, and became Lady Trevelyan, the mother of Macaulay's biographer. Lady Holland stormed at his exodus. He writes to his sister:—"I had a most extraordinary scene with Lady Holland; if she had been as young and handsome as she was thirty years ago, she would have turned my head." She told him he was sacrificed to his family and to his sister; but this was going too far. Macaulay got angry. Then she begged his pardon, said she knew she was impertinent, and stormed at the Ministers for letting him go. She went on in the same manner before Lord Holland. He took the matter more quietly. "Don't talk such nonsense, my lady! What! can we tell a gentleman who has a claim upon us that he must lose his only chance of an independence that he may come and talk to you in an evening?" Bobus Smith gave him some advice, which reminded Macaulay of his brother Sidney: "Always, sir, manage to have at your table some fleshy, blooming young writer or cadet just come

out, that the mosquitos may stick to him, and leave the rest of the company alone." One of his first letters from India to his sisters contains the following passage, which certainly ought to cover a multitude of critical sins:—"At Christmas I shall send home a thousand or twelve hundred pounds for my father and you all. I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to me to find that I shall be able to do this; it reconciles me to all the pains—acute enough, sometimes, God knows—of banishment. In a few years, if I live—probably in less than five years from the time at which you will be reading this letter—we shall be again together in a comfortable, though a modest, home, certain of a good fire, a good joint of meat, and a good glass of wine, without owing obligations to anybody, and perfectly indifferent—at least as far as our pecuniary interest is concerned—to the changes of the political world. Rely on it, my dear girls, that there is no chance of my coming back with my heart cooled towards you. I came hither principally to save my family, and I am not likely while here to forget them. — Ever yours, T. B. M."

Macaulay took a rich freightage of books to India with him, and, whilst there, kept his library constantly supplied from England. Some of his most brilliant papers for the "Edinburgh" were also written during his residence there. Odd people are to be met with everywhere, and Macaulay met with some in India. He was received with honour by the Rajah of Mysore, who insisted on showing him his wardrobe and his picture gallery. The latter consisted of seven coloured prints, such as he had seen in the sanded parlour of a country inn, but the bijou of his gallery, of which he was eminently vain, was a head of the Duke of Wellington, which, says Macaulay, "has certainly been on a sign-post in England." "After all," he says, "the rajah was by no means the greatest fool I found at Mysore. An Englishman, without any preface, accosted me thus:—'Pray, Mr. Macaulay, do you not think that Buonaparte was the Beast?' 'No, sir; I cannot say that I do.' 'Sir, he *was* the Beast; I can prove it. I have found the number 666 in his name. Why, sir, if he was not the Beast, who was?' This was a puzzling question, and I am not a little vain of my answer. 'Sir,' said I, 'the House of Commons is the Beast. There are six hundred and fifty-eight members of the House, and these, with their chief officers—the three clerks, the serjeant and his deputy, the chaplain, doorkeeper, and the librarian—make 666!' 'Well, sir, that is strange; but I can assure you that if you write Napoleon Buonaparte in Arabic, leaving out only two letters, it will give 666.' 'And pray, sir, what right have you to leave out two letters?' A few more words ended the controversy. The man looked at me as if he thought me a very wicked fellow; and I dare say has, by this time, discovered that if you write my name in Tamil, leaving out the 'T' in Thomas, the 'B' in Babington, and 'M' in Macaulay, it will give the number of this unfortunate Beast."

He did everything that was affectionate in promoting the marriage of his sister, Hannah, in India, and there were difficulties in the way. The other beloved sister, and correspondent of his earlier days, Margaret, was married, and died during his absence in India. It was to her he wrote his regrets that he was losing his beloved companion from his household—words, too, which show something of the

heart hungering for more amidst his affluence of fame and prosperity. "I feel a growing tendency to cynicism and suspicion; my intellect remains, and is likely, I sometimes think, to absorb the whole man." Then pathetically he refers to the approaching marriage: "As for myself, it is a tragical *dénouement* of an absurd plot. I remember quoting some nursery rhymes years ago, when you left me in London, to join Nancy at Rothley Temple or Leamington, I forget which. These foolish lines contain the history of my life:—

"There were two birds that sat on a stone,  
One flew away, and there was but one,  
The other flew away, and then there was none,  
And the poor stone was left all alone."

He returned from India in 1838, and instantly took his place as an eminent leader in public affairs. A life so active was naturally full of incident, and the volumes, over which we are glancing, dedicated to his memory, are full beyond any possibility of quotation of interesting material. Lord Brougham does not shine in his relationships with Macaulay. It is clear that he was greatly jealous of Macaulay's influence through the "Edinburgh Review," and no doubt felt that in him he had an eminent and more successful rival in the paths of literary fame. On the other hand, the character of Mr. Gladstone comes out with an honourable and charming distinctness; and notwithstanding the great essayist's severe strictures upon the State in its relations to the Church, the spirit Mr. Gladstone manifested was generous and beautiful, and touched the heart of Macaulay to a high tone of admiration; the admiration and affection appear to have been mutual. The writer remembers a pleasant little incident illustrative of this, mentioned to him by the late Thomas Binney. Mr. Binney attended the funeral of Macaulay in Westminster Abbey; it was singular, but it was the case, that he had never seen Mr. Gladstone, but he somehow found himself next to a gentleman whose devout affectionateness throughout the service, and evident personal regrets and regard, greatly impressed him, and at the close he inquired of some person, greatly wondering, who he was. "That, sir?" said his informant, with evident pity for his ignorance, "that, sir? why that's Mr. Gladstone!" Mr. Binney said he thought it was one of the most beautiful things he had ever seen—recollecting that stinging, caustic article in the "Edinburgh"—this affectionate behaviour over the grave of his old foe. Mr. Binney, however, did not know what these volumes reveal, that after the publication of that paper the two men had met several times, and appear to have entertained a high regard for each other.

But to retrace our steps. We have seen that Macaulay met with fools in India; some persons of the same character encountered his regards in England. He wrote to one of his sisters: "I have received the most disgusting letter, by many degrees, I ever read in my life; I will give you the opening—'My dear Friend,—Many years have passed away since my revered husband and your most excellent father walked together as Christian friends, and since I derived the sweetest comfort and pleasure from a close friendship with both your blessed parents—' After a great deal more about various 'revered and blessed people,' she comes to the real object of her epistle, which is to ask for three livings and a bishopric! I

have been accustomed to unreasonable and importunate suitors, but I protest that this old hag's impudence fairly took away my breath. In order to recommend her brats still more, she assures me that one of them has been curate to that blessed man Mr. —. She is so moderate as to say that for her son James she will accept—nay, very thankfully accept—even a living of five hundred a year. Another proof of her moderation is that before she asks for a bishopric, she has the grace to say, 'I am now going to be very bold.' Really, the comedy of actual life is beyond all comedy!"

Many readers will be disappointed by the almost entire absence from this biography of any reference to the religious ideas, and perfect vacancy, so to speak, of all spiritual regards and notions. We trust we may believe that what certainly does not appear was yet present in the mind of this great writer. A pleasing glimpse of the reality of Macaulay's religious convictions, so far as they went, is furnished in the following letter. Two things are visible in it—his utter aversion to ritualistic practices, and his sense that religion contains within itself a power of consolation; it was written by him when Paymaster-General of the Army.

"Dear Ellis,—I have at this moment the disposal of a tolerable piece of patronage—the Chaplainship of Chelsea Hospital; light duty, a nice house, coal, candles, and three hundred pounds a year. It would be an exceedingly pleasant situation for a literary man. But he must also be a man of piety and feeling, for the Hospital being full of old, battered soldiers, the duty, though by no means onerous, consists chiefly in attending sick beds, and I would not for any consideration assign such a duty to a person who would hurry through it in a perfunctory manner. Is there any among the junior fellows of Trinity who would suit? I do not want a politician, and nothing shall induce me to take a Puseyite.—Yours very truly,

T. B. M."

These volumes are interspersed with many scraps of verse, which will be quite new to readers, thrown off in the course of his letters, and perhaps never intended for other eyes than those to whom the letters in which they occur were addressed. In a letter to his father occur the following—an inscription beneath a picture of Voltaire, which are very discriminating and admirable:—

"If thou wouldst view one more than man and less,  
Made up of mean and great, of foul and fair,  
Step here; and weep and laugh, and curse and bless,  
And spurn and worship; for thou see'st Voltaire.  
That flashing eye blasted the conqueror's spear,  
The monarch's sceptre, and the Jesuit's beads;  
And every wrinkle in that haggard sneer  
Hath been the grave of dynasties and creeds.  
In very wantonness of childish mirth  
He puffed Bastilles, and thrones, and shrines away,  
Insulted heaven, and liberated earth.  
Was it for good or evil? Who shall say!"

And while citing these verses, we may just notice in passing with what freedom he rattled off in his letters to his sisters, scraps of sing-song verse, often very happy, very descriptive, and, if not always humorous, certainly frequently exceedingly funny and frolicsome. These were sometimes the vagaries of fancy with which he entertained his sisters when he wrote to them from the library of the House of Commons.

On the pure human side, it is rather pleasant to see the young man teasing his sisters, announcing to them and maintaining his theory, to their disgust, that much of the love of women depends on the eminence of the men, and justifying at any rate one instance of a lady whom he met with at Rogers's—very pretty and very witty—who treated her husband when they were first married with great respect; but when he published a novel, which failed completely, hen-pecked him unmercifully ever afterwards, which, said Rogers, "was especially hard, as it was more than suspected that she wrote a good portion of it herself."

Macaulay was a man of vehement personal prejudices, and many of his literary verdicts must be received with caution. Robert Montgomery did not deserve, either as a man, a clergyman, or a poet, the treatment he received; the criticism upon him is very characteristic: "His writing bears the same relation to poetry which a Turkey carpet does to a picture. There are colours in a Turkey carpet out of which a picture might be made; there are words in Mr. Montgomery's writings which, when disposed in certain orders and combinations, have made, and will again make, good poetry, but, as they now stand, they seem to be put together on principle in such a manner as to give us no image of anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." He fulfilled one of the chief conditions of the critic—he very rarely praised; and when he censured he laid on with that antithetical strength in which every sentence sounded like the stroke of a lash. Thus, from the poetry of Lord Byron, "you may draw a system of ethics compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, in which the two great commandments are to hate your neighbour, and to love your neighbour's wife." His criticisms contain too much of the epigram. Thus, on Dr. Southey: "Dr. Southey brings to his task two faculties which were never, we believe, vouchsafed in measure so copious to any human being—the faculty of believing without a reason, and the faculty of hating without a provocation." The last sentence certainly very well describes the critic himself. Those readers who are not acquainted with Macaulay's article on Barère, do not know with what an intensity of vehement bitterness and contempt he could mingle his expressions. Thus, he says of him: "As soon as he ceases to write trifles, he begins to write lies; and such lies! A man who has never been within the tropics does not know what a thunder-storm means; a man who has never looked on Niagara has but a faint idea of a cataract; and he who has not read 'Barère's Memoirs' may be said not to know what it is to lie." "Whatsoever things are false, whatsoever things are dishonest, whatsoever things are unjust, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are hateful, whatsoever things are of evil report, if there be any vice, and if there be any infamy, all those things were blended in Barère!" Such criticisms as these, if bearing an apparent sting of vindictiveness, had yet, at any rate, the appearance of plausibility; but some of his estimates will always sully his entire trustworthiness as a historian. The Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Philpots, had one ground of quarrel with him, and Robert Chambers and all Scotchmen had another; but that which brings out most strongly the vicious prejudices of which he was capable, is his persistent misrepresentation of the character of William Penn. From

some cause or other, perhaps not very difficult to trace, he had a grudge against all Quakers; his verdict, for instance, upon George Fox and his journal, stands in most remarkable contrast to the wise estimate of both by Sir James Mackintosh. We believe he did a great injustice to the venerable memory of Penn, and he went down to the grave with the opportunity of reparation at his disposal, and he never made it.

Mr. Paget, in his new "Examen," has drawn up a strong bill of indictment against the heresies in Macaulay's History, and his vindication of Penn appears to be most sufficient, but the great historian never noticed it. It is a circumstance which stands in singular contrast to another illustrious history and historian of our day. The story has been quoted against Lord Macaulay with reference to this particular instance of William Penn, of the old Welshman, a juror in a court of law, who, when the counsel for the prosecution said, "And now I will call for witnesses," exclaimed, "Look you, please you, we believe every word that you have said, and we do not want any witnesses!" It seems enough for Lord Macaulay in this, and in several other instances, that he believes every word he writes, and he does not want any witnesses. Certainly, what there was of native amiability in Macaulay's character, does not come out very distinctly in his general estimates of men and writings; he does appear to have been fond of blistering a reputation, and in many instances he was eminently successful in doing this. It has been said of him, he kept a bottle of acetic acid on his study-table, and a drop or two on a character displeasing to him, effectually blisters and burns. A chief characteristic of his wit, as our citations have shown, is, that it is sharp even to malevolence. Thus, it is often false, too, because he sacrifices to force, and point, and epigrammatic brilliancy, every other consideration, and this sometimes makes him, as we have seen, as doubtful an authority as Gibbon's covert innuendoes and splendid satires do their author. It is very truly said, that he frequently recast his thoughts, and reproduced them in the shape of an epigram. Thus, as a favourable illustration of this, he said, "You call me a Liberal, but I don't know that in these days I deserve the name. I am opposed to the abolition of standing armies; I am opposed to the abolition of capital punishment; I am opposed to the destruction of the National Church; in short, I am in favour of war, hanging, and Church establishments."

The volumes of Macaulay's life are crowded with letters. If these do not place him in an exalted rank among letter-writers, they will certainly most pleasingly illustrate that which is a very chief charm of the volume—the strength, tenderness, and constancy of his social affections. He had no children—he was never married; but to his sisters and his friends, and to his sisters' children, he gives every evidence of a large, loving heart. One of his dearest friends was Mr. Ellis; Macaulay was his chief consolator on the death of his wife. Nothing brings out the instinctive tenderness and delicacy of Macaulay more than his letter to his sister on this event. "When I went to him I found the house shut up. I meant only to have asked after him, but he would see me. He gave way to very violent emotion, but he soon collected himself, and talked to me about her for hours. 'I was so proud of her,' he said; 'I loved so much to show her to anybody that I

valued. Now what good will it be to me to be a judge? I shall not have her to go home to with the good news.' I could not speak, for I know what that feeling is as well as he. Comfort him I could not, except by hearing him talk of her with tears in my eyes. I stayed till late. Yesterday I went to him again, and passed most of the day with him; and I shall go to him again to-day, for he says, and I see, that my company does him good. I would with pleasure give one of my fingers to get him back his wife, which is more than most widowers would give to get back their own." Then he asks after one of his nieces: "How is my dear little girl? Is she old enough to take care of a canary bird or two? From her tenderness for the little fish, I think I may venture to trust her with live animals." The severity of his reviews will never now permit us to forget what a fine, generous nature he had. He was requested to write his paper on Madame D'Arblay for the "Edinburgh," but he was afraid of taking it out of the hands of poor Leigh Hunt. "I have only one scruple," he says; "that some months ago Leigh Hunt told me that he thought of proposing that subject to you, and I approved of his doing so. I should have no scruple in taking a subject out of Brougham's hands, because he can take care of himself if he thinks himself ill-used; but I would not do anything that could hurt the feelings of a man whose spirit seems to be quite broken by adversity, and who lies under some obligations to me." He was not generous to Robert Montgomery, as we have seen—probably because he had been unjust to him in the first instance; but he behaved generously to Miss Aiken. He says in his journal,—“I corrected my article on Addison for the collected essays. I shall leave out all the animadversions on Miss Aiken's blunders; she has used me ill, and this is honourable and gentlemanlike revenge.” He was a keen observer, but fond of men, it seems to us, rather than nature, and loved the walk through cities rather than the retreat into nature's great solitudes. Some of his observations here on men and their ways are droll enough. "I travelled to town with a family of children, who ate, without intermission, from Market Harborough, where they got into the coach, to the Peacock, at Islington, where they got out of it. They breakfasted as if they had fasted all the preceding day. They dined as if they had never breakfasted; they ate on the road one large basket of sandwiches, another of fruit, and a boiled fowl; besides which, there was not an orange girl, an old man with cakes, or a boy with filberts, who came to the coach-side when we stopped to change horses, of whom they did not buy something."

For fifteen years he resided in the Albany; then, urged, apparently, by the Duchess of Argyll and Dean Milman, who looked about after a house for him, and whose advice he took in settling at Holly Lodge, in Kensington, he removed from his old chambers in 1856. It was a tender leave-taking. In the last entry in his journal on his last night in the old place—thrice as rich a man as when he entered it, and far more famous—he reviews, on the whole, a very happy fifteen years. He could not expect, he says, to live fifteen years more; but in any case they could not be as happy as the past years. His books were all gone, and he looked round upon the skeleton bookshelves; "I thought that it was for the last time, and the tears would



come into my eyes." Ellis, whom he had comforted years before on the death of his wife, came to dine with him. "Everything that I do," he writes, "is coloured by the thought that it is for the last time. One day there will come a *last* in good earnest;" and, indeed, that last was not very far off. He only occupied his house of Holly Lodge a year or two. All successful men are not grateful; Macaulay's had certainly, on the whole, been a very happy, highly-honoured, and successful career; but this is by no means always an index to a grateful heart. Without formal expressions of devotion, we feel that an under-current of grateful happiness flows through these last days.

He was raised to the peerage in 1857; he turned this elevation round to a human, amiable side. Lady Trevelyan says: "We were making a tour in the Tyrol that summer, and on our return we stopped at Paris, I and my children, to spend a few days at the Louvre Hotel with your uncle and Mr. Ellis. I often think of our arrival at eleven at night; the well-spread board awaiting us; his joyous welcome; and then his desiring us to guess what his news was, and my disappointing him by instantly guessing it. Then our merry time together; the last unbroken circle, for change began the following year, and change has since been the order of my life." Shortly after this he sunk almost into a confirmed, although painless, invalid. To the last he kept up his love for books and reading—reading, as had been his wont, different books at different seasons. "I read," he says, "Henderson's 'Iceland' at breakfast—a favourite breakfast book with me;" and he never for a moment wavered in his allegiance to Miss Austen; he thought if he could have obtained materials, he would have liked to write a life of "that wonderful woman," as he calls her, and to have raised a little money to put up a monument to her in Winchester Cathedral. In 1859 he took his last excursion from home to the English lakes and Scotland; his tour was everywhere almost annoyingly complimentary by the thronging of persons to see him. When he and his sister left Dr. Guthrie's church in Edinburgh, the congregation made a line for them, through which to walk as they went away. He writes himself to his friend, Ellis: "I went the day before yesterday to Grasmere Churchyard, to see Wordsworth's tomb. I thought of announcing my intention of going, and issuing tickets to people who wished to see me there, for a Yankee who was here a few days ago, and heard that I was expected, said that he 'would give the world to see that most sublime of all spectacles, Macaulay standing by the grave of Wordsworth.'" This was in July, 1859. He died in the December of that year. He writes, on December the 21st: "I am certainly very poorly—weak as a child." On the 28th he mustered strength to dictate a letter to a poor curate, enclosing a cheque for twenty-five pounds; he signed his name, and it appears to have been the last time he took the pen, which had achieved such strong and tender, such eloquent and costly words, in his hand. He died in perfect calm, sitting in his easy-chair in the library on the evening of the same day; he rose as if to move, sat down again, and ceased to breathe. He left behind him a large revenue of honour and admiration, but the love for the man will, we suppose, be certainly greatly increased by the perusal of these volumes which reveal so much more than was known of his private and

social life. Lady Trevelyan wrote: "We have lost the light of our home; the most tender, loving, generous, unselfish, devoted of friends. What he was to me for fifty years, how can I tell? What a world of love he poured out upon me and mine! The blank, the void he has left behind, filling, as he did, so entirely both heart and intellect, no one can understand, for who ever knew such a life as mine, passed as the cherished companion of such a man?" After such words as these from a sister, it is of less moment to say that he was buried in Westminster Abbey, and that his pall was borne by the Duke of Argyll, Earl Russell, Earl Stanhope, Earl Carlisle, Bishop Wilberforce, Sir David Dundas, Sir Henry Holland, Dean Milman, Sir Cornwall Lewis, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, and he rests amidst the tombs of Johnson, and Garrick, Handel, Goldsmith, Gay, and Addison—men whose names he loved to pronounce, and perhaps of every one of whom he had written some affectionate and sufficient word.

## Varieties.

**HERBERT AND COWPER MEMORIAL WINDOW IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**—The name of an American citizen honourably appears in Westminster Abbey, in this Centennial year of Independence. The first chapel or bay in the nave, on the right in entering by the great west door, contains monuments of Wordsworth and other well-known names. It is sometimes called "Western Poets' Corner." Dean Stanley, in his restorations of the Abbey, proposed to place here a memorial window in honour of three poets, who had all been old Westminster boys, George Herbert, Charles Wesley, and William Cowper. The erection of a monument to John and Charles Wesley, in another part of the nave, confined the memorial to Herbert and Cowper. Circulars were issued, asking funds for the proposed window. One of these circulars came into the hands of George William Childs, of Philadelphia, who generously offered to be at the sole expense of the memorial, as a tribute of respect from an American to these Christian poets of the old country. The offer was accepted in the spirit in which it was made. The design of the window by the Dean included a full-length portrait of the poets, in the two compartments of the window, Herbert at Bemerton and Cowper at Olney, these places being also accurately depicted in rich stained glass. Heraldic devices and other accessories completed the design, which was drawn and the work executed by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, ecclesiastical architects. The window has been fixed, and underneath it is a brass tablet bearing the inscription "D. D. (*dat dedicat*) GEORGIUS GULIELMUS CHILDS, CIVIS AMERICANUS, MDCCCLXXVI."

**FREE TRADE.**—Why is the earth on which we live divided into zones and climates? Why do different countries yield different productions to people experiencing similar wants? Why are they intersected with mighty rivers, the natural highways of nations? Why are lands most distant from each other brought almost into contact by the very means which seem to divide them? Why, sir, it is in order that man may be dependent upon man: it is that the exchange of commodities may be accompanied by the diffusion of knowledge, by the exchange of mutual benefits, engendering mutual kind feelings, multiplying and confirming friendly relations. It is in order that commerce may freely go forth, leading civilisation with one hand, peace with the other, to render mankind happier, wiser, better. Sir, this is the dispensation of Providence; this is the decree of that power which created and disposed the universe. Away, then, with those who, with arrogant and presumptuous folly, would fetter the inborn energies of man; who would set up their own miserable legislation to oppose the great standing laws of nature.—*Lord Palmerston's Speeches.*

**GUARNERIUS VIOLIN.**—At the recent sale by auction of a small but very choice collection of Cremona violins, at Messrs. Foster's, of Pall Mall, a Guarnerius, date 1740, was sold for the sum of 600 guineas.

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Cooper.*



MR. BOOTLE'S CAB AND TIGER.

## BOY AND MAN.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE NEW TEACHER.

"Go fix some weighty truth;  
Chain down some passion; do some generous deed;  
Teach ignorance to see, or grief to smile."—*Young.*

**SUNDAY** arrived, and Mr. Sparrow was very early at church, notwithstanding that he had a considerable distance to walk. But he did not see No. 1281.—JULY 15, 1876.

any one whom he knew there until Mr. Armiger entered the reading-desk; and he was not the person most desired and looked for. The curate read prayers, but the rector preached; so Mr. Sparrow, who had never thought about a rector, was again disappointed. When the service was over, he went round to the vestry-door and waited for his friend; and, after asking particularly after his wife and the baby, and all the rest, walked home with him to Joy Street.



"You must stay and dine," said Armiger; and Mr. Sparrow acknowledged the necessity and stayed. After dinner, the baby was again exhibited, and pronounced to be grown enormously; and at three o'clock they went to church again, Miss Annie going with them and sitting in the same pew with Mr. Sparrow, to the great disturbance of his devotions. Mr. Armiger preached; a plain exposition of Scripture, with practical applications, and an earnest appeal to the hearts and consciences of his hearers, which won their serious attention, and made them feel that, if they were not the better for what they had heard that day, at all events they ought to be so.

Mr. Sparrow himself felt that; he had not paid much attention to sermons since he left school—nor before. At Mr. Bearward's he had generally occupied himself in church with counting up the weeks and days, and ticking them off in the calendar of his prayer-book, with a view to his holidays; and as these drew nearer, the hours, and even the minutes, formed the subject of his calculations. Often since then, to pass the time, he had counted heads and bonnets, in the congregation. He was sometimes ashamed of himself after such exercises, and was generally recalled from them by the words "Our Father" as often as they recurred in the course of the service, and joined in that prayer more or less attentively. "Deal not with us *after* our sins," with its response, also attracted his attention; for a long time he used to think that sentence was put in only for very good people, and he dared not join in it; but afterwards he understood and adopted it heartily. The Prayer of St. Chrysostom likewise touched him, making him feel that the desires and petitions which he prayed might be now fulfilled had slipped by for the most part unnoticed, and that he would have liked, if possible, to have had one or two of them over again before leaving. He thought he had got on better than usual that day with Mr. Armiger in the reading-desk, and Miss Annie so quiet and devout under his eyes. He could not help reflecting upon the number of years that had elapsed since the curate and he were at school together, and thought to himself that it would not do to go on for ever as he had done in the interval. So when he again took his friend by the arm at the vestry-door, he was, if not a sadder, yet a wiser man. He thought he would stay and go to church again that evening, though three times in one day was rather unusual to be sure; he had never done such a thing before in his life.

Nor did he do it then. Mr. Armiger took no part in the evening service at All Saints'. The rector again officiated, and had excused his curate that he might attend to his new hobby, as he called it—the Ragged School in Duck Court.

"And are you going to preach there to-night?" Mr. Sparrow asked.

"Not to preach; to teach a class, and afterwards to give a short address—a sermon, if you like to call it so, without a text, and a prayer without a prayer-book."

"Can I go with you?"

"Certainly, if you will teach a class."

"Me teach a class! You are laughing at me. Did you ever teach a class, Miss Goodchild?"

"I always teach in our village school," she answered; "I am very fond of our Sunday-school."

"This is a very different thing from a village

school," said Mr. Armiger; "but there's no reason why you should not teach, Sparrow. Come and see what we are doing, at all events; it's only hearing them read, and talking to them a little about it. We want help very much."

"I could hear them read," said Sparrow, "if they would not ask any questions. I'll go with you, at all events, and see what it is like."

After tea Mr. Sparrow took up a Bible and read the parable of the Prodigal Son through carefully, wondering at himself all the while, but resolved to try what he could do with a class of little boys if a teacher should be wanted, which he hoped might not be the case.

There was a large attendance that evening in Duck Court, and many more teachers present than on week nights. Young men most of them were, employed in shops or offices, who had little or no leisure time except on Sundays, and who willingly gave up two hours of their short rest to join in this good work for the benefit of their ragged brethren, in the hope of winning some of them from ignorance and vice. Such helpers as these, Mr. Armiger felt, were not offering to the Lord of that which cost them nothing, and he was the more encouraged to believe that their labour could not be in vain. A class was readily found for Mr. Sparrow, for the more teachers and the fewer the scholars to each, was an axiom in ragged-school experience. So Mr. Sparrow gathered up his long legs under his rickety chair, and heard his pupils read verse after verse of the Prodigal Son, and gave his explanations in the most significant terms that he could think of, seeking not only plain and easy words, but apt and every-day illustrations. The reading was a work of difficulty, and he had to do most of it himself; but the exposition was decidedly successful; it might have provoked a smile, or even a remonstrance from learned doctors, but the ragged urchins listened to it and liked it; they made their own comments on it too, and asked questions, which, if they could not always be answered, afforded matter for useful conversation; and so the time passed rapidly.

There was a slight disturbance that evening; it would indeed have been an unusual thing if none had happened. One of the elder lads, who had come for nothing else but to show his wit at the expense of the teachers, persisted in his noisy, coarse, and even blasphemous language, until Mr. Armiger thought it necessary to interfere. The young fellow laughed in his face when he spoke to him, and set him at defiance.

"Turn me out!" he cried; "turn me out! I should like to see you do it. Touch me if you dare!"

The curate took him by the collar and lifted him from his seat. Instantly all the other boys, young and old, started to their feet, looking on with eagerness, in anticipation of a row.

"Hit him, teacher," some of them exclaimed.

"He'd better not," said the others, savagely.

Mr. Armiger did not unloose his hold, but stood immovable, until there was a momentary silence.

"I'm not going to hit him," he said; "but I must either have order and good behaviour here, or I must close the school. There!" he exclaimed, loosing his hand; "I leave the boy to you; do as you think proper with him; judge for yourselves."

There was a moment's suspense.

"Get out, Poker," said one of the boys, giving

him a push; "get out, will you? Help me to turn him out, you fellows; come on."

Two or three of them "came on" at once, and in less time than it takes to write it, Poker, as he was called, a thin, stiff, knob-headed boy, was hustled along the room, and discharged with much more than necessary violence down the stairs. There was no more interruption that evening. General good-temper prevailed. Mr. Armiger's lecture of ten minutes' duration was listened to with more attention than usual, and after a short prayer the school was dismissed.

"We have gained a victory to-night," said one of the teachers.

"It was touch and go," said another; "I thought there would have been a general fight; my class was ready to begin. They won't bear to have a finger laid upon them, these boys won't. Gentlemen's sons are birched and caned, and say nothing about it; but these lawless spirits will not submit to punishment, except from a gaoler. And even if the boys were amenable, their parents, who leave them to themselves in other things, would interfere in this."

Mr. Armiger felt that he had been rash; he was aware of the truth of the above remark, but he had almost lost his temper that evening. The incident had, however, turned out well, and now the way seemed clear. These unruly boys, who refused to be governed, might be induced, with proper management, to govern themselves.

"Who was that boy who first laid hold of Poker?" Mr. Sparrow asked. "I like the look of that boy."

"His name is Nott; a good-tempered, saucy lad; he has no home, no parents, no belongings of any kind; he lives by throwing cat'n wheels, walking about upon his hands and so forth—begging. He has been pretty regular in his attendance lately, and improves upon acquaintance. I hope he will make better use of his hands than walking on them. He turned the scale this evening from rebellion to order, and must be encouraged and made use of. He will help us very much, if I am not mistaken, in managing the rest."

"It is like making monitors at Bearward's," said Mr. Sparrow. "You did that, you know, though it did not last long. I hope this will turn out as well as that did, and go on longer."

#### CHAPTER VI.—MY CABRIOLET.

"This is the place: stand still my steed."—*Longfellow.*

MR. SPARROW returned to his rooms at Kensington very well satisfied with himself, and quite resolved to attend regularly, week-days and Sundays, at Duck Court Ragged Schools as a teacher. Apart from the good that he might do—and it occurred to him that, being now twenty-eight years of age, he had never done any good to anybody hitherto, though perhaps he was hardly fair towards himself in that conclusion—apart from the good that he might do, it was exciting and interesting; and he had no longer any latent fear of being found out by the scholars to be more ignorant than themselves. The next morning he thought he would go and see Willy Goodchild at Wandsworth, where his father was living; and was just prepared to sally forth, when, looking out of the window to observe the weather, he saw a smart cabriolet, with a very small tiger hanging on behind, coming up the street. The

horse was a fine, showy animal; his head was drawn back tightly with a bearing-rein, his tail stuck out, spasmodically straight, and his pace was a kind of straggling trot, threatening every moment to break into a gallop. The driver, leaning forward, with his eyes fixed anxiously upon the horse's ears, seemed to be continually jerking the reins, for the horse swerved from side to side of the road, to the great peril of the tiger, who could scarcely keep his footing, and swayed to and fro with every movement.

The cab passed Mr. Sparrow's door, and then stopped. After some backing and plunging the horse was turned, and again shot past the door, being brought up finally in front of the pastry-cook's, a few yards farther down the street. There the tiger alighted, and flew to the horse's head; and the driver, Mr. Bootle, stepped with dignity to the pavement, and looked around him.

"Back him this way," he said, and, leaving the little mite of a boy to manage the backing as he could, he himself strode up to the door of Mr. Sparrow's house, rang the bell, and gave a long rat-tat-tat.

"Who can it be?" said Sparrow to himself.

Presently the landlady appeared, holding a card between her fingers, within the corner of her apron. "A gent for you, Mr. Sparrow," she said; "in a cabrioli."

On the card was, "Mr. Bootle, Somerset Street, Portman Square," in old English letters; and on the landing just outside was Mr. Bootle, in an embroidered waistcoat and a blue surtout.

"Sparrow!" cried Bootle, with great fervour. "How are you, Sparrow? Hope I see you well!"

"Bootle!" Sparrow answered; "is it you? If it had not been for the card, I should not have known you." And he referred to the card again as if to make sure.

"Slocum gave me your address. You remember Slocum! And so, you know, I thought I'd call; I thought I'd call, you know."

"Much obliged. I was just going out."

"I won't detain you. Can I drive you anywhere? My cab is at the door."

He looked anxiously from the window, and saw the tiger sitting in the cab, driving the horse quietly up and down the street. He wondered how it was that the animal had become so temperate.

"Thank you," said Sparrow. "Sit down a minute or two. Why, what a swell you are! Slocum told me something about you. The truth is, I was just going over to Wandsworth to see Goodchild."

"What, little Minimus?"

"Yes, and his father; they live at Wandsworth now."

"Get into my cab," said Bootle. "I was intending to go into the country somewhere. My horse, a splendid creature, is rather spirited, and wants a run to take it out of him. Do let me drive you."

Mr. Sparrow would rather have excused himself, but he did not know how to manage it. He was generally a victim of circumstances, and soon found himself in the cab, straggling down the street as before, and rounding corners with dangerous impetuosity.

"Now then, keep your own side, can't you?" cried a butcher's boy in a cart, pulling up out of the way with difficulty.

"Where are you going to, stupid?" exclaimed a



dustman, who had been nearly crushed against the wheel of his cart.

"Stop! stop! stop!" was shouted soon afterwards from a dozen voices, as the vehicle whirled swiftly round a corner and down a narrow thoroughfare.

"What's the matter now, I wonder?" said Mr. Bootle, in real alarm.

Mr. Sparrow took hold of the reins, stopped the horse, and said, "You had better get out and see."

The tiger was gone. A hundred yards off, or so, they saw him, being wiped down by a woman with her apron. He was not much hurt, though covered with mud, and his nose bleeding, and he soon ran after them. In his hand was the strap by which he had been holding on; it had come off, leaving a great rent in the leather of the hood. A crowd soon gathered round them.

"Is the boy hurt?" asked a policeman, coming to the spot. "It isn't safe for him if you don't drive steady; he's too young for the job, he is!"

"No, I'm not," said the boy, indignantly; "it isn't me as is too young for it; I'm all right."

"Take him inside with you," said one of the bystanders.

"It's shameful," said another, the woman who had wiped him down; "it didn't ought to be allowed; get up on the board yourself, and see how you'd like it!"

"I really think," said Bootle, to his friend, "that we had better take the boy in between us, just a little way, you know, till we get out of the crowd. There's only one strap for him to hold on by now, and that might give way also."

Mr. Sparrow would have much preferred walking, but he did not think it a game thing to leave his friend under such difficulties. So they took the tiger inside, and started on again.

"Perhaps you would like to drive, as you have got the reins?" Bootle said.

"I've no objection," Mr. Sparrow answered. So he took Bootle's place, and they went on their way more smoothly, and arrived at Wandsworth without further misadventure.

Mr. Goodchild's house and garden at Wimbledon had been bought for a liberal sum by the railway company. He had made a great trouble of it at the time, for though he never had felt settled there, and had often talked of parting with the property, and going elsewhere, yet it was not pleasant to be turned out of one's house, he said, before one had quite made up one's mind about it. He had been a considerable gainer by the transaction, and had bought a much better house a little nearer town; and now there were rumours that this also might be required by another company. Mr. Sparrow found him in an excited state, complaining that two men had been in his garden surveying, and that they had taken no notice of him when he ordered them off. "I wish my son-in-law or Willy had been here," he said; "they would have cleared the ground of them pretty quickly, I dare say."

"Is Willy gone, then?" Mr. Sparrow asked.

"Gone out a little way, that's all. I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Sparrow, and your friend. The men have left the premises now, I see, and have taken their instruments with them. It is very unpleasant to be turned out of one's house before one has quite decided what to do or where to go."

"I should make the company pay well if I were you, and then it would not signify," said Bootle.

The cabriolet had been left at a livery stable hard by, and the tiger was told to clean himself, and get the strap replaced by a saddler, whose shop was near at hand, and then follow his master for orders. Mr. Sparrow hearing that his old schoolfellow was gone for a walk upon the Common, went in search of him, in the hope of having some friendly conversation with him on the subject just then nearest to his heart; and Mr. Goodchild addressed himself to Bootle, with a view to obtain information as to the calling of a stockbroker, and the opportunities enjoyed by a City man of making profitable investments, and of getting on generally. Mr. Bootle referred him to his friend Slocum.

"He's the man for you to know," he said. "He can introduce you to all the best men on 'Change. There's Lord Downderry and the Hon. Mr. Heydown, and Sir Jarro Diddell and Captain Black of the Guards. He knows them all, and they have all the best things in their hands. I have reason to speak well of Slocum, for he has been of great service to me. I consider my fortune's made, and he made it. Of course you'll have to pay him a commission; but it will be quite worth your while to do that; he'll double your capital in no time. I'll drive him over here to-morrow if you like."

"Not to-morrow," said Mr. Goodchild; "Willy goes to Oxford to-morrow; the next day will be better. Come to luncheon. I shall be very happy to see your friend, though, of course, I have not made up my mind about anything at present."

"Of course not," said Bootle; "but there's no harm in hearing about things; then you can do as you like. I hope you may be as fortunate as I have been, that's all."

By the time this was settled, Mr. Sparrow returned with young Goodchild. The latter received Mr. Bootle with a show of cordiality, not wishing him to think that he bore him any ill-will on account of the injury he had done him long ago, though he could hardly overcome the feeling of aversion which seemed to take possession of him when he first saw him. The tiger, who was in waiting, was despatched for the cabriolet, which he brought up to the door in very good style, and Mr. Bootle put on his driving-gloves and took his leave.

"Have you got the strap mended?" Mr. Bootle asked.

"No, sir; it's past mending."

"What do you mean?"

"I got a saddler to look at it, and he said it would tear off again directly; the leather is rotten."

"Nonsense. Can you keep your place on the board without it?"

"Depends who drives."

Mr. Bootle suffered Mr. Sparrow to take the reins, and then followed him into the cab, and they drove off.

"Mr. Bootle seems to be very thriving," said the elder Goodchild, who had not witnessed the departure nor heard the above remarks. "He drives a very fine horse, and a nice-looking carriage."

"*Dives equum; dives pictas vestis, et aurum*," said his son.

"Yes, that's what I mean," said Mr. Goodchild; "but I've forgotten my Latin, most of it. How would you translate it?"

"Plenty of horses, embroidered waistcoats, and money."

"He has one fine horse, at all events, perhaps

more, and one fine waistcoat. But did they really wear waistcoats in those days? Did Æneas wear a waistcoat, I wonder, like Mr. Bootle's? Plenty of money, though, is not a bad thing. I think the stockbroking profession might be a good one for you, Willy. I will inquire about it. No hurry, you know; you can go on keeping your terms, and see how things fall out. Mr. Bootle seems rather a nice young man. I was not prepossessed with him, I confess, about that affair at Cubbinghame; but I suppose it was boy-like. He may be different now; he would not do such a thing now, I dare say."

"I should hope not," said Willy; "but I should be sorry to have any dealings with him, notwithstanding. I have no fancy for him."

"I don't know," said his father, walking to and fro, and smoothing down his soft cheeks and chin with his fingers; "I don't know, I'm sure; we must not be uncharitable."

Meanwhile the cabriolet went smoothly on its way, the tiger sitting on the board behind, and holding on with both his little hands, after having tried in vain to keep upon his feet with only one strap to cling to. Mr. Sparrow drove, and all went well till they came to the stones. A clattering was then heard under the carriage, and the people began to call after them, and to make signs that something was wrong.

"What's the matter now, I wonder," Mr. Bootle said in a lamentable voice; "we seem to be going down sideways."

"Never mind," Sparrow answered, "we shall soon get home now; this is rather a rickety concern of yours, though it looks well outside; the spokes rattle horribly: it's an old one done up, I should think; done up in more senses than one. Where did you buy it?"

"Slocum got it for me; he said it was as good as new."

"Slocum! Oh, then I'm not surprised; he's at his old tricks again."

"What a clattering it makes! We are going lower and lower. Drive gently. Oh, do stop!"

They stopped, and found that one of the springs was broken. Mr. Sparrow begged a piece of cord from a shop, and made it secure; and then they went on at a foot's pace to the livery stable where the equipage was kept.

"I would not drive that horse again if I were you," Mr. Sparrow said. "Is he your own? Did Slocum sell him to you?"

"No, I have not bought him yet," said Bootle. "I hire him when I want him; it's more convenient. The cab is my own."

"I should advise you to part with that, if you can find anybody to take it; the whole concern is worn out, and good for nothing; it was a shame of Slocum to sell it you."

"I'll get him to take it back," said Bootle; but he knew very well that that was a thing more easily said than done.

The tiger had been standing near, with the broken strap in his hand, talking to a group of stablemen, and as Bootle turned to leave the yard, he stepped up to him, and said:

"If you please, sir, I don't want no more of this; it isn't what I'm accustomed to. I could drive that 'os anywhere myself: but it isn't my style, this isn't. If the other gent wants a man-servant I should not mind taking his place, but I should not think of going out again with you."

"You impudent young monkey!" cried Bootle; "I've a great mind to —"

"Come away," said Sparrow, taking his companion by his elbow.

"I wish I had him anywhere by himself," Bootle answered. "I'd break every bone in his skin!"

"You would be ashamed to lift your hand against a child like that, I should hope," said Sparrow. "You were always a bully, I know, but that was at Cubbinghame. You are old enough to know better by this time. Come away, do."

So saying, Mr. Sparrow walked slowly out of the yard, leaving Bootle, very red and crestfallen, to follow him. The grooms and helpers stood a little way off, winking at each other and laughing audibly. Sparrow himself felt mortified, but stuck to Bootle like a true friend, and shared his degradation: he had resolved to have very little to do with him as a companion afterwards, but he was too honest and chivalrous to forsake him while he was in disgrace.

When Mr. Bootle paid his visit to Mr. Goodchild on the next day but one, he did not drive his own cabriolet, but hired a brougham and a pair of horses, with a man in livery upon the box. Mr. Slocum of course accompanied him; but the appointment had not been mentioned to Mr. Sparrow, nor had the elder Goodchild said anything about it to his son-in-law. He wished to hear what his new acquaintances had to say, and to judge for himself. It was so much more satisfactory to judge for oneself, and to make up one's mind without bias. He had the balance of the purchase-money for the house at Wimbledon lying idle in the bank, and it was time to do something with it. Mr. Armiger had talked of Consols, which were rather low just then, everybody selling out in order to invest in more profitable concerns—why should not he have a share in something profitable? There was Susan, with an increasing family, he argued (certainly the baby grew very fast), and Willy doing nothing yet. He would make inquiries, at all events, and form his own conclusions.

So Mr. Goodchild waited for his visitors with great expectations, and pictured to himself what an agreeable surprise it would be for his children when he should be able to tell them, as he most likely would in the course of a few weeks or so, that he had doubled his capital. He could then buy a living for Mr. Armiger, and they would be able to remove from that unpleasant, crowded neighbourhood, to a nice quiet country parish, where there would be no ragged-schools, and perhaps no ragged people, and very little work to do of any kind. Mr. Goodchild did not approve of ragged-schools; the very name, he thought, was sufficient to condemn them. Old Mr. Orthodox, John's rector, was of the same opinion, he suspected; for though he did not say so, he always spoke of the school as Mr. Armiger's hobby, and never went near it himself, and "hoped it might turn out well." Of course Mr. Goodchild hoped so too, therefore they were of one mind upon the subject generally.

Mr. Slocum gave a glowing account of several new companies with which he was concerned; he did not recommend the stock-broking business for William Goodchild, as it required a peculiar talent, he might say a peculiar sharpness—a good nose—to be successful in that line. Mr. Slocum flattered himself he had a good nose (certainly it was the most conspicuous feature in his face). He recollected Mr. William well at Mr.

Bearward's; he was a very nice young fellow, but had scarcely enough energy, sharpness, *savoir faire*—well, he would even say impudence—for City business. It was necessary to be alive to all the dodges of the money market, and was, besides, very harassing, and required an iron constitution, which, he feared, his friend William had not.

"Now, I have," said Mr. Slocum, giving himself a thump on the breast. "I am as strong as brass. If you'll take my advice, you will say nothing to your son about this matter, nor mention to him anything that passes in confidence between us. Satisfy *yourself* thoroughly on all points, and let me know your wishes, and I will carry them out to the best of my ability. I'll keep a good look-out, and give you information as to what's what; and you are much better able to judge of such matters than your studious son. If I wanted advice on any difficulty of Latin or Greek, I should go to your son for it, sooner than to anybody else; but I do *not* think his opinion would be worth much on the subject of investments, nor Mr. Armiger's neither; for what can a clergyman, whose whole time is conscientiously devoted to the sacred duties of his parish, and that a very poor parish, know about money matters and the Stock Exchange?"

So Mr. Goodchild resolved to place his affairs in Mr. Slocum's hands, exercising his own judgment, of course, and to tell no one else what he was contemplating until he should be in a position to make glad the hearts of his children by the announcement of some great and wholly unexpected success.

## ON AVOIDING DISPUTES.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

"**A**GREE with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him." We must not hastily assume that this precept in the Sermon on the Mount is only a parabolic utterance—a mere vehicle for the conveyance of some spiritual truth. It does convey such a truth; but in itself—in its first meaning—it has a very plain and practical application.

There are few of us who escape all differences with our fellows—who do not fall into what we term some misunderstanding, which is capable of growing into a serious quarrel. But though a quarrel grows only too fast, it has its stages of progress when it may be dissipated; though it may not have been nipped in the bud, it has its pauses, of which advantage may be taken to bring it to an end—when the fire which heats it is burning low, and it depends upon one or other of the parties at variance either to close the strife, or to heap fresh fuel on the embers.

Of course we must allow that there may arise occasions in which two parties decide well to separate. One or the other may do that which makes it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to resume the relationship which previously existed between them. But their separation may be effected without the essence of what we understand by a *quarrel*. The two sides need not be mutual *adversaries*. They dissolve partnership; each goes his own way; and neither wishes to associate intimately any longer with the other. And there is no need that they should. They part, but with no prospect of a stand-

ing feud. There is no danger of the relationship between them becoming embittered as time moves on. They find they are not suited to each other in, say, the conduct of business, in their commercial designs, in their habits of life; they cannot work together, and so they separate. But they do not fight, and they do not wish to do so. It is not paradoxical to say that their separation, their keeping apart, is more likely to lead to agreement, or good understanding between them, than any forced attempt at amalgamation. In these cases, indeed, efforts for a reunion would be injudicious. There is plenty of room for both, and they had both better pursue their own courses independently. There is no prospect of, or benefit in, an agreement, and so they agree to differ, and the less they see of one another the better for both.

But sometimes variances arise which threaten strife to the bitter end; when the two parties are in danger of fighting for victory; when what we call a feud arises, and each seeks opportunity to have a blow at the other; when, in short, they are *adversaries*.

And in the course of their unhappy contentions some pause, some breathing place is reached, when they cease striking, and rest upon their weapons.

If, unhappily, any of you are embarked in a quarrel of which you do not see the end, and any such stage arises, seize the opportunity. Put aside whatever projects you may have formed of future hostile operations, and make terms. Close the war; be ready to change the armistice into peace. "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him." Meet him half-way; make some compromise. The whole world is conducted by the balance of forces. Compromise is divine. This earth, you know, spins swiftly round in space, and, by what we call centrifugal force, everything loose upon it would be flung off, like drops from a trundled mop, unless those things were kept in their place by the law of gravitation. But God does not contradict himself by allowing these opposite forces to work and keep one another in check. And in the moral or spiritual world there is also a mysterious balance of forces. Use this truth in small matters; in all excited contentions, make some compromise rather than renew the strife.

There is all the more need for this when the dispute is likely to be drawn into a legal one; and to this the words of the text seem to apply most closely. "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and thou be cast into prison." Do and bear almost anything rather than go to law. Directly that step is taken a quarrel becomes formulated; others are interested in its continuance. Points of variance become bitterly defined, and it is much harder to recede. All that had been mere irritated sentiment assumes a formal shape; the looseness of indignation becomes stiff; suspicions grow into distinct charges; you are committed to definite statements; you are compelled to seek for proofs to support them; all that before was in some measure vague and undetermined hardens into form, and becomes greatly more difficult of dispersion and dissolution. Before, it was mere clay; now, it is burnt into rigidity. Before, it was water; now, it is frozen into ice, with the prospect of a long winter before you. What might have been easily moulded or poured out, can now only be broken. The hope of a real termina-

tion of the strife is, moreover, not forwarded by the prospect of a favourable verdict. A verdict can hardly please both sides; and it is both sides we are obliged to think of in estimating how a quarrel may be closed. Whatever the result, the position of "adversary" is fixed. Even after the trial is over, the opponents are still likely enough to remain in enmity with one another. Their dispute has become public; they stand committed as opponents; the undefined difference survives in a recorded suit, the memory of which perpetuates estrangement.

Let us take it as one chief application of the sentence before us, if possible, not to go to law; and, if it be possible, as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men. "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him," lest the embittering and hardening process of legal strife begin, and you find you cannot draw back—cannot get clear of it—till its whole course has run, sometimes, as in the advice before us, down to the utmost farthing.

And it is the Christ, as the Christ, who says this; and it is as Christians that we are called upon to follow him. Dare sometimes to question those stubborn resolutions you have formed about your rights; fight against the devil of recrimination; give and take; bear and forbear. If you must part from one who was a companion, be content with parting distinctly; but do not throw a stone at him as he goes. Do not make the dissolution of a partnership into a dispute. Separate, and have done with it, if you must needs separate. But when a quarrel begins, and threatens to grow up with that fatal accumulating power which seems to be inherent in a quarrel, catch some pause, and close the strife. That is the mind of the Christ. "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him."

Of course this rule has still larger application in its first sense, and without any necessary reference to a social dispute. Again and again moments, arrive in which a work can be done effectively, which, if put off, might be hard, if not impossible to do. Seize the change of wind to set your sail; watch the tide; put in the stitch in time; plough while the soil is fit; cut down the thistle before its seeds are ripe. There are countless opportunities in which we may thus save trouble and vexation, and that effectually, after a right, and, if you will, a divine, fashion; for you will be applying the principle of the precept, "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him." Do not do this on what we call mere common-sense grounds, but learn how wide and penetrating the spirit of godliness is; how the commonest wisdom may become divinely consecrated. Enjoy the sense of being in communion with God in all you do, and find an exercise of your religion throughout the daily conduct of your life.

But has the utterance of Christ which we are considering no special spiritual sense and application? Has it no deeper meaning? Truly it has. "Agree with thine adversary quickly," not only "lest he deliver thee to the judge," but lest the last and great assize find you encouraging bitterness in your heart. God is the judge. He putteth down one and setteth up another. Agree, lest thine adversary's wrongs cry against thee before the Judgment Seat of Christ. A suit may even seem to be settled on earth, of which the final and fatal issue is still to come. There is ever a background of sentence behind and beyond the best verdicts of mankind, in the arrival at which what we call bad blood has been

stirred. Resolutely discharge the spirit of enmity from your soul. Do not pass into that presence of God, which is now mysterious to us, with anger in the heart. The wrath of man will never work God's righteousness, or weight the sentences of the Almighty. As we hope to be forgiven, let us honestly desire to forgive. Anger clouds and distorts justice, and the tribunal of God cannot bear to be thus offended. Let not the sun of life go down upon your wrath.

But there are still other spiritual applications of our text. That which I have given is the first and obvious one. There are others of more pressing and personal importance. There is controversy against each one on account of guilt, and a reckoning to be made. We have many more adversaries than from among our fellows. We have heard of a man being his own enemy. We have heard of such a thing as a besetting sin. There may be peculiar classes of temptation to which we are exposed, and these vary in their persistence. There are times in which, and circumstances under which, they pursue us with excess of importunity.

But there are lulls, too, in these trials—moments when we can see our way towards weakening or disarming a temptation; when the hard first step looks as if it could be taken with unusual probability of success; when we see a chance to bar the door against the return of the enemy. Take such when it comes. It may be it is often possible to deceive ourselves by saying that we will wait for a more convenient season; but at any rate, there are times when our resolution gathers a good store of strength. Use it at its height; employ the better mood; accept the divine afflatus; stamp down the fallen temptation; shake it off while its hold is weakened, lest it recover itself and renew its gripe upon you. While the tide is down, be busy to mend the hole in the embankment; then heap up the clay, might and main, for in a few hours the water will be upon you once more. Commit yourself to a rejection of the habit when the pause comes; make your yielding to it harder; cut off the facilities which surrounded it, so that when it importunes you again, some fresh difficulty may have arisen to prevent your submission.

Such watchfulness and promptitude are of incalculable value to us in the battle of life, in which we have to fight with besetting sins; and, among other things, our text bids us to employ them. Occupy a better mood in which you realise a fault, so as to cripple or preclude the recurrence of the temptation. Allow a serious breach between yourself and some mischievous companion, so that he or she may decline your acquaintance. If you believe that you have a dangerous enemy in that easily accessible bottle, do not be content with merely locking it in your cupboard; get rid of it—it is no cowardice to do so. It may be harder to equip yourself again than to touch the key and take it out. Do not be content with turning your back upon your sin; put it out of reach while you are in the humour. Make the sin more difficult to commit. Accepting the message of reconciliation in the gospel is the first step towards peace in the heart and righteousness in the life. "Have done with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him."

Do not think that some of these are unspiritual applications of our text. The battle of life is fought in doing, not in thinking. When Christ elsewhere



tells us to cast off the cause of offence, though it be a right hand, we may see many such divine employments of our text as I have indicated, and in them we may conduct ourselves as true disciples and soldiers of Christ. It is in little things we fall, and in them we may rise and win.

Our perception of heaven itself, our hope in immortality, is affected—nay, decided, in the common conduct of life; and in that we cannot find a better guide than in the words of Christ, applicable to all the lesser as well as the greater difficulties of our existence. "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him."

### A VISIT TO THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

IN the course of a summer tour made last year in the south of France, we passed a few days at the little town of Grenoble, the *chef lieu* of the Isère, one of the most beautiful of the southern departments.

The first morning we were awakened by an unusual noise in the courtyard of our hotel. On going to the window we found that it proceeded from a party who were taking their places in a curious vehicle, half pleasure-van, half stage-coach, and who, to all appearance, were setting out on a picnic. They were of the class one usually meets with in continental travelling. A respectable-looking English family, with plenty of guide-books and umbrellas; an unpleasant boy of twelve, smoking a cigarette, and his mother, a pale, well-dressed woman, evidently Americans; a curé, fat and flourishing, accompanied by a thin, delicate-looking ecclesiastic; some country gentlemen (French), with negligent, shabby aspect; an officer of the line, and others. When the *garçon* arrived with my book, I learnt that this was a pilgrimage to La Salette, some twenty miles away; that the coach went every morning from Grenoble during the season with a batch of pilgrims, whose curiosity or superstition led them on a tedious journey with no other object than to gaze on the spot where was once seen, according to the story of a lying young peasant girl—there is no stronger evidence—an apparition claiming to be the Virgin Mary! No such pilgrimages for me!

But there is another place within twenty miles of Grenoble, upon the other side of it, which is not without a certain kind of interest, and is certainly worth a visit, if only for its beautiful surrounding scenery. This is the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, the cradle and the head-quarters of the Carthusian order.

We took the regular diligence to the village called St. Laurent du Pont, about fifteen miles from Grenoble. There is nothing very remarkable between Grenoble and St. Laurent: to the right, a long ridge of snow-covered mountains; to the left, a far-stretching plain. After St. Laurent the road begins to ascend, and soon becomes very beautiful. A rushing mountain stream runs alongside; pine-covered slopes rise on either hand. As we proceed, the gorge becomes narrower; the ascent steeper. In some places a party would be obliged to walk single file; the two hands extended would have touched the steep wall of rock on either side. Two or three times the rock closed over our heads; the

path becomes a tunnel. Suddenly the gorge terminates. We see around us the vast and elevated desert of the Grande Chartreuse, and that long row of irregular buildings is the great monastery of St. Bruno.

Our guide rang the bell. After some delay the door was opened—not by a monk, as I had expected, but by a good-looking young man, evidently a servant, in a blue blouse. He asked if "Monsieur wished a *salle* of one, two, or five francs?" We chose the last, hardly knowing what was meant. Taking leave of our guide, we followed our new friend into a large *salle* or hall.

A long table filled the middle of the room, which was, indeed, almost the only furniture in the apartment, though plenty of pictures hung upon the walls. At the table was a party of about twenty at supper. There were several English and Americans, laughing and talking in a very unmonastic fashion. One gentleman was telling a story of something that had happened to him in a London theatre. We took our places at table, and were somewhat amused to find that we had a Jew on one side of us and a Scotchman on the other. The supper was good as far as it went, but no animal food. Meat is never permitted in any form at the Grande Chartreuse—not even for the sick or dying! They gave us a glass of real Chartreuse; it resembles mild gin, and is very sweet. The liqueur is the property of the monks; but they do not, as I had thought, employ their time in making it; it is made at a manufactory some miles from the monastery by paid workmen under the direction of a few monks, who remain there for the purpose. After supper we gathered round the stove, and most of us enjoyed a smoke. There were no ladies present; women are not allowed to enter the building. Near by there is a hospice, kept by some sisters, where lady tourists are received.

At ten o'clock a bell rang; it was the signal for bed. Round the room were a number of little doors; these were the bedrooms of the inmates of this *salle*. The "guests' quarters," as this part of the monastery is called, are divided into a number of different *salles*, of different prices, to suit every class of visitors. Except for the crucifix and the stoup for the so-called holy water, the room was much as a second-storey room in a good hotel.

I did not seem to have slept long when I was awakened by a knocking at my door. I remembered that I had expressed a wish to be called for the monastic midnight service. I struck a light and dressed myself. On opening the door I found the servant of last night; he had a lantern in his hand, and gave me another. We left the *salle*, ascended a staircase, went along a passage or two, and then up some steps into a door. I found myself in a little gallery overlooking a large, dimly-lighted, not very beautiful church. The servant left me, saying he should return at the end of the service. As soon as I got used to the darkness, I made out an altar. On either side, though rather in front of it, were two platforms of wood. Here were the monks, some forty in number. They wore long robes of white cloth; their faces were hidden in their hoods, so that they had a very ghost-like appearance. They were singing their office—long psalms in Latin for the most part. Now and then they prostrated themselves upon the ground. Poor men, what miseries had brought them to that living grave! Can they really

believe that a God of love is pleased with such a service as this? Would that they knew something of that perfect love which casteth out all fear! It was very cold, and, as another gentleman in the gallery told me that the service was an affair of some hours, I resolved to take my lantern and try to find my way back to bed. Just then the few lights in the church below were put out, and the monks began to chant the "Miserere" in the dark. I never heard anything so unearthly. Leaving the church, I set out on my return journey. I tried to go as I had been directed, but I missed the road, the stair-

rather a few state rooms in it. The church, where the nocturnal service had been held, and which was almost as dark by daylight; the chapter-house, where there are some good copies of Le Sœur's Carthusian pictures in the Paris Louvre; the library, which is very large; the refectory, where the monks take their Sunday meal. On week-days, it seems, they eat alone in their cells, only one meal a day, we were told. We saw nothing of the monks, and when we asked to see one of the cells were told that they are not shown to visitors. The servant who showed us over was not very communicative; he only told us



THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE MONASTERY.

case had disappeared. Then I tried to find my way back to the church, but this I found more difficult than I had expected. More than half an hour did I wander about, and was beginning to think that I should spend the night in so doing, when I heard the sound of the monks singing. Following it, I arrived at the gallery I had left. Here I found my Scotch friend. He had been in the house some days, and had learnt his way about, so we returned together to the *salle*.

The next morning, at breakfast, a fat little monk came in, and hoped, with many bows, "that *messieurs les voyageurs* had everything they wanted." This, I was told, is done every morning. The fat monk was the guest-master; perhaps he lives on guest fare.

After breakfast we were shown the monastery, or

that the Order had been founded in that place by Saint Bruno, early in the eleventh century. The place was called Chartreuse before this. Hence the name of the Order, and the English corruption, "Charter House," which was the name given to the monasteries of this Order in England before the Reformation.

We noticed over the door of the infirmary an image of the Virgin. Underneath was printed "*Salus Infirmorum*" (health of the sick), one of the titles which the Romish Church blasphemously gives to the mother of Jesus.

After the visit the majority of our party took their departure. I remained to dinner, intending in the afternoon to see something of the surroundings. However, it turned out wet, and I was forced to remain indoors and amuse myself, as best I might,

with a "Life of Saint Bruno" that I found in my room. All the biography was contained in a couple of pages. There was little to say about the solitary hermit; he lived, like his followers, a purely contemplative, that is, an idle life. There were plenty of miracles, though of the usual ridiculous kind, as different as possible from Scripture miracles. A bird was taught to say, "Save us, good Bruno." This bird was one day seized by a hawk. The poor thing said its prayer, and, wonderful to relate, was at once dropped by the hawk. I have heard this story of other so-called saints. A wolf came every day to Bruno to ask his blessing. This reminds me of St. Francis, who made a regular treaty with a wolf that used to trouble a village where St. Francis had been preaching. The villagers were to give the wolf some meat twice a week, and the wolf was to steal from them no more! The treaty was kept by both parties.

I received a visit, in the course of the afternoon, from the servant, who informed me that the guest-master, being out of the way, he would show me one of the cells for a consideration. I consented. On our way we met a young monk; he was not, perhaps, more than twenty, though it is difficult to tell, as the hair is cut off. I addressed him. His only answer was a shake of the head. "Are you happy, brother?" I said. Another shake, very long and very stiff. The servant hushed me, telling me that the brethren never speak except once a week, on a Sunday, when they have some conversation in common. I caught a glimpse of that man's face, it was one of the most melancholy I ever saw in my life.

The cell was a large, bare room, a bedstead, deal-table, and a prie-dieu, the only furniture, a crucifix and some pictures the only ornaments. This cell was,

for the moment, uninhabited. There were three large cupboards, rather useless, I should think, as the monks are not allowed more than two frocks. There was a turning box for the food. The window was very high. It was the kind of place a man might become mad in.

The next morning an old brother visited me with a lot of beads and "holy pictures." He was very anxious that I should buy something. As I did not care for his wares, he produced a bottle of Chartreuse, which was only five francs, he said. So they know how to make money.

In an amusing account of a visit by a correspondent of the "Daily News," the writer tells how in the night he heard the sound of hammering of nails. Imbued with the sacred romance of the place, he concluded that the sound was caused by the holy fathers making ready their own coffins, as he had read of others digging their own graves. Daily dying, so they prepare for death! Curiosity was awakened to witness the solemn and suggestive scene. The traveller stole quietly to the place whence the sounds came, and saw some merry monks fastening up packing-cases of Chartreuse!

On paying my bill to the guest-master, he entered somewhat into conversation. He informed me that the Order, which at the end of the last century was banished from every country in Europe, was now on the revival. A very large monastery is now being built in England, in the neighbourhood of Brighton. I dare say the Brighton ritualists will welcome their new allies; but it is sad to think that an institution, which embodies the darkest spirit of the dark ages, should again be lifting up its head among us, and that not only in Catholic France, but even in the land of Ridley and Latimer.

#### ON BULLS—IRISH AND OTHERWISE.

IT would never do to lead off a chapter on Irish bulls with a bull, and yet, if it did not sound like a bull, we should be tempted to say that the Irish bulls are all English. The naturalist who began a chapter on snakes in Iceland with the remark that in Iceland there are no snakes, laid himself open to the retort, "Then, if there are no snakes, what have you to write about?" In the same way, if the *lusus nature* or *lapsus lingue* known as the *Bos Hibernicus* is only an English import, why has the epithet Irish been tied like a fillet round the animal's horns? Can it be that we have branded the wrong beast, or that the blunders of English wits are passed off on the world as Irish bulls? The Emerald Isle itself, according to some now forgotten cosmogonist, owed its origin to some mistake of this sort. When the rest of the world had been shaped out on the map, there still remained some clippings and parings, which the Creator, unable to use and unwilling to waste, threw together into a shapeless lump, and gave it the name of Ierne or Erin. Much in the same way, the waifs and strays of English intellect, blunders of thought too glaring to pass for wit, and slips of tongue too ludicrous to deserve the name of a pun, were carted off to that intellectual dust-heap, the Emerald Isle. "Rubbish shot here!" was set up on the map of Ireland, and as the dust-heap rose with the accumulation of ages the moun-

tain of blunders was tipped with a pair of horns, and dubbed with the title of the Irish bull.

To begin with the name. We must not let our readers fall into a blunder on the threshold of the history of blunders. We must clear the ground by explaining that a bull has nothing whatever to say to the bovine tribe. Mr. Edgeworth, in his celebrated essay on bulls, sets out with this mistake, and has designed as the frontispiece of his essay an Irish Milo taking a bull by the horns, with the inscription underneath, "*Procumbit humi bos.*" This is either false etymology or a still more wretched pun. The bull is the Latin *bullo*, or leaden seal, attached to the Papal rescripts. When the French speak of custom-house goods *in transitu* as *plombs*, the Italians say *bollati*. "A bull is defined as letters called apostolic by the canonists, strengthened with a leaden seal, and containing in them the decrees and commandments of the Pope or Bishop of Rome." So Ayliffe, in the "*Pareryon Juris Canonici*," correctly defines a bull. It is easy to see that when Popes' bulls fell into contempt in England, any pretentious, blundering document, with great, swelling words of vanity, came to be designated as a bull. In the same way as "*Hoc est corpus*" became "*Hocus pocus*," and ultimately "*hoax*," and other popular phrases are the remains of old irreverent Catholic oaths, such as that favourite phrase of Charles II, "*odd's fish*," so a



Pope's bull became synonymous with a blunder. In Milton we catch the word in the act of transformation. "Whereas," he says, "the Papist boasts himself to be a Roman Catholic is a mere contradiction, one of the Pope's *bulls*, as if he should say universal, particular, or a Catholic schismatic." In the "Apology for Smectymnus," he remarks "that such a poem should be toothless. I still affirm it to be a *bull*, taking away the essence of that which it calls itself." In Pope and Dryden's time the word had settled down to its modern meaning as a general term for a blunder in other directions than those of theology. Pope, in one of his letters, observes: "I confess it is what the English call a *bull* in the expression, though the sense be manifest enough." Dryden, in the same way, speaks of a "confused heap of false grammar, improper English, and downright *bulls*."

Enough, then, as to the origin of the metaphor. It is the Italian *bullo* naturalised into English as bull, and then catachrestically referred to some bovine idea. We have now to pass on from considering what a bull is not, to consider what it is. Bacon, in his remarks on the "Statute of Uses," observes: "The nature of a use is best discovered by considering first *what it is not*, and then *what it is*, for it is in the nature of all human science and knowledge to proceed most safely by negative and exclusive to what is affirmative and inclusive." There is nothing, then, bovine about a bull, though it was a natural turn of the metaphor to suppose that a bull was a rush of ideas which blindly and blunderingly aimed at its mark and missed it. It is this play of thought which probably suggested this tauric metaphor, and set the learned world, including the Edgeworths, father and daughter, who wrote on the subject, on a wrong track to find its true etymology. As an illustration of a blundering reasoner, this metaphor from the ugly rush of a bull is, we admit, a happy one. A bull is, in fact, a spoiled witticism—it is the perfect counterpart of wit. Instead of discovering real relations which are not apparent, it admits apparent relations which are not real. It is impossible, for instance, for a man who is either witty or entirely witless to make a bull in the proper sense of the word. A very stupid and a very clever man alike are incapable of a bull, but for opposite reasons. The one has no horns at all with which to rush; the other has eyes as well as horns, and sees what he is aiming at. There must be some sense of the incongruity of ideas to produce wit at all, but unless we have some power of sorting ideas, we shall fail in that definition of wit which Locke gives, and which is on the whole the shortest as well as the clearest. "Wit," he says, "lies most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting these together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity." Wit consisting in the power of making comparisons, the odder and more far-fetched, the purer the sense of the wit is. It differs thus from poetry, in which the comparisons must rather be apt than ingenious, and simple, not extravagant or far-fetched. It is easy to see how a simile may be too witty to be poetical; as, for instance, when Butler describes the dawn,—

"And now had Phœbus on the lap  
Of Thetis taken out his nap,  
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn  
From black to red began to turn."

The incongruity between summer and a boiled lobster is too far-fetched to be poetical. It is poetry losing itself in the sands of wit.

Now as wit is a kind of incongruous poetry, so a bull is a kind of incongruous wit. In making a bull we must aim at wit, and somehow miss the mark. It is the blunder of a half-witty man who conceives an idea, and brings forth an abortion. It is an old story of a speaker who once stood up in the House and commenced, "Gentlemen, I conceive," and then he came to a dead pause. He tried it again, and again hesitated, and stammered, "Gentlemen, I conceive." He went on for a third attempt, when some one, who was a real wit, took the word out of his mouth, with the remark that the honourable member had conceived three times and brought forth nothing. This is the way in which an Englishman breaks down. He fails from a total lack of ideas. In the case of an Irishman it is the opposite; he has no lack either of ideas or of language, but his misfortune is, that instead of a command of language, it is language which has a command of him. He has a rush of ideas, but it is like a water-bottle turned upside down, and the thoughts come out in a gurgling way, often full of sound and fury, but signifying nothing. It is this state of mind that falls into bulls, as naturally as a confused witness may be made to contradict himself under cross-examination. The only reason why this confusion of ideas is more common among Irishmen, is because their ideas flow faster than they can find words in which to clothe them. Thus a dull man cannot perpetrate a bull for one reason, or a witty man for another. It is only a mind on the midway stage, too witty not to want ideas, but not witty enough to find the suitable mode of clothing them in set forms of speech, which falls into blunders of this kind. There is another reason why that monster of speech, the *bos bifrons*, is more common in Ireland than elsewhere. The Irishman is presumably not at home in the English idiom; he is somewhat like a foreigner, translating as he goes along. A Frenchman who translated the phrase in Colley Cibber's play, "Love's last shift," *la dernière chemise de l'amour*, was guilty of an unconscious bull. So when a Frenchman, dining in London, in company with the author of the "Rambler," drank Dr. Johnson's health in these words, "*A votre santé, M. Vagabond*," we have a ludicrous blunder, which is only not a bull because it is the natural mistake of an intelligent man unfamiliar with the English idiom. Many so-called Irish bulls are nothing but mistakes of this kind. The Irish haymaker, who addressed the court in his defence, "My lord, I am a poor widow," threw judge and jury into convulsions, whereas it was no mistake of thought, but only of expression. He was not aware that the right term to use was widower, not widow. It is to be feared that we try the gravity of foreigners when a flood of Cook's excursionists pour over the Continent, breaking the head of Priscian on every language in Europe. If mistakes of this kind are bulls, then the English race are the very Minotaurs of men.

"Semibovemque virum semivirumque bovem."

But the bull, properly so called, is a blunder of ideas, not of mere expression. It is a confusion of thought, arising from carelessness and too great *copia fandi*. It is only a fast runner who can trip himself up in this way. If men will reason too quickly—"hopping from bough to bough," as



Curran once expressed it—perching on a conclusion, and supposing that they have established a proof, they must sometimes perch on a rotten bough. They will blunder because they do not give themselves time to sift their thoughts, and see what is argument and what is not. Every one knows Lover's song of the reasons why St. Patrick's Day is kept on the 17th of March. Some said the saint was born on the 8th and others on the 9th day of the mad month, so it was a happy thought of an Irish wit to put the two numbers together, and set it down that he was born on the 17th. There is humour in this thought, as it is the opposite to the commonplace solution which a matter-of-fact Englishman would have offered—that he was born in the small hours of the night, when the gossips, who were drowning their shamrock, were not sure whether the 8th was over or the 9th had begun. The above explanation is humorous, but it does not amount to a bull. Not so with another Irish poet, whose name should be enrolled in the Dunciad, who attempted to account for the conflicting dates by the sapient remark that no man could have two birthdays *unless he was twins*. Here is the real animal; we have got a bull by the horns, and no mistake. It is a bull in thought, in word, in deed. No man could have two birthdays is a silly truism, and the stupid fellow, afraid of uttering anything so silly, tries to save himself, and so begins to blunder. This is an excellent instance of a bull. There is confused thinking, as well as a confusion of language. It is a bull all over, from horns to hoof, hopelessly caught in the net of its own mistaken subtlety. Another blunder of the same sort is the story of Kelly, the stage-manager in Sheridan's time at Drury Lane, who fell down through a trap-door and broke his leg, and when picked up told Sheridan it was well he had not been killed, for Sheridan would then have had to *keep him for life*. Blunders of this kind are confusions of thought, arising from the mind rushing too fast from one class of considerations to another. Having compared the compensation due for a broken leg with that for a broken neck, he forgot that the one might be payable to him in *propria persona*, the other certainly could not. To be killed outright, as the Irishman calls it, and to be kept for life, are incongruous ideas, but in his haste to tumble out his thoughts he forgot to see the incongruity.

Of bulls of this kind, Mr. Edgworth gives a few excellent specimens, carefully adding at the same time that this class of bull is quite as common on our side of the Channel. Take the case of the medical student who, when asked what progress he had made in his profession, replied, "I hope soon to be qualified to be a physician, for I think I am now able to cure a child." This is clearly a bull, whereas O'Connell's comparison of the Irish secretary to a shave-beggar is a witticism, and *not* a bull. When young statesmen like Mr. Stanley were sent over to try their 'prentice hand on Irish politics, it was a happy thought to compare them to the barber's apprentice who begins by shaving beggars. There is no confusion of ideas here, but a stinging comparison, all the more witty from its timely and racy humour. But the following, which is also of English origin, clearly belongs to the bovine genus. A miller, who found that a rival in trade was going to set up a windmill beside his, tried to dissuade him by the remark, "You see, there is not wind enough to move one mill, let alone two." This is a genuine

bull, unless, as we charitably suppose, it was meant as a joke; and then it was open to the retort that, "Between them, they might manage to *raise the wind!*" The best bulls, perhaps, are those (common to all countries) in which men mistake their identity. There is the famous one which Lord Orford pronounced the best he had ever heard. "I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at one that had been his nurse. "I hate that woman, for she changed *me* at nurse!" The blunder lies in the mistake of identity for personal consciousness; but here we are on the brink of metaphysics, and had better beware of falling into a worse pit than an Irish blunderer. The well-known instance of Pat accosting Mick across the river—"Hallo, Mick! is that you?" "By the token, 'tis yourself, Pat!" and when they met on the bridge—"Lo and behold, *it was nayther of us!*" This is a double-barreled blunder. If Pat had only said, "We were both mistaken," we should have had one funny saying the less. The best bull of that kind is the story of the farmer who was set to sleep in the same room with a black man. During the night, when he was the worse for liquor, his face was corked black by some wag who put him to bed, and told the waiter to call him at five instead of the black man, who had given orders to be called at that hour. On seeing his face in the glass next morning, he rang the bell, and abused the ostler for *waking the wrong man*. "You've called the black man instead of me!" This is a perfect bull; it is more than a mere slip of the tongue; it is a confusion of thought. The man has mistaken his own identity, and, in his blundering way, transferred the mistake of the waiter to himself! He sees himself in a sense as others see him, and finding himself to look black to others, supposes that he is as black as he looks. A bull has been well defined as the exact counterpart of a witticism. Instead of discovering real relations which are not apparent, it admits apparent relations which are not real. Sheridan's Sir Lucius O'Trigger makes some excellent bulls of this kind. "I will make her," says the Irish baronet of his intended wife, "Lady O'Trigger, and a good husband into the bargain." The bull here arises from the laughable double meaning given to *make*. The blundering baronet jumps from the thought of what he will make his wife to what he will make himself, and he does not give himself time to finish the sentence. Sir Boyle Roche is of course the *Taurus magnus* of Irish bulls, and not to be passed over in an article on the subject. His immortal one on the impossibility of being in two places at once ("barrin' I was a bird") is too well known to call for comment. It is perfect. It is a confusion of thought twice confounded—a double somersault, thrown by a parliamentary pantaloon, and almost, in one sense, too clear to be a bull. Another of Sir Boyle Roche's is called a bull, but it is in truth a witticism. It was he who said, "Mr. Speaker, I do not see why we should put ourselves out of the way for posterity. What has posterity ever done for us?" This is as good as Mr. Justice Shallow, who writes himself, "Armigers in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, as all his successors gone before him have done, and all his ancestors that come after him may." It was Sir Boyle Roche who, on another occasion, announced that he was "willing to give up, not a part, but the whole of the Constitution, and to preserve the remainder." He was, however, not such a zany as he seemed. Ho

could, on occasion, make a retort which showed that if a bull, he was a dangerous butt. For instance, when Curran said that he was capable of being the guardian of his own honour: "Indeed," said Sir Boyle; "I thought the honourable member was an enemy to *sinecures*." This was a home-thrust that would go far to redeem the obvious stupidity of the last instance, which probably belongs to the class of *lapsus linguae* bulls. That is an excellent bull of the medical man who, when somebody regretted that his wife had no children, remarked, "To have no children is a great misfortune, but I have observed that it is hereditary in some families!" This is a bull only from the elliptical mode of expression, and probably throws light on the origin of bulls. All rapid thinkers are liable to bulls. Unless a man takes time to think, and to clothe suitable thoughts in appropriate phrase, and also to keep the thoughts from tumbling in on each other like a train of carriages suddenly pulled up without buffers, he will find his thoughts piled upon each other.

But the best bulls, after all, are the unspoken bulls. It was a practical bull when the mob, in 1798, burned Beresford's notes, in the hope that they would break the bank in this way. But the immortal Sir Isaac Newton committed a bull as great, if the story be true of his making a large hole in his study door for the big cat to creep in through, and then adding a small hole for the kitten to enter in beside it. We should like to know the origin of this tale. Reverse it, and the bull disappears. Perhaps it was that the sage had a favourite kitten for which he bored a small hole to admit his tiny companion. As puss grew, another and a larger hole was added; and then some wag, with a spite against Newton, invented the tale that he *first* bored a hole to let in the large cat, and then a small hole for the kitten.

Sometimes a bull is nothing else than an ambitious metaphor which somehow has come out spoiled in the making. Thus the lady who complained of the want of snuffers for the candles, and then added, "These odious long wicks will soon grow up to the ceiling." This is a broken metaphor, and so deserves to be stalled away with the herd of wild bulls. The schoolboy expression that he has ceased to grow, and, like the cow's tail, has begun to grow downward, has a certain bovine air about it. Indeed, of blunders there is no end. To follow them would be, in the Miltonic phrase, to be "in devious mazes lost." A Welsh preacher, who died the other day, was described in an Irish newspaper, as "*blind* from six years of age, but he had the *oversight* for forty years of a church in London."

If Tom Hood had said this, we should have called it a witticism. His well-known stanzas on "Ben Battle" abound in these quips:—

"Ben Battle was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms,  
But a cannon ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms.  
And as they took him off the field,  
Cried he, 'Let others shoot,  
But here I leave my second leg  
And the Forty-second Foot.'"

We have said enough to explain how bulls arise, and how they differ from blunders. Every bull is a blunder, but all blunders do not deserve the name of bulls. As a lady said of port wine, "All wine would be port if it could;" so a bull is an attempt at wit—

it is wine that is not up to the mark as port. Any confusion of thought, the mere jumbling and jostling of incongruous ideas together, may turn out either a bull or a witticism, as Horace says of the fig-tree, carved for an image or idol, part may be a god, and part turn out old log. Like the potter's clay on the wheel, it may turn out an unseemly vessel or a thing of beauty, according to the skill of the potter. In this sense we may add, that these partitions do the bounds divide as well from evil and folly on the one side, as from wit and madness on the other. Thus the epitaph on Robert Boyle, which describes him as "Father of Chemistry and brother of the Earl of Cork," is either a bull or a piece of banter, according to the standard by which we judge it. So, again, the lines on the roads made by General Wade in the Highlands, after Culloden, is bovine in appearance:—

"If you'd seen but this roadway before it was made,  
You'd have then blessed your stars and thanked General  
Wade."

But the subject is endless. To collect blunders of this kind is almost as great a waste of ingenuity as the collecting of autographs or used postage-stamps. The curious may give them a glance in passing, and learn a lesson of caution not to speak too fast, and to think twice before they speak once. Augustus's rule of repeating the alphabet before speaking when in a passion, or the Duke of Wellington's advice to Sir Charles Napier to write down his grievances against the War Office, and then throw the paper into the fire, is an excellent caution against blunders of this kind. Reading makes a full man, conversation a ready, and writing an accurate man. Hence rapid talkers are most addicted to bulls; and as the Irish are remarkable for fluency, and have a fatal facility of speech, it is intelligible why the bull is naturalised there. Sir Richard Steele's account of the matter is inimitable, and with this bull we may close our "*Encomium Moriae*." "It is the effect of climate, sir. If an Englishman were born in Ireland, he would make as many." The bulling expression of an Englishman born in Ireland is only saved from being a bull by the famous retort that we do not say that a man born in a stable would be a horse. If the climate is the cause of bulls, we can only conclude that the Irish are the wittiest blunderers and the most blundering wits in the world. It is on this border-line between sense and nonsense that the bull is reared; and having traced this *bos piger* to his lair, we may leave him there.

## BATAVIA,

### THE QUEEN OF THE EAST.

THIS title has been long and justly attached to Batavia, the principal seaport and capital of the Isle of Java, and metropolis of the Dutch East Indies. What Java is among the isles of the East, Batavia, the great commercial emporium of the Asiatic Archipelago, is doubtless among the cities of the East. The beautiful roads of Batavia are free, safe, and large enough to accommodate 1,200 ships. The city lies at the mouth of the River Tacatra, on the site of an ancient town of the same name. It is built on marshy ground, intersected by canals in the Dutch style, is defended by a citadel, several

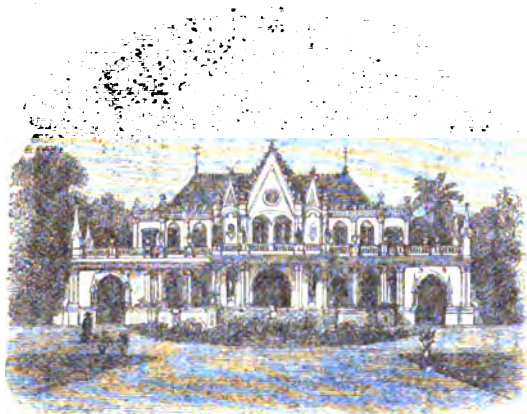
batteries, and has a considerable arsenal. So notorious was it as one of the most unhealthy places in the world, that at the beginning of this century General Daendels wished to abandon it for Sourabaya, a large seaport also on the northern coast, having the best harbour in the island. Its destruction would have been completed had not Vander Capellan, another governor-general, who was ap-



THE SIGNAL-TOWER.

pointed in 1815, given it a new existence by draining it and taking other measures to render it more healthy, and by re-establishing the seat of government there.

Though much improved since that time, it is still found too unhealthy for the residence of Europeans, who never pass a night within the city, occupying it only by day as a place of business, and quitting it regularly from three to five o'clock p.m. for their luxurious and handsome dwellings in the suburbs. It is now inhabited chiefly by Chinese, who, in spite of its unhealthiness, thrive and grow fat, and also by Malays. The old city has a desolate air of neglect and decay, the large houses of former residents being left a prey to dust and dilapidation.

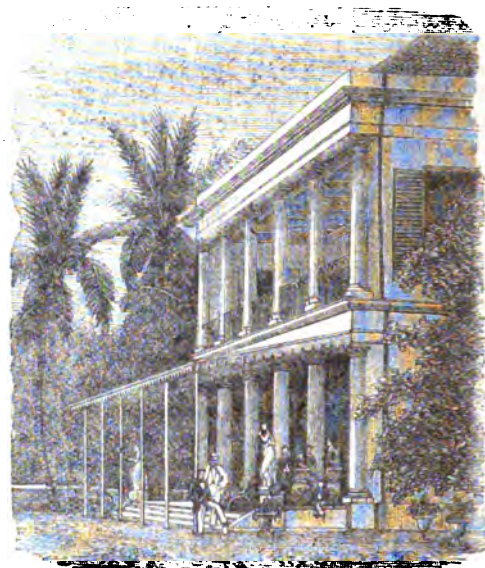


PALACE OF RADIN SALEH.

The modern Batavia consists of wide-spread, thickly-populated outskirts and suburbs, branching for miles, connected with the old town by numerous markets or bazaars of some extent, and by little, open shops, resembling children's toys, chiefly kept by Chinamen. In the outskirts are some handsome European shops.

Here the hotels, like private houses, are pleasantly situated, many with spacious marble-floored verandahs, well lighted with handsome chandeliers. There is a large and handsome club-house, called "The Harmonie," where a good band plays every Tuesday evening, and balls and concerts are occasionally held. Another large building, called "The Concordia," where dances are frequently given, has a garden attached to it, with a pretty rotunda, where a band performs every Saturday evening. These are situated on one side of the Waterloo Plain, a large square, or rather oblong, surrounded with trees, having a column in the centre with a lion on the summit; below are engraven the names of the Belgian officers who fell at Waterloo. A handsome block of buildings adorns another side of this plain; the central house, ornamented with the royal arms, is the governor's palace. The houses on each side were occupied by his officers; these have been all turned into government offices, as the governor is now required to reside at the small town of Buitenzorg, where he has a very palatial-looking residence, standing in a noble park of some three miles in extent, celebrated as the Buitenzorg Gardens, supposed to be the finest in the world. A smaller palace is fitted up for the governor's use whenever he visits Batavia, which is usually for two or three days once a month.

The King's Plain is the Hyde Park of Batavia, a flat and treeless square, three miles in circumference, with walks across and at the sides, and a broad carriage-drive around, bordered with the delicate-



BATAVIAN HOUSE.

leaved tamarind-tree. On the other side of the drive stand luxurious and spacious private houses, some few of two storeys high, all detached, having each its own pleasant little garden or shrubbery, generally ornamented with large white flower-pots, the best means of securing plants from the ravages of white ants. Particularly striking is it to an English eye to see trees, forty feet high, adorned with the most gorgeous or delicately-tinted flowers. The *Poinciana Regia* is one of the most remarkable trees of this kind; the flowers are of a dazzling flame-colour, having variegated orange and red petals. They grow in wide-spreading clusters, and at a distance give the tree the appearance of



being on fire, justly entitling it to the name given by the natives of "fire-tree." It is commonly called the "flamboyant." Though a native of Madagascar, it grows vigorously in Batavia. The leaf is of a dark green, and of rare delicacy, not unlike that of the sensitive-tree, but does not appear till the flowers are out. A beautiful shrub, well known also in British India, and found in almost every garden in Java, is the *Poinsettia pulcherrima*. It has on the top of each branch a spray of brilliant crimson leaves. Amongst these, and close to the stalk, grows the curious and tiny flower in bunches. It looks like a little, half-opened red bud, in a green calyx, and has a bright yellow lip on one side, and long red stamens. The leaves below are differently shaped, of light green, and often tipped or streaked with crimson. Notwithstanding the foliage is rather too scanty below, this tree is one of the most attractive objects in a tropical garden. A splendid contrast to this is the glorious shrub—or tree, it may be called—growing often twenty feet high (*Pisonia alba*), which strikes the eye of a stranger in approaching the shores of Java as a tree of rare colouring. It is also very common in Batavia; its crowning branches are of a very pale yellow or maize, gradually deepening; and, as they become older, shading downwards into a bright yellow-green, until they finally become a perfect green. The foliage is very rich and full, completely covering the upper branches, giving it a somewhat rounded form. Whether from this or the colour, it is commonly called the "cabbage-tree."

The Zoological Gardens, nearly five miles from town, are very prettily laid out, a small river with richly wooded banks skirting it on one side. Fine trees are thickly grouped in the centre, forming a perfect shade. Here a very good band plays every Wednesday from five to seven p.m., when the gardens are generally well filled; little tables and chairs are dispersed about, continental fashion, and refreshments may be had from the magnificent room, built after the design of a Javanese prince, who also planned the gardens and presented many of the animals. This room is capable of holding 1,200 persons; being furnished with four enormous square dining-tables and chairs, it is occasionally hired for dinner-parties and assemblies on a large scale. Once every two or three months these gardens are illuminated with coloured lamps, and the rotunda, where the band performs, is decorated with showy Chinese lanterns. These entertainments are curiously enough called "à Vauxhall," and are advertised as such in the three Dutch newspapers. Near these gardens is the palace of Radin Saleh, the Javanese prince just mentioned, who designed it himself, and had it built solely by natives. He is a man of some talent, a good artist and linguist. Gas has lately been introduced into the gardens, but it has been in general use in Batavia and its environs for nearly ten years. The animals are not very numerous or remarkable, but there is a fair collection of birds.

Batavia has a fine old Town-hall, or *Stadt-house*, standing in the city, whither bridal pairs must resort to be legally married before going to church to be blessed, as the Dutch say, and which in the eyes of many is a secondary affair, perfectly optional. There is also in the city an exchange, a bank, an old Dutch church, a mosque, and several Chinese temples, not remarkable in structure, differing but little from the private houses of the Chinese, which are as full of ornamentation from the roof downwards as the means

of the owners will permit. The commercial houses of Europeans are large and not unpleasantly situated, with a row of trees in front, and no houses on the opposite side. About three and a-half miles from town is the large hospital for all nations, maintained by Government; it is generally crowded with patients, the barracks, the Dutch Navy, indeed, all the ships in the roads, contributing more or less to the number. A large medical school for pure natives stands near it, and the residences of many of the medical and military officers are in the neighbourhood. Batavia has three orphan schools for half-caste children of both sexes, and a Roman Catholic convent and school; also a very neat and lofty Roman Catholic chapel. The principal, and one may say only, Dutch church in modern Batavia is a large imposing-looking edifice, with a large dome and an enormous flight of broad steps on three sides, situated in the King's Plain, anything but ecclesiastical in appearance, but containing a good organ; the high box-like sittings each side of the lofty pulpit, and beneath the organ, which stands opposite, are for men, the women sitting on chairs in the centre. A small church on an opposite side of the Plain, certainly more ecclesiastical in design, belongs to the Arminians, of whom there are several families. The English church is in the healthy suburb of Parapattan, four miles from Batavia, and, with the parsonage, stands on somewhat rising ground in a quiet shady garden turning out of the main road. To the right, at the end of a large square plot of grass, bordered with trees, shading it from the road, is the church, without spire or tower—just a simple oblong building, with a colonnade forming a verandah on each side. It was built by the well-known Chinese missionary, Dr. Medhurst, before he began his labours in China; he was sent to Java by the London Missionary Society.

Beyond the church stands the native school for Malays and Chinese. A native schoolmaster is maintained by the English community. Excepting two small missionary chapels, no other Dutch place of worship is to be found till one arrives at Buitenzorg, a distance of forty miles. This absence of churches and chapels in populous suburbs covered with the handsome and luxurious abodes of the wealthy is a most remarkable and significant fact, little creditable to the nation, which has become largely infidel, and is Protestant only in name, while the national church is in a very dead condition.

With regard to society, there is some mingling between the Dutch and English, though the latter naturally form a large and independent circle sufficient in themselves. Card-playing and dancing are the favourite amusements. The French element has greatly imbuéd the character of the young Hollander, evincing itself in the prevailing taste for dress and gaiety. Visiting is generally carried on in the evening, though calls may be made from five to seven o'clock, and among intimate friends before twelve o'clock in the morning. A custom greatly in vogue both among Dutch and English is that of giving evening receptions, beginning at half-past eight, each family having its own particular night in the week, when a grand lighting-up takes place, and friends or acquaintances come and spend the evening without invitation. Some houses are open every night in the week; but should a house remain unlighted, or only lighted in the back verandah, it is a sign that no visitors will be admitted.



Life in Batavia, as in most places, depends much on individual character. To the listless and indolent it necessarily becomes a kind of vegetarian existence, consisting of a bath, breakfast, and some busy idleness indoors until 12 o'clock; then comes tiffin, which is soon followed by a siesta over a light book till three o'clock; another bath, and then tea at four o'clock; then dressing and driving till half-past six; dinner at seven; at eight a reception, or some place of amusement. The result of such a monotonous, aimless routine can be no other than weariness and dyspepsia, usually venting itself in abuse of the climate and place. To the earnest and active mind it affords plenty of scope for enjoyable exertion. It is a very common mistake to suppose that, for the preservation of health, one must carefully avoid every kind of exertion. On the contrary, good health is promoted by a moderate and regular activity of mind and body, even in Batavia, as is proved by the fact of those who rise early and take exercise before the heat of the day sets in, and who, either from choice or necessity, are constantly employed, being unquestionably the healthiest and happiest. A short interval of rest for an hour after tiffin may be necessary for many; cricket and croquet may be played after four o'clock with impunity, and walking at five o'clock is both healthful and pleasant.

The taste for botany, astronomy, painting, and drawing has a fine field for cultivation here. Much good may be also done amongst the natives by teaching them to think and reason as well as work and read. There are few of the young who are not ambitious to learn. There is a marked difference between those who have been taught, if only the common duties of domestic service, and those left without any civilising influences. These soon sink to the lowest depths of stupidity, and become what many Europeans unjustly estimate them all—mere beasts of burden. But the difference is still more marked in those on whom Christianity has shed her refining light; in many the transformation is incredible. A Malay newspaper was recently started, and enjoyed a good circulation and great encouragement, especially among the quick and inquisitive Chinese.

The mean temperature of Batavia is 78° Fahr. At early dawn and late in the evening it is often as low as 70°. At midday it ranges from 83° to 88° in the town, but rarely exceeds 83° in the suburbs. Between twelve and three is the hottest part of the day, and even then deliciously cool land and sea-breezes spring up from time to time. Only when there is a lull before a storm is it sultry and oppressive. "People at home"—as we say in the East—have little idea how enjoyable the climate of Java really is. The frequent rains, which are by no means confined to the rainy season—falling two or three times a month in the dry monsoon—with the periodical breezes, which feel as if they came over icy regions, make even the climate of Batavia not only supportable, but often very pleasant. Every mile one advances inland, towards the long mountain chain which runs the whole length of the island, the cooler one finds it; indeed, every climate may be obtained in Java up to freezing-point.

The Dutch have recently celebrated the 150th anniversary of the founding of Batavia by Koen, whose statue is to be (or perhaps has been) erected in the King's Plain.

J. M. A.

## Varieties.

**HERBERT'S "TEMPLE."**—Mr. Elliot Stock, publisher of the fac-simile reprints of the first editions of John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and of Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler," has added to this interesting series the "Temple" of George Herbert. The original was printed by T. Buck and R. Daniel, printers to the University of Cambridge, in 1633. The name of the book is taken from the text which stands as motto on the title-page, "In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour" (Psalm xxix. 9). An introduction, by the learned and enthusiastic editor of Herbert's works, the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, contains brief but valuable notes on the date of the poet's death, and the circumstances under which the work was first printed. Not 1632, as usually stated, but 1633, was the real date of Herbert's death, and of the "first impression" of the "Temple," shortly after, by his friend, Nicholas Farrar. Izaak Walton records the curious fact that when the book was sent to Cambridge to be licensed for the press, the Vice-Chancellor refused to pass the two lines,—

"Religion stands a-tiptoe in our land,  
Ready to pass to the American strand."

—"Church Militant," 239, 240.

Mr. Farrar was firm, however, and would not allow the book to be printed without them. Mr. Grosart says that "apart from its own intrinsic preclusiveness, the book holds a memorable place in our literary biography. Henry Vaughan and William Cowper regarded their meeting with the 'Temple' as a profoundly formative element in their inner life. Still earlier, it was one of the scanty library of Charles I in his imprisonment, and the royal copy revealed much reading of it. But its crowning glory is to have drawn from Richard Crashaw the tribute of naming his own poems, 'Steps to the Temple,' and also some well-known lines of fervent eulogy." To these names Mr. Grosart might have added others of classical note, especially Archbishop Leighton (whose annotated copy was long preserved in Scotland), and the greatest of the Puritan divines, Dr. John Owen.

**TRAMWAYS.**—A Scotch engineer, Mr. W. Scott Moncrieff, has successfully solved a difficult problem in the application of compressed air as the motive power in street traffic. The Scott-Moncrieff car is like those on our ordinary tramways, the tanks for the compressed air being attached to a framing below the floor of the car. For several months the cars have run on the Vale of Clyde tramways, between Paisley Road Toll and Govan, performing the journey of a mile and a-half for each charge of air. Under favourable conditions, this charge will propel for three miles. The cost is greatly less than by either horse or steam-power, being less than one halfpenny per mile. Details will be found in a pamphlet printed by Macklehoose, publisher to the University of Glasgow.

**FERN CULTURE.**—Devonshire, "the garden of England," may also well be called "the Paradise of ferns." A Devonshire man—or at least, a native of the West of England—Mr. F. G. Heath, gives the latter name to a graceful and useful little book about the culture of ferns. The curious and costly art of fern-culture in regular ferneries is not the author's theme, but the extension of the taste for these beautiful plants, especially those of native growth, in the homes of the middle classes, and even of the poor. Without professing to be a botanical treatise, much scientific as well as practical matter will be found in the "Fern Paradise" (Hodder and Stoughton). Like every enthusiast, Mr. Heath is eloquent on his theme. "What exquisite grace would be shed over every room in a house if every available space were occupied by the feathery fronds of these beautiful plants! On tables and sideboards; on mantel-pieces and on window-sills; hanging from window-ropes; on the landing of the stairs; in the hall; in the bedrooms; everywhere, in fact. Why not? Without any curtailment of necessary space, without any inconvenience, these beautiful plants might be so arranged as that every house, be it ever so humble, might become a 'Fern Paradise.'" In short, the burden of Mr. Heath's book is—"nothing like ferns" for house decoration.

**CANARY BIRDS.**—The "Philadelphia Ledger" lately reported the death of a canary belonging to a lady in Providence, at the age of twenty-two years nine months, which exceeds the age mentioned in the "Leisure Hour" for June (p. 408). The Providence bird was blind, bald, and lame, but sang cheerily till it was nearly twenty-two.

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



MR. SPARROW AND HIS NEW LANDLADY.

## BOY AND MAN.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER VII.—OUT OF TOWN.

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

—B. W. Procter.

**MR. SPARROW**, returning to his rooms at Kensington, came to the conclusion that the north side of London was inconveniently distant from the south, and not in itself so agreeable as he had

been used to consider it. Kensington was decidedly dull, and he wondered much what could have induced him to settle there; for a man of his business habits it was a long way from the brewery, and the omnibuses very unpunctual; in fact, he had often said, *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*; he defied anybody to make out their times. He was only living in apartments, therefore it would be easy for him to shift his quarters; and though All Saints' in the South was not, in some respects, so pleasant



as Kensington, yet it was nearer the brewery, and would be very handy for the ragged-school, in which he meant to become a regular teacher. He made up his mind, therefore, to look out for a lodging at once in Joy Street, or its immediate neighbourhood; he would call and speak to Mr. Armiger about it the very next day on his way to business.

Lodgings were to be had in the parish, the curate told him, from threepence per night upwards; but there was a limit to the upwards. Nothing very choice or airy was to be found in the immediate neighbourhood at any price. Mr. Sparrow looked at two or three "drawing-rooms," but could not feel himself drawn very strongly towards any of them. He was not fastidious. "Still, you know, I should like something—something like, you know," he said to Mr. Armiger.

"I'm afraid you will have to go a little farther off," the curate answered. But that did not meet Mr. Sparrow's views either. At length some rooms were found in a quiet court not very far from Joy Street. It was an old house which had seen better days and better neighbours, having been gradually closed in by smaller dwellings. The rooms were tolerably large, though very scantily furnished; but that was a deficiency which Mr. Sparrow could supply: indeed, he seemed to think it a great advantage. "Because, you know," he said, "I can buy things that I like; and I shall want to furnish a whole house before long, and then I shall have something to begin with." So he settled with his landlady at once, and begged that the rooms might be got ready for him with as little delay as possible.

The landlady seemed to be very much pleased that she had found a tenant. She was a little "lady-like-looking person in appearance," as her neighbours said. She seemed to have seen better days, like her house, in which she had formerly kept a school, when the neighbourhood was more select. "Would you like the whole suite?" she asked.

"As sweet as you can make them," Mr. Sparrow replied, innocently; "they seem very nice and clean already; that's a great recommendation."

The terms were fixed, and all things satisfactorily agreed upon, and within a week Mr. Sparrow had removed to his new quarters, and had enrolled himself as a regular teacher in Duck Court Ragged Schools, and a regular attendant at All Saints' Church. A valuable teacher Mr. Armiger found him too, not only on account of his punctuality, but from a certain easy good-nature and simplicity of manner, which seemed to win the hearts of his ragged pupils, and to give him an influence over them of which he himself was almost unconscious. He had a class of big boys, who were disposed at first to take liberties with him; but before he had been there many weeks, though they were on very free and easy terms with him, they were generally careful not to say or do anything that would annoy him. If there was any disturbance in another class, he could, with a look or a word, prevent his own from taking any part in it. When they asked questions, he would answer them with some short tale or anecdote by way of illustration, or would promise to find out and tell them all about it next school night, confessing his ignorance rather than pretending to know anything of which he was not sure. He would sometimes bring pictures for them to look at, such as he knew would interest and amuse them after the more serious business of the three r's was over. But the secret of

his hold upon them lay in the genuine kindness and simplicity of his manner, which made them feel that he did not think himself, and perhaps was not, so far removed from them as, by the accident of his position, one might have supposed. It soon came to be an object of ambition with the boys, whether big or little, to get into Mr. Sparrow's class: "he was such a jolly bird."

One afternoon, as Mr. Sparrow was returning from his place of business to his suite of rooms, he observed in the Borough a group of people before a chemist's shop. A cab was drawn up by the kerb, and appeared to be an object of great interest to the crowd.

"What is the matter?" he asked of a policeman, who seemed to be in charge.

"Boy run over!" was the answer.

"Is he much hurt?"

"Can't say; he's in yonder. Are you a doctor?"

Mr. Sparrow availed himself of the policeman's help to gain admittance to the shop. The chemist and his assistants were grouped round the figure of a boy, stretched upon the floor, apparently insensible, and were trying to restore him to consciousness.

"Where is he hurt?" Mr. Sparrow asked.

"Leg broken, I'm afraid. I wish somebody would bring a stretcher from the union."

"Where does he live?"

"Don't know; he'll be most at home at the union by the looks of him. This comes of cat'n-wheeling in the streets."

"What is his name?"

The boy opened his eyes, and said, faintly, "Teacher!"

"Says his name's 'Teacher.' Don't look like one," the chemist remarked.

Mr. Sparrow knelt down by the poor boy's side.

"Why, Nott, is it you?"

The boy smiled. "Oh, Teacher!" he said. "Oh, Mr. Sparrow!"

"I'll take care of you," Mr. Sparrow answered.

"Send for a doctor; I know this boy; I'll pay."

A doctor was already at the door, forcing his way through the crowd, not particular about payment. Wherever there is suffering in this Christian land of ours, there is sure to be a doctor at hand, pay or no pay. The limb was not broken, he said, but terribly contused and cut by the wheel of the cab, which had passed over it. He dressed and tied it up loosely, and the boy was carried by four volunteers, upon a stretcher, to the Hospital. Mr. Sparrow went with him, and did not leave him till he had seen him stripped of his rags and placed in bed, clean and well cared for, and, but for the pain he suffered, more comfortable than he had ever been before in his short life.

The next day, and the next, and frequently afterwards, Mr. Sparrow went to see him, congratulating himself every time that his lodgings were so near at hand. He had told the story to Mrs. Armiger and Miss Annie Goodchild, who was still in Joy Street, and went there nearly every evening to report how his patient was getting on. It was a tedious business—not for Mr. Sparrow, but for Nott, attended with a great deal of feverish suffering. But after a few weeks the boy was convalescent, and Mr. Sparrow was told that he would soon receive his discharge. The question then arose, What was to be done with him? where was he to go? He did not appear to have a relative in the world, and did not remember

to have ever slept in a bed until he was carried to that hospital. Although his wound was healed, he required care, and, above all, good nourishment. He could go to the workhouse, certainly; and there seemed to be no other place for him.

Mr. Sparrow spoke to his landlady about him. "I think," said he, "that I should like to keep a servant—a boy, you know, just to clean knives and shoes, you know."

"Why, sir, you don't use above two or three knives a day; and as to the shoes, it's cheaper paying a penny a pair, as you do, brushes and blacking included, than keeping a servant."

"I dare say it is, but I want to have that poor boy here who was run over."

"Oh, that's another thing, Mr. Sparrow. I'm not partial to cat'n-wheel boys, and should not put much trust in them myself; but you can do as you please; I would not make any objection if you wish it."

"He'll eat up the cold meat, you know, and so on," said Mr. Sparrow; but remembering as soon as he had spoken that this might be anything but a recommendation to the poor lady, he added, with delicacy, "of course, I would pay a little extra for the rooms, you know, as it would give you more trouble, Mrs. Rundell; and you'll be kind to him, won't you?"

"Anybody would be kind to everybody for your sake, Mr. Sparrow, I'm sure. I'll make him comfortable if he'll only behave; that's all I'm afraid of; whether he'll behave."

"He's sure to behave," said Mr. Sparrow; "and properly, I hope. If he does not, we need not keep him, you know."

So Nott was taken home to Mr. Sparrow's rooms, and occupied one of the suite; he wore Mr. Sparrow's old clothes cut small, and ate enormously, and was never contented but when he had knives or shoes to clean, or errands to run on, or something or other to do in his master's service.

It had been a hot season in London, and all who could manage it had made their plans for a holiday and a change somewhere, though changes were not yet so easily to be had as time and railways were to make them, nor holidays so general and indispensable as coming generations would consider them to be. Mr. Armiger, with his wife and child, were going to Broadstairs by the General Steam Navigation Company's boat from London Bridge; and baby was to have his first experience of sea-breezes, and to derive no end of benefit from it, for he had not been growing or crowing lately to his mother's satisfaction. So there is a cab at the door of the house in Joy Street, loaded with luggage, and the curate is rather in a fidget lest he should be too late, for baby has been troublesome all night, and does not understand that the process of putting on his cloak and hood is intended for his benefit, and so kicks and screams and opposes himself to the arrangement with all his little might. They are off at last, however, and arrive at the wharf just as the bell is ringing. Mr. Sparrow, springing from another cab—a queer looking thing, with the door behind it, and a small seat on each side, familiarly known as an "omnibus chop"—helps to make a thoroughfare for them through the crowd, and over the planks to the steam-packet. He is followed by his servant Nott, a strange-looking boy since his accident, with a large head, great, round eyes, a thin face, and a small body, like an immense, unfledged bird; a man, accord-

ing to Plato's famous definition, "*animal bipes implume*," a creature with two feet and no feathers, but suggestive of feathers plucked out. He carries loosely upon his person a suit of Mr. Sparrow's clothes, adapted, and on his shoulders the remainder of that gentleman's wardrobe, staggering under the burden, but resolved to carry it on board or perish. He limps a little, and may thank the good surgeons and Mr. Sparrow that he is really "*bipes*," for he had nearly lost one of his legs in consequence of his accident; and then what would he have been, in the Platonic sense? Mr. Sparrow thinks the sea-air will be a great thing for him; besides which, he will be so useful in the lodgings at Broadstairs, and can help a little with the baby.

There are three steamboats lying side by side, all steaming as if in a great hurry to be off, and all more or less crowded with passengers and porters, who do not seem to know which boat is going where; so that it will not be surprising if Mr. Sparrow should find himself at nightfall at Calais or Boulogne instead of at Broadstairs. Wherever the fates may lead him, it is probable that Miss Goodchild will go with him; for he has secured her a comfortable seat on deck, in the wrong boat, and they are only rescued at the last moment by Mr. Armiger after he has seen the baby safe, and have to leap across a gap from one vessel to the other, at peril of their lives, as the Margate boat heaves off. And if Mr. Sparrow had not grasped Miss Annie's hand so tight, and clasped her so closely to himself at the critical moment, there is no knowing what might have become of her. As for Nott, he has found his way after them, somehow or other, portmanteau and all, and keeps his eye on them incessantly.

Now they are fairly started. No! Stop her! back her! Again; but there are two barges in the way. Again; this time it is hopeless; the river is choked up with ships and boats; there is no room even for a wherry to pass down. Yet somehow they move on; the Custom House and the Tower come alongside; the docks, where masts of large ships mingle with the house-tops, as if they had stepped ashore to allow smaller craft to pass Blackwall, one after another approach and recede. But new forests arise, with long straight naked branches, to all appearance impenetrable; yet the vessel glides gently and securely through the labyrinth, past Greenwich, Woolwich, and so on, to more open waters, with fresher, cooler breezes overhead.

Soon after they had passed Gravesend dinner was announced, and all were ready for it, though the cabin was hot and stuffy. The captain took the head of the table, in a halo of steam, as became his position, and somebody else sat at the foot, so far off as to be almost invisible; and when the former knocked upon the table with his knife, and requested the clergyman who sat near him to say grace, Nott, who held himself in readiness behind his master's chair, nodded his head approvingly, and murmured audibly "Amen." After that he devoted himself steadily to his master's interests, bringing to him, and all his party, plates of veal and ham, with onion sauce, or roast beef and turnips, or any other tasty combination which his own appetite suggested, and taking good care "as they shouldn't want for nothing," putting aside whatever they refused for his own refectory afterwards. It was a marvel where all the dishes came from. The little round-house upon deck seemed hardly large enough to hold the cook, much



less the cookery; yet out of it proceeded all kinds of roast and boiled meats, poultry, vegetables, tarts, and puddings in abundance, steaming hot—steaming a little too much, if anything. But the great dish of all was the red corned beef—a joint sufficient to remind them that they were indeed on board ship, and would soon be out at sea—red, and hard, and salt as the great deep itself. One or two delicate ladies fell ill at the sight of it, being persuaded that the critical time had come, and went on deck, desiring that biscuits and brandy might follow them.

There was some pleasure in a summer holiday in those days. In the first place, the event itself was stranger, rarer. The very journey was exciting and delightful; there was a novelty and romance about it which was looked forward to with pleasing anticipation, and remembered afterwards for its adventures. There was no hot, dusty railway-train, dashing along in a tremendous hurry, as well it may be, to get the journey over, plunging into a ditch, and running underground just when there is a pretty bit of scenery, or a fine old church tower that one wants to look at; but a cheery drive on the outside of a coach, up and down hill, with odoriferous bean-fields, winding rivers, gorse-covered commons, and here and there village inns for halting and refreshment if the travel be by road; and the still rarer sights and sounds, if it be by water, of river traffic, with the great sea opening upon the view, and the ships, with their huge sails bending to the breeze, and the white cliffs of the Kentish coast upon the starboard bow. Oh, what a change was this from All Saints' in the South, Joy Street, and Duck Court! God made the country, and man made the town! What life, what health, what elasticity, that fresh, pure sea-air carried with it as it met them, when they emerged from the cabin and stood upon the bridge of the steamer, enjoying its first undulating movements, and feeling as if sea-sickness, or even squeamishness, were a thing impossible in the face of such a breeze. How every sound, every voice, seemed to ring in the clear pure air with unaccustomed harmony. Alas! that there should be any interruption to such enjoyment! It was not meant for land-lubbers. Very soon the passengers became more silent, and were contented to sit down, or stretch themselves at length upon the benches.

"Would you not like to go below?" Mr. Sparrow says to his fair companion: "don't you feel the air a little cool? Won't you have your cloak or shawl?"

"No, I thank you, Mr. Sparrow; put them away in the cabin for me, or lay them down here. I am so sorry you should be troubled with them."

"I like it," he said, "it's no trouble. What a good sailor you are!"

A minute afterwards he was gone, and did not reappear for nearly a quarter of an-hour.

"How do you feel now?" he asked.

"Oh, capital! Do look at those beautiful gulls, skimming over the waves and brushing the crest of the billows with their wings."

Mr. Sparrow did look at them, but from a different point of view, nearer the bulwarks. He feared Miss Goodechild would think him ungallant; but he could not help it. He returned presently to her side, but before they arrived at Margate he had again forsaken her, stretched at full length upon a bench at the other end of the vessel, Nott standing near him, in case he should be wanted, but whiter, and more like a naked bird than ever; the nurse, in a

state of collapse on the floor of the ladies' cabin, and Mrs. Armiger upon a sofa, sitting up heroically, with her baby crowing and kicking to her heart's content, and perhaps a little beyond it, in her arms.

"I should like to go home by the road," Mr. Sparrow thought, as they landed at the jetty in the evening. "It spoils one's pleasure, this sort of thing. I should not have minded it so much if I had been alone. Yet it was worth something to see her; how she stood it! I never beheld anybody like her in my life. She's good at everything."

## ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD WHYMPE, F.R.G.S.

### IX.—PARRY'S THIRD VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE (1824-5).

PARRY was received at home with open arms.

He was strongly supported by the "Quarterly Review," was made hydrographer to the Admiralty, and, almost simultaneously, was appointed to command another expedition. "The confidence," said his instructions, "which we are justified in placing in your judgment and experience, determine us to authorise and direct you to pursue the course which you consider the most promising, namely, through Prince Regent's Inlet."\*

In the narrative of his first voyage, Parry had expressed the opinion that a communication, in all probability, existed between Prince Regent's Inlet and Hudson's Bay. This opinion was correct; and the passage is the strait through which he could not pass on his second voyage. If he could have sailed through the Fury and Hecla Strait, he would have come out into a large sea which later explorers have called the Gulf of Boothia, and which is, in reality, the southern termination of Prince Regent's Inlet. As it seemed that the Fury and Hecla Strait was always more or less choked by ice, it appeared to Parry that he would be likely to arrive at its western end more quickly by proceeding through Lancaster Sound, and down Prince Regent's Inlet, than he would by passing through the strait itself. He still intended to hug the coast-line of the continent of America, and had no idea of attempting to discover a route through the archipelago still farther to the north.

The same vessels were employed upon this as upon the last voyage. Parry, however, took command of the Hecla, and Captain Hoppner† of the Fury. The season proved unfavourable. Although they sailed early in May, 1824, they did not get fairly into Lancaster Sound until September 11, and into Prince Regent's Inlet before the 26th. The navigable season was already over. Young ice formed so constantly and so thickly, that they found themselves under the necessity of immediately seeking a wintering place. There was only one suitable spot known, namely, Port Bowen, on the eastern side of the inlet, and there they took refuge on October 1, and remained frozen up for more than nine months and a-half. During this long time next to nothing was done in the way of exploration, and it is not

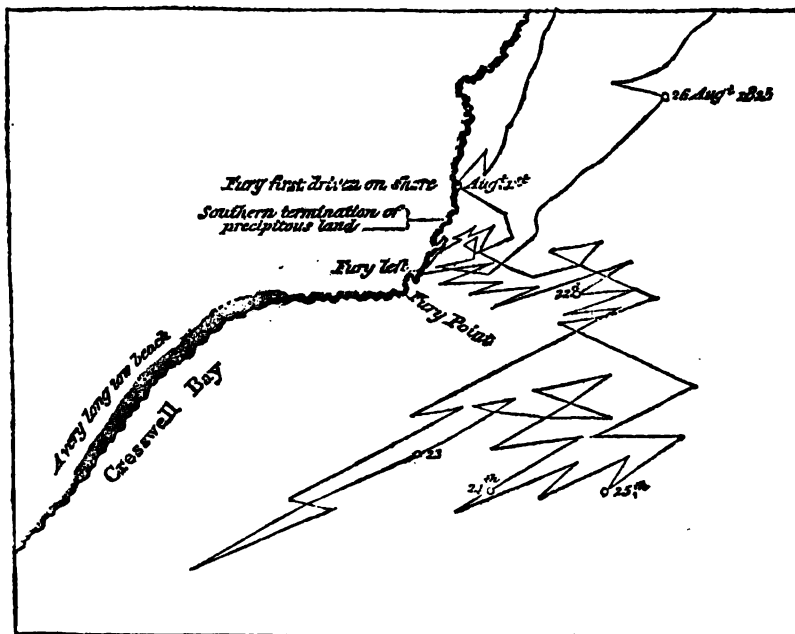
\* For the situation of Prince Regent's Inlet, see the map accompanying the account of Parry's first voyage.

† Hoppner had been engaged on the three previous voyages, but he did not again serve in the Arctic regions.

clear why this was the case. Three parties were sent out in the spring, one northwards up the coast, a second southwards, and a third into the interior, but all travelled very short distances, and can hardly be said to have discovered anything.

The ships escaped from Port Bowen on July 20, 1825, and immediately proceeded to the opposite, or western side of Prince Regent's Inlet, to endeavour to get to the south by coasting the land. Pretty nearly the whole of the sea was covered by massive floes, and there was only occasionally a narrow lane of water between its margin and the land by which

had nine feet of water in her, and was damaged irreparably. They had neither the means of making the damage good, nor of hauling her off, so she was of necessity abandoned, with all her stores, as there was no space to spare after the Fury's crew was received on board. On the 26th the Hecla sailed away, leaving the sister ship hopelessly wrecked, and her stores upon the beach, where they had been landed.\* The harassing nature of the proceedings of these last days will be understood by reference to the annexed outline (copied from Parry's chart), on which the track of the Hecla is laid down:—



TRACK OF THE HECLA.

the vessels could progress. When the ice closed with the land they were always in imminent peril of being crushed or forced on shore. The Fury was the first to get aground, on July 31. She came off without serious injury; but on the following day both ships went ashore, and the Fury, through being "nipped" and strained, began to leak badly. Four pumps had to be kept incessantly going in order to keep the water down. "It had now become too evident that the Fury could proceed no farther without repairs, and that the nature of those repairs would in all probability involve the disagreeable, I may say the ruinous, necessity of heaving the ship down." This was likely to prove an arduous business, for there were no harbours in the neighbourhood, and the beach was exposed to continual incursions of ice.

The operation was set about vigorously, after constructing a kind of open deck, by straining cables, leading from anchors on shore, around masses of grounded ice. All hands were employed to clear the Fury of her stores, and when they were got out it was readily seen what had to be done to make the ship seaworthy. All their efforts, however, were useless, for before the repairs could be executed the weather became so bad that the Hecla had to run out to sea to save herself. After beating about for several days, they found, on getting back to their consort, that she had been again forced on shore,

After this misfortune, it was impossible to proceed with the voyage, as the provisions on board the Hecla were sufficient to support the double crew only for a short period. That such an accident happened, said Parry, "will not excite surprise in the minds of those who are either personally acquainted with the true nature of this precarious navigation, or have had patience to follow me through the tedious and monotonous detail of our operations during seven successive summers. . . The only cause for wonder has been our long exemption from such a catastrophe." This was the view taken of the case at the court-martial which was held upon Captain Hoppner for the loss of his ship. The conclusion of the sentence ran as follows:—"And the court, in justice to the services of Captain Parry, the officers, and ship's company of his Majesty's sloop Hecla, as well as those of Captain Hoppner, the officers, and ship's company of his Majesty's sloop Fury, to save his Majesty's ship Fury, cannot omit this opportunity of expressing the high opinion they entertain of their very distinguished exertions."

Few officers, if any, have ever sailed for service in the Arctic regions under circumstances more favourable than those which surrounded Parry when he departed on his second and third voyages. He was at the age when men are most capable of sustaining

\* "Fury Beach" is often mentioned by later Arctic voyagers.

severe and prolonged exertion; he had had a considerable amount of experience within the Arctic circle; he had the very great advantage of being able to select his crews from men who had been tried, and whose capacities were known; and he had the good fortune to be appreciated by his superiors, who permitted him to do pretty well as he liked—to choose his own ships, to fit them out according to his will, and to adopt the routes which seemed to him to be the most promising. Notwithstanding all this, his second voyage was less successful than his first, and his third was a greater failure than either. But no person can rise from a careful perusal of the volumes which he published without being convinced that he did all that could have been expected from him, and that his comparative failures arose from incidents which it was beyond the power of man to control. In the Arctic regions, as elsewhere, the best men usually succeed better than their inferiors. Still there are exceptions to the general rule, and, bearing this in mind, it will be well not to indulge in too exalted anticipations regarding the expedition which is now away. It is quite possible that Captain Nares may not attain to so high a point as his predecessors in Smith Sound; but if he fails, or if he makes only a trifling advance upon those who have gone before him, we may be certain that he will have done all that is possible to attain success, and that the want of it will not discredit the flag which he and his subordinates have been selected to represent.

#### A VISIT TO SAMADEN, THE CAPITAL OF THE ENGADINE.

WE had passed through the beautiful valley in which Molines nestles, shut in by its rocks and snow peaks, and were rushing down the western slopes of the mountains which rise behind Samaden, through winding glades of pines, in an "extra-poste," a carriage furnished by mine host of Molines. Just below us lay Silvaplana, and beyond St. Moritz, with its famous baths—the villages looking like clusters of toys among the meadows beneath; and across the valley rose a wall-like range of mountains surmounted by the Spitz Bernina, 14,000 feet above the sea, with its sharp peak of purest white rising far into the blue sky.

Close to Silvaplana lie two lakes of that wonderful blue-green colour never seen in England; most lovely under bright sunlight. Soon we were changing horses in front of the principal inn at Silvaplana, and after passing through Celerino, we at length reached our destination, the Bernina-hof, at the farther end of the "High" Street of Samaden (truly deserving the title), and M. Franconi was bowing most politely, and explaining that owing to the number of his guests he could not accommodate us in the hotel itself, but had engaged rooms for us at the Banque des Grisons.

We had nothing for it but, having ascertained the dinner-hour, to turn our horses' heads and make our way down the narrow and ill-paved street, some of the houses set corner-wise to the road, as if ashamed of themselves under the gaze of so many "Inglesi," and trying to get into a shady corner, which indeed we were not sorry to do, in our quarters in the Banque des Grisons. A most peculiar and powerful

odour prevailed in the house, which we at length discovered to proceed from a manufactory of "Iva," close to the Banque, which is a kind of spirit produced from a plant possessing a smell like peppermint. One of our party so approved of it as to carry a small flask of it home, but to me it was decidedly unpleasant. Here we were very comfortable, and found the people extremely civil.

Samaden is a village of about 700 inhabitants, and ranks as the capital of the Engadine. The natives speak mostly a dialect known as "Romansch," though you hear German also. The principal street (in fact the only one) is long and irregular; about the middle rises the tall Campanile tower of the church, which is built in the same way as most of the churches in this part of Switzerland; the tower is surmounted by a cupola of metal, which gives a deep sonorous sound to the bell, which, echoed among the mountains, has a very fine effect. The villages around are chiefly Protestant, and there are scarcely any Papists, except the Bergamasque shepherds, who resort hither in summer. There is a neat little English church, erected on the green slope above the village, which will hold about 150 people.

While at Samaden, we resolved to make an excursion to the Rosegg Glacier, which is on the other side of the valley. We arranged, with some difficulty, for two vehicles to be at the hotel door about ten a.m., for there was such a demand for anything upon wheels, that our host warned us we could only have one carriage with springs, and that the rest of us would have to commit ourselves to one of the ordinary country hay-carts. We fondly imagined something picturesque, and though not luxurious exactly, still tolerably roomy. The next morning rose beautifully fine; ten o'clock came, also our "carriage." One had some small title to the name, but the other was really a curiosity, and would have created a sensation in Pall Mall. Two or three boards formed the body; a couple of ladders placed lengthwise were the sides; across these was placed a seat for two; a good stout horse between the shafts, and a native as driver, completed our turn-out.

The road across the valley is very flat, and for nearly a mile as straight as an arrow, white and dusty, and hot-looking. The River Inn, which we soon cross, is embanked here for some distance, owing to the flat meadows on each side; this, consequently, spoils the scenery, to some extent, but no doubt secures the crops of the worthy villagers from sudden risings of the stream.

We soon rattled through Pontresina, a pretty village about two miles, with two hotels, and beautiful views up the valley. Many English make this their head-quarters instead of Samaden, and I think, as it is much nearer the finest scenery, it is decidedly preferable. Here we turned off to the right across the river, and commenced to thread our way up the valley of the Rosegg Glacier, which gleamed in the distance like a sheet of silver, over what is called a "char-a-banc" road, which tried our vehicle considerably, and ourselves still more, convincing us in the most decided manner that we possessed more nerves than we had any idea of before. Our driver's idea was simply to drive straight forward, and not to attempt to avoid any obstacle, this evidently being in his mind derogatory to his dignity as our charioteer. The road soon became very narrow, being often a mere track through pines, which here

and there becoming more scattered, allowed you to catch a glimpse of some waterfall, or of the wall of rock which closed up the valley on each side.

At length the valley opened out a little, and after crossing a rickety wooden bridge, without a parapet, jolted first to one side and then to the other, at the imminent risk of a bath, we arrived at a chalet which marked the termination of our journey as far as wheels were concerned. Here, to our great relief, we got out and proceeded on foot towards the huge barrier of ice which filled the end of the valley. Soon we had left all vegetation behind, and were picking our way over stones and boulders of every size and shape, which, like the ruins of some huge castle, lay strewn over the ground, until we reached the moraine of the glacier. Just at the base of the moraine is a small hut, on the top of which lay a man dozing in the sun, who seemed a kind of guardian of the scene. He roused himself as we drew near, and offered his services as guide, which we politely but firmly declined. Three of our party clambered up the face of the moraine, and at length set foot on the glacier, but not having alpenstocks we did not go far.

After gazing at the magnificent spectacle for a short time, we retraced our steps to the spot where we had left one of our party who had not ventured farther than the base of the moraine. During our short absence a large stone, he said, had fallen close to him, illustrating one of the dangers of the Alps. These stones, poised on the edge of the moraine, lose their balance owing to the heat of the sun melting the ice beneath them, and topple over into the valley below.

We drove home at a most alarming pace over the char-road—

“We stopped not for stock and we stopped not for stone,”—

through Pontresina, scattering pedestrians right and left, till Samaden came in view, and we at length dismounted from our hay-cart at the bridge over the Inn. It may be that there was just a *souçon* of humour visible in the countenance of our driver, who had achieved this journey in an incredibly short space of time, at the expense of our nerves, but as he did not understand English, remonstrance was out of the question.

There are many beautiful walks about Samaden; one of the pleasantest is that over the green slopes above the village, through pine-forests, to the Val de Bever, celebrated for its wild flowers, fine air, and beautiful scenery. On the other hand, for tourists of more ambitious aims, there is the Piz Ôt, the Piz Langard, and other heights to be scaled, which will certainly repay for the difficulty of the ascent by the magnificent views obtained from the summits.

W. R. T.

## ON SNAKES.

I.

IT is not surprising that the serpent should in all ages have been regarded with mingled feelings of fear and awe. Its peculiar form, its gliding, noiseless motion, its reputed power of fascination, its sudden dart and deadly bite, were elements well fitted to produce such a result. By many nations the serpent was regarded as the symbol of the evil principle in the world—it was in the form of this

“subtlest beast of the field” that the tempter of our race was said to have first approached man, and as such was worshipped by the Hindoos and other nations, who seem to have been ever more anxious to appease the evil than to please the good principle in the universe; and in the popular traditions of almost every Indo-European race there is a hero or demi-god, as Apollo, Hercules, Jason, Odin, and Krishna—chief incarnation of the Hindoo deity, Vishnu, who gained renown by the destruction of a monster serpent. The recent researches of ethnologists have brought to light traces of former serpent-worship in every quarter of the globe. Thus, in Ohio, North America, a remarkable symbolic earthwork, known as the great serpent-mound of Adam’s County, is found, the convolutions of which extend to a length of one thousand feet, while a similar mound several hundred feet long has recently been described as occurring near Oban, in Argyllshire. The ancient Egyptian priests are said to have kept live serpents in their temples, and to have embalmed them after death. Nor is serpent-worship entirely extinct at the present day, as it still flourishes among certain negro tribes; while a few years ago a remarkable instance of the survival to the present day of this ancient form of worship was recorded as occurring in the centre of France.

In olden times the serpent was supposed to symbolise the most varied and diverse qualities. In Egypt it was the symbol of fertility, and with its tail in its mouth became “fit emblem of eternity;” while in Greece it represented wisdom and divination, discord and eloquence. *Æsculapius*, the god of medicine, was represented with a staff, on which a snake was coiled, in the one hand, while the other lay on the head of a snake, to symbolise the prudence and circumspection required in the followers of *Æsculapius*, a symbol still in use among physicians. Although the serpent thus figured largely in the mythology of the ancients, they seem to have regarded it with too much horror, or reverence, to attempt making any scientific acquaintance with it. In place of this, the most marvellous fables were invented regarding those creatures, which, getting embalmed in the classic literature of Greece and Rome, became equally fixed in the popular mind. Much of this ancient feeling regarding snakes remains to the present day, and it cannot be denied that the facts of the case as now known go far to justify this universal prejudice; for it has been truly said, that, next to man himself, the snake has been the greatest destroyer of human life. This repugnance, however, seems to be quite as strong in countries whose serpents are well-nigh harmless as in others where they slay their thousands annually. In the popular mind all snakes are more or less poisonous, while other reptiles, as lizards, frogs, toads, and newts, are regarded with the strongest suspicion; not one person in fifty would lift the harmless little frog in his hand, and still fewer would touch the toothless toad. Now, not one of these suspected creatures can do any one the slightest injury, while of the whole class of serpents, numbering, it is estimated, one thousand species, only two hundred are poisonous; and probably more than nine-tenths of all the fatal snake-bites are due to not more than a dozen species, inhabiting the hottest regions of the globe. It is the purpose of this paper to give some account of the serpents—both poisonous and non-poisonous—that figure most prominently in the several quarters of the globe.



In Great Britain there are but two snakes, while in the adjacent island of Ireland there are neither snakes nor reptiles of any kind, with the single exception of the sand-lizard. Popular tradition attributes the absence of these creatures from the Green Isle to the good offices of their patron saint, Patrick, who, according to the legend, drove them all into the sea. A more scientific explanation of the same phenomenon was advanced by the late Professor Edward Forbes, who held that reptiles, having come into Europe from the south-east, had gradually spread towards the north-west; that several species had already reached England when that convulsion happened which separated Britain from the continent, and thus prevented further reptilian migration in that direction. According to this ingenious theory, those "varmint," in their north-westerly progress, had not yet reached that part of the ancient continent now known as Ireland when the same convulsion brought the Irish Channel into existence, and thus cut off their highway. It is owing, probably, more to some such accident than to any inherent unsuitability of soil or climate that snakes are not found at the present day in Ireland. An attempt was made some years ago to introduce the ringed-snake, but as the natives on hearing of it offered a reward—as they now do in India—for the head of every snake found, the few that had been let loose were all captured before the experiment had got many weeks' trial. Of the two snakes found in Britain, the ringed-snake (*Natrix torquata*) is harmless. It is found abundantly in England, but rarely in Scotland, where, on the other hand, the viper, or adder (*Polias berus*), the only poisonous reptile found in this country, is most abundant. The ringed-snake often attains a length of four feet, frequents hedgerows, heaths, and dunghills, but almost always in the neighbourhood of water, in which it swims readily. It feeds principally on frogs, and these often of a size enormously exceeding the apparent capacity of its mouth; but the bones of the upper and lower-jaws in serpents are not knit together as in other animals, but are merely connected by ligaments, and the jaws are thus capable of enormous distention, so that snakes may be said to open their mouths transversely, as well as vertically. Each side of the jaw can also move independently of the other; and thus, while the victim is held firmly by the teeth of the one side, the opposite side moves forward, and this alternate movement goes on till the animal is swallowed; but the immense gape of the serpent is chiefly owing to a long slender bone, which, going downwards and backwards, connects the two jaws together.



SKULL OF BATTLE-SNAKE

Sometimes, however, the snake over-estimates its ability in this direction, and gets choked. Two cases of this kind have come under the writer's personal observation, in which the snakes, both very small, came to an untimely end through attempting to swallow an ordinary sized egg in the one case, and

a rat in the other. The frog is generally alive when it reaches the stomach of the ringed-snake; and Dr. Bell tells of an instance in which a young frog actually leapt forth from the open mouth of the snake, and of another in which he heard a poor Jonah of a frog plaintively croaking after it had been swallowed. The ringed-snake, like most reptiles, is oviparous, depositing from sixteen to twenty eggs at a time, all connected together by a glutinous cord, like a string of beads, and which are left to be hatched by the heat of the sun. This snake possesses no poison-fangs whatever, and is therefore perfectly harmless. It can also be readily tamed, and soon shows a preference for those who are kind to it. Like all other snakes, it casts its outer coating, or slough, several times a year. This is by no means the skin of the creature, as many suppose, but merely a glue-like exudation from the skin, which hardens and forms a transparent coating over every part of the body, including the eyes, which greatly need the protection thus afforded, as snakes are not provided with eyelids. When the creature is healthy, this slough splits in front of the head, the snake draws itself through between any two convenient obstacles, and the slough, turned by this operation inside out, is left behind, a perfect model of the creature it covered.

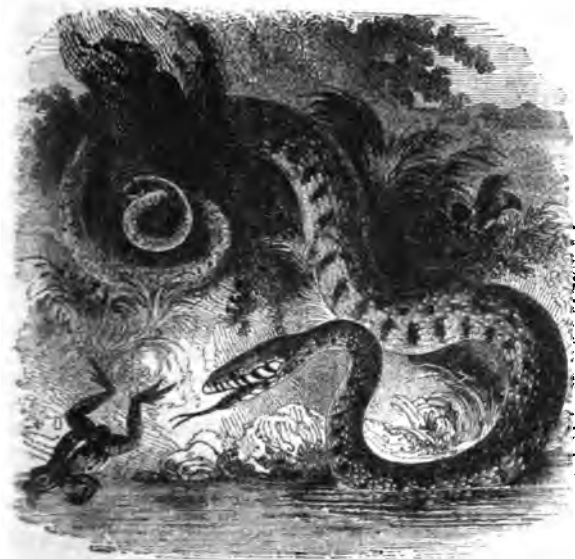
The adder, so called from a Saxon word meaning *nether* or *lower*, having reference to its lowly mode of locomotion, and more generally known as the viper—a contraction of *vivipar*, from the fact of bringing forth its young alive—rarely attains a length of more than two feet, and may readily be distinguished from its harmless neighbour by the markings on its skin. At the back of the head there is a black V-shaped mark, and along the back there is a chain of similarly-coloured spots. The head of the viper, and of the entire group of poisonous snakes to which it belongs, is broad, while the neck is distinctly marked off from it by abruptly narrowing, whereas in innocuous serpents the head and neck are of equal breadth, so that it is difficult to say where the one begins or the other ends. An examination of the viperine mouth, however, discloses the serious difference between our two indigenous snakes. The adder wants an entire row of teeth found in the upper jaw of the ringed-snake, but in their place, near the front of the mouth, it has several long teeth known as fangs, the foremost of which is in connection with a little poison-bag situated between the eye and the ear. These fangs are tubular, and down this tube, which has its exit a little way from the extremity of the fang, so as to allow of an exceedingly sharp point, the poison flows, whenever the fang has been sufficiently fixed. According to Dr. (now Sir William) Fayrer—the best authority on this subject—the poison does not usually come unless the snake actually presses its victim between its jaws; mere tearing or scratching with its fangs may take place without danger from the poison. The fangs situated behind the front one have, while in that position, no connection with the poison-gland, but should the front one get broken or otherwise destroyed—a thing which frequently happens—its place is taken by the next in succession. The viper of this country is by no means so deadly an animal as its allies of warmer climates, nor even as continental individuals of its own species. The strength and quantity of the poison depends largely on the temperature of the climate, being

greatly increased by heat. Thus, it is very doubtful whether fatal results ever follow the bite of the British adder, and almost certain that such would not follow in the case of a previously healthy person.



KRISHNA CRUSHING THE HEAD OF COBRA (*Indian Idol*)

It is a very general belief that the sting of a poisonous snake is in its tongue, and to any one who has seen an adder ready for attack, with its body coiled, its neck and head reared aloft, and its long narrow tongue, split for a considerable distance from the point inwards, and thus resembling a two-pronged fork, vibrating rapidly, accompanied by a



BINGED-SNAKE

loud hissing sound, the needle-like points of the bifid tongue have a decidedly stinging aspect. It need hardly be said that the tongue is only responsible for the hissing. The viper is fortunately not an aggressive animal, using its fangs against man

only when attacked by him; when not in use these weapons of its warfare lie along the gum enclosed in a fleshy covering. The poison supplying the fangs is a strictly limited quantity, and by biting several times in succession, the viper, or any other venomous snake, gradually exhausts its store, and becomes practically innocuous till more of the venom is secreted. No antidote has yet been discovered to



HEAD AND FANGS OF RATTLESNAKE.

the poison of this or any other poisonous snake, but strong stimulants, as liquid ammonia and brandy, are useful in counteracting to a certain extent the paralyzing influence of the virus. Vigorous sucking of the wound, especially when resorted to instantly, may in the case of the less deadly species greatly lessen, if not remove, the danger. In India, more painful operations are resorted to.

Much has been said and written of the fascination which poisonous serpents are supposed to exer-



COBRA DI CAPELLO.

cise over the smaller animals on which they prey. Thus, birds, it is alleged, have been seen to drop voluntarily into the snake's mouth, while frogs have

been observed courting destruction by hopping into the same living grave; but probably the bulk of such stories are mere fables. It seems, however, that the almost instinctive repugnance of the human race to these creatures is pretty generally shared by the lower animals, although it may be got over both by man and beast. The writer once kept two live vipers, sent him from the North of Scotland, and wishing to induce them to eat, two live mice were placed in their glass house beside them. No sooner were they introduced than the mice showed the most palpable signs of distress, retreating to the farthest corner of their prison, their bodies trembling as if palsied, and uttering the most lamentable squeaks. The snakes, however, were too much engrossed in their own woes to take any notice of them. The tiny rodents were not slow to observe this, and in a few days their contempt for the objects of their former dread was shown by the familiar way in which they would run along the bodies of the snakes, with an occasional stare into the reptilian faces, as if to satisfy themselves that they were making fun of harmless specimens. The snakes continued to live for nearly four months, dying at last of self-imposed starvation.

Like other reptiles, vipers, towards the end of autumn, prepare to retire into winter quarters; several individuals having secured a retreat, coil themselves round each other, and thus lie dormant till the advent of spring rouses them to renewed activity. Before hybernating, as this is called, they are usually fat, and by the gradual consumption of this fat in their system the necessary amount of vital action is carried on. It is probable that the snake which bit the servant of the Apostle Paul in the island of Malta, and which had been gathered along with some sticks for the purpose of kindling a fire, was, when gathered, in this dormant condition, and had only revived on the application of heat. The viper, unlike the ringed-snake, does not deposit its eggs. These remain in the female until the young are fully formed, when the enclosing membrane, corresponding to the shell of a bird's egg, bursts, and the young vipers, from fifteen to twenty in number, come forth alive, completely equipped with the instincts and weapons of their kind. Frank Buckland tells of a gentleman in Sussex who, coming upon a newly-killed viper on the roadside, found it filled with eggs. With his penknife he opened one of these, when the little unborn viper at once showed its instinct by rearing its head and assuming an attitude of defiance. The viper and the ringed-snake are among the most northerly forms of reptiles, and these do not extend much beyond the latitude of the North of Scotland. Snakes are thus essentially inhabitants of the warmer regions of the globe. On the continent of Europe both of our native species occur. The viper, however, disappears in the south-west, and its place is taken by the asp—not the snake that bit Cleopatra; nor is the viper found in the south-east of Europe, its place being there occupied by an allied species known as the ammodyte. These are all the poisonous snakes of Europe, while there are at least twelve species which resemble the ringed-snake in being innocuous. Of these the *Æsculapean* snake, found at Rome, attains a length of five feet, and was probably the serpent used by the ancient Romans as their symbol of the god of medicine.

Of Asiatic serpents, the best known and most

deadly are those of India; and regarding them, thanks to English administration and enlightenment, almost as much is known as of the snakes of our own country. Thus it is known from official statistics that in a certain district of Bengal, containing a population equal to that of Ireland, about 1,000 persons die every year from snake-bite; and it is estimated that in the entire peninsula of India, at least 20,000 persons perish annually from this cause. This terrible mortality has led the Indian government to institute inquiries as to the kind of snakes inflicting the death-wounds in those cases, and in certain districts the local authorities have offered a small reward for every such snake killed. In one locality, where at first a reward of four annas was offered for each snake, nearly 2,000 were killed. The reward was then reduced to one-half, with the result that only eight were brought to the authorities during a similar length of time, the natives refusing to risk their lives for two annas. In another district, where a reward of four annas was offered, "no less than 26,000," says Dr. Fayrer, "were brought and decapitated before the magistrate." There is much popular prejudice against this destruction of poisonous snakes, especially in the case of the cobra. So deadly is its venom, that the superstitious natives, attributing to it supernatural powers of evil, hope more from propitiating than from slaying it; so that only low-caste Hindoos can be induced to undertake this work, and those probably only on account of their extreme poverty. "Many Hindoos," says the authority already quoted, "object to destroy the cobra, and if they find it in their houses—as sometimes is the case when one has taken up its abode in a hole or crevice in the wall for years—it is propitiated and conciliated, fed and protected, as though to injure it were to invoke misfortune on the house and family. Should fear, and perhaps the death of some inmate, bitten by accident, prove stronger than superstition, it may be caught, tenderly handled, and deported to some field, where it is released and allowed to depart in peace, not killed." In the greater number of fatal cases of snake-bite in India, the species of serpent inflicting the wound is unknown, but of those in which it is known the cobra is credited with the largest number. It is found in all parts of India, from Ceylon to the southern slopes of the Himalayas, where it has been taken at a height of 8,000 feet. It attains a length of six feet, and, when moving about in search of prey, or still more when about to attack, its attitude is well fitted to strike terror into the timid Hindoo. Raising the anterior third of its body aloft, it distends its neck into a broad hood; its eyes glare with rage; it protrudes its unceasingly vibrating, bifid tongue, and, hissing loudly, prepares to dart. It is, however, by no means aggressive, apparently fearing man's presence quite as much as man fears that of it; but from the places where it lurks—old ruins, holes in walls, under logs of wood, and in outhouses—it is peculiarly liable to be unknowingly touched or trampled upon, and then often gives a death-bite before it has been perceived by its hapless victim. The gland containing the poison of the cobra is about as large as an almond, and the fangs are very long. The wound is consequently deep, and the poison is thus carried with almost hopeless certainty into the system. The cobra is a favourite with the snake charmers of India, who pretend, by means of certain spells and incantations, to obtain such influence over

it, that it can be handled by them with impunity, and be made to perform certain graceful evolutions to the sound of music. Undoubtedly those snake-charmers show great dexterity and firmness of nerve in catching and handling poisonous snakes; but it has been repeatedly proved that the cobras with which they perform have been deprived sometimes of the front fang, which alone can poison; but more usually of all the fangs, and sometimes even of the entire poison apparatus, poison-bag included, so that the snake is rendered harmless for life. When only the front fang is removed, in a few days the fang immediately behind takes its place, and so requires removal. In the case of the echis, a poisonous little snake, it has been known to get refurnished with fangs, firmly knit to the bone of the jaw, on the third day after the removal of the former ones. Those snake-charmers trade upon the superstitious fears of their less crafty fellows, who trust more to the spells of these impostors, as an antidote to cobra poison, than to the common-sense remedies of the English physician. The cobra is also known as the "spectacled snake," from the remarkable resemblance which the markings on the upper surface of its hooded neck bear to a pair of spectacles.

The hamadryad is another venomous snake, which, if as numerous in individuals as the cobra, would certainly be the most destructive to human life of all Indian serpents. It is hooded like the cobra, and attains a length of twelve to fourteen feet. Unlike almost all other serpents, it is aggressive towards man. Dr. Fayrer was told by an intelligent Burman that a friend of his one day stumbled upon a nest of these serpents, and immediately retreated. This homage on the part of the man would have satisfied the *amour propre* of a cobra; not so the hamadryad. The old female gave chase, "the man fled with all speed over hill and dale, dingle and glade, and terror seemed to add wings to his flight, till, reaching a small river, he plunged in, hoping he had then escaped his fiery enemy. But lo! on reaching the opposite bank, up reared the furious hamadryad, its dilated eyes glistening with rage, ready to bury its fangs in his trembling body. In utter despair he bethought himself of his turban, and, in a moment, dashed it upon the serpent, which darted upon it like lightning, and for some moments wreaked its vengeance in furious bites, after which it returned quietly to its former haunts."

## ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

### July.

THE extreme heat of this month gave rise to a very curious superstition among the Romans, who believed that the various diseases resulting from it were in some way connected with the rising and setting of Sirius, or the dog-star, in coincidence with the sun. Consequently, the name of "Dog Days" was given by them to the period between the 3rd of July and the 11th of August. It is obvious, however, that this notion was utterly groundless, for not only does the star vary in its rising in every one year as the latitude varies, but, as Mr. Hutton has pointed out, it is always later and later every year in all latitudes, so that in time the star may, by the same rule, come to be charged with bringing frost and

snow.\* It is to Egypt, most probably, that the superstition connected with these days is to be attributed. "As the star," says Soane,† "had its heliacal rising much about the time of the summer solstice, when the Nile also began to rise, the ancient Egyptians imagined that it in some way influenced the overflow of the waters and the consequent fertility of the soil. It was, therefore, worshipped by them as something holy, and often under the names of Isis and Thoth, the usual appellations of their great goddess, and of Mercury. According to the Roman belief, at the rising of Sirius the seas boil, the wines ferment in the cellars, and standing waters are set in motion; the dogs also go mad, and the silurus, or sturgeon, is blasted."‡ The term *Dog-days* still continues to be a common phrase, and it is difficult to say whether it is from superstitious adherence to old custom, or from a belief of the injurious and hurtful effect of heat upon the canine race, that the magistrates, often unwisely, at this season of the year, order dogs to be muzzled or tied up.

Formerly, the first Friday in July was observed in Essex as "Fairlop Oak Festival." It seems that in Hainault Forest there was an oak of enormous size, and popularly known in all parts as the Fairlop Oak. It is said to have been in circumference thirty-six feet, and to have had as many as seventeen branches, each as large as any ordinary tree of its species. In the year 1805 a great part of it was destroyed by fire. A correspondent of the "Book of Days" (vol. ii. p. 21), speaking of this remarkable tree and the festival connected with it, says, "Far back in the last century there lived an estimable block and pump-maker in Wapping, Daniel Day by name, but generally known by the quaint appellation of *Good Day*.§ Haunting a small rural retreat, which he had acquired in Essex, not far from Fairlop, Mr. Day became deeply interested in the tree above described, and began a practice of resorting to it on the first Friday in July in order to eat a rustic dinner with a few friends under its branches. His dinner was composed of beans and bacon, which he never changed, and which no guest ever complained of. By-and-by, the neighbours caught Mr. Day's spirit, and came in multitudes to join in his festivities. As a necessary consequence, trafficking people came to sell refreshments on the spot; afterwards commerce in hard and soft wares found its way thither; shows and tumbling followed, and in short, a regular fair was at last concentrated around the tree."

In days gone by, a festival, called "Bodmin Riding," was kept in Cornwall on the Sunday and Monday after St. Thomas à Becket's Day (July 7th). A puncheon of beer having been brewed in the preceding October,|| and bottled in anticipation of the time, two or more young men, who were intrusted with the chief management of the affair, went round the town accompanied with a band of drums and fifes, or other instruments. The orier, we are told, saluted each house with the following words, "To the people of this house a prosperous morning, long

\* See Sir Thomas Browne's Works (Bohn's edition), vol. i. p. 446.

† "Book of the Months."

‡ In an old calendar quoted by Bede (*De Temporum Ratione*), the dog-days are said to begin on the 14th of July; and in one prefixed to the Common Prayer, in the time of Elizabeth, they are made to begin on the 6th of July, and to end on the 8th of September; this last continued till the Restoration, when the *Dog-days* were omitted.

§ See "Fairlop and its Founder," printed at Totham, 1847.

|| "Parochial History of Cornwall," 1803, vol. i. p. 104. Murray's "Handbook for Cornwall," 1866, p. 244.



life, and a merry riding." The musicians then struck up the riding tune, and the householder was solicited to taste the riding ale, which was carried round in baskets. Usually, it seems, a bottle was taken in, and a certain sum given in exchange for it, to be spent on the festivities of the season. The following morning a procession was formed, which proceeded first to the Priory to receive two large garlands of flowers fixed on staves, and then through the principal streets to the town end, where the games were formally opened. The sports lasted two days, and consisted of jumping in sacks, wrestling, etc. At this festival, it should be added, there was held a curious kind of mock trial. A lord of misrule was appointed, before whom any unpopular person so unlucky as to be captured was dragged to answer some mock charge.

At one time there existed at Wolverhampton, on July 9th, an annual procession of men in antique armour. According to tradition, the custom took its rise when Wolverhampton was a great emporium of wool, and resorted to by merchants from all parts of England. The necessity, at such a time, of an armed force to keep peace, is not altogether improbable.

St. Swithin's Day (July 15th) is chiefly noted for the weather lore connected with it, the popular superstition being that, according as it is wet or dry on this day, so there will be a corresponding season of rain or fair weather for the forty days ensuing. In some church books we find entries of gatherings of "Saint Swithine's Farthyngs" on this day. Thus, in the parish accounts of Kingston-upon-Thames, in 1508, we find the following: "23 Hen. vii Imprimis, at Easter, for any householder kepyng a brode gate, shall pay to the parochie preste, wages 3*d*. Item, to the paschall ½*d*. To St. Swithin ½*d*." Churchill, alluding to this day, says:—

"July, to whom the Dog-star in her train  
St. James gives oysters, and St. Swithin rain."

At Clent, in the parish of Hales Owen, Worcestershire, a fair, says Brand, was formerly held. It arose, probably, from the gathering together of persons to visit the shrine of St. Kenelm, on the feast of the Saint (July 17th). On the Sunday next after this fair, St. Kenelm's wake was held, at which a quaint and curious custom was practised, called "Crabbing the Parson." It is said to have originated from what, once on a time, happened to a priest at Frankley. Having helped himself, without leave, to dumplings at a farmhouse, the dame's husband gave chase, and at once began pelting the unfortunate parson with crabs, a store of which he had gathered, in order to foment, on his return, the sprained leg of his horse. So well, we are told, did the bombardment take effect, that the priest took to his heels, amid the jeers of the old dame, and the amusement as well as laughter of the few persons who were in attendance. In commemoration of this event, says the legend, the custom of "crabbing the parson" originated. The story probably represents the ill-will often engendered in times before tithes were commuted.

On St. James's Day (July 25th) it is customary to begin eating oysters. It is a vulgar superstition that "whoever eats oysters on St. James's Day will never want money." This does not, however, agree with another popular notion, in Butter's "Dyet's Dry Dinner," 1599: "It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an *r* in their name,

to eat an oyster." In some parts of Herefordshire, the labourers, speaking of the certainty or uncertainty of a good crop of hops, are wont to say:—

"Till St. James's Day is past and gone,  
There may be hops or there may be none."

Apples were formerly on this day blessed by the priest. There is a special form for blessing them contained in the Manual of the Church of Sarum. In London and other places, the children of the poorer class have a custom at this season of collecting together the oyster-shells which have been thrown away from fish-shops, and of building with them grottoes. By the time that Old St. James's Day (August 5th) comes round, these little fabrics are completed, and at night are lighted up by a candle placed inside. Accordingly, as each person passes by, he is assailed by a crowd of little boys and girls, entreating him to contribute, by cries of "Pray remember the grotto." Mr. Thoms,\* in reference to this pretty custom, is of opinion that in the grotto thus made we have a memorial of the world-renowned shrine of St. James, at Compostella, which may have been formerly erected on the anniversary of St. James by poor persons, as an invitation to the pious, who could not visit Compostella, to show their reverence to the saint by alms-giving to their needy brethren. There is no doubt that the saint and the oyster-shell have been long in close connection. "The escalop," says Hampson,† "which bears his name, is of frequent recurrence as a bearing in coat-armour, where it is generally understood to be a memorial of former pilgrimage, performed by one who had worn the shell as a badge of his profession, or in token of the accomplishment of his vows." In the old ballad of the "Friar of Orders Grey," the lady describes her lover as clad, like herself, in "a pilgrim's weedes":—

"And how should I know your true love  
From many another one?  
Only his scallop, shell, and hat,  
And by his sandal shoon."

The 25th of July was also dedicated to St. Christopher, whose picture, according to Erasmus, was commonly believed to have the power of preserving its owner from a violent death. The following distich was consequently generally written under the saint's portrait:—

"Christophori sancti faciem quicumque tuetur,  
Illo nempe die non morte mala morietur."

The first Monday after St. Anne's Day, July 26th, a feast was formerly held at Newbury, in Berkshire, the principal dishes on the occasion being beans and bacon. In the course of the day a procession took place, when a cabbage stuck on a pole was carried instead of a mace, accompanied, says Hone, by similar substitutes for other emblems of civic dignity.

## RINKS AND SKATES.

BY CUTHBERT BEEDE.

SKATING-RINKS are now so popular, not only in the metropolis, and in the cities and fashionable watering-places of the United Kingdom, but

\* "Notes and Queries," 1st Series, vol. i. p. 6.  
† *Medii Œvi Kalendarium*, vol. i. p. 325.

also in our provincial towns, that scarcely a week passes without some addition to their already large number being chronicled in the newspapers. Every one seems to be anxious to get upon wheels. Bicycles and tricycles have had, and still continue to have, their large measure of public patronage; and now the smaller wheels, under skates, have come into vogue; and representatives of all ranks in society go rolling round rinks, in a way that should suggest to the editor of a new edition of Mr. J. O. Halliwell's historical work, "The Nursery Rhymes of England," a fresh version of that "charm," showing how "Robert Rowley rolled a round rink round." And, in fact, the alliteration being alluring, a song-writer, in one of the shilling magazines this spring, made the chorus of his song to conclude with the line, "O, the rosy rinkers rolling round the rink." By the way, on the 16th day of that same month of March, there seemed something like the shadow of Nemesis in the fact that a case concerning roller-skates was appropriately brought before the Master of the Rolls, who heard what was to be said concerning the respective patents of Mr. Plimpton and Mr. Spiller, whose interests were represented by five *q.c.'s* and three barristers; but, if it is correct that half the proceeds of each rink on which a certain roller-skate is used goes to the patentee, then it is sufficiently obvious that any infringement of a successful patent would involve serious pecuniary considerations. The patentees of roller-skates, as well as the proprietors of, or shareholders in, skating-rinks, must, as Mr. J. R. Planché said, in "Mount Parnassus," accept their fortune, "come wheel, come woe;" and the woe not unfrequently is extended to those rinkers who venture upon the artificial ice before they have had sufficient practice with the roller-skates. Hence they very speedily "come to grief," and results follow such as those depicted in Mr. Charles Keene's sketch in "Punch" of "The Prevailing Epidemic," where Paterfamilias replies dismally to Uncle John, who has called to ask the young people to dine and spend the evening "Well, we're rather a sick house! Fact is, we've been rinking a good deal lately. Matilda has damaged her knee-cap; Grace has got a black eye, and lost some of her teeth; George has sprained his wrist; and Fred's in bed with a comminuted fract—" Here Paterfamilias is interrupted by the servant showing in "Dr. Splinter!" It seems clear that, until sufficient rink practice can be obtained, roller-skates may be productive of numerous accidents; although one patentee (Mr. George Keel) states, as a leading merit of his "automaton" invention, that "every evolution can be performed with delightful ease, combined with the desirable advantage of perfect safety." Skilled skaters may, doubtless, find this statement to be correct; but how about those rinkers who put on roller-skates for the first time with the expectation that "every evolution" will be performed with ease and safety?

There is nothing new under the sun; and, after all the talk and fuss that has been made about them, roller-skates are not a novelty of the past twelve months. They were introduced into England several years since; and the only wonder is that they were allowed to be relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness for more than a decade of years, and then, all at once, to be thrust to the height of popularity, and to achieve a wide-spread success in a very few months. Corn-exchanges, circuses, amphitheatres, bazaars,

music pavilions, riding-schools, are suddenly transformed into skating-rinks, laid with prepared floorings of asphalt, concrete, or artificial ice, the scenes upon which furnish fruitful subjects for the pencils of Messrs. Tenniel, Du Maurier, Keene, Thompson, Sambourne, and the other artists of our humorous and illustrated papers. The press and the periodicals take up the theme; the stage and the concert-room are affected by this popular outbreak; and, in short, there is a regular rinkomania.

I have mentioned some artists who have delineated the scenes suggested by the use of roller-skates in the present year. I do not know if Mr. George Cruikshank has touched the subject, though "great George, our king" of the etching-needle, is still with us, vigorous and humorous to the last. But, in his "Comic Almanack" for the year 1844—in which, by the way, one of the plates was a caricature on Father Matthew and the teetotalers—he had an etching entitled, "A new Art-if-ice. Doubly Hazardous." It represented, in the upper portion, a floor of artificial ice, on which were seven gentlemen skaters, the wall of the room being painted to represent a mountain scene in winter. The ice has given way in the centre, and three of the skaters are falling through the hole, while an attendant hastens to their rescue with a ladder. The cause of the fracture is shown, in the lower portion of the sketch, to be from the heat of the chandelier that lights the room below, in which is a gaming-table, surrounded by players, some of whom are taking advantage of the accident, and the confusion to which it has given rise, to scramble for the money that lies upon the table. The wall decorations of the room are palm-trees and volcanoes in eruption. The letterpress to this etching is a "Report of the Royal Humane Society for the Prevention of Accidents on Artificial Ice;" but I fancy that such artificial ice was not "an accomplished fact," but was as much *in nubibus* as "The Aerial Building Company," a prospectus for which was given in the same "Comic Almanack." It may be remembered that, in the spring of the previous year, Henson's Aerial Steam Carriage had excited a great deal of attention and controversy, and had suggested various amusing subjects to the comic artists of the day. But it is to be noted that George Cruikshank, in the etching to which I have referred, has represented his skaters as making their evolutions on the ordinary ice-skates, and not on roller, or wheel-skates.

It is, I think, twenty-seven years since the wheel-skates were first introduced in the great world of London. At any rate, I know of no earlier public exhibition of a performance on wheel-skates than in the season of 1849, when there was produced, at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, the ballet of "Les Plaisirs de l'Hiver," which created a sensation rarely equalled, and the chief scene in which depended for its success upon the use of wheel-skates. The stage was so arranged as to represent, with marvellous realism, an ice-bound lake in a Hungarian landscape. Mists—skilfully simulated by strips of gauze—partially obscured the scene; these mists gradually dispersed, and sunlight irradiated the snow-covered hills and trees and ice-bound lake; gliding upon which came a throng of skaters, dressed in the prettiest Hungarian costume; the whole of the "dancing" and figures in this ballet being executed on skates, which were so ingeniously constructed that they cheated the spectators' eyes, for

their mechanism was concealed from view, and the wheels were not visible as in the roller-skates of 1876. But although these theatrical skates of 1849 made so great a sensation in the world of fashion, no speculative individual appears to have taken the hint to adopt them for public use, with wheels either visible or invisible; and skating-rinks, although so popular in Canada, would seem to have been looked upon as a peculiarly American institution, that would not meet with success if brought across the Atlantic and transplanted to English soil. In 1851 some skating waitresses, dressed in fancy costumes, and moving on wheel-skates, were introduced into the beerhouses of Berlin, as an additional attraction to the soldiers, students, and other frequenters of the *Kneipe*.

But although the hint of a skate-boot, working upon rollers, had thus been so publicly given on either side the Atlantic, as well as upon the London operatic stage, it was some time before it was turned to any practical use in England; and the first patent for "floor-skates" was taken out by Messrs. Munn and Cobb, 8, Gresham Street, London, on September 20th, 1860. These skates were fitted with straps, as in the ordinary ice-skates, and also with four wheels, each working singly under the middle of the skate. As a patent flooring of concrete, asphalt, or other material, was not then anticipated for their use, they were adapted to run along the ordinary wooden floor, or upon a carpet; and they were specially recommended for the use of young ladies and children, as putting them in possession of a delightful home amusement, and also teaching them the rudiments of ice-skating. These floor-skates were made of various lengths, beginning at seven inches long, price eight shillings. They do not appear to have come into general use, or to have hit the public fancy as surely and quickly as was afterwards done by croquet, lawn tennis, and rink-skating. Nevertheless, the idea had taken hold on a certain section of the public; and during the next six years various "skating-halls" were opened in different parts of the metropolis. From the fact of my having written "a copy of verses" on one of these halls, I can call to mind the circumstance that its enterprising proprietor advertised it as being supplied with "the glualicious flooring"—an adjective which is commended to the notice of the interrogator of a spelling bee. I wonder what "glualicious" really means, and from what language the word is derived? and who are the ingenious persons who invent such words, and others of classical coinage, to meet the necessities of advertisers? This is a by-path in the regions of literature that might be curiously followed out.

To return to the roller-skates. By the end of the six years after that first patent had been taken out, they had gradually risen in popularity, and I might also add, in the respectability of their surroundings. In December, 1867, the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, was opened as a skating-hall—the term "rink" not being yet transferred from Canada to England; artificial ice was laid down, over which the throng of skaters glided on roller-skates. At certain hours in the day, Mlle. Frederica and Mr. Elliott gave their performances at the Floral Hall; and, by thus demonstrating what could be achieved by roller-skates on an artificial flooring, greatly popularised the amusement. Similar performances have been given at the Alexandra Palace, and elsewhere in London.

The chief scene in that piece, "*Les Plaisirs de l'Hiver*," was the celebrated *Pas de Patineurs*; which reminds us that the French word *patin* is used for a skate. Throughout the greater part of England, the patten is that shoe, or clog, mounted on a hoop of iron, which the poet Gay designated as a "female implement," when (in 1712) he invoked the muse, in his "*Trivia*," to sing "the patten's praise," and gave a very fanciful etymology for the derivation of the word in a romantic narrative of a love-stricken Lincolnshire blacksmith making "a new machine" to keep a lovely maiden from taking fresh cold by getting her feet wet in the muddy lanes. The name of "the pale virgin" was Patty, and the "machine," in her honour, was called the patten:—

"The Patten now supports each frugal dame,  
Which, from the blue-eyed Patty, takes the name."

In 1730, William Hutton, who was afterwards the celebrated Birmingham bookseller and historian, was so small for his age of seven years, that he had to stand on a pair of pattens when he worked at the Derby silk-mill. Sir John Dinely, the eccentric Poor Knight of Windsor, was wont to walk the streets in pattens in wet weather; similar in size to those worn by Mrs. Gamp. The manufacture of these useful articles employed a few years since many hundreds of people in London alone, where there were no less than twenty-eight tradesmen who were patten-makers, with many workpeople under them; and, therefore, Mr. Charles Knight was mistaken when he wrote, "the patten is gone," and classed it among his "*Items of the Obsolete*," in "*Once upon a Time*." The Worshipful Company of Patten-makers have their head-quarters at the Guildhall, London.

Returning from patten to *patin*, and rejecting Gay's etymology, we see how both words represent something that is under foot, whether that something be Mrs. Gamp's pattens, or the wooden pattens used in a Turkish bath, or the skate. For the French *patin*, the Danish *patine*, and the Italian *pattini* may be traced back to the Greek *pateo* and *patos* (*πάτω* *πάτος*). And, from hence, "patten" came to mean the foot-stall, or base, of a column, and the sole or sill of a wooden partition; and, in its sense of that which is under foot, like a pavement, we have the authority of Shakespeare, where Lorenzo so prettily bids Jessica to "look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." Mr. Collier proposed to read "patterns" instead of "patines," but, with all due deference to his erudition, I think that Shakespeare showed himself to be the better scholar by writing "patines." But if, in France, a skate is called *patin*, it is called patten in East Anglia. The fen-men in Lincolnshire and Huntingdonshire, even at the present day, when Whittlesea Mere and many fens exist but in name, invariably speak of their skates as "pattens." A fen-man would seem to be born a skater, and to ask for his pattens as naturally as he would cry for his first food. If the little boys in Pekin are adepts in skating, the fen-boys of England can rival them; and although a fen-woman may not often skate to market with her poultry and butter poised on her head, yet a fen-man has frequently done so, just as if he had been "to the manner born" in Rotterdam, Antwerp, Dordrecht, Haarlem, Utrecht, or Moerdijk, instead of having been reared within sight of the spires, towers, and "stump" of

Whittlesea, Ely, Crowland, Wisbeach, or Boston. But, in grace of posture, a native of our English Holland surpasses the real Dutchman, who leans too forward for his run upon the ice, while a fen-man—after he has got over his first start, in which he, too, bends his head forward, and swings his arms wildly—dashes along with upright body, legs and arms kept down, and the work done chiefly from the hips. In pace, too, he can beat the Dutchman, and can accomplish his mile in three and a half minutes. When putting on a spurt, he can go at the rate of a mile in two minutes, if the wind and ice are in his favour; and although W., or "Turkey," Smart, of Welney, who was the "patten" champion for so many years, failed to win his wager of skating a mile in two minutes, he succeeded in doing the mile in two seconds over the stipulated time. John Gittan, of Nordelf, skated the mile in two minutes and twenty-nine seconds. It is, however, to be noted that they were allowed to start from a certain point that should enable them to attain full speed as they passed the starting-post, and that the reckoning of the distance and the time then commenced. When in full swing, J. Wiles, of Welney, who was another "patton" champion, would take fifteen yards in one stride.

Both in London and Edinburgh ice-skating has been brought to a perfection that would rank it as an art; and for this, the superiority of the English skates over those used at St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Montreal, has had much to do with the result. Comparatively speaking, skating on iron-shod skates is a modern invention, for its history would appear to be within the past two hundred years, and to date to the great frost of the year 1662, when Evelyn witnessed this new form of skating on the canal in St. James's Park. The skates that had been previously used on the London waters were those mentioned by Stow, and were very primitive affairs, being merely pieces of bone tied under the feet, the skater having chiefly to depend upon the use of a spiked staff to steady himself, as well as to "urge on his wild career." If space allowed we might refer to many passages in our literature descriptive of skating. Some of my classical readers may also remember a clever Latin poem in the once famous "*Musæ Etonenses*." After two centuries of popularity, we cannot expect that the ice-skates can altogether be ousted by the roller-skates from their hold in the public esteem, nor is it desirable that they should be so.

## Varieties.

**DENTISTS.**—We have received the following communication from one of the most distinguished members of the profession, and one who has always taken a great interest in dental education:—"I wish to make a few remarks on the paragraphs quoted from certain letters, in the May part of the '*Leisure Hour*,' p. 352. Your first correspondent is probably a fully-qualified medical man, as I consider every dentist ought to be; for the practice of dental disease is by no means limited to manipulative skill, as too many suppose. Dentists ought to be fully-educated surgeons, having had the usual course of medical training. The teeth are in as intimate relation with the body generally as the ear or eye, and can only be treated rationally upon the knowledge of such relation. The Oculist and Aurist are qualified practitioners; the Dentist should be so also. Those who treat the teeth without surgical knowledge only arrest disease when it has occurred, instead of preventing the constitutional causes which give rise to it.

"The licentiatehip in dental surgery, of which another writer makes mention, is a degree which was granted by the College of Surgeons at a time (twenty years ago) when it would have been impossible to make every man become a full member of that body. It has doubtless done good in its time, but those who desire dental surgery to take its true position as a branch of general medicine, trust that this minor and imperfect certificate may only be granted to those who have first obtained a regular surgical diploma, and be supplementary to it. This is the more necessary in the present day as dangerous anaesthetics are so frequently used in special practice, and should never be administered but by a medical practitioner.

"Finally, it may not be generally known that our claims to a scientific position are by no means unimportant, inasmuch as no less than four gentlemen practising dental surgery are Fellows of the Royal Society, whilst many of them have taken the highest honours in medicine and in surgery.

"With regard to generosity, dentists are certainly not behind their medical brethren. Independent of time devoted to the poor at various hospitals, many a poor governess, and clergyman without a benefice, has come to those best known in the profession for aid, and been treated, without fee, as carefully as the richest patients."

The opinions of our correspondent are those of the best qualified men in the profession, and we gladly endorse them. Dentists will take their proper place when they can point to the regular diploma of the College of Surgeons, as guaranteeing physiological knowledge, while the supplemental dental diploma or certificate will attest special knowledge and skill. It rests with the public to make proper inquiry before committing themselves to the hands of such tradesmen as are referred to in our previous number (*Leisure Hour* for May).

**MERCHANDISE OF SOULS.**—The Bishop of Peterborough, in describing the abuses of the law of Church Patronage, added a statement of fact as to the working of those laws for which he could personally vouch. Since he had been a bishop he had been called upon to institute in that diocese four clergymen, of whom one was paralytic; another was so aged and infirm that, on the ground of his age and infirmity, he asked for leave of perpetual absence from the important parish to which he (the bishop) had just been compelled to institute him; a third was a reclaimed drunkard, who was presented to a benefice situated only a few miles from the scene of his former intemperance, where the scandal of it was, unhappily, notorious; the fourth—he could hardly bring himself to say it, but things had come to such a pass that he was resolved that there should be no further concealment—the fourth had resigned a public office that he had formerly held sooner than face an investigation into a charge of the most horrible immorality, the truth of which he did not dare to deny. In each of these cases the facts were perfectly well known to the respective patrons. As regarded every one of these he was legally advised that he had no power to refuse institution; and as regarded the last, it was simply the fact that the man to whom, at the risk and under the threat of a lawsuit, he refused institution, could the next day have bought, across a counter in London, with the same ease and with more secrecy than he could have bought a railway ticket, a cure of souls in the shape of a donative on which he might have at once entered without any human being having the right to ask him so much as a single question. For aught he knew to the contrary, he might have done this, and that miserable man, stained as he was by his numerous vices, might now be the beneficed irremovable minister of a parish in the Church of England. Shocked at such facts as these, and knowing they were by no means solitary ones in the Church, he asked for a committee of the House of Lords to investigate the state of the law which allowed of it, he embodied in the Bill those reforms which this committee declared on evidence to be really necessary, and he was forthwith greeted with a cry of horror and condemnation, as if he had committed an act of sacrilege. As he cited the facts he had now narrated, he hardly knew which to be most ashamed of, that evils so scandalous, abuses so shameful, as those he had described should exist in the Church beneath the shelter of our laws, or that there should be clergymen and gentlemen capable of publicly defending them. . . . The principle of the Bill introduced by him was simply that patronage of all kinds was a sacred trust on behalf of the spiritual interests of the parishioners, that a patron was a person charged with the most solemn of responsibilities—the duty of selecting a fitting person for a most important public office, which was nothing less than the cure and government of the souls of the parishioners for whom he had to make this selection, and that whatever gain or advantage, direct or in-



direct, might originally be inherent in or might have attached themselves in course of time to this trusteeship, must be regarded as subordinate to this primary object of the trust, and that to neglect this duty of selection, still more to exercise it only with regard to his own private interest, and without regard to those of the parishioners, was nothing less than a deliberate and sinful breach of trust. Neither Church nor State had yet accepted the theory of patronage which had been recently propounded in certain quarters, that patronage acquired by money should, merely because it had been so acquired, be regarded as property pure and simple, and should be "free from all those restrictions which gave it the character of a trust."

**HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES.**—Instead of varied and discordant local services, the custom in America is to keep one day throughout the whole commonwealth for a thanksgiving to the Almighty. Although there is no national church, a national recognition of religion is maintained by this and other public services being proclaimed by the President. The following is President Grant's proclamation for the last Thanksgiving day:—"In accordance with a practice at once wise and beautiful, we have been accustomed, as the year is drawing to a close, to devote an occasion to the humble expression of our thanks to Almighty God for the ceaseless and distinguished benefits bestowed upon us as a nation, and for His mercies and protection during the closing year. Amid the rich and free enjoyment of all our advantages we should not forget the source from whence they are derived, and the extent of our obligations to the Father of all mercies. We have full reason to renew our thanks to Almighty God for favours bestowed upon us during the past year. By His continuing mercy civil and religious liberty have been maintained, peace has reigned within our borders, labour and enterprise have produced their merited rewards, and to His watchful Providence we are indebted for security from pestilence and other national calamity. Apart from the national blessings, each individual among us has occasion to thoughtfully recall and devoutly recognise the favours and protection which he has enjoyed. Now, therefore, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do recommend that, on Thursday, the 25th day of November, the people of the United States, abstaining from all secular pursuits and from their accustomed avocations, do assemble in their respective places of worship, and, in such form as may seem most appropriate in their own hearts, offer to Almighty God their acknowledgments and thanks for all His mercies, and their humble prayers for a continuance of His divine favours. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington, this 27th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1875, and of the independence of the United States the one hundredth.—U. S. GRANT. By the President:—HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State."

**WILD BEAST MARKET.**—The selling value of wild beasts varies very much. You must pay about £200 for a royal tiger, and £300 for an elephant, while I am informed you may possibly buy a lion for £70, and a lioness for less. But a first-rate lion sometimes runs to a high figure, say even £300. Orang-outangs come to £20 each, but Barbary apes range from £3 to £4 apiece. Mr. Jamrach, however, keeps no priced catalogue of animals, but will supply a written list of their cost if needed. He does not, moreover, "advertise," so much as royally "announce" his arrivals. Certain papers in London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, occasionally contain a bare statement that such and such beasts and birds are at "Jamrach's," no address being given. He has customers in all the Zoological Museums in Europe, and the Sultan has been one of the largest buyers of his tigers and parrots.—*East London, by Rev. Harry Jones.*

**CHIVALRY AND RUFFIANISM.**—In criticising Mr. Pettie's clever picture of "The Threat," in the Royal Academy Exhibition (1876), Mr. G. A. Sala has some plain and characteristic remarks about the "days of chivalry," so-called. The "threat" is being uttered by a knight, belted, helmed—he has his beaver up—harsh-featured, and tawny-moustached, whose brows lower, whose eyes glare, one of whose fists is clenched in rage while the other rests on his sword-hilt. The clenched fist is extended towards the spectator, and, with the armour-clad limb to which it belongs, seems positively to protrude from the frame, so admirably is it foreshortened. Not the less worthy of applause is the swing and balance of the whole figure, which is a three-quarter length; while the execution is on a par with the rude, swashbuckling, brawling fallow on the canvas. In the very title given to this work there is shrewdness and appropriateness. The man in armour is not uttering a "menace," or a "defi-

ance," or a "gag" of battle. He is simply threatening to do somebody mischief; and but for the tact and skill of Mr. Pettie in halting just on this side exaggeration and caricature, this minatory mediæval personage might be mistaken for an excited Life Guardsman threatening to "punch the head" of some insolent civilian foe. As it is, the picture keeps by a hair's-breadth within the bounds of that perfectly untrustworthy tradition which supposes that the belted knights of the "days of chivalry" were, in any manner or sense, chivalrous, courteous, or high-minded. Cervantes is said to have laughed Spain's chivalry away; but a good course of Taine and Thierry, of Freeman and Wright, will enable the scholar to study the chivalrous delusion out of his head, and will exhibit to him in their proper colours all the heroes of Froissart and Monstrelet—will exhibit them as just such brawling, skull-cracking, throat-cutting, iron-plated roughs as Mr. Pettie has given us a sample of in his capital picture of "The Threat." The "age of chivalry" is not nearly so distant as we imagine it to be. It is to be found in Mr. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and in Mr. Edward Corbould's water-colour drawings, but not anywhere else, we apprehend, save in the theatrical stanzas of Tasso and Ariosto and the lying lays of the troubadours.

**BANKERS' CLEARING-HOUSE.**—Sir John Lubbock, the hon. secretary to the London Bankers' Clearing-house, in his usual circular with statistics for the year ending April 30 last, states that the total for 1875-6 amounted to £5,407,243,000, which is a decrease of £606,056,000 compared with the preceding year. The payments on Stock Exchange account days form a sum of £962,595,000, being a decrease of £113,990,000 as compared with 1875. The payments on consols account days for the same period have amounted to £242,245,000, showing a decrease of £18,093,000. The amounts passing through on the 4th of the month for 1876 have amounted to £240,807,000, showing a decrease of £15,143,000 as compared with 1875.

**VIOLINA.**—At a recent sale by auction at Dreden, one of the objects sold was the famous violin which the Count Frautmannsdorf, Grand Equerry to the Emperor Charles VI, bought from the celebrated maker, Stainer, on singular conditions. He paid in cash 66 golden carolines, undertaking to supply him as long as he lived with a good dinner every day, 100 florins in specie every month, a new suit of clothes with gold frogs every year, as well as two caaks of beer, lodging, firing, and lighting; and further, if he should marry, as many hares as he might want, with two baskets of fruit annually for himself, and as many more for his old nurse. As Stainer lived sixteen years afterwards, the violin must have cost the count 20,000 florins in cash. The instrument, which was last in the hands of an Austrian nobleman, was sold to a Russian for 2,500 thalers (about 10,000 francs). The Rev. Wilse Brown, rector of Whitstone, Exeter, in referring to this sale, gives some curious anecdotes:—"Mr. Dunbar, a friend of my father, when on a visit here, told me that he found the fragments of a violin in a friend's house, bought them for £20, glued them together, and found he had got a capital instrument. He was subsequently offered £150 for his own fiddle, and £50 for the one he had glued, which he accepted. A gentleman named Jay, of good fortune, residing many years ago in Newcastle-on-Tyne, made several violins for his own amusement. He was offered £600 for one of these, but not wanting money, he refused to sell it, saying he might not make so good a one again. In Teesdale, the Durham and Yorkshire inhabitants for amusement make violins. I lived there, holding the living of Egglestone for twenty-two years. My gardener's son made one, for which he was offered £3 by a gentleman from London. During repairs in my church some one-grained old deal was taken down. The fiddle-makers begged all of it from the churchwarden. The shoemakers there use a peculiar-shaped knife in forming the wooden soles of the shoes. The fiddle-makers borrow these knives to shape the back of the fiddle."

**BISHOPS KIDDER AND KEN.**—Kidder, Bishop of Bath and Wells, after the Revolution of 1688, paid half his income into the hands of the non-juring ex-bishop Ken. An incident is recorded of him which places his integrity as well as his generosity in a conspicuous light. One of the ministers sent a message telling him he must give his vote in a certain way. "Must vote!" said the bishop. "Yes," said the messenger, "you must vote! Consider whose bread you eat!" "I eat no man's bread," indignantly replied the bishop, "except poor Dr. Ken's; and if he will take the oaths, he shall have it again. I did not intend to go to Parliament, but now I shall undoubtedly go, and vote contrary to your commands."—*Dr. Stoughton's Church of the Revolution.*

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



NOTT WISHES THERE WERE A FEW MORE "SPARROWS" IN LONDON.

## BOY AND MAN:

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—NO MAN'S ISLAND.

"A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing."  
—*Saml. Rogers.*

**M**R. SPARROW and the rest of the party were all right again the next day, and baby seemed better already in health and spirits. Mr. Armiger and the ladies had lodgings looking over the sea,

No. 1283.—JULY 29, 1876.

while Mr. Sparrow found a nest for himself and Nott over a shop hard by. But they were always together in the day-time; they walked together, talked together, and took all their meals together; and Nott waited upon them with almost as much dexterity as zeal, being naturally sharp, and more than naturally willing.

Broadstairs is not a very lively place, but they were lively; that strolling about upon the sea-shore or on the cliffs was very pleasant—husband and wife,

H H

PRICE ONE PENNY.



bachelor and spinster, nurse and boy, thus they generally sorted themselves. They visited Ramsgate, Margate, the North Foreland, the lighthouse, and every other place of interest in the Isle of Thanet, of which there were so many, and all so easy of access, that, as the guide-book of those days testified upon the title-page, "you might stay a whole week, taste the pleasures around, and carry home change from a five pound note." Sometimes, while the ladies took their work down to the beach, the gentlemen went out fishing on the deep, much against Mr. Sparrow's inclination, who considered that his time might have been more pleasantly employed on shore. Nott went with them; he baited their hooks for them, and caught his own fingers, but never let them know it. He took off the fish from their lines, and caught his fingers again, and when they observed it, smiled, as if he liked it. He pulled at the oar, and caught crabs, by way of a change, and was more glad than any of them when they reached the shore, though he had had plenty of that (not of the shore, but of the verb preceding it) all the morning.

On the whole, Nott was a great success, though they pronounced him "Nott successful;" his name afforded them amusement—for they were in the humour to be amused—and his conduct pleased them more. He was quick, active, observant, unselfish, and followed his master's looks like a terrier, and the conclusion they all came to was, that he was Nott very much improved, and Nott what he ought to be.

Miss Goodchild had a partiality for Nott. She would talk to him sometimes when she found him on the beach, where he went with the nurse and baby, asking him about the ragged-school and other matters, and the boy was pleased to answer all her questions.

"What led you first to the school?" she asked him one day.

"Mr. Armiger, ma'am; he caught me by the hand as I was holding it out to him" (reddening as he spoke) "in the street, and led me along with him, as if I belonged to him. I did not want to go just then; but he stopped and talked to me, so kind, I said I would go; and I did."

"And did Mr. Armiger teach you?"

"No, Miss, Mr. Sparrow taught me mostly. I liked him for a teacher: we all like Mr. Sparrow, and he has the biggest class of any."

"Did you ever go to any school before?"

"No, Miss."

"And you have no father or mother?"

"No, Miss; never had none."

"Who brought you up, then?"

"Brought myself up, Miss, mostly."

"Where did you live?"

"Didn't live at all, Miss: used to be about the Borough Market: got a job there sometimes unloading, early in the morning when the carts came in."

"Then where did you sleep?"

"Anywhere I could, Miss. Never went to bed, as I can remember, till they took me to the hospital. Often lay in a big basket at the market, with a bit of straw in it."

"And now you can read a little, and do a great many things. How old are you?"

"Don't know, Miss; twelve or fourteen, perhaps; couldn't say at all."

"Do you like being at Mr. Sparrow's?"

"Like it, Miss? If I didn't like it I should ought to be drowned. I've heard talk of angels, Miss, but I

never saw one, except in a dream when I was at the hospital; and he was about six foot high, upright as a pillar, with large blue eyes like a penny bunch of violets, a roundish face, brown hair, teeth as white and regular as a chummy's (that's a chimney sweep, you know, Miss), a blue coat and a buff waistcoat; but the large eyes and long eyelashes, that was what you saw most of when you looked at him."

The boy noticed how much his hearer was pleased and interested, and went on describing with hearty earnestness the charms of Mr. Sparrow's personal appearance and the goodness of his heart, and how he had taken care of him when he was ill, and had been a grandfather to him, "let alone a father;" and he hoped he should live with him as long as he lived anywhere; and he should not mind jumping overboard for him, or anything else, if it would be of service to him. And Mr. Sparrow had given him a hymn-book, and wrote his name in it—his Christian name (for he had been christened now at All Saints' Church)—and he always carried it with him in his pocket; and he had learnt several hymns out of it, and he only wished there was a few more Sparrows in London—or angels, it did not matter which you called them—that was what he wished, though one was enough for him, and there would never be another like that one, not if there were thousands.

Annie Goodchild listened to him with her eyes fixed upon the far-distant horizon, and did not interrupt him, and when he had done speaking walked slowly away without a word, to look at baby. Nott looked after her, and hoped within himself that he had not said anything to give offence, about "Sparrows in London," for instance; but the next time he saw her, and she spoke to him, his mind was quite relieved on that point.

The fortnight's holiday was nearly at an end when the party, going out as usual in the evening for a stroll upon the sands, sat down to rest at the foot of a chalk cliff, detached by the action of the sea from the mainland, and forming at high water an island, known by the name of "No Man's Land." Mr. Armiger and his wife were on one side of this cliff, and Mr. Sparrow and Miss Goodchild, as it happened, on the other, and when the married folks got up and walked away, the unmarried ones remained, unconscious of their departure. The calmness and beauty of the sea, auguring a fair voyage on their return to London Bridge, seemed to have absorbed all their attention; for after one or two remarks on this subject they were silent, Annie Goodchild looking straight before her to the sea-line on the horizon, scarcely distinguishable from the calm, streaky clouds which seemed to rest upon it; and Mr. Sparrow intent upon drawing figures in the sand, and rubbing them out again with his foot, glancing round from time to time at his fair companion, as if he would give more than a penny for her thoughts.

"It has been a very pleasant holiday," he said at length. "I ought not to say holiday, though, as far as I'm concerned, for I never do any work to speak of. Armiger must have enjoyed it immensely, and it will do him good; and the baby is wonderfully improved: it looked pinched, poor little thing, as if it wanted a holiday, though of course the baby does not do much work either."

"I should hope not, poor darling."

"But, I say, isn't it curious, you know, that you and I should be godmother and godfather to that

baby? I never cared very much about babies before; but I do now. And I'm going to begin work now in earnest. I have been pretty regular at the office lately, and shall stick to it. I'm afraid I shall have to go to-morrow, or the next day at farthest. My uncle has written to say the manager is ill, and he wants me to take his place; so I shall be manager for a time; and I shall have a good share in the business myself by-and-by. My money is in it now, you know. It is a very profitable concern. Then I must go about the Borough hopping. I do most of the hopping, you know. Very appropriate, is it not, for a Sparrow? It is not everybody who knows how to buy hops, and the beer depends chiefly on the hops. You do drink beer sometimes, don't you?"

"Not very often, Mr. Sparrow. Were you going to offer me a sample?"

"I would offer you everything I have got in the world, if I thought you would take it, and not laugh at me. I'm going to settle down now, and make a home, you know; and I was going to say, if you didn't mind—I'm so fond of you, you know, I couldn't live without you; I'm sure I couldn't. So would you just mind marrying me, you know? Oh, do say 'Yes'—I mean 'No.' You will, won't you? Do say 'Yes'—do say 'Yes.'" He caught her by the hand, and looked up imploringly into her eyes, fearing most of all that she would laugh at him, and put him from her with a jest. But she did not laugh. She was still gazing on the horizon far away, as if looking into the future. Her lips were parted, and her face a little flushed; but she did not look displeased.

"Do answer me, Annie. I know I'm not good enough, nor clever enough, for you; but I should get better every day if I had you for a wife; so you won't mind saying 'Yes,' will you? Oh, do say 'Yes.'"

She had not withdrawn her hand, though he was pressing it so warmly between both of his; yet he could scarcely believe his good fortune. "Do answer me, Annie," he repeated. "At least, don't. There, it's all settled, isn't it? You don't mind, do you?"

She was smiling now, and looking down into his eyes as he sat on the sand at her feet. Yes; "they were what you saw most of when you looked at him;" and "very like violets," with a little dew upon them. Nott was right.

"You are a dear, good fellow," she said; "clever enough and good enough for the best wife that ever lived. Yes; I do mind, very much indeed. I have known you long enough; and when the time comes for you to marry, I will be your wife, for I don't think I—could live without you, either."

"You don't mean that? Oh, Annie! Yes you do, though! I might have known it. Only you're fit to marry an archbishop instead of me. But you could not have any one else to love you anything like as I do. I could live with you here, on this 'No Man's Island,' and never want to go a step beyond it. And I'll stick to you all my life, like—like one of these limpets on the rock. There they stick, smooth or rough, high water or low; it makes no difference to them. And that's the way we'll cling to one another, through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, where alone true joys are to be found, as the Prayer-book says."

They sat hand-in-hand for a few minutes, rejoicing in the misquotations, and supremely happy. Nothing

that either of them could say was extravagant; nothing was absurd just then.

"I shall always call you Annie, now," he said. "I'm going away to-morrow morning; but I shall write to you to-morrow night, my darling Annie. Annie is a much prettier name than Goodchild, is it not? But you'll change that, won't you? Though Sparrow is not a pretty name, is it?"

"I like Sparrow a great deal better," she answered. "But look, there's your boy, Nott, coming. What is he throwing his arms about in that way for?"

"He's making signs about something. Why, I declare!" he exclaimed; "don't be frightened! the tide is rising; it does not signify."

"Not signify! Oh, Mr. Sparrow, we shall be drowned."

"Oh, no; no fear of that. I could climb up this rock, and carry you with me easily; or I could swim a mile with you upon my back. There is no danger. Besides, it's only up to our ankles yet; so I shall take you in my arms"—suiting the action to the word—"and walk through it without wetting the tip of your toes. Now I am the rock and you are the limpet. Stick tight; put your arms round my neck and hold tight."

He stepped down into the water with his precious burden, and waded slowly through it—more slowly than he need have done. He mounted the bank of sand opposite more slowly still. Even then he did not put her down, but seemed as if he meant to carry her all the way home. Nott was by this time lost to view behind a projecting cliff, but appeared presently, wading round the point.

"I thought you would both have been drowned dead, sir; I thought you would," he exclaimed, and burst out crying. "Hullo! I didn't think I'd been such a babby. I haven't guv in like this since I don't know when. Are you all right, sir? are you all right?"

"All right, thank you, Nott. Run off as quickly as you can after Mr. and Mrs. Armiger, and tell them so; and then run home and change your clothes." Nott did as he was bid; and Mr. Sparrow, shaking himself like a great water-dog—for the water proved to be much deeper than he had represented it—walked home with his bride-elect, as happy as he was wet. He found a change of clothes laid out ready for him; and when he had put them on, went in search of Annie, and found her sitting by the cradle, with the baby wide awake and laughing in her face. He saw her stoop down and kiss the little thing again and again,—one of those rapid volleys, or mitrailleuses, of kisses which are discharged upon babies only—and heard her say, "Isn't he a love, baby? he loves me; he's mine, mine, mine," emphasising each repetition with a kiss. Poor Mr. Sparrow felt quite as happy as the baby.

## THE BORDER LANDS OF ISLAM.

### IV.—SERBIA.

THE principality of modern Serbia does not include all the Serbs, nor is it co-extensive with the former Serbian dominions. It is, in fact, a patch of the old territory snatched from the grasp of the Turk, and held by the bravery of its people. This recovered region takes somewhat the shape of a



triangle. The base rests on the Save and the Danube, while the sides are in part formed by the Drina on the west and the Timok on the east; the one river dividing the country from Bosnia, and the other to some extent from Bulgaria. On the south the rounded apex abuts on the Turkish territory of old Serbia, from which the land slopes towards the great rivers on the north. The Morava, the largest river of the interior, on its way to the Danube, divides the triangle into two unequal portions; the Kolubara flows more to the west, and falls into the Save. In extent, Serbia is about one-fifth smaller than Scotland, and sparsely occupied by 1,352,000 inhabitants. Like Scotland, it is a land of mountains. On the south-west the mountains consist of offshoots of the Dinaric Alps, and elsewhere of branches of the Balkin chain. One of these, gathered into a knotty group in the centre of the country, forms the Rudrik Mountains. Another, running northwards, meets a range of the Carpathians, and with it forms the "Iron Gates" of the Danube. Nothing can exceed the wildness and stern sublimity of this celebrated portal, through which the great river flows.

Generally speaking, Serbia is traversed from south to north by extensive mountain ridges. These form valleys which nowhere expand into plains. In its physical features the country is not unlike Bosnia and the Herzegovina, but with its green and well-wooded hills it is in striking contrast to the bare and sterile region of Montenegro.

In our former paper we saw that Montenegro contained in its mountain recesses the unconquered remnant of the old Servian empire, and that, therefore, the little principality of the Black Mountain may, in that sense, be held as its truest representative. Modern Serbia, however, on account alike of name, resources, and geographical position, claims continuity of national life with the Serbia of the fourteenth century. The motto of its present princes of the house of Obrenovitch is "Time and my right." Their arms represent a white cross on a red field, and on the cross is inscribed two dates, 1389—1815; between them lies a drawn sword. The first date commemorates the fatal fight of Kossova, when the Servians, overthrown by the Ottoman arms, became a subject people; the second marks the year when Milosch Obrenovitch went from his dwelling among the mountains of the interior to the church of Takovo, to raise anew the standard of revolt. The drawn sword between the dates may be taken to indicate that the attitude of the subject Serbs on the Danube during four long centuries of Turkish rule was not one of servile submission, but of a nourished antagonism. What gives importance to the revolt of 1815 is that it resulted in the permanent acknowledgment of Serbia by the Porte as a self-governing though still tributary power, under native rulers. Serbia restored to the Serbs, brought back with it the hope, at some future time, of entire independence, and of an extension of territory co-extensive with the old Servian kingdom. Nor do the free and warlike inhabitants of the Black Mountain entertain any jealousy of the national aspirations of their brethren on the Danube. The two Serb powers are in close alliance, and between the families of the respective princes there exists a cordial friendship.

To appreciate fully the political position and national aspirations of resuscitated Serbia, we may briefly notice the rise, growth, and short-lived

splendour of the old kingdom prior to the Turkish conquest. Considerable obscurity rests on the early history of Serbia. We gather, however, that the Servians were conquered by the Bulgarians, and afterwards became subject to the Eastern empire. Regaining their liberty about the year 1085, Stephen Nemanja, the first of his line, in the twelfth century welded together several detached and vassal governments into a united power, and became Grand Zupan of the Serbs. In 1217 Serbia became a kingdom, independent alike of Hungary and the Eastern empire, with Stephen, son of the Grand Zupan, as the first crowned king. For upwards of two centuries Serbia was ruled by princes of the house of Nemanja. These princes intermarried with daughters of Byzantium, France, and Venice. The fortified town of Prizen, in old Serbia, lying on the slope of the Scardus Mountains, became the "czargrad," or city of the ruler. Under the Nemanja princes the Servian kingdom grew in extent until it embraced the lands of the Slavo-Serbs. Stephen Dushan, the greatest ruler of the line, who was crowned in 1333, raised the monarchy into an empire, and became Czar Dushan, with a sway extending not only over the Serb lands, but over Bulgaria, North Albania, Ætolia, and Macedonia. Dushan aimed to possess himself of Thrace and the throne of the Eastern empire, and for this end marched to Constantinople at the head of 80,000 men. His purpose was, however, unfulfilled, for on the way he was seized with fever, and died at the age of fifty. Czar Dushan is one of the great figures of history. A man of large stature, noble presence, and imperious will, he had also a genius for conquest and a political sagacity in advance of his age. Had he attained to the Eastern throne, and ruled Serbia from Constantinople, his successors might have been able to oppose a consolidated and united empire of Slavs and Greeks to the advancing wave of Ottoman conquest. In that case there might have been no Turkey in Europe, no Slavic races downtrodden for centuries under barbarian rule, and no unsolved Eastern question in our day to perplex statesmen or set nations by the ears.

On the death of Dushan the Servian power declined, and with the murder of his feeble son the line of the Nemanja ended. Lazar, a connection of the family, succeeded to the czardom. Lazar was pious, energetic, and valiant, but he was unfortunate in battle. His name and memory are not the less cherished by the Servian people; and his fall on the field of Kossova with the lost liberty of Serbia are bewailed in their pathetic national songs.

After Lazar's death intervened the four centuries of Moslem ascendancy represented by the drawn sword between the dates on the cross. This period was, however, for a short time broken by the victories of Prince Eugene and the occupation of Serbia by Austria.

With the opening of the century began the era of restoration, for it was in 1804 that the peasant George Petrovitch, called by the Turks Kara (black) George, headed the insurgents. The chiefs of the janissaries, under the name of dahis, in many of the provinces of the Turkish empire, usurped authority, opposed the pashas—the representatives of the Sultan—and oppressed the peasantry, and nowhere were they so powerful as in Belgrade. It was the atrocities committed by the dahis which incited the Servians to rebellion. Kara George, who was born

at Topola in 1767, after overcoming the dahis, directed his efforts against the authority of the Sultan. After a struggle of eight years, with varying fortune, the Turks were driven from Servia. In 1813, however, they retook the country, and Kara George and other chiefs fled to Austria. The great peasant leader returned again in 1817, but his life, by a foul crime, was sacrificed at the shrine of political necessity. Among the voivodes who remained in Servia was Milosch Obrenovitch. The youth of Milosch was spent among the mountains as a swineherd. He had joined Kara George, and afterwards pursued, as his brothers had done, the lucrative, and in Servia respectable, calling of a swine-dealer. On Palm Sunday, 1815, Milosch appeared, as we have said, at the church of Takovo. Brilliantly armed, and with the national flag in his hand, he stepped into the midst of the assembled Servians, and said, "Here I am; and now war with the Turks is begun." For the details of the struggle, which lasted till 1829, we must refer our readers to the admirable history of the Servian Revolution by Leopold Ranke, translated by Mrs. Kerr. Milosch was declared prince by the National Assembly, and in 1830 acknowledged as such by the Porte, with the right of succession in his family. The Porte at the same time accorded to the Servians the right of self-government, reserving seven fortresses, garrisoned by Turks, and a nominal sovereignty.

Although Milosch had done so much to earn the gratitude of his countrymen, he fell under the popular resentment. His mode of government was moulded too much after the fashion of a Turkish pasha. So despotic, indeed, did his acts become, that he was forced to abdicate the throne in 1839 in favour of his son Milan, who was, however, too ill to govern at the time of his father's downfall; and dying soon afterwards, he was in turn succeeded by his brother Michael, the younger son of Milosch. Neither did Michael please the chiefs of Servia, for he also, in 1842, was compelled to quit the country. The Servians now turned their eyes to Alexander Kara Georgevitch, the son of the first liberator, who was elected prince by the Skouptchina, or National Assembly. For a time the rule of Alexander gave satisfaction, and under his guidance great progress was made in internal improvements. After a reign of about seventeen years, party feeling again ran high, another crisis occurred, and the son of Kara George was compelled to abdicate. And now the aged Prince Milosch was recalled from his retirement at Bucharest, in compliance with the popular demand, "Give us back our old Milosch!" Old Milosch reigned little more than one year, dying in 1860. He left the throne to his son Michael, then at the age of forty, who was also for the second time proclaimed Prince of Servia.

During his exile Michael had travelled much in Europe, and become a thorough European. He possessed enlightened views as a ruler, and bending his whole energies to give his country a new and really independent life, he organised the militia so that Servia could summon to her standard in time of need a force of 100,000 trained men. Roads also were formed, bridges built, schools established, and agriculture and commerce encouraged. The popularity of the prince was greatly increased, in 1862, by his obtaining the removal of the Turkish garrisons from Belgrade and all the other fortresses of Servia. The education of Prince Michael led him to introduce

European refinement among his court and people. One of his tastes was for parks and gardens. The garden attached to his town residence was choice and elegant. He converted a picturesque district lying along the chain of hills to the west of Belgrade into a deer-park, named the Topshidere. When walking in the Topshidere, in June, 1868, Prince Michael was assassinated. The death of so wise and experienced a ruler was a great loss to Servia. The next in succession was a youth of fourteen years of age—Milan, grandson of Jephrem, a brother of old Milosch, and consequently second cousin to the deceased prince. Milan, now the reigning prince of Servia, and the fourth of his dynasty, was born in 1854, at Jassy, of a Moldavian mother, who had married the son of Jephrem Obrenovitch. Prince Michael had adopted Milan as his heir, and sent him to Paris to be educated. When the tragic event occurred, Milan was hurried from his studies to Servia, and proclaimed prince in July, 1868. During his minority the government was entrusted to a Council of Regency. Having attained age, he ascended the constitutional throne of Servia on the 22nd August, 1872.

By the constitution the executive is vested in a council of five ministers. The legislative authority is exercised by two independent bodies—the Skouptchina, or House of Representatives, and the Senate. The former is composed of 134 deputies, of whom 33 are nominated by the prince and 101 chosen by the people, one deputy for every 2,000 electors. The electors are the males of the country, above twenty-one years of age, paying direct taxes, not being either domestic servants or gipsies. The Senate consists of 17 members, nominated by the prince, one for each of the seventeen departments into which the country is divided. Formerly all the vacancies were filled up by the rest of the members, but now the prince exercises the power of appointing the Senators. The Senate is always in session. The Skouptchina meets regularly every three years, or, if the prince chooses, oftener. No taxes can be legally imposed without the sanction of this Lower House, nor can any modification be made in the constitution, or change in organic laws, without its recorded consent. Besides this ordinary Skouptchina, there is what may be termed the Grand Skouptchina, which is four times larger, and is convoked only on rare occasions, such as the election of a prince. With this latter body rests the power of deposing a despotic prince; and thus the constitution of Servia contains within itself a provision for accomplishing a legal revolution. The pay of the President of the Senate is £700 a year, and of the Vice-President £500, while an ordinary senator receives annually £420. The appointments to the Senate are for life.

Servia has no public debt. Its total revenue is given at £711,240, and the expenditure at nearly the same amount. The main source of the revenue is produced by a capitation tax. This tax is levied according to a minute classification of the rank, occupation, and income of each individual. A certain amount is, in the first instance, imposed on the different communes, or parishes, when it is again distributed among the heads of families. The communal organisation of Servia is of ancient origin, and existed all through the time of its subjection to Turkey. The country is divided into 17 departments, 60 sub-departments, and 1,059 communes. A commune consists of a single village if large, or of

two or three adjoining villages if small. In each village or principal village there is a head, or mayor, and a priest. A petty court is also held, with a limited jurisdiction, presided over by the mayor. If the village has an inn, it belongs to the commune, and is rented, as also its pasturages and oak woods, and the money paid to the communal account. In each commune provision is also made for public education.

The chief towns in Servia may be reckoned at five in number, viz., Belgrade, Semandria, Schabatz, Ushitza, and Kragujewatz. Belgrade, the capital, is a city of about 60,000 inhabitants, and is situated at the junction of the Save and the Danube. Its famous fortress has been repeatedly taken and retaken in the wars of the Turks with the Hungarians and Austrians, and more recently in the struggle with the Servians. It is a place of great strength, and commands the Danube. The cathedral of Belgrade is a large but tasteless structure, with a gilt bell-tower. The interior is covered with pictures of no great merit. Schabatz ranks after Belgrade as the second town of Servia. It is situated farther up the Save, near to the frontier of Bosnia, and is a place of considerable commercial importance, and the seat of a bishopric. Semandria at the confluence of the River Jessava with the Danube, below Belgrade, and near to the mouth of the Morava, is surrounded by hills, whose slopes are covered with vineyards, and occupies a situation full of picturesque beauty. It is, besides, a place of historical interest. Ushitza, also the seat of a bishopric, is an interior town, in the south-west corner of Servia. It stands among orchards, and is defended by a castle which commands three important roads. Kragujewatz, formerly the capital, stands in the centre of Servia. Here are the government powder-mills and arsenal, established by the late Prince Michael, where rifled cannon are cast and old muskets transformed into breech-loaders. Besides these larger towns, there are several busy and thriving smaller towns and many villages scattered throughout the country.

The scenery of Servia is exceedingly beautiful, the mountains being for the most part covered with dense forests of oak and other trees. The valleys and rivers form an endless and agreeable diversity; and the lower ground is exceedingly fertile, abounding in rich meadows and fields, well fitted for the culture of wheat or Indian corn. In his account of the highlands and woodlands of Servia, Mr. Paton bears frequent testimony to the romantic beauty of the country. Speaking of the country bordering the Drina, he says, "Nothing like enclosures or fields, farms, labourers, gardens, or gardeners, and yet it is and looks a garden in one place, a trim English lawn and a park in another. You almost say to yourself, 'The man or house cannot be far off. What lovely and extensive grounds! Where can the hall or castle be hid?'" During the same journey, Mr. Paton made the ascent of the mountain Kopaunik, which is so placed that the eye can take in an immense range of territory. He thus speaks of the scene:—"A gentle wind skimmed the white straggling clouds from the blue sky. Warmer and warmer grew the sunlit valleys; wider and wider grew the prospect as we ascended. Balkin after balkin rose on the distant horizon. When at length I stood on the highest peak, the prospect was literally gorgeous. Servia lay rolled out at my feet. There was the field of Kossovo, where Amurath

defeated Lazar and entombed the ancient empire of Servia. I mused an instant on this great landmark of European history; and following the finger of an old peasant, who accompanied us, I looked eastward, and saw Deligrad, the scene of one of the bloodiest fights that preceded the resurrection of Servia as a principality. The Morava glistened in its wide valley like a silver thread in a carpet of green; beyond which the dark mountains of Rudnik rose to the north, while the frontiers of Bosnia, Albania, Macedonia, and Bulgaria walled in the prospect." From the top of Kopaunik the view embraces memorials of the glory, fall, and rise of Servia; there may be at once seen the seat of the Servian empire in old Servia, the field of its overthrow, and the scenes where freedom was again won by the sword of the Serbs.

The Serbs have fine figures, and are of good stature, and generally of fair complexions, with light hair, blue eyes, and open countenances. They are distinguished by vigour of frame, personal valour, love of freedom, and glowing, poetical spirit. If they are a less plodding, or what may be termed lazier, people than the Bulgarians, they have, on the other hand, a more masculine address and demeanour, and are altogether a physically stronger and nobler race. The women are good-looking and well-made; their movements are easy and supple, and the complexions even of the peasant girls are clear and fresh, and betoken good constitutions and robust health. The traveller who sees the Servians only at Belgrade would take away a wrong impression of the character of the people generally. Mr. Paton found the men of the interior of the country to be neither poor nor barbarous. He describes them as "a single-minded and uncorrupted race, characterised by the patriarchal simplicity of their manners and the poetic originality of their language." The following testimony of the Rev. Mr. Denton is to a similar effect:—"In no country is life and property more secure; the peasants of no part of continental Europe can compare with those of Servia for that truest of all courtesies, which is based on a spirit of independence, and springs from true gentleness of character. The salutations of the peasants to the traveller have no trace of servility; they are the mutual homage which one free man renders to another. I once asked of a Servian gentleman 'whether there were any nobles in Servia?' 'Every Servian is noble,' was the proud reply." It is, perhaps, to this exaggerated feeling of personal dignity that we are to attribute the unwillingness of the free Serbs to work either as servants or farm-labourers. This necessary class is drawn from the adjoining countries of Hungary, Bulgaria, and Wallachia. The Servian has been compared to the Scottish Highlander. Like him, he is brave in battle, hospitable, fond of plaintive music and poetry, but with little aptitude for trade, and, while he tills his own land, lazy in agricultural operations.

In Servia, as in Montenegro and other Serb lands, the female is reckoned an inferior. This does not seem to be owing to Turkish influence, but to be inherent in the old Slavic manners. All travellers bear witness to the remarkable cleanliness of person and house which obtains throughout Servia. The cottages of the Wallachs, many of whom are settled in the country, are by no means so clean and tidy as those of the Servians.

The soil of Servia is fertile and productive, but

three-fourths of it is uncultivated, and agriculture is still in a rude and primitive state. Immigration of industrious cultivators of the soil would be an advantage to stimulate the natives by salutary example and competition. The great want of Serbia is native enterprise, labour, and capital. Not only is the soil fertile, but the country is full of valuable timber, and rich in coal and other mineral resources. Mines have been recently opened by English companies, to whom concessions have been made by the government. Since Serbia was freed from Turkish government, good roads have been made between the chief towns; but there is still much to be done in this respect. No railways yet exist in the country, nor is the Morava yet navigable, as it might by labour become, for sixty miles from its mouth right into the interior of the country. No British vessels are to be found at Belgrade. The chief trade of Serbia is with Austria, and, to a less degree, with Turkey and Roumania. British manufactures reach Serbia only through Austria. Of late years there has been an increased consumption of cotton goods. The annual value of the imports is given at £900,000, and of the exports at £1,100,000. The great staple of Servian industry is cattle and swine. One-half of the value of the exports consists of swine. The pigs roam through the oak-forests in countless herds, feeding on the acorns or on such pasture as the fields and forests afford. Great numbers are taken to Hungary and Slavonia to be fattened for the Austrian market, while those fattened in Serbia are slaughtered at Belgrade. Grain forms about one-third of the Servian exports, and Indian corn is largely cultivated; and, among other products, we may instance the grape, which is grown on the banks of the Danube.

The British Consul-General Longworth, stationed at Belgrade, complains of the indisposition of the natives for labour, and of their lack of constructive skill. To a rough class of artisans—architects, masons, and carpenters—from the provinces of Albania and Macedonia—the rural population of Serbia, which consists of nine-tenths of the inhabitants, are indebted for the construction of their houses and cottages. The earnings of this class of itinerants, Mr. Longworth says, have been estimated at £200,000 a-year, a large and continuous drain on the resources of the country.

The Servians belong to the Orthodox, or Eastern Church; they are governed by the Archbishop of Belgrade, who is the metropolitan, and three suffragan bishops. The Servian Church acknowledges the primacy of the Patriarch of Constantinople, but is independent. The income of each bishop is £1,000 per annum; that of the archbishop, £2,000. The number of the clergy, parochial and monastic, is between seven and eight hundred. The parochial clergy require to be married, in accordance with the invariable rule in the Eastern Church. Few or none of the churches have pulpits, and preaching is rare except on the great feast days of the Church. The old Slavonic is used in the services, and although a dead language, it is so allied to the spoken dialect that the people understand the hymns and prayers. With the exception of some 15,000 gipsies, a few thousands of Roman Catholics, Jews, and Mohammedans respectively, the whole people belong to the Greek Church.

The burden of rule in Serbia in these times of revolt and portending change is laid on young

shoulders. Prince Milan is only in his twenty-second year. It cannot be said that he has secured that influence and authority over his people which Prince Nicolas of Montenegro possesses. There are elements of political unrest in Serbia of which the mountain principality knows nothing. It is a field for foreign and native agitators. The war party is strong, and much military preparation has been made. Important issues depend on the attitude of Serbia. Whatever may be in store for the country as events evolve, whether trial or triumph, we cannot but regard its ultimate progress and freedom as assured. Nor can we better conclude our notice than by quoting hopeful words as to the future of Serbia, written long before the insurrectionary rising in the neighbouring provinces.

"The Servians have conquered their independence, and they will know how to maintain it. They have quietly but securely advanced since they threw off the Turkish yoke, and they owe their progress to a national character distinguished by many remarkable qualities, a sturdy feeling of independence, an honest industry, and a sound morality, offering in these respects a strong contrast to that of the Greeks. They have maintained and gradually improved the free institutions which they have won. They have no expensive and showy court nor public establishments; they do not exhaust their resources in diplomatic missions, useless offices of state, and wholesale public corruption; and they do not ape the worst fashions and vices of Europe. They have consequently no national debt; they are moderately taxed, and their yearly revenue is amply sufficient to meet all their wants. Education is making good progress, and the internal tranquillity of the country has been secured. The Servians are the best representatives of a powerful race, destined to play a great part in the future history of Europe and the world. Let us leave them to the development of their own institutions, unshackled by guarantees and foreign interference, and the time will probably come when they will afford a more complete solution to the Eastern question than any complicated system which diplomacy could devise."

#### OUR BOYS-OF-ALL-WORK.

WE were startled lately on hearing that the tax-collector intended to charge us for the boy that cleans our boots and knives, under the pretence that he is a man-servant. If he did, I fear I should have to fall back upon a girl, for my purse is hardly long enough to satisfy any additional demands. What with the rise in coals and meat and the school-bills, and putting out my eldest lad, and marrying my eldest girl, and all the rest of it, that never very well-filled receptacle for my earnings already grows sufficiently slender, and another attack of the Queen's collector would be altogether too much for it. Certainly, if this proposal were to be renewed, we must fall back upon girls, however much we may dislike it.

Yes, I own that for the boot-cleaning and knife-polishing business I prefer a boy. He may be dirtier—in short, there is no doubt that he is. He may also be noisier, and less amenable to discipline than a girl. But, for all that, I prefer him. Have I not been a boy myself—I do not, of course, mean in the boot-cleaning line—and was I not dirty, noisy, certainly unpleasant, and probably turbulent? There



are advantages also about a boot-cleaning boy which disappear in the case of a boot-cleaning girl—you can threaten him with immediate corporal punishment. When he has boot-cleaned to the full, you can send him out on errands, or up ladders, or into the garden. Being dirty to begin with, he takes no harm from an extra bit or two of dirty work. Yes, on the whole I prefer a boy; and I hope sincerely that the tax-collector will not renew his fell resolve.

Dear me, what a number of "boys" we have had since we started in the housekeeping line! As impossible to remember them all as to remember the dates and names of the Saxon kings before the Conquest. Still, some few of them force themselves on the memory.

There was the boy immediately preceding the present boy. What a boy he was! I meet him now and then in the town, and we exchange a friendly word. Now he is apprenticed to a respectable trade, and has arrived at that stage when a chimney-pot hat and embroidered waistcoat are thought necessary for the completion of his Sunday attire. But he was one of the dirtiest and the merriest boys we ever had. In the intervals of boot-cleaning my children used to gather round him, and he conjured wonderfully. Halfpence disappeared up his sleeve—faithfully reappearing, I am bound to say, and returning to their original owners at the close of the exhibition. With the knives, which he professionally superintended, he could perform the most surprising feats. A fork in his hands became instinct with life, and I am afraid to say how many oranges he could keep up in the air at once. For all which he was none the worse; and when he went, we gave him five shillings extra, as a little testimonial to his merits.

I wish every one of our boys had been like him; but do I not remember some of a very different sort? There was the boy, for instance, known to us as "Pips," from some occult reason which I have never fathomed. Pips, alas! appeared to have no conception of duty as connected with a boot or a knife. The schoolmaster, by whose recommendation he came, introduced him, indeed, as a remarkable arithmetical genius for his position in life, and intimated that Pips might be expected, as time went on, and opportunities should open, and brain develop, to do something wonderful; and it is quite certain that he used the whitening with which he was entrusted to draw geometrical figures on the back of the boot-room door, and on one occasion was appealed to successfully by the cook to solve a problem as to the cost of some pounds and odd ounces at threepence three-farthings. But his genius refused to accommodate itself to the polishing of boots and knives; and so, after a while, the knowledge that our boot-boy could do decimal fractions having ceased to console us for half-brushed boots and spotty knives, Pips was dethroned, and another assistant obtained, less intellectual, but more effectual.

More effectual, did I say? Yes, certainly, in a sense; the work was done, no doubt. The cat might have used my boots for a looking-glass; and the knives looked like new, and cut a good deal better than new. But at what cost was this attained? In those days—but never, never since—we covenanted to give the shoe-boy his breakfast. But did we covenant to give him his dinner, tea, lunch, and supper? By no means. And yet, shortly after the arrival of Webster, it began to be darkly rumoured

in our establishment that breakfast with him was equivalent to all these meals rolled into one in the case of ordinary boys. The cat had hitherto borne the brunt of all strange disappearances in the matter of food, but now she retired into obscurity, and her fame suffered a total eclipse. Webster became the *edax rerum* of the establishment. Who eat the pie? Webster! And the cold pudding? Webster! Who the remains of the leg of mutton, and the extra loaf, and the—? But my pen fails me. Suffice it to say that Webster went. Whither he went I have not learned; but, I hope, to some place where the diet was unlimited.

To Webster, after some inconspicuous tenants of the office, succeeded Miles. Miles retains a hold on my memory as the boy who cared for his mother. Breakfast, as a regular institution, was abolished before his arrival. That circumstance, and its reason, has already been stated. But still there were, of course, bits and remnants which naturally found their way to the boy, and Miles, anticipative of these, was always provided with a basin, and a cloth to cover it with. Such a proceeding, in my wife's opinion, was exceedingly suspicious. She had no objection to Miles consuming on the premises anything which might be given him, but she had a very great objection—as would many housewives—to anything being carried off. So one day she went round, pretty early in the morning, as far as the court in which Miles and his mother lived; and there she found the mother breakfasting on a half-eaten slice of bread-and-butter and a little scrap of bacon, which had been given the boy, and which he had taken home to her rather than eat it himself. In fact, it was a genuine case of filial care, and not, as we supposed, a system of fraud and speculation. Very pleasant it is, in the midst of so much of this sort of thing, occasionally to light upon something of a different character. And pleasant is it also to have seen that Miles has made a steady progress upwards ever since he left us. His mother, so far as I know, is gone to a better place, and Miles now has a comfortable home, a tidy wife, and a little garden, from which he every now and then brings us a rose, or a stick of celery, or some other vegetable token of an old affection.

Dear me! how the time must have rolled on to permit such a thing! But time does roll; and in the matter of boys, I am glad to think that it has rolled us up some good ones, many tolerable ones, and only a few really bad. We have always tried to do them some little good, show them, if possible, some kindness, and got them on a little, and seen that they had some opportunities of instruction, both in temporal and spiritual matters. And, on the whole, we have found our boys answer, and, I hope—as I said—we shall not have to take to girls. They may be all very well in their way, but I prefer to go on with my boys; and both my wife and I are getting too old to learn new ways.

W. E. L.

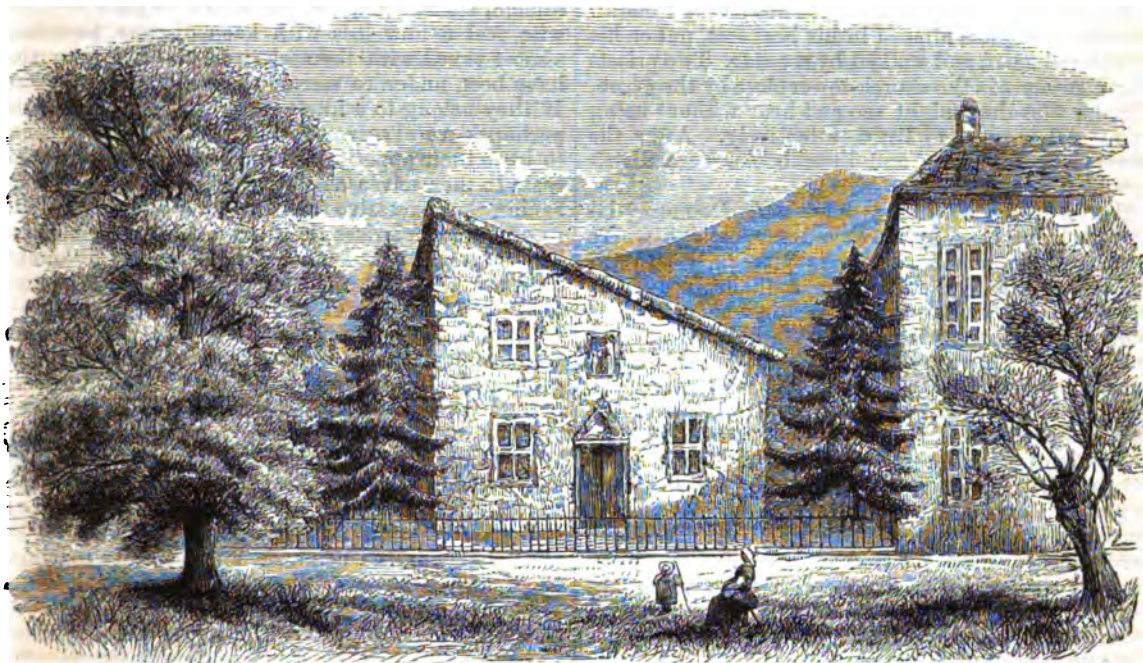
#### BIRTHPLACE OF JOAN OF ARC.

EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL OF A FRENCH PASTOR.

RENEWED and lively interest has of late been awakened in the history of Joan of Arc by the hitherto ineffectual efforts of M. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, to obtain her canonization. This interest is felt alike by Protestants and Roman Catholics.

The former, whilst they deplore what they must look upon as superstition, revere her memory, not only on account of her patience, bravery, and sufferings, but also on account of her independent spirit and personal conviction, which are apparently the cause of the Pope's reluctance to have her name inscribed on the calendar of Romish saints. With the French people, however, and especially the inhabitants of Orleans, she is amazingly popular, and has become doubly so since the late war. Many have been brought to attribute the disasters of France to the absence of religion, and would like to see a revival of the fervent, warlike, yet devotional spirit which animated the French people in the days

There was no moon; but the snow, ten inches deep, prevented it from being a really dark night; and the icicles were hanging, some eight or ten feet long, from the banks and quarries on the roadside. Was met at Pagny, and driven all night in an open cart to Brixey-aux-Chanoines, where we arrived soon after break of day. I shall not forget that journey, with the drifts of snow, and jolts, and howling wind and sleet. I tried to comfort myself with the thought that I was going to comfort the mourners, and to preach the glad tidings to the villagers. But my young driver seemed for a while too dismal to converse. The cold, too, caught our teeth. At last we passed through the long street of Vaucouleurs, where



BIRTHPLACE OF JOAN D'ARC.

of Joan of Arc, the deliverer of France from the foreign invader.

Many years ago the pastor from whose journal the following extract is taken visited the birthplace of Joan, at Domremy-la-Pucelle. At that time the place was no doubt less frequently visited than it is at present. The cottage in which Joan was born, though not very picturesque, was prettily situated near the village green, on which stood some nice trees, and near which passed the River Meuse, winding amongst the hills. The axe and the hammer of modern civilisation have not perhaps improved the place, but it is still a retired, rural, and interesting spot.

March 13th, 7 p.m., 1858.—Poor Madame Storak died last evening at the age of eighty-three. I am requested to start immediately in order to bury her to-morrow morning. Eighteen leagues [forty-five miles], by cross-roads! Quite on the extremity of my parish!—and what weather! . . .

14th.—The snow was falling fast last night when I wrapped myself in my cloak and began my journey.

Jeanne d'Arc first heard the voices which bade her arise and save her country from the foreign foe. I ventured to ask my companion if he knew anything of the history of the maid of Orleans. He knew but little: "But," he added, "don't talk just now; we must not arouse the attention of the *gendarmes*, for we have no right to be travelling without a lantern." When we had fairly passed the *gendarmerie*, he added, "The old woman at home is afraid to go out of our door without a light, and she forgot last night to give me the lantern."

"Pray," asked I, "what is she afraid of?"

"Oh, she saw the two red men walking along the side of the wood yonder. Many about here have seen them—and the red children too, as red as melted iron. They lie murdered in yonder meadow, but they walk about at night."

"I do not believe that," I remarked. "My dear young man, he that fears God is not frightened by such superstitious nonsense."

"Well," he replied, "I am not learned, and do not know much about religion. But a friend of mine met a man just here, where the roads part; he was

twelve feet high, and had a little white dog; and others have seen him."

I soon discovered these and similar stories were the common belief of thousands in that part of the country, which seemed to me to have been the classic land of superstition both before and since the days of Joan of Arc.

My young companion was a Roman Catholic by birth. In all that region Protestantism is represented only by about half-a-dozen families of Mennonites. Gross darkness seems to pervade all minds. I found, however, some light and peace at the house of my friend the miller, whose aged mother had been a pious woman, and had been a light for many years in that dark spot.

The whole village turned out to attend the funeral. The mayor clothed himself in his best suit, put on his tricoloured scarf, and walked by my side. Two priests hid themselves in the church-tower close by the grave, in order that they might see and hear without being seen. All seemed to listen attentively. After the ceremony some tracts and little books were distributed.

The weather becoming fine, and Domremy-la-Pucelle being close by, I visited the cottage where Jeanne d'Arc was born. It is pleasantly situated under the hills, by the river side, a quaint, ugly little stone building, containing the bed in which the little maid first was laid, with various statues and striking inscriptions. A portly sister of charity, whose fasts seem strangely to fatten her, and who keeps the museum close by, showed me very politely over the premises, which it is difficult to visit without feelings of veneration, respect, and pity for the heroine whose story forms one of the noblest and brightest pages in French history. Poor maid of Orleans! Surely no one can doubt her sincerity, her piety, and her holy enthusiasm for God and her country. Often have I wondered why the Romish Church invokes names and honours memories far less "saintly" than hers. But they do her better homage by leaving her name out of the calendar of saints.

#### THE READING OF THE WILL.

I DO not know when the custom arose for the reading of a will as soon as those concerned and interested in it had returned from laying the maker of it in the grave, and gathered once more, often for the last time, in the home of the testator. Though the ceremony is not now observed so frequently as was once the case, it is far from having become obsolete. And, at any rate, whether it takes place on the reassemblage of the mourners after the funeral or not, there must generally be some occasion shortly after the death of a man who has anything to leave, when his friends and relations are made acquainted with the nature of his last will and testament. Whether these occasions occur before or after the funeral they surely have some special corporate character. Then the survivors are generally gathered together, and though some one may have opened the document, till then secret, in solitude, the announcement of its contents is most likely to be made in and to the surviving circle while they are assembled. It is certain that they discuss it.

The traditional method, involving the wisdom of our ancestors, is, however, to read the will when the last rites have been paid to the deceased. Then the

blank period of suspense preceding the burial has been brought to its solemn close. The importunities of life begin to reassert themselves. The French have a proverb or saying, "*Bouche va toujours.*" This, as I think, expresses the truth of the last statement much more picturesquely than the somewhat coarse line—"One must eat"—which clothes it in an English dress. The necessities of our being are not, and indeed cannot be, interrupted even when the stroke of death has just fallen on a family. Perhaps the strain that accompanies the attendance of the household in the death-chamber produces an exhaustion which the freshly-made mourner is almost ashamed to recognise. There is something which seems, as it were, selfish and unfeeling to pass from the solemn, silent room and sit down to meat. Many, who feel a new loss with keen distress, have been almost vexed with themselves at the necessity they have been under to recruit their exhausted powers. If they belong to a numerous household, containing perhaps several servants, who can hardly be expected to have their appetite fail on such an occasion, they seem to themselves as if they were aiding or encouraging that excessive impulse to eat and drink which so often characterises the surroundings of mourning. The "funeral baked-meats" have created a "household word." And the drinking which accompanies death among some of the poorer sort of people is notorious and often revolting. But though those who are heartily sad look with repugnance upon the greediness—for it often deserves to be thus termed—of such as can hardly be expected to show strong signs of sorrow, this importunity of their own nature, which they are half inclined to resent, really marks the working of a beneficent law. Life soon begins to call us off from death. The unseen wheels of the living world know no hesitation or stoppage. The most commonplace demands are naturally continued to be urged, however exceptional the shock which may have been felt; and if any, deeply and newly distressed, try to refuse these, their best friends quickly press for their compliance with them. The fresh-made widow is soon encouraged, or urged, to court sleep, to taste food.

Thus, from the first, at the outset, we see the working of a law of compensation which mercifully begins to form a fresh skin over the sore as soon as it is caused. But it is when the last ceremony has been observed, when the dead are buried out of your sight, when the blinds of the house of mourning are drawn up, that old custom has decreed a larger facing of the duties of life. Then the last will and testament of the deceased, if not previously ascertained, is at least made generally known, the conventional form of which publication appears in the "reading of the will." Till that time and business is over, the full relation of the deceased to the world in which he had lived is not determined. It is notorious that some of the most curious eccentricities of the mind have displayed themselves in a man's "will." We can never take our measure of a man till we know, not only what he has owned, but how he disposes of his property. Most people, however open and confiding their manner in life may be, keep their wishes about the disposition of their property to themselves. They do not like to take their little world into confidence. There is a sense of legitimate reticence in this reserve. The circumstances of even an ordinary family are so uncertain that a man does not like to commit himself to such a



final sentence on it as the proclamation of his will before his departure would involve. He likes to retain the right to exercise his own judgment, even though he may have caused his will to be committed to writing. Once let him state during life the precise intended distribution of his worldly goods, and he feels himself barred from changing it, except at the risk of being unduly charged with changeableness, and looked upon with suspicion. If he declares his projected will once and then alters it, what guarantee have his friends that he will not alter it again? So he keeps the secret, wisely.

But though none blame a man for this wise reticence, it is impossible for his friends to discharge from their minds all conjecture about his "will." The most staid persons have exhibited unexpected freaks of testamentary disposition. Moreover, a man may possibly have made a suitable will years before, which changed circumstances may render unsuitable. Then, again, there is the chance that with the best desire to make an equitable disposition of his goods, a testator may have neglected some technical conditions, the neglect of which may render his expressed wishes legally invalid. Even the most experienced of lawyers have left questionable or wholly useless documents behind them. How much is this uncertainty increased when the survivors do not even know till the decisive paper is opened whether the ordinary testator has trusted to his own powers of composition or employed legal assistance in composing his "will." Altogether the "reading of the will" is a trying business to his survivors. Let alone the fact that a certain awe is attached to a post mortem utterance, and also the knowledge that if it be definite and legal, and not excessively eccentric or bearing upon it the impress of an unsound mind, it is irretrievably final. When it is known that he has any considerable or appreciable property to dispose of, a man's family and friends must be seriously concerned to know his sentence, or to pronounce theirs upon it.

And this crisis of conjecture has another effect. It forces those who have lately had their ears and minds filled with the utterances of sepulture, and their thoughts directed immediately towards death, to face the business importunities of life. Mourning is inevitably intermingled with worldly considerations. Nor let us say that this is undesirable. Worldly considerations must engage us while we are in the world. The mischief of them arises when they are excessive or chiefly selfish. The survivors may lament the dead, but they have to deal with the living. When they have done their duty to the departed, they must see to those who remain. There is sometimes a morbid prolongation of the sentiments associated with the death of one whom we have loved. It is better, when we think of him or her, to think of their lives rather than of their departure from life. And "the reading of the will," or whatever corresponds to it, even though the ceremony may not be performed in full compliance with conventional procedure, has the effect, a wholesome one it must be admitted, of diverting the mind from an undue dwelling upon the last mournful scenes. The last broken utterances listened to by those who stood around the death-bed are followed by an express declaration of what the dead man wished while in sound health. We are called to see him, not as he was at the last, but as he wished himself to be seen and understood to be. Our interest in and relative to

him is put back, as it were, from the last moments to those during which he lived in no immediate prospect of death. We are compelled to hear him as living and not dead. And that in the main, and quite irrespectively of the nature of his "will," is a healthy and desirable attitude for us to take towards the departed. Thus, not only are the possible exaggerations of bereaved utterance checked by the necessity of business, but, as I have said, the picture of him in our minds is a living and not a dying one. As life, not mere death, determines a man's character, so the reading of the will after he has gone leaves, as the last impression connected with his departure, the image of one as he was and wished to be known before his powers had forsaken him.

### HOUSE REPAIRS.

THE man in possession of a house of his own, or the man who holds a house on a repairing lease, finds out sooner or later how difficult a thing it is to get the small and trifling repairs which have to be done from time to time done promptly and in a satisfactory manner. If they are not attended to in good time—if the old maxim, "a tile in time saves nine," is ignored, the inevitable result is that small repairs become great ones, and the cost of getting them executed mounts up, before one is aware of what is going on, from shillings to pounds. Without contesting the truth of any of the fine things that have been said in praise of the British workman, it is very certain that he is not always to be had when you are in grievous want of him, and that one may wait for days and weeks before getting a simple job done, because he lacks the leisure or the inclination to attend to it. Further, if it is sometimes hard to get hold of him, it may happen that it shall be harder still to get rid of him when you want him no longer. Now there is another maxim just as ancient and just as good as the one already quoted, which runs, "If you want a thing done, do it yourself;" and, having proved the value of this maxim by experience in the matter of trifling domestic repairs, we propose in the present paper to jot down a few plain directions, by attention to which persons who are not afraid of a little occasional work may execute their own small repairs at an inconsiderable expense, and no great amount of trouble.

The first requisites, of course, are the necessary tools. Of these a few simple ones are all that will be needed, seeing that the householder cannot be expected to practise the art and mystery of the carpenter, joiner, or cabinet-maker. For such work as he will be likely to undertake, the following articles may suffice: A couple of saws, a fine saw and a coarser one; a couple of planes, a jack and a smoothing-plane; two hammers, one light and one heavy; a mallet, a pair of pincers, a pair of pliers; a couple of screw-drivers, one long and one short; gimlets large and small, two or three bradaws, a hand-vice, a couple of steel punches, and a file or two; a small stock of nails, screws, brads of different sizes, to which may be added a few chisels for occasional use. The nails and brads of the amateur workman should be of wrought iron. The machine-made and cut nails are much cheaper, but they are brittle, and pretty sure to break under unpractised hands, and



are but sorry things, a kind of sham, at the best. The above will be all that is wanted for indoor repairing; if the roof, ceilings, and outdoor matters want attention, a few other tools will be required, which shall be named as we proceed.

Let us now look over the house and see what are the things most apt to fall out of repair and demand frequent attention. In the first place, there are the locks and keys of the house doors. It is a small house that has not some twenty doors, every one of which ought to be lockable and unlockable at all times. The proper place for the key of a room-door is in the lock, for when lock and key are together both last longest. It is from want of use more than anything else that locks and keys get out of order; "the used key is always bright," says the proverb, and the lock that is used fairly will not refuse to open at the touch of the key. Keep your locks easy by occasional oiling with sweet oil. When a lock refuses to work, draw the screws, and take it off; it may want nothing but cleaning, or it may be that one or two of the wards are bent out of position, and may be set right by a touch of a tool. If the case is beyond your cure, take it to the locksmith (do not send for him) and have it repaired at once. If a key is lost, take the lock to a smith and get another made or fitted. Street-door keys should be kept in duplicate or triplicate, so that if one should be lost others may be procured without removing the lock. As regards locks and keys, it may be affirmed that the cheapest are the dearest in the end. Good locks are now so cheap that it is sheer folly to put up with inferior ones. N.B.—A lock will often go stiff and seem out of repair simply because the screws by which it is held in its place are a little loose, when all that is needed is to tighten them.

Now as to doors. Doors will sometimes drag on the floor or carpet, or in the frame-work at the top, so as not to shut or open without difficulty. This happens frequently from the swelling of the wood, in which case a shaving should be taken off where the door sticks. You cannot do this without taking the door from its hinges, which is but the work of a few minutes, and it may be returned to its place as readily after the necessary operation with the plane is over. In using the plane, take care that it does not cut too deep and take off too much of the wood. But sometimes a door, particularly if it be the door of a chiffonier, a wardrobe, or a cabinet much in use, will drag simply because the screws of the hinges are loosened. If, on proceeding to tighten them, you find them continue to turn up after they are driven home, draw them, or any one of them that behaves so, and substitute screws a size larger (not longer). When the doors of seasoned articles of furniture drag, the remedy is generally found in tightening the hinges. Whenever planing is necessary, take care that there is no nail or screw so exposed that it can come in contact with the blade—otherwise you may spoil your plane. When doors or gates creak on their hinges apply a little sweet oil; the creaking is a sign that friction is gradually destroying the hinge.

The flooring of rooms is very likely, especially in modern houses built on the cheap principle, to require occasional attention. If, when treading over your carpet, you feel a board loose under the foot, remove the carpet, and fasten the loose plank firmly down by driving two or two-and-a-half inch flooring

brads through it into the rafter beneath; you can find the position of the rafter by observing the course of the other nails that fasten it to the plank. If a loose flooring-board is neglected, the most likely result will be the working up of some of the flooring-nails through the carpet, to its material damage, to say nothing of the chance of some member of your family being tripped up and thrown down by the projecting nail. Another ugly vice of modern flooring is the shrinking of the boards and the opening of wide yawning spaces between them, while their edges are apt to curl a little upwards. This state of things is sheer ruin to carpets, which, if long exposed to it, will get blown into strips in a few years by the current of air through the open spaces; while the sharp edges of the planks, in conjunction with the feet of the inmates, also help to cut them into ribbons. Floors that are much shrunk ought to be taken up and new laid; but as you will not care to do that, you may stop out the current of air by covering the floor with the thick paper that is manufactured for the purpose, as is now commonly done, before laying down the carpet. Where the edge of a plank sticks up, it is easily levelled by the use of the smoothing-plane.

English windows are but rarely what they should be. We pay comparatively little attention to them during summer, when a moderate draught is rather welcome than otherwise, but with the first advent of cold weather we are ready enough in finding out their defects. The best cure for draughty windows is the double sash, but that is out of the question with ordinary householders. The next best thing is the beading edged with vulcanised india-rubber, a late invention, which is sold by measure, so that it may be procured in any lengths; when the beading is properly fastened to the bottom of the sash, the india-rubber edging presses with its own elasticity on the sill, and most satisfactorily shuts out the draught. But this remedy is not applicable to the sides or to the divisions between the upper and lower sashes, the leakage of which, we fear, is but partially obviated by the use of wedges, sand-bags, and other devices to which families are driven in the endeavour to keep out the wintry winds. A huge nuisance, of which we are all victims at times, is the breaking of the sash-line, without which the window cannot be raised. When this happens we, most of us, send immediately for the carpenter's man. There is no reason, however, why a man who is handy with tools, and is fond of using them, may not re-hang the sash himself. All that he has to do is to remove the bead at the side, and draw out that side of the sash that wants the line. Then the parting slip which separates the sashes must be removed. Next the pocket-slip (which is a small slip of wood in the side of the frame in which the sash slides up and down) must be taken out, and the weight, with part of the broken cord attached to it, withdrawn from the well of the sash-frame. Then take off the broken line from the weight, and also from the sash. Then take the "mouse" (a small plummet of lead bent to a semicircular shape, and attached to a yard or two of twine) and drop it over the pulley-wheel of the sash-frame. Tie the tail of the mouse to the new line, and pull that over the pulley-wheel until it appears at the pocket-hole. Fasten the weight to the end of the line, and put it again through the pocket-hole into the well. Then nail the new line in the place of the old one with a couple of inch-long clout nails. Care

must of course be taken to have the new cord of the right length. The sash will return almost of itself to its right place when the parting-slip has been readjusted, and then, with the replacement of the side bead, the affair is finished. We do not, be it understood, recommend the tyro to make his first experiment in this matter upon a large and heavy sash weighted with plate-glass; and perhaps it might be as well for him to see it done once (he will be sure to have the opportunity) before he attempts it at all. Though long in description, the job is easily done, and very often occupies but a few minutes of the workman's time.

In the case of broken window-panes, any one with average ingenuity who is so inclined may dispense with the services of the glazier. He will need a diamond to cut the glass to the right size, and a couple of knives—a hacking-knife and a putty-knife—to remove the broken pane and the old putty, and to replace them by new. This operation is so simple that it is constantly done in farm-houses and country places by persons who have been compelled by circumstances to find out the way of doing it for themselves.

Independent of what has to be done in a house by the prompt use of tools, there is a good deal of minute and trifling repairing, and prevention of the necessity for repairing, that may be accomplished by the timely use of the glue-pot. There are a round number of patent cements continually puffed in the newspapers as being fitted for every conceivable purpose to which cement can be applied. Some of them, doubtless, are useful at times for mending fractured glass, china, and earthenware, though none of them are better even for these purposes than white of egg and flour mixed to the consistency of thickish cream; but in all cases where wood-work has to be joined, there is nothing preferable to good glue of a medium consistency, and *used hot*. In glueing things together, remember that they should be brought into closest contact, and that no superfluous glue be used. As a rule, when the surfaces to be joined fit perfectly, the less glue the firmer and more durable the junction. Furniture-makers are apt to pay too little attention to the glueing processes, and the consequence is that chairs, tables, cabinets, etc., get loose and rickety in a short time. The only remedy in such cases is to separate the loose parts entirely, and join them together afresh. It is sometimes an annoying business, but there is not much difficulty in it, and it may be done almost as well by an amateur hand as by one trained in the workshop. The glue-pot should be kept in good order, free from dust, dirt, and accumulation of scum.

Among the many annoyances to which house-keepers are subject, there is the escape of foul air from the drains, which not unfrequently run from back to front. This should never, on any account, be neglected, but must be stopped at once. It will often be found to arise from the use of brick instead of pipe drains, which latter should be substituted for the former. If this cannot be done at once, the leakages should be sought out and efficiently stopped by the use of cement with such materials, slate, glass, stone, etc., as are best adapted to cover the vents. In like manner rat and mouse-holes in closets and cupboards may be effectually stopped. Another nuisance is the escape of gas, which will not only poison the atmosphere but endanger the

building, if neglected. In searching for the defective places care must be taken to thoroughly ventilate the apartments before applying a light to the suspected spots; otherwise a blow-up is pretty sure to ensue. When the gas escapes from an exposed iron or copper pipe, it is sometimes lighted at the escape, and allowed to burn harmlessly in preference to incurring the inconvenience that would arise in a large establishment from turning off the gas at the metre. We need hardly say that in all such cases the gas-fitter should be called in at once. Perhaps as great a nuisance as any to which Londoners are exposed is the bursting of water-pipes in the severe frosts of winter, and the frightful flooding of the lower offices by the sudden rush of water. This flooding too, however, may be put to as sudden a stop by beating the leaden pipe flat by a series of vigorous blows with a mallet, and extending the flattening to the length of three or four feet. The cost of a few feet of piping is nothing compared to the possible amount of suffering a flood might occasion, and the sum total of a doctor's bill incurred for the treatment of coughs, colds, chills, rheumatisms, etc.

The hanging of pictures and other ornaments on walls is not always done as it should be. When such things are hung on nails, it is well to remember that nothing heavy can be safely hung on walls of lath and plaster unless the nails be driven into the joists. When pictures are hung by a cord or ribbon on a nail the shaft of the nail should be smooth and cylindrical, as brass-headed nails always are; if the nail have a square shaft, no matter how tough the cord is, it will surely be cut in two sooner or later, and though that may not happen for years it *may* happen in a month or less. In hanging a picture on a nail, the cord or the ring by which it is suspended should be touching the wall; if it stands away the force of the suspended weight is multiplied in the ratio of its distance from the wall. Many an admirable work of art and industry has come to ruin through inattention to or ignorance of this very familiar fact.

The carpeting of rooms is needlessly expensive, owing to the prevailing fashion of fitting the carpet exactly to the entire area of the floor. In a year or two the parts much trodden on are worn shabby, while the parts protected by the furniture remain almost as bright and new as when first laid down. Among no other people does this absurdity prevail so generally as with us. You see in a French chateau, or in an Italian or Spanish palace, carpets made to cover only those parts of the floor where they are wanted—that is, the central part in summer time, and near the stove in cold weather. These carpets, being squares or parallelograms, can be changed in position, so as to subject all their parts in turn to the friction of the foot, by which the whole surface becomes equally worn, and they look tolerably well to the last. It is a mistake to cover the entire floors of sleeping-rooms with thick carpeting; if that is done, the carpets should be frequently taken up, beaten, and well aired; a better plan is to leave a space of some half-yard next the walls uncovered, as also the floor beneath the bed. Of carpets, the best are the cheapest in the end, and the same may be said as to mats; the street-door mat should be of india-rubber, and it should be sunk in the floor, in which position it will last much much longer than if left loose on the floor.

In some houses the roof is a frequent source of annoyance, especially when there is a continuance of rainy or snowy weather. It is well to take a look at the roof now and then, in order to guard against serious mischief. Slight faults, such as the breaking or shifting of a tile or two, are easily remedied, and timely attention to them may prevent much inconvenience and expense. Lead and zinc roofs, though they last a long time, will get honeycombed by the action of heat, cold, and moisture, and the rain-water consequently percolates through to the attic rooms. A man who is used to help himself will not be in a hurry to send for the plumber at the first alarm. The mischief will, on examination, often be found limited to a small portion of the metal surface, and may be remedied, if not permanently, yet for a considerable period, by painting the defective part over thickly with white-lead, then pressing a piece of canvas upon the white-lead while it is wet, and covering that also with a thick coating of the paint, using only boiled or drying oil as a vehicle. Such a plaster, as we know by experience, will successfully resist the weather assaults of several seasons.

A word or two in conclusion on domestic painting and white-washing. The painting of the wood-work of garden-fences, tool-houses, hen-houses, trellises, out-offices, etc., is an operation of no difficulty whatever, and of comparatively small expense. Paint of all colours may be bought at the colour-shops ready mixed to the right consistency, and the knack of applying it effectually is rapidly acquired. When wood-work has not been painted before, it is necessary to prime it first by stopping the knots and defective parts with red lead; if it has been painted before, the only preparation needed for repainting is a brisk rubbing down with pumice-stone. After that, two coats of paint will form a tolerably fair protection against the weather, though three coats will be better. In white-washing, the first part of the process is that of cleansing thoroughly the surface to which the wash has to be applied. This is done by means of a long-haired flat brush, with which the surface is in a manner sluiced rather than scrubbed, until the water comes away pretty clean. The white-wash may be then applied with a similar or the same brush, the wall or ceiling being gone over repeatedly and thoroughly, leaving no part of the surface uncovered. A neat hand will accomplish this without much slopping and slobbering, if he take care not to load the brush with too much of the wash at a time. White-wash is made by dissolving three or four balls of common whiting in a pail of water, to which must be added a small handful of size, the mixture being well stirred; both of these ingredients may be bought for a trifle at the oil and colour-shop. The white of pure whiting is bright and rather dazzling, and is very readily soiled by dust and smoke: for this reason it is sometimes advisable to subdue the brightness by the addition of a small quantity of lampblack, or ochre, or umber, or blue, or any other tint that may be preferred.

We commend the above hints to the attention of the industrious and the economical who have no objection, when they want a thing done, to do it themselves, if they do but know how. It is no light matter to escape the bother as well as the expense of workmen in the house. There is always a satisfaction in feeling that things about us, and especially things belonging to us, are right and tight, in a sound and serviceable condition, and we shall be glad if what

we have here set down may tend in some degree to make such satisfaction general.

#### THE DATE OF EASTER.

IN a short note on "the date of Easter" ("Leisure Hour" for April, 1876) we gave a few brief explanations of the cause of the apparent failure of the rule for finding Easter Day, as given in the Prayer-book. The subject has afforded considerable interest to many, and having received several inquiries for further explanation, we have much pleasure in adding a few additional notes. It may be at once remarked that the Easter Day of 1876 is correctly inserted in our almanacks as occurring on April 16th, and that the difficulty in the minds of the public has arisen from the fact that they have taken the time of Paschal full moon from the relative positions of the true or visible sun and moon of the heavens, instead of an assumed sun and moon, which move uniformly with the average motion of the real bodies. There may be really one, two, or even three days between the real and assumed or fictitious conjunctions or oppositions of the sun and moon, and this fully accounts for all the discrepancy arising from the application of the Prayer-book rule. This fictitious new moon is called the calendar moon, and its date primarily depends on the lunar cycle, but is practically fixed according to the *epact*, or the age of the moon on the 1st of January. If our readers will refer to the late Professor de Morgan's "Book of Almanacks," they will find in it a table from which, taking the *epact* as the argument, the date of the calendar moon may readily be found. We have this book before us while we write.

Referring to any ordinary almanack, we shall find the *epact* for 1876 is 4, and with the assistance of De Morgan's table we shall at once ascertain that the date of the calendar new moon for that year is March 27th. Now it must be considered that in chronological investigations *all* the day on which new moon is supposed to take place, even if it is only a second before midnight, is called the *first* day of the moon; *all* the day after is the *second* day, and so on. Therefore, in the present year, the fourteenth day after March 27th (which must be counted as the first day) is Sunday, April 9th, on which the calendar full moon occurs, and consequently Easter Day falls on the following Sunday, April 16th.

Why it is preferable to adopt a fictitious or average moon rather than the true moon of the heavens we have no need to consider at present, as a very good illustration of the effects of using the true sun and moon was given in our previous note. It may be remarked, however, that this apparent failure of the Prayer-book rule is of periodical occurrence, and in 1818 and 1845 some unfavourable, but erroneous, criticisms were made on the accuracy of the almanack-makers. These criticisms would probably never have been written had a note been appended to the Prayer-book rule, explaining that the calendar moon, and not the real moon of the heavens, regulates practically the date of Easter. As the rule now stands, which is strictly according to the Act of Parliament, it substitutes the day of full moon for the fourteenth day after the calendar new moon, and the moon of the heavens for the calendar moon. Hence the sole cause of those occasional anomalies that periodically occur to puzzle all interested in such matters, and who consider a rule ought to be a rule, and should have no exceptions.

E. D.

## Varieties.

**CARLYLE ON VIVISECTION.**—At a meeting held in Chelsea, London, the Rev. G. W. Weldon read the following extracts from a letter dictated by Mr. Carlyle to his niece, Miss Mary Carlyle Aitken, on vivisection:—"Mr. Carlyle bids me say that ever since he was a boy, when he read the accounts of Majendie's atrocities, he has never thought of the practice of vivisectioning animals but with horror. He believes the report about the good results said to be obtained from the practice of vivisection to be immensely exaggerated. Even supposing the good results to be much greater than Mr. Carlyle believes they are, and apart too from the shocking pain inflicted on helpless animals, he would still think the practice so brutalising to the operator that he would earnestly wish the law on the subject to be altered, so as to make vivisection, when practised by private individuals, an indictable offence."

**HARVEY ISLAND GROUP, SOUTH PACIFIC.**—The Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, who has been for two years in England, after twenty-seven years of labour, gives most encouraging reports of the results of missionary work in the South Sea Islands, with which he was best acquainted. The ground had scarcely been touched when he and his brethren commenced their labours, but cannibalism, and every horror of heathenism, reigned supreme. As the result of their efforts, under God, the people had become both Christianised and civilised to a marked extent. Out of a population of 2,200 he had 600 in attendance at a five o'clock prayer-meeting on Sunday morning. The wife had been elevated from the drudge to the helpmeet; the Sabbath was duly observed; schools were well attended; native catechists at work. The language had been written, and the Bible translated into fourteen different dialects. The native customs, dress, and habits were gradually changing, where better knowledge and morality commended change. The human heart, whether under the guise of civilisation or heathenism, needs the Gospel of Jesus Christ to renew and sanctify it. Christianity first, said the lecturer, and not as some say, civilisation first and the Gospel afterwards. "Strange," said he, "that the heathen should be giving up their idols, and that when I come to my old country I should find many fostering Popish idolatry." Priestcraft is the same all the world over, and many of the explanations given by the cannibals' priest were the same in substance as those arrogated nearer home.

**JEWISH CUSTOM OF SPEEDY BURIAL.**—The Jews usually bury their dead within twenty-four hours after decease. Numerous Jews, in sanctioning hasty burials, act under the impression that they are thereby obeying some specific law. In this they are not correct, as Dr. Adler, the chief rabbi, demonstrates. With a view to prevent the possibility of a premature interment taking place, Dr. Adler suggests that no burial be allowed unless the sexton be in possession of the usual certificate of death from a qualified medical practitioner. Dr. Adler further suggests that a mortuary should be established in the immediate vicinity of the quarter in which the Jewish poor reside. It appears that from mistaken religious impulses persons who have died at six o'clock on Friday have been buried before the coming in of the Sabbath, that is, about half past seven the same day. One witness stated that he had observed "corpses" move hands and feet, and that he had seen bodies buried while still warm. The Council of the United Synagogue in London have issued the following recommendations:—"Persons following the avocations of 'watchers' should receive some instruction as to the tests of death; no body should be interred unless a medical man has seen it and certified that death has taken place; and that mortuaries be established for the benefit of the poor."

**UZ, THE EASTERN HAURAN.**—The land of Uz was nearly co-extensive with Eastern Hauran (the region lying due east from Beshan), once a rich and fertile country, but now the paradise of the Bedouins, who in the course of ages of misrule have reduced it to a wilderness. This is now generally regarded as the true home of Job. It is recognised by ancient and local tradition: a monastery there is called Deir Eyoub—i.e., the convent of Job; and it agrees with the indications of locality and customs which occur in the book. . . . A wealthy chieftain in that district might combine the free, frank habits of an Arabian sheikh with much of the culture of the cities in the vicinity, which in the earliest ages were remarkable for

civilisation: the caravans which passed regularly through the adjoining district would extend his view to remote countries, and bring an inquiring mind within reach of the marvellous results of Egyptian culture, which are evidently familiar to the writer, and to those whose acts and words he records. Job's wealth was not that of a mere dweller in the wilderness. His residence was stationary, he must have had rich pastures for his sheep, and a vast extent of arable land. At present the wealth of a Hauranite is estimated by the number of feddans (a space that can be tilled by two yoke of oxen) he can plough; five yoke of oxen imply station and opulence, the possessor of 500 yoke would be a great prince. The absence of horses should be noticed; it proves that Job was not a marauder: horses were then used exclusively for war. It is important to observe that the ploughing (ch. i. 14) determines very precisely the season of the transaction. In the Hauran this takes place in January. This may account for the many frequent allusions to wintry weather—cold, snow, ice, swollen streams, and violent storms—which occur throughout the book; a coincidence which has strangely escaped the notice of commentators. It is also to be remarked that all the oxen were at the same time in one district: this, too, is curiously confirmed by the present custom of the Hauran: in order to protect themselves from marauders the inhabitants plough the lands in succession, bringing all their oxen, with their guards, into the same district.

**A GENTLE PRESENCE GONE.**—Darling Annie was loved by us all. She was a sweet child; her face was beautifully mild and peaceful. She had the most gentle, playful, peaceful, innocent manners, with feelings singularly deep and strong for her age. Her sensibility was painful in its acuteness. She was like a delightful presence—

"An image gay,  
A thing to startle and waylay."

She was a sunbeam that gladdened our path, and we were scarcely conscious of how lovely and how evanescent a thing it was until it disappeared. Her innocent laugh is still in my ears. Dead! Oh, what a mystery! It was only when, two hours after her death, I knelt at my old chair, and cried to Jesus, that I felt myself human once more, and as I gave vent to a flood of tears, the ice that for months had chilled my soul was melted; I felt again. I look back upon the week she lay with us with a sort of solemn joy. It was a holy week. The blessing of God seemed upon the house.—*Memoirs of Norman Macleod, D.D.*

**THE TOBACCO TRADE OF BRISTOL.**—In 1730, the principal importers of tobacco into Bristol had all been residents in Virginia, and at the time when the country grew too much tobacco the planters resolved to destroy all growing plants. Many did so, first destroying their own and then cutting up the plants of their neighbours. This was adjudged seditious and felony, and some were condemned to be hanged—a summary mode of dealing with any trade restrictions or interference with neighbours which would not find favour in the present day. The wages of seamen were partly paid in tobacco about 1720. Carew had for the run home £15, 15 gallons of rum, 10 lb. of sugar, 10 lb. of tobacco, and 10 pipes. There are now in Bristol seven manufacturers of tobacco and two of cigars. The principal articles made by them are cut tobacco, viz., shag, bird's-eye, fine returns, and the various kinds of smoking mixtures, whose names are legion; roll tobacco and snuffs of various kinds. Cut tobacco may be divided into two kinds, shag and bird's-eye. The method employed in making shag is simple. The leaves of the raw tobacco are first carefully selected or sorted; they are then wetted, and in some cases steamed also, to render them soft and manageable. The stalk is then carefully stripped off from the leaf by the nimble fingers of girls and women, and after lying by for a few hours, or perhaps a day and night, it becomes soft and in proper condition to be transferred to the cutting-machine, which cannot be described better than by calling it a highly-finished and powerful chaff-cutter, the leaf tobacco being filled in from behind, pressed down into a compact mass by weighted levers, worked gradually forward by a series of screws and rollers, until it appears under the blade of the knife, which by its rapid action cuts it up into long and



silky threads. Birds-eye is made in the same way—the only difference being in the kind of leaf used, and in the fact of the stalk being allowed to remain, instead of, as in shag, being stripped out of the leaf. In this stage the tobacco would be unfit for use, being close, sticky, and wet; and it is therefore placed on a hot stove, until, in the judgment of the stover, it is in fit condition for the final process of finishing. This is done by hand, and simply consists of picking and cleaning and laying it out to cool. In some manufactories the cooling is done by a pan and blower, but this is only done where great rapidity is required. In the manufacture of snuff, the variety of delicately-mixed scents imparted are carefully kept and zealously preserved trade secrets.

**LORD MACAULAY ON HAYDON.**—Read Haydon's memoirs. Haydon was exactly the vulgar idea of a man of genius. He had all the morbid peculiarities which are supposed by fools to belong to intellectual superiority—eccentricity, jealousy, caprice, infinite disdain for other men—yet he was as poor, commonplace a creature as any in the world. He painted signs, and gave himself more airs than if he had painted the cartoons.

Whether you struck him or stroked him, starved him or fed him, he snapped at your hand in just the same way. He would beg you in piteous accents to buy an acre and a half of canvas that he had spilt. Some good-natured lord asks the price. Haydon demands a hundred guineas. His lordship gives the money out of mere charity, and is rewarded by some such entry as this in Haydon's journal: "A hundred guineas, and for such a work! I expected that, for very shame, he would have made it a thousand. But he is a mean, sordid wretch." In the meantime the purchaser is looking out for the most retired spot in his house to hide the large daub which he has bought for ten times its value out of mere compassion.—*Life and Memoirs of Macaulay.*

**REFORM BILL DEBATE.**—The volumes of Lord Macaulay's "Life and Letters" contain a notice of the memorable division in the House of Commons when the second reading of the first Reform Bill was carried by a majority of one. Lord Macaulay, in a letter to his lifelong friend Thomas Flower Ellis, gives a description which even yet can hardly be read without a thrill:—"The Ayes and Noes were like two volleys of cannon from opposite sides of a field of battle. When the opposition went out into the lobby, an operation which took up twenty minutes or more, we spread ourselves over the benches on both sides of the House, for there were many of us who had not been able to find a seat during the evening. When the doors were shut we began to speculate on our numbers. Everybody was desponding. 'We have lost it; we are only two hundred and eighty at most. I do not think we are two hundred and fifty. They are three hundred, Alderman Thompson has counted them; he says there are two hundred and ninety-nine.' This was the talk on our benches. I wonder that men who have been long in Parliament do not acquire a better *coup d'œil* for numbers. The House, when only the Ayes were in it, looked to me a very fair House—much fuller than it generally is even on debates of considerable interest. I had no hope, however, of three hundred. As the tellers passed along our lowest row on the left-hand side the interest was insupportable—two hundred and ninety-one—two hundred and ninety-two—we were all standing up and stretching forward, telling with the tellers. At three hundred there was a short cry of joy—at three hundred and two another—suppressed, however, in a moment, for we did not yet know what the hostile force might be. We knew, however, that we could not be severely beaten. The doors were thrown open, and in they came. Each of them, as he entered, brought some different report of their numbers. It must have been impossible, as you may conceive, in the lobby, crowded as they were, to form any exact estimate. First, we heard that there were three hundred and three; then that number rose to three hundred and ten; then went down to three hundred and seven. Alexander Barry told me that he had counted, and that they were three hundred and four. We were all breathless with anxiety, when Charles Wood, who stood near the door, jumped up on a bench, and cried out, 'They are only three hundred and one!' We set up a shout that you might have heard to Charing Cross, waving our hats, stamping against the floor, and clapping our hands. The tellers scarcely got through the crowd, for the house was thronged up to the table, and all the floor was fluctuating with heads like the pit of a theatre. But you might have heard a pin drop as Duncannon read the numbers. Then again the shouts broke out, and many of us shed tears. I could scarcely refrain. We shook hands, and clapped each other on the back, and went out laughing, crying, and huzzaing into the lobby. And no sooner were the outer doors opened than another

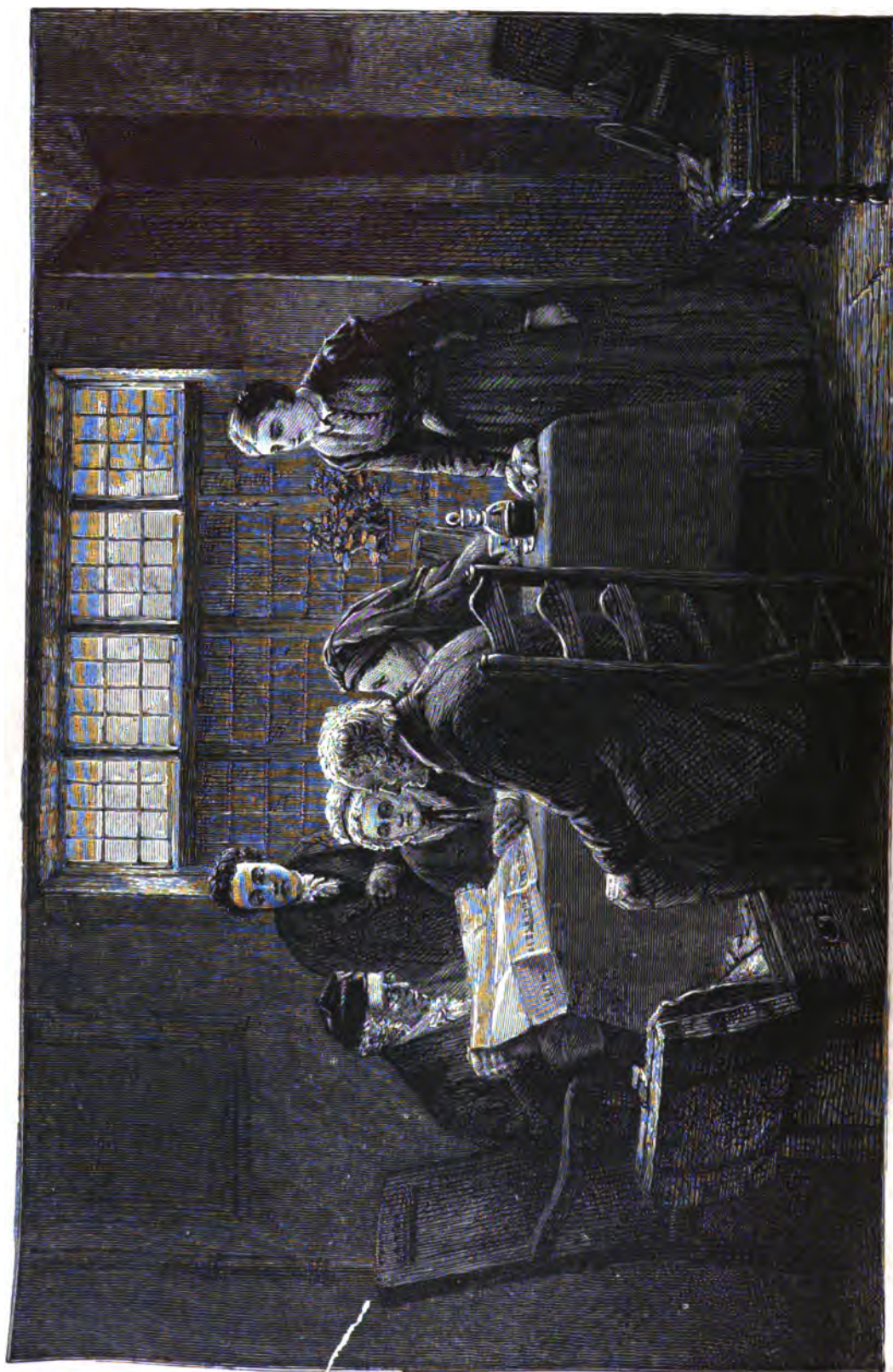
shout answered that within the house. All the passages and the stairs into the waiting-rooms were thronged by people who had waited till four in the morning to know the issue. We passed through a narrow lane between two thick masses of them, and all the way down they were shouting and waving their hats, till we got into the open air. I called a cabriolet, and the first thing the driver asked was, 'Is the Bill carried?' 'Yes, by one.' 'Thank God for it, sir!'

**NIAGARA.**—The "New York Herald" states that the tempest which raged in the neighbourhood of Buffalo and Toronto on the 10th and 11th of March last effected a most remarkable change in the appearance of the Falls of Niagara. For two days the Falls presented a most remarkable sight. The large rocks at the foot of the Falls upon the American side, which are generally covered with water to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet, were laid bare, and Glassbrook, a guide whose name will be familiar to most of those who have visited Niagara during the last thirty years, asserted that he could have walked from the entrance to the "Shadow of the Rock" to the "Cave of the Winds," opposite to the American Falls. Between Goat Island and Prospect Park, below the suspension bridge, where the current generally runs at the rate of twenty miles an hour, the water was blown back towards the Falls with such force by the wind that the stream might have been crossed on horseback. But the great Horseshoe Fall, on the Canada side, was the most affected by the storm, for it lost more than two-thirds of its immense volume of water, and was reduced to the proportions of a mill-stream. Above Table Rock, and as far as Street's Island, the stream was, for more than four hundred feet, almost dry, and several people crossed from the American to the Canadian shore without wetting their feet.

**TOM PAINE'S END.**—It is well known that the end of the notorious infidel, Tom Paine, was a wretched one, several accounts of it having appeared near the time. It seems that some infidels of the present day, unaware of the authenticated reports, have denied the truth of the statement. We find the following in a recent number of the "New York Observer":—"A writer in one of the daily papers said of Paine's habits: 'The stories of his drunkenness and licentiousness are the wicked invention of the clergy whose path he has dared to cross, and who only refrain from practising the abominable cruelties of past ages upon those who differ from them, not because of want of will, but because their strength is shorn.' The Rev. J. D. Wickham, D.D., replies to this statement as follows: 'The writer of this communication was, more than fifty years ago, a resident of New Rochelle, N. Y., where the body of Paine was buried. His grave was in one corner of a farm, which, having been confiscated as the property of a Tory during the Revolutionary War, had been presented to Paine by the State of New York for his patriotic service in aid of the Revolution. A monument, erected by friendly hands, marked the place of burial. His bones had not then been removed, as they afterwards were, to England, for no good object on the part of those who, under cover of the night, disinterred, boxed, and carried them away. On this farm he spent his latter days with a solitary female attendant. I have heard the physician who visited him describe the condition in which he was accustomed to find his patient, and to which his vicious habits, and especially his habitual drunkenness, had reduced him. This he represented as revolting to his sensibilities, making even his necessary calls to prescribe for his relief exceedingly unwelcome and repulsive. This physician was an esteemed elder in the church of which I was at that time pastor, highly regarded not only for skill in his profession, but as a man of sound judgment and unimpeachable veracity. He has been dead many years. But the name of Matson Smith, M.D., is still held in honoured remembrance by all who knew him.'

**PEWS LET OR SOLD.**—The possession and conveyancing of pews as private property is not confined to parochial churches, but used to be common also in Nonconformist places of worship. Dr. Stoughton, in his "Ecclesiastical History" (vol. v., The Church of the Revolution), gives examples, such as the meeting-house at Warminster, which was "built partly by subscription and partly by the sale of pews and seats, which became the property of the purchasers, and were accordingly sold and bequeathed." In America the annual letting of pews and sittings is sometimes done by public auction, as in the notorious instance of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church, at Brooklyn. In England this scandal is not known, but the graduated scale of prices in fashionable or popular chapels is much akin to the *viva voce* competition of an auction. In many parish churches certain pews form part of the property of the landowners or ratepayers of the parish.





*From the Painting by J. D. Hardy.*

## READING THE WILL.

*Engraved by Perinaton.*



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cosper.*



PANIC IN THE SHARE MARKET.

## BOY AND MAN.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER IX.—THE PANIC.

"Which of you will stop.  
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports!"  
—*Shakespeare, K. Henry IV.*

IN his room on the drawing-room floor of a house in Somerset Street, Portman Square, sits Mr. Bootle, peering over a small account-book with a No. 1284.—AUGUST 5, 1876.

frown upon his brow, looking very much as he used to look at Mr. Bearward's when he had a hard sum to do, and could not find in Walkinghame's Tutor's Assistant the assistance he himself required. He now wears a moustache, which makes a difference, certainly, between the man and the boy; but this has not been oiled and twisted this morning with the care usually bestowed upon it; his breakfast lies upon the table as if he had no relish for it; and he has a general air of weariness about him as if he had begun



to find his present way of life, though so much more stylish than the drysaltery line, a disappointment and a burden. Presently there is a knock at the door, and Mr. Slocum is announced. He also looks rather out of sorts, but appears to be more used to it and better able to control his feelings.

"Good morning, Bootle; I see you have got your book before you; I hope you find it all right."

"Can't make head or tail of it; don't know what it means."

"I'm sorry for that. Every man ought to be able to understand his own affairs."

"All I know is, I want some money; I hope you have brought some with you. I wish you would pay up."

"Pay up! That's a good joke; look at the book, Bootle; see how the account stands there. You have got through a lot of money, you see, one way or another, and you can't go on always at that rate. Now these rooms, for instance, are expensive, and very different from what you have been used to."

"Whose doing was that? Did you not tell me I must come here in order to keep up a respectable appearance? Didn't you say you would find money to pay for them?"

"And so I have found money; but you get through it too fast. I've put you in the way of making money, and you don't follow it up; that's not my fault."

"I don't like your ways; they are too risky."

"Nothing venture, nothing have," said Slocum, shrugging his shoulders; "you are too particular."

"All I know is, I never have any money in my pocket; it seems to me I have all the risk, and you have all the profit."

"Come, now, don't talk so foolishly; you know very well you have had your share in one shape or other."

"One shape or other! You mean some of your nice bargains, I suppose. There was that old rattle-trap of a cabriolet, a shaky, worn-out concern, puttied and painted up to look like new. You have put down fifty guineas for it in the book, and I was glad to sell it soon afterwards for five. And those pictures (old masters, you said they were), a dealer offered me twenty pounds for the lot, and you charged a hundred guineas for them. I did not want to have them at all, but you would send them. And the diamond pin and shirt-studs, I believe they were nothing but glass."

"Ah, you see, you don't know what's what—you aren't a judge. If you go to a dealer to sell pictures, he finds you out directly; it's the same with jewellery. But it's no use talking; you can't have your cake and eat it too."

"I can't eat it because I never have it. I want some money, that's what I want. I don't want any more shares, or pictures, or wine. You seem to deal in everything but money; that you keep yourself."

"Well, you see, you owe me about a hundred and fifty pounds now."

"I owe you? Come, that's rather good. I have never had the cash for the General Grand Junction yet, nor for any of the other shares that turned out so well and brought such large profits."

"It's all accounted for in the book; there were losses as well as profits; you can't have it all on one side. If I had not got rid of some of those shares for you just at the right time, you would have been a deal worse off than you are; but I took care of you because you were an old friend and schoolfellow, and I'll do you some good yet, if you don't turn stupid."

"I don't want any more good done me, not of your sort. I have given up my situation at the warehouse to please you, and I have told what are really lies, and am not a bit the better for it; I owe a month's rent for these rooms; and there's the tailor's bill, and I have not got a shilling to spend upon anything. I shall sell all the pictures and things, and give up this sort of life."

"Not just yet?"

"Yes, I shall."

"Then I'll trouble you to settle my little account before you go any further. Don't talk about selling the pictures; you have not paid for them yet; it will take all you've got to pay me. But, come, don't be a fool; I don't want to hurt you. I have got a job in hand now that will set you all right if you like to join it; if you don't, you will have no one to thank but yourself when things go hard with you. Of course I shall want my money, and shall take steps to get it at once; but it won't come to that, I know. You've only got to say you'll do your part in the little affair I am come to talk to you about, and you'll soon have money enough and to spare. I must let you have a little money to go on with, and you can give me your note of hand for it, and the other balance with it."

"What is the new concern? Is it robbery out and out, or only a swindle?"

"Why how you talk! Just put your name to this bill, and I'll tell you all about it; and there's a ten-pound note for you, for present expenses."

Mr. Slocum produced a bill-form from his pocket-book, and filled it up for the balance of the account in the book, with ten pounds added to it.

"Well," said Bootle, "I must have some money; in for a penny, in for a pound. Give me the bill, I'll sign it." And he did so.

"Ah," said Slocum, "now you talk more reasonable. Have you got any of that old port wine left that I sent you? Just take a glass or two to clear your brains, and then I'll tell you something."

The breakfast, almost untasted, was thrust aside, and the old port wine, which might have been manufactured in the establishment of Messrs. Warren and Co., brought out instead; and with a sulky acquiescence Mr. Bootle sat down in his easy-chair to hear what Slocum had to propose. When they parted, after a long conversation, there was more apparent cordiality between them, and Mr. Bootle's views of life had assumed a more cheerful aspect. "If I can only come out right this time," he said, "I'll have all my money down, and Slocum may go to the right about; I'll have nothing more to do with him after this time. It's an awkward thing, though, what he proposes. I wonder what a fellow would be done to if it was found out. Slocum knows, I dare say, and it is as much his risk as mine, if not more. What a cunning, sneaking chap that Slocum is. Shylock, they used to call him at school. I wonder why they called him Shylock; there's nothing shy about him, I'm sure; Brasslock would have been a better name for him; but he's clever; oh, he's very clever!"

Early in the evening Mr. Slocum came again to Bootle's rooms, bringing with him some letters and writing materials, and in each coat-pocket a bottle of champagne. They spent several hours together. Mr. Slocum gave his friend a lesson in writing, sitting by him and showing him how to form certain letters and characters in close imitation of the copy which he had brought with him.

"It's forgery," said Bootle, in a whisper. "What would they do to a fellow if it was found out?"

"Nonsense; it's not like forging a cheque or a bank-note, it's only putting a name at the foot of a circular; and it can't be found out, going through the post—how can it?"

"I don't see the good of it, and I don't half like it," said Bootle; "many a man has been hanged for writing somebody else's name."

"It's quite a different thing, I tell you. Read the writing; it's only a bit of information for the newspapers. We are both in the same box, aint we? Do you think I should run any risk myself?"

"No, I don't think you would," said Bootle, and he went on with his work. It was a long time before Mr. Slocum professed himself satisfied with his performance. He made him go over the same stroke fifty or a hundred times, sometimes losing patience with him.

"Why don't you sign them yourself?" said Bootle; "you used to be very clever at imitating anybody's writing at Bearward's."

"So I will," said Slocum; "I'll do my share and you do yours. Try again; you'll get it right presently."

At last Mr. Slocum said the signatures would do: he sealed up the letters, and gave them to Bootle to direct. They were addressed to the editors of several different newspapers, and when ready, Bootle took them out, accompanied by Slocum, and posted them. They then walked together for some time, arranging their plans for the next day.

"I shall not sleep much to-night," Bootle said, as they parted.

"Why not?" Slocum replied; "you are all right. What a nervous chap you are! Be sure you get to the City in good time to-morrow."

"Ah! to-morrow, to-morrow!" said Bootle to himself, as he turned towards home. "They say to-morrow never comes—I almost wish it wouldn't!"

The morrow came, however, in due course, and Mr. Bootle went to the City as agreed. He called at several of the principal places of business, inquiring as to the truth of certain rumours which he professed to have heard touching the stability of one or two houses which were known to have speculated largely in General Grand Junction and some other stocks, whispering doubts as to the soundness of those undertakings, and thanking his stars that he had sold out everything, so it did not signify to him. Slocum and some others of his clan were similarly occupied, fulfilling generally the part ascribed by the poet to *Fama*, *malum quo non aliud velocius ullum*. Some of the morning papers, in their second editions, contained paragraphs which seemed to give too much ground for these distressing rumours. They spoke guardedly it is true, but feared the information they had received was only too well authenticated, though it had come to them through an unusual channel. A great excitement arose, however, among the speculators towards the afternoon; there had been a feeling of uneasiness on the Stock Exchange for several days, which was a natural consequence of over-speculation; and there had been one or two serious failures, so that men were ready to take the alarm.

"More sellers than buyers to-day again," says Mr. Hazard, meeting Mr. Slocum.

"Don't wonder at it," Mr. Slocum answers. "What are you doing, may I ask, in General Grand Junction?"

"Sold all," says Hazard; "took your hint; well out of it, if all they say is true."

"Have you heard about Lord Dowderry?"

"No; what?"

"Thrown up the directorship, they say."

"You don't say so! What will Heydown do?"

"Ditto, no doubt," says Slocum.

"Good morning; I must go."

"Market's very uneasy to-day," Mr. Buzzard remarks, meeting a client who wants to sell. "Nobody got any money. I'll sell for you, if I can, but no chance just now. Soon blow over, I dare say, but everybody is taking fright to-day. What a row there is over yonder! What can it be?"

"Sir Jarrom Diddell!" cries a clerk, rushing up to them, breathless.

"What about him?"

"Gone! Got out of everything and gone abroad, if it's true."

"You don't say so!"

"Mr. Welcher says so; Welcher ought to know."

The excitement increases every minute; cabs drive up furiously and dart away again. Before the day is over the crowd becomes a mob; frantic men are gesticulating, and fainting women crying piteously for help. Yellow-faced City clerks are pushing their way vehemently to and fro, and red-faced countrymen being pushed and "giving of it back." Little men are half suffocated in the crowd, and large men are trying in vain to make their way through it by main force.

In the midst of such a group a tall form, with smooth cheeks and an innocent and juvenile appearance, was to be seen, now turning this way and now that, as if uncertain in which direction he would go, if going were possible; casting his eyes over the crowd with looks of perplexity and alarm, and, like a fly in a cobweb, struggling now and then without any definite plan or prospect of escape. Seeing Mr. Hazard elbowing his way near him, he caught hold of him by the collar of his coat.

"Oh, Mr. Goodchild!" said Hazard, looking up.

"Can I have a little conversation with you?" Mr. Goodchild asked.

"Not a moment to spare, sir; let me go, I beg of you."

"What is all this about, Mr. Buzzard—Mr. Hazard, I mean? What is it?"

"A panic, sir; that's all I can tell you."

"Ought I to sell my stock now, or to buy more? Advise me."

"Better do nothing; don't sell; hold on, my dear sir; hold on."

"Yes," said Mr. Goodchild, renewing his grasp of the coat collar with more decision than might have been expected of him.

"I did not mean that!" cried Hazard, struggling.

"You must not detain me; I can give your shares away if you like; I can't sell them. Wait a few days; sure to get up again!" And Mr. Hazard broke loose with a plunge, and dived through the crowd in haste to sell some other stock in which he was interested.

"Very serious business this, Mr. Goodchild," said a voice at his elbow.

"What is the matter, Mr. Slocum?"

"May be a false alarm, but I fear not. Things have been looking queer for several days; and now some of the best men are gone—directors of three or four companies, men whose names were thought-

better than bank notes—Lord Dowderry, the Hon. Mr. Heydown, Sir Jarrom Diddell; report says they have all cut and run. Some very important firms gone also; two or three banks smashed. I hope it's not all true. You want to sell, of course? That's what everybody wants."

"It's very awkward, Mr. Slocum; you got me into the scrape, and I look to you to get me out of it."

"Step in here a moment, Mr. Goodchild; I'll do what I can for you. I would not look at anybody else's shares; but—step in here."

They went into a coffee-house, and five minutes afterwards Mr. Slocum emerged from it, leaving Mr. Goodchild in a state of great distress and bewilderment, wondering whether he had done right, and uncertain whether to laugh or cry. "It's a heavy loss," he said; "a very heavy loss; but as Mr. Slocum says, it might have been worse—in fact, it might have been ruin."

So said many another, after a similar hurried interview that day. Scrip, for which they had paid heavy premiums, had been sold in a moment of alarm for a merely nominal sum. Those who had counted themselves most fortunate a few weeks back in having, by interest or impudence, obtained an allotment of shares in one or other of the numerous new companies, thought themselves happy now to have shaken off further liabilities at a sacrifice of all the money they had paid; while others who had failed to sell at any price went home full of anxiety, and counting up the amount of calls they might have yet to pay for shares which had already been condemned as worthless.

There was a slight reaction before the close of the money market that day; and the next morning many who had sold their shares—or, as Mr. Hazard said, "given them away"—would have repurchased them; but the prices had begun to rise. Lord Dowderry had written to the papers explaining that he and his son had not withdrawn from their position in the directorate of all the companies with which they were connected, but from one only, and that for want of time to give the requisite attention to it. Sir Jarrom Diddell had indeed gone abroad, leaving his engagements unprovided for, but that was partly in consequence of the panic itself, which had helped to finish him. The reports which had been circulated were for the most part false, and inquiries were to be made how and with whom they had originated. It was clear that some unprincipled persons had taken advantage of the uneasy feeling which had begun to prevail among all classes in consequence of rash and excessive speculation, to bring down prices by false and exaggerated statements with a view to their own advantage.

No sooner was this apparent than prices went up again. There was a sudden rebound. Mr. Slocum and some others, who knew what they were about, had bought enormously the day before, and sold as largely now. Very little money had changed hands, but great sums were represented, and great profits realised. Young men, hasting to be rich, had risked and lost the little capital which might have helped them on by honest industry to gradual prosperity and competence. Old men, casting all their savings into the lottery, were brought down from independence to poverty and misery for the remainder of their lives.

The authors of all this misery and sorrow thought

not for one moment of their wretched victims, but hugged themselves over their ill-gotten gains, and boasted secretly to one another that it had been a "great success." It was not, let us hope, because they were utterly incapable of sympathy for other people's woes, but because they did not think of them or realise them. Self was first, and the rest of the world nowhere. The man who is altogether wrapped up in self leaves every care that does not actually touch him or stand in his way out of his range of thought and vision; he stands alone; he does not seem to know that there are other interests than his own, other human beings in the world besides himself. Set before him on the stage some scene of tragic woe, and his feelings will perhaps be harrowed by it; he may even weep; but because the sorrow and pathos of ordinary life are not forced upon his sight, he is wholly unconscious of them, and, wrapt in selfishness, feels no compassion or remorse even for agonies which he himself inflicts.

"Yes; it's a good day's work," says Slocum to himself; "only we must keep it quiet. I hope nobody will let it out."

"I shall be all right now," says Bootle; "but I wish Slocum would give me my note of hand and a little more ready money. I never thought what a stir it would make! I can't help feeling sorry for some of those poor chaps who have lost so much. What a clever, cheating, lying brute that Slocum is! I'll have no more to do with him after this is settled."

"It's very unfortunate," says Mr. Goodchild, walking uneasily to and fro in his new house at Wandsworth; "it's very unfortunate that things should turn out thus. I hardly know how I stand, or what I am liable for. If I had held on as Mr. Hazard advised me, it would have come all right again. I must see Mr. Slocum to-morrow morning. Surely he will not keep me to such a bargain as this; he only bought my shares to oblige me, he said. I hope he will make some equitable arrangement. I don't know what Mr. Armiger will say, and Willy and Susie, and the baby, I really don't." And *atra cura* sits upon his heart as he walks to and fro, and spoils his frugal meals, and follows him to his bed-chamber, and broods over his restless pillow all night long.

#### CHAPTER X.—SETTLING ACCOUNTS.

"There is a burden of care in getting riches; fear in keeping them; temptation in using them; guilt in abusing them; sorrow in losing them; and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them."

—Matthew Henry.

"Ill gotten gain never thrives."—Old Proverb.

MR. GOODCHILD lost no time in calling at the Financial Agency, as Mr. Slocum's office was named, for he was resolved to act promptly, in the hope of repairing the mischief that had been done. He was disappointed, therefore, to find that Slocum was not at his usual place of business: the next day and the next he sought him, but in vain; it was not till nearly a week had passed that he was able to obtain an interview with him.

Slocum received him with a show of cordiality. "I was very anxious to see you," he said; "it was unfortunate that I should be out every time you called; but these are very busy times."

"Yes," Mr. Goodchild answered, "I want to

know what is to be done about those shares of mine that you bought."

"Of course; we must make an appointment to settle. I shall have the transfer ready for you directly."

"I see the price has gone up again, almost as high as before."

"Not quite so much as that. It is gone up though, everything is gone up: it was a false alarm, you see. I thought I was a ruined man myself; I ought not in strictness to have bought your shares when I did, for I hardly knew how I stood: but you were so anxious to be rid of them."

"It was very kind of you. I should not have wished to hold y u to your bargain, I am sure, if it had turned out a very bad one."

"Oh, a bargain is a bargain, you know; for better for worse, for richer for poorer; that's the rule in all contracts."

"As it turns out, I suppose you have made a good deal of money by the transaction?"

"Pretty well."

"And how do I stand?"

"H'm; you stand to lose, I'm sorry to say: it could not be otherwise."

"Will there be anything over from the money I put into your hands?"

"I'm afraid not: there were the deposits to pay, and then calls; and then more calls, for which, if you remember, you asked me to advance the money at interest. I have your bills for the amounts; and, by-the-by, they will be falling due in two or three days. It's true I have to pay you for the shares I bought of you, but even then there will be a balance—a considerable balance—I'm afraid, against you. I was reckoning it up just before you came in; and, let me see, where did I put it? Oh, there it is; just look it over while I step into the next room to speak to some one, you will find it all right."

"All right!" Could it be possible that in the short space of six weeks Mr. Goodchild's speculations had run to such a length, and turned out so disastrously? He had not the patience to look at the items, but turned with a beating heart to the last page; a film came over his sight as the total was disclosed. If this statement was correct, not only all the money he had paid was lost, but he was indebted still in a great many hundred pounds to Mr. Slocum.

"There must be a mistake," he said to himself; "it is quite impossible that this can be the true result!" Mr. Slocum gave him plenty of time to look over the columns, and to satisfy himself, if, indeed, he could derive any satisfaction from the process. He could discover no error in the statement, but was amazed to see how ten-pound shares, at a premium of four or five, would mount up when bought by the hundred, and how they would sink down again when sold at a similar discount. There were some purchases, indeed, for which he could not remember to have given any order; but everything had been done in such a hurry that he could not say positively to what amounts he might have pledged himself: he had trusted Mr. Slocum, and had never thoroughly understood what he was about; and when that gentleman returned to him, every objection he could urge met with an immediate explanation, and his own signature was shown as a warrant for each transaction.

"When shall you be prepared to settle?" Mr. Slocum asked.

"Settle? Oh, yes; let us see what can be done about a settlement. You cannot think, Mr. Slocum, I am sure, of taking advantage of the—the unfortunate accident which led to the sale of my shares at less than a third of their value. You will expect to derive some benefit, no doubt; but we must make a compromise."

"Of what nature, Mr. Goodchild?"

"You see what I mean; as an honourable man you must, I am sure, see what I mean."

"I really do not understand you."

"Why, you see you have sold me ten-pound shares at fifteen pounds ten shillings to begin with, and have then repurchased them for four pounds five. The market value is now, I am told, about twelve, therefore you have made enormous profits twice over—such, at least, would be the case if you were to hold me to the bargain which I made so hastily on that unfortunate day of the panic. But you will let me have those shares back again for a small consideration, I am sure."

"Impossible, my dear sir; I have sold them; I might have made more by them if I could have kept them, but—but you don't understand these matters. You don't consider the losses I have myself sustained. I lose in one thing and you lose in another. We are always liable to these fluctuations on the Stock Exchange; next week perhaps we may both be gainers. The only thing to be done now is to settle. I, for instance, have payments to make, and want money—you are in the same situation, but I hope have plenty. Shall we say to-morrow for this balance?"

Mr. Goodchild felt as if he were going to faint; the difficulties of his position were pressed so immediately and so plainly upon him that he was quite bewildered.

"To-morrow!" he exclaimed, faintly; "to-morrow! You are quite mistaken; I can't find such a sum as that. I did not expect—"

"The matter is urgent," Mr. Slocum said; "my needs are pressing; perhaps you will be kind enough to explain what are your resources, for I presume you did not intend to speculate without being prepared with means to meet your liabilities. Of course you could not be guilty of anything so dishonest or ungentlemanly; so if you will let me know what your resources are, I will endeavour to make the best terms I can for you."

Mr. Goodchild being thus pressed gave an account of everything that he had which could be readily turned into money. His income was derived chiefly from securities held in trust for his children, so that he could not touch the principal; and there was no other way, Mr. Slocum told him, of meeting the present demand but by selling the house which he had lately bought at Wandsworth. Mr. Slocum undertook to find a purchaser; but Mr. Goodchild could not at once make up his mind to sell; he would rather mortgage it, he said. A mortgage, Slocum told him, was out of the question; nobody would lend a sufficient sum upon it, nor could it be done so quickly. If he would agree to sell, a contract might be signed and money advanced at once. Slocum could get that for him in the way of business, and would do the best he could. Finally, they parted—Mr. Goodchild in a state of great perplexity, and Mr. Slocum looking after him as a butcher looks after a fat ox which he has just driven into its stall—till to-morrow.



## MUSICAL PRECOCITY.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

**A**S music exists in nature, and its powerful influence is felt throughout the universe, it is not surprising that precocity in this art should manifest itself more frequently than in the sister arts of poetry and painting. Certain it is that this is the case, and although we cannot understand the fact of the most musical children being born of unmusical parents, it is nevertheless of common occurrence.

We have gathered from various sources a few notices of children that have been remarkable for this love of music. They are not arranged chronologically as to date, nor with regard to the different countries which gave birth to these musical prodigies. Nothing would have been gained by this end, and our present arrangement, or rather non-arrangement, will enable us to return to the subject as opportunity occurs of gathering further information.

First of a name well known in the musical world.

**WILLIAM CROTCH** was born in 1775, at Norwich. His father, a carpenter, with no knowledge of music, but a passionate love for the art, built a small organ, and taught himself two or three common tunes, which he played with one hand, and an occasional chord. When his little boy was only a year and a half old, he discovered a great inclination for music, by leaving even his food to attend to it, when his father was playing. At two years old he would touch the key-note of his favourite tunes, in order to persuade his father to repeat them. Soon after this, as he was unable to name the tunes, he would himself play the two or three first bars of them, when he thought the key-note did not sufficiently explain what he wished to have performed. It seems to have been owing to his having heard the performance of Mrs. Lulman, a musical lady who came to try his father's organ, and who not only played on it, but sung to her own accompaniment, that he first attempted to execute a tune himself. One evening, in passing through the sitting-room, he screamed and struggled violently to go to the organ, on which, when he was indulged, he eagerly beat down the keys with his little fist. Next day, being left with his brother, a youth of fourteen, he would not let him rest till he blew the bellows of the organ, while he sat on his knees, and beat down the keys, at first promiscuously; but presently, with one hand, he played enough of "God save the King" to awaken the curiosity of his father, who, being in a garret, which was his workshop, hastened downstairs to inform himself who was at the organ. When he found it was the child who was performing, he could hardly believe what he heard and saw. At this time he was exactly two years and three weeks old. Next day he made himself master of the treble of the second part, and the day after he attempted the bass. On the parents relating this extraordinary circumstance to some of their neighbours, they were laughed at, and advised by no means to repeat such marvellous stories, as they would only expose themselves to ridicule. However, a few days after, Crotch being ill, and unable to go out to work, Mr. Paul, a master weaver, by whom he was employed, passing accidentally by the door and hearing the organ, fancied

he had been deceived, and that Crotch had stayed at home to divert himself on his favourite instrument. Fully prepossessed with this idea, he entered the house, and suddenly opening the sitting-room door, saw the child playing on the organ, while his brother was blowing the bellows. Mr. Paul thought the performance so extraordinary, that he immediately brought two or three of the neighbours to hear it, who, propagating the news, a crowd of nearly one hundred people came next day to hear the young performer; and on the following days still greater numbers flocked to the house from all quarters of the city, till at length the child's parents were forced to limit his exhibitions to certain days and hours, in order to lessen his fatigue, and exempt themselves from the inconvenience of constant attendance on the curious multitude. Before he was four years old, Dr. Burney paid him a visit, and reported the result in a paper read before the Royal Society. He concludes by saying: "The last qualification which I shall point out as extraordinary in this infant musician is, his being able to play an extempore bass to easy melodies, when performed by another person, on the same instrument." Of this talent Dr. Burney gives the following example: the upper line being played by himself, and full, as the reader will perceive, of chromatic intervals, and the lower line the bass which young Crotch's ear pointed out to him.



The young musician ultimately rose to be Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and Doctor and Professor of Music in the University of Oxford.

**CHARLES WESLEY**, son of the Rev. Charles Wesley, of Bristol, was born in 1757. Before he was three years old he discovered a strong inclination to music; he played a tune on the harpsichord at this age, readily, and in just time. His mother had used the harpsichord to quiet and amuse him almost from his birth; and before he could speak he would not suffer her to play with one hand only, but would take the other and put it on the keys. At four years old he was taken to London by his father, and introduced to Stanley the organist, Dr. Worgan, Beard the singer, and others, who expressed their pleasure and astonishment at the infant musician. As his years increased his abilities strengthened, and among other compositions he wrote some pieces for two organs, which were performed by himself and his brother Samuel.

**SAMUEL WESLEY**, the brother of Charles, was born in 1766. When three years old he attempted to play "God save the Queen," "Fischer's Minuet," etc.; and before he was eight years of age he had composed several oratorios. At this time Dr. Boyce paid him a visit, and he showed him the oratorio of "Ruth." The doctor, after perusing it with great attention,

broke out into the highest terms of approbation, saying that nature had given the boy by intuition what he had himself acquired by many years' close application.

JOHN DAVEY was born in the parish of Upton Hilion, eight miles from Exeter. When he was about three years of age he went into his uncle's room, where he was playing over a psalm-tune on the violoncello, but the moment he heard the instrument he ran away crying, and was so terrified that he was expected every moment to fall into fits. During several weeks his uncle repeatedly tried to reconcile him to the instrument, which at last he effected, after a great deal of coaxing, by taking the child's fingers and making him strike the strings. This at first startled him; but in a few days he became so passionately fond of the amusement, that he took every opportunity of becoming better acquainted with this seeming monster. Within a short time, by a little attention, he turned the notes of the violoncello into notes of joy. At this time there was a company of soldiers quartered at Crediton, a town about a mile from Hilion. His uncle took him there frequently, and one day, attending the roll-call, he appeared to be greatly delighted with the fifes. But, not content with hearing them, he borrowed one, and very soon picked out several tunes, and played them in good style. After this, he gathered a quantity of what the country people call bitters (a tubular reed growing in marshy grounds), and with these he made imitations of fifes, and sold them to his playfellows. When between four and five years of age, his ear was so very correct that he could play any tolerably easy tune after once or twice hearing it. Before he was quite six years old, a neighbouring smith, into whose house he used frequently to run, lost between twenty and thirty horse-shoes. Diligent search was made after them for many days, but to no purpose. Soon after the smith heard some musical sounds, which seemed to come from the upper part of the house, and having listened a sufficient time to be convinced that his ear did not deceive him, he went upstairs, where he discovered the young musician with his (the smith's) property between the ceiling of the garret and the thatched roof. He had selected eight horse-shoes, out of more than twenty, to form a complete octave, had suspended each of them by a single cord, clear from the wall, and with a small iron rod was amusing himself by imitating Crediton chimes, which he did with great exactness. This story being made public, a clergyman showed him a harpsichord, which he soon got acquainted with, and by his imitative genius he was able to play any easy lesson that came in his way. He applied himself likewise to the violin, and found but few difficulties to surmount in his progress on that instrument. When eleven years old, he was placed with the well-known "Jackson of Exeter," the organist of the cathedral, under whom he perfected himself in the science.

JOHANN HUMMEL was born at Vienna, in 1780, and before he was three years old he discovered a strong propensity for music. As soon as he was able to utter his letters distinctly and with facility, he commenced his musical education under his father, and his progress was far beyond his parents' most sanguine expectation. After some time he became a pupil of Mozart, whose manner and taste on the pianoforte he

faithfully copied. When about five years of age he played publicly in the most correct style, and composed several pieces of music. He came to England when he was ten years old, and astonished the musical public by his performances. His name is still remembered by all lovers of classical music.

MARIE THERESA PARADIES was born, in 1759, at Vienna, and in her fifth year lost her sight. Soon after this misfortune, an extraordinary taste for the arts and sciences manifested itself, and, notwithstanding the privation under which she laboured, she soon became an excellent performer on the pianoforte. She executed the longest and most difficult fugues and concertos of Bach and Handel, and with a memory that never failed. To her skill as a pianist she added the accomplishments of singing and dancing, and was remarkable for the ease and elegance with which she danced a minuet. Her mental acquisitions included arithmetic in its higher branches, geography, and the knowledge of several languages, all of which she spoke with grace and fluency. She visited the principal capitals in Europe, in which her great abilities and acquirements excited equal interest and admiration. The Empress Marie-Theresa, before whom she displayed her powers on the pianoforte when she was only eleven years old, was so pleased and astonished at her style of execution and her many attainments even at that early age, that her majesty settled upon her a pension of two hundred and fifty florins. She afterwards visited England, when Pitt, the eminent statesman, happening to hear her perform a concerto, was affected even to tears at the expressive manner in which she executed an adagio movement.

JOSEPH NOTOT was born, in 1755, at Arras, Pas de Calais. From his infancy he manifested an aptitude for music. He had scarcely reached his sixth year, when, happening to be taken to a public concert, he listened to the music with an enthusiasm that astonished those who witnessed it. His father, who designed him for the pulpit or the bar, felt no pleasure at this circumstance, and did all he could to discourage the child's inclination. But his fondness for music remained, and though he had never received a single lesson, he would often stand behind his sister while she was practising on the pianoforte, and the moment she had gone through a difficult piece—which, perhaps, he had never heard before—would take her seat and execute it with correctness and facility. It was with pain that his parent observed these proofs of his son's precocious talents for a science from the study of which they wished to restrain him, and they determined to send him to Paris for the chance of diverting his attention. Soon after his arrival in that city, it happened that the friend to whose care he was confided took him to St. Germain-des-Prés, where, having obtained of the celebrated organist, Leclerc, permission to sit at the organ, he performed extempore in so ingenious and learned a manner, that Leclerc did not think it possible that the boy could have been playing from his own ideas. But the young musician, obtaining from him a subject, he instantly formed a fugue upon it, and so wonderfully acquitted himself, that the great master, seizing him by his arms, and lifting him as high as he could, exclaimed, with ecstacy, "Tu resteras à Paris." In fact, his father, yielding at length to his son's propensity, permitted him to

adhere to music as his profession, and he remained at Paris, where he soon acquired great reputation. On his return to Arras he became organist of that town.

CLARA FISHER was a wonderful infantine genius for music. From the moment perception commenced, she evinced a considerable degree of observation and feeling. Even in her nurse's arms she discovered a passionate fondness for music; and while she manifested by signs of extreme delight her partiality for certain melodies, others were so little agreeable to her feelings that she turned from the instrument on which they were performed with every indication of disgust. Music to this infant was *language*, and the child decided on its expressions by the same faculties that an adult would judge of the appeals of eloquence addressed to the feelings. She discoursed with sounds, and evidently received and communicated ideas under the influence of harmony.

MATTHEW DUBOURG, born in 1703, gave very early proof of his musical propensities. When quite a child he played his first solo on the violin (a sonata of Corelli's) at one of the concerts of the eccentric Britton, the musical "small coalman." To make his infantine person sufficiently visible on that occasion, he was made to borrow elevation from a joint-stool; and so much was the "tender juvenile" alarmed at the sight of the splendid audience assembled for music and coffee in Britton's dingy apartment, that at first he was near falling to the ground from dismay. When about eleven years of age he was placed under the tuition of Geminiani, who had then recently arrived in this country; and thus tutored he was enabled fully to confirm the promise which his first attempts had exhibited. At the age of twelve he was again before the public, having a benefit concert at what was called the Great Room in James Street, Haymarket. Before he had completed his seventeenth year he had acquired sufficient power and steadiness to lead at several of the public concerts. A few years later and he was appointed Master and Composer of the State Music in Ireland.

THE EARL OF MORNINGTON, father of the great Duke of Wellington, was an extraordinary instance of early attachment to music. To the performance of his father on the violin, who played tolerably well for a non-professor, he used to listen with a singular degree of delight, even when in his nurse's arms—a delight which increased with his years, and manifested his natural taste for the science. The Hon. Daines Barrington relates an interesting anecdote of him when a mere child. Matthew Dubourg (whom we noticed just now) happened to be staying at the family seat of the Earl of Mornington, at Durgan, in the county of Meath, where he was of course required to draw forth some of the notes he was so rich in. On the first occasion of his doing so it chanced that the earl's little son was present—the child who in after-life gave so much pure delight by his compositions to all who are capable of appreciating soul and sentiment in music—but the child would not permit him to take the violin from his father (the earl) till his little hands were held. After having heard Dubourg, however, the case was altered, and there was much more difficulty to persuade him to let Dubourg give the instrument back to his father; nor would the infant ever afterwards permit the father to play whilst Dubourg was in the house. It

was not, however, till he was near his teens that he was allowed to study music or to practise any instrument. The first attempts he made were on the violin, and the first tunes he learnt to play were those of the "Bonny Christ Church Bells" and "Say, one, two, three, come follow me;" and when he performed these, in conjunction with his father, he was transported with the effects of a harmony to the formation of which he himself contributed. After adhering to the violin till he was fourteen, he determined to practise the harpsichord, for which, as a source of combined sounds, he had long felt a secret longing. About the same time, his father determining to have an organ erected in his private chapel, told him that had he been qualified he should have performed the duty of organist. Fired with the idea of filling the office, he instantly and confidently engaged to be ready as soon as the organ-builder; and before the instrument was removed to the chapel he begged to be heard upon it, when his performance astonished his father, the builder, and all who heard him. His lordship now proceeded so rapidly that the reputation of a fine musician was added to that of an excellent scholar, and the University of Dublin conferred upon him the degree of Doctor in Music.

THOMAS LINLEY, JUN., eldest son of the vocal composer of that name, displayed at a very early age extraordinary powers on the violin, performing a concerto in public when but eight years old. To qualify him more effectually for a musical career, through a due acquaintance with theory, his father placed him under the tuition of Dr. Boyce; after which he was sent to Florence, chiefly to prosecute the study of his favourite instrument under the eye of Nardini. Through the kind agency of the Italian violinist, Linley acquired the advantageous friendship of Mozart, who was then a youth of about his own age. On his return from his studies on the Continent, young Linley repaired to Bath to lead his father's concerts and oratorios, which he did with such precision and animation as to gain high credit. Unfortunately, this gifted young man met with an untimely death by the upsetting of a pleasure-boat.

RICHARD CUDMORE was born, in 1787, at Chichester. His success began with his juvenile days, for he performed a solo on the violin in public when only nine years old; and at eleven, with still higher ambition, he played a concerto, at Chichester, of his own composition. At twelve years of age he attained the provincial triumph of leading the band at the principal concerts in his native city. After the enjoyment of some years of country fame, he changed the scene of his operations to London. A striking proof of his musical ability is shown in an anecdote recorded of him. On one occasion a performance took place at Rowland Hill's Chapel, in Blackfriars Road, for which Salomon, the violinist, had rehearsed, in conjunction with Dr. Crotch and Jacob, the organist of the chapel. Salomon, however, being unexpectedly subpoenaed on a trial, requested Cudmore to become his substitute at the chapel, when he performed the whole of the music at sight, before a large company of listeners.

In this article we have not touched upon three great composers—Bach, Handel, and Mozart—celebrated for their musical precocity. They may form the subject of a separate paper.



## A RUSSIAN PEASANT'S HOME.



[From the Painting by A. Froen.]

TEA is of universal use. Much better than in England, and costing at least from 4s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. a pound, it is drunk two or three times a day by the middling and lower classes. The *Samoovar*, or bright brass tea-urn, smokes on every domestic board. Tea is hawked about the cities "all hot" in winter, and drunk out of tumblers with a slice of lemon in each; a little rum is not infrequently added.—*Canon Trevor's "Russia, Ancient and Modern."*



## EARLY CIVILISATION.

BY GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY, OXFORD, AND CANON OF CANTERBURY.

## VII.—ETRURIA.

**A**MONG early civilisations, one of the most remarkable is that of the Etruscans. At a time when the Romans and the Latins generally were in a condition but little advanced beyond that of savages, when Rome itself was a collection of mud huts surrounded by a palisade, the Etruscan nation—spread over the greater part of Northern Italy—was in possession of fine cities, handsome buildings, richly-ornamented tombs, elegant dresses, music, painting, sculpture, and most of the useful arts, and even many of the refinements of life. "Rome," it has been well said,\* "before her intercourse with Greece, was indebted to Etruria for whatever tended to elevate and humanise her, for her chief lessons in arts and science, for many of her political and most of her religious and social institutions, for the conveniences and enjoyments of peace, and the tactics and appliances of war—for almost everything, in short, that tended to exalt her as a nation, save her stern virtues, her thirst of conquest, and her indomitable courage, which were peculiarly her own." The Romans themselves, notwithstanding their intense national vanity, acknowledged this debt to some extent, and admitted that they derived from the Etruscans their augury, their religious ritual, their robes and other insignia of office, their games and shows, their earliest architecture, their calendar, their weights and measures, their land-surveying, and various other elements of their civilisation. But there is reason to believe that their acknowledgments fell short of their obligations, and that Etruria was really the source of the whole early civilisation of Rome, until the time came when—during the second Samnite War (B.C. 323–303)—she was brought into contact with the luxury and refinement of the Greeks.

It is difficult to fix exactly the date at which Etruscan civilisation commenced. Some of the most distinguished of modern historical critics† have maintained that the great power, and with it the artistic eminence and social progress of this people, is to be carried back to a period anterior to B.C. 1000, and that, consequently, their civilisation is to be regarded as parallel with that of the Phœnicians, of the Assyrians, of the early Iranians, and of the early or Vedic Indians. A theory has even been started recently‡ which would require us to enlarge this date considerably, and to regard the Etruscans as already one of the most powerful of European nations in the century between B.C. 1400 and B.C. 1300. But, on the whole, it seems to be most probable that the people did not greatly distinguish itself or come prominently into notice among the nations of the earth before the sixth, or at furthest

the seventh, century B.C. There is no mention of the Etruscans in Homer. The earliest Greek writers in whose works the name occurs are Hesiod and Pindar among the poets,\* and among the prose writers, Hecatæus, Hellanicus, and Herodotus.† In Hesiod (about B.C. 750) the use of the term is vague, designating the inhabitants of the Italic Peninsula generally rather than any particular nation.‡ It is not until about B.C. 550 that the Greeks become familiar with the real Etruscan people, who at that time hold, and had held for perhaps a century,§ a species of maritime supremacy in the Western Mediterranean, where they had become celebrated for their naval skill and their piratical habits. With the conclusions which we thus derive from Greek literature agree fairly the Roman traditions, which place the great development of Etruscan power in the second and third centuries of the city, or about B.C. 620–500.

The general character of Etruscan civilisation has been already indicated; but the reader will probably expect a more detailed account of it. The standard works which describe it fully|| are not very accessible; nor do our museums enable us to form a very exact notion of its nature. Beyond a copious display of what are called, somewhat loosely, "Etruscan vases," they contain little that bears upon the subject. The main monuments indicative of its character are in fact irremovable. They consist of massive walls, gateways, sewers, subterraneous tombs, rock-sculptures, and mural paintings inseparable from the stonework which they decorate. They exist mainly on the sites of the ancient cities of Etruria, or in the cemeteries of the Etruscan people, and have, in comparatively few instances, been torn from their natural resting-places to adorn the museums of Europe.

Etruscan architecture is remarkable for its massiveness. The chief remains of it are found in the walls and gates of cities, in sewers, bridges, vaults, and tombs. Etruscan town walls are of extraordinary strength and grandeur. They are of two kinds.¶ In the more northern parts of the country, where the rock is difficult to be hewn, being limestone, hard sandstone, or travertine, they are composed of huge blocks, tending to be rectangular, but of various sizes and irregular arrangement, with small pieces often inserted into the interstices of the larger blocks. This is the case at Volaterræ, at Populonia, at Rusellæ, and elsewhere. The blocks of stone in this style of building\*\* are often eight or ten feet in

\* See Hesiod, "Theogon," l. 1015; Pind. "Pyth." l. 72 (ed. Mommsen). Simonides, writing about the same time as Pindar, also mentions the Tyrrhenians or Etruscans (Fr. 93, ed. Gaisford).

† See Hecat. Fr. 25; Hellan. Fr. 1; Herod. l. 94, 166, etc.

‡ Agrius and Latinus "rule over all the illustrious Tyrrhenians." Compare Dionys. H. "Ant. Rom." l. 25, who says that the Greeks confounded the Etruscans, Latins, Oscans, and Brutians, under the general name of Tyrrhenians.

§ See Ephorus, Fr. 62.

|| Such as Inghirami, "Monumenti Etruschi," 7 vols. 4to; Miceli, "Storia degli antichi popoli Italiani," 8 vols., and "Monumenti Inediti;" Abeken, "Mittel-Italien;" Dempster, "De Etrur. Reg." 3 vols. folio, etc. Even Dennis, "Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria," 2 vols. 8vo. 1843, is a book not found in all libraries.

¶ See Dennis, vol. i. "Introduction," p. lxiii.

\*\* Ibid. vol. ii. pp. 151, 249, etc. One block measured by Mr. Dennis was 12 feet 8 inches long by nearly 8 feet broad.

\* Dennis, "Etruria," vol. i. pp. xxi–xxii.

† K. O. Müller, in his "Etrusker" (iv. 7, 8, and "Einleitung," 2, 2), makes the commencement of the Etruscan era B.C. 1044. Niebuhr, in his "Roman History," carries back the date to B.C. 1188 (vol. i. p. 138, E. T.) Mr. F. Newman, in his "Regal Rome," while abstaining from any mention of a date, lays it down that "the Etruscans, in all civilising art, were exceedingly in advance of the other nations of Italy," and "belonged to the era of Phœnicia and of Egypt" (p. 97).

‡ See the "Revue Archéologique" for 1867, and compare Lenormant, "Manuel d'Histoire ancienne de l'Orient," vol. i. p. 423, and the "Contemporary Review" for 1870, pp. 92–94.

length by three, four, and even five feet high. In the more southern districts, where the common material is *tufo*, a volcanic rock very easily worked, the masonry is of squared stone, and is very regular, but not particularly massive. Two styles are used. Sometimes the courses are similar, the blocks all exposing one of their long sides to the view; sometimes the wall is built in alternate courses, in the style which has been called *emplecton*,\* the ends of the stones being exposed in one course, and the sides in the other. The blocks in this masonry have commonly a length of nearly four feet, with a height and width of two.†

Etruscan walls are occasionally flanked by towers,‡ which are of square construction, and project externally to a distance of twelve or fifteen feet. The walls are sometimes, even at the present time, forty feet high.§ In thickness they vary greatly. Where they are built throughout of solid stone, their width is commonly not more than six or seven feet; but in cases where the solid masonry is confined to an internal and an external facing, the intervening space being stuffed with rubbish, the width is sometimes as much as sixteen or seventeen feet.|| The circumference is not, commonly, great, but in one instance has been calculated to exceed four miles.¶

In the earlier times, Etruscan gateways were mere square openings in walls, guarded on either side by a stone doorpost, and covered in at top by a flat stone or wooden lintel; but after a while the use of the arch was introduced, and the gateway became an imposing feature. The arch was carried to a height of above twenty feet; the voussoirs and key-stone were massive; an external moulding, in some instances, added dignity and richness, while an ornamentation by means of human heads in bold relief introduced an element of interest or mystery. At the same time, for greater security, gateways were doubled. A short passage, of a very solid construction, led from a first archway to a second, where a second gate impeded the entrance of assailants; and a *cataracta*, or portoullis, could be lowered immediately behind the first gate, so that their retreat was cut off, and they were made prisoners. Interesting specimens of gateways thus guarded remain at Volaterra, in the Porta all' Arco, and the Porta di Diana, which have been well described by Inghirami.\*\*

The remains of sewers are found on the sites of almost all Etruscan towns; but the most perfect specimen of Etruscan skill in this respect is the Cloaca Maxima at Rome, which is still in an excellent state of preservation.†† This is a culvert formed by a triple arch of the most massive character, the inner diameter of the innermost arch being fourteen feet, and the outer diameter of the outermost arch thirty-two feet. It was carried from the site of the old Forum to the Tiber, in a slightly circuitous course, a distance of about seven hundred yards, and may be ascended by a boat when the Tiber is low, the distance from the level of the water to the crown of the inner arch being at that time about six feet.

It is doubtful whether Etruscan bridges were ever arched. Most probably they consisted of simple piers of stone, carried up a certain height from either side of the stream to be crossed, and then united by planks stretched from pier to pier, and by others connecting the piers with roadways upon either bank. A specimen, believed to contain Etruscan work,\* still exists at Vulci, where three projecting buttresses of red tufo, much weather-worn, are embedded in masonry of a different age and material, and united by arches of Roman construction. It is thought† that these buttresses, or piers, originally stood alone, and sustained a horizontal, and perhaps moveable frame of woodwork, like that which is known to have existed for many ages at Rome in the case of the Pons Sublicius.

Etruscan vaults are of two kinds. The more curious, and probably the most ancient, are *false* arches,‡ formed of horizontal courses of stone, each a little overlapping the other, and carried on until the aperture at the top could be closed by a single superincumbent slab. Such is the construction of the Regulini-Galassi vault at Cervetri, the ancient Caere, which is twenty yards in length, though less than five feet in breadth, and only a little above six feet high. But it is far more common to find in Etruria vaults perfectly arched in the ordinary way with voussoirs, or wedge-shaped stones.§ These are neatly fitted to each other, and are generally uncemented. The blocks composing them vary from seven or even eight feet in length to two or three feet, and from a width of ten inches to a foot and a half.

It is probable that these vaults were in most instances intended for tombs, but the more ordinary tombs of the Etruscans were chambers, hewn out of the rock, often of a considerable size, so as almost to resemble houses, and sometimes with external façades of a highly ornamental character. The "temple-tombs" at Northia are especially remarkable.|| A wall of rock is hewn into a representation of two temples—Doric in general character, but with peculiar features. Each rose up into a pediment, which was richly adorned with sculpture, while below, on the entablatures, were *guttae* and triglyphs. The entablatures were each of them supported by at least six square pillars, detached from the rocky face behind them; and this rocky face was—at least in one instance—decorated with a splendid bas-relief (representing a procession of strange figures decidedly archaic and Etruscan), the effect of which was heightened by a delicate colouring, still to be traced upon the background, and, in places, upon the figures. The interiors of the Northia temple-tombs are mean, but elsewhere the sepulchral chamber had often considerable magnificence. In some the plan of a house was closely followed.¶ A flight of descending steps gave entrance into a vestibule, on either side of which were chambers (*trichlinia*); beyond, a doorway led into the principal chamber, or *atrium*, out of which opened further *trichlinia*. The ceilings were carved into an imitation of beams and rafters crossing each other; arm-chairs, with footstools attached, stood against the

\* Vitruv. ii. v. 8, § 7.

† Dennis, vol. i. p. 28.

‡ 1764, vol. i. pp. 188-8; vol. ii. pp. 271-2.

§ 1764, vol. ii. p. 151. Thirty feet seems to be a common height.

(Dennis, vol. ii. pp. 154, 249, 272, etc.)

¶ This is the case at Volaterra (Dennis, vol. ii. p. 155).

\*\* See Miceli's "Antichi popoli Italiani," vol. i. p. 141, and vol. ii. p. 276.

Compare Gori, "Mus. Atrug." vol. iii. p. 32.

†† See the "Monumenti Etruschi," vol. iv. pp. 160 et seq.

‡ For representations, see the article on the Cloaca in Dr. Smith's

"Dict. of Antiquities," p. 226; and that on Rome in the same gentleman's "Dict. of Greek and Rom. Geography," vol. ii. p. 315.

\* Dennis, vol. i. p. 461.

† Lenoir in the "Ann. Inst." for 1833, p. 261.

‡ Dennis, vol. ii. p. 46.

§ Ibid. pp. 376, 441, 488, etc.

|| For a representation, see Dennis, vol. i. p. 248; and for a full description see the same writer, vol. i. pp. 249-255.

¶ 1764, vol. ii. p. 32.

walls, from which weapons or other articles were suspended. In other cases the tomb consisted mainly of a single large chamber, which was ornamented with paintings or with inscriptions. The "tomb of the Tarquins," at Cervetri, is thirty-five feet square, and supported by two massive pillars in the middle; \* that of the Cæcines, at Volaterræ, is circular, supported by a single pillar, and with a diameter of forty feet.† The paintings in the tombs most commonly represent banqueting scenes; but encounters with wild beasts and other hunting scenes, representations of fabulous animals or of games and sports, and scenes from the mythology, are not uncommon. The colours are in some instances faded, but in others as vivid as when first laid on. Occasionally, but very rarely,‡ sculpture takes the place of painting, and reliefs, representing men and horses, and wild beasts in combat or devouring their prey, cover the walls of the sepulchral chambers, extending from the floor to the ceiling, and giving great richness to the apartments.

The æsthetic art of the Etruscans comprises statuary, painting, engraving, modelling in clay, and casting and chiselling in bronze. Except in the case of recumbent figures on tombs, their statuary is not often "in the round." Some ten or a dozen erect figures, in stone or marble, mostly mutilated, have been found, which, with more or less of probability, may be pronounced Etruscan. They have seldom much merit. Some are exceedingly quaint and archaic in character, as the lady figured by Mr. Dennis in his first volume;§ others have not much to distinguish them from Roman work. Recumbent figures on sarcophagi are common. They are in general stiff, and have a conventional air; all lean on their left elbow, and have the right arm stretched along the body; the right hand commonly holds a goblet. The execution is for the most part somewhat coarse, and there is evidence of a want of artistic feeling in the fact that originally the figures were wholly covered with paint. On the other hand, we are told that in some cases the heads are in excellent taste, the faces being "full of character," and the features occasionally "Grecian."||

The bas-reliefs are of a higher order than the statues. They are almost always vigorous, and though sometimes quaint and even grotesque in portions, are never wanting in life, spirit, and action. The subjects represented seem to be most commonly Greek; but there is no close imitation of Greek models, and the beauty and grace which characterise the productions of the Hellenic artists are never reached. The reliefs, moreover, like the statues, appear to have been disfigured by a coarse, unnatural, and inharmonious colouring, which must have greatly detracted from their merit as works of high art.

Etruscan paintings are said to fall into four classes.¶ Those of the earliest period present Egyptian and Babylonian analogies. They are wholly religious, deities or mythological emblems being the only subjects represented. The drawing is stiff and rigid; the drapery adheres closely to the form; the figures are in bad proportion, limbs and bodies being unduly

elongated; and the artist seldom ventures to represent his figures otherwise than in profile. Quaint and strange animals, chimæras, sphinxes, gorgons, griffins, centaurs, belong especially to this stage; four-winged deities are common; the flowers and foliage are of unnatural shapes, and the colouring is strange and unpleasant. In the second period, "Etruscan art stepped out of the conventionalities which confined it, and assumed a more energetic character—more like the Greek than the Egyptian, yet still rigid, hard, and dry, rather akin to the Æginetic than the Attic school, displaying more force than beauty, more vigour than grace, better intention than ability of execution, an exaggerated, not a truthful representation of nature."\* This second period was followed by a third, in which the Etruscan artists became the servile imitators of the Greeks, whose works they copied, and whose entire manner they adopted, so that it is difficult to distinguish between the productions of the two peoples. Finally, there was a period of decadence, in which drawing became careless, composition over-complex, attitudes affected, and ornament too much sought after. Art "forgot her sublime and godlike simplicity, to trick herself out in meretricious embellishments." Purity and chasteness of design and delicacy of execution disappeared. The time of perfection was gone by, and Etruscan painting entered upon the period of corruption and decay.

Among the most curious and artistic of all the productions of Etruria are the bronzes. These include a great variety of articles, such as couches, tripods, caskets, cauldrons, shields, censers, helmets, cuirasses, daggers, spear-heads, arrow-heads, vases, ewers, and the like; but the most remarkable are the statues, the candelabra, and the engraved disks or mirrors. The bronze bust of an Etruscan lady, found in a tomb at Vulci, and figured by Dennis twice,† is among the most curious specimens of their early art which has come down to us. It is not cast, but formed of thin plates of bronze hammered into shape, and finished with the chisel. The features are repulsive, the right arm is ill modelled, and the bust is two small for the head; but the archaic and native character of the whole is most interesting, and the pedestal is exceedingly handsome. It is adorned with figures in three rows, the top and bottom rows containing processions of lions, while the intermediate one exhibits sphinxes, human figures, and birds. Altogether, the work is one of the most characteristic that we possess. It shows traces of Egyptian, and perhaps of Assyrian influence,‡ but is manifestly a genuine native product, and must belong to an early period. The bronze statues of the later times are very different. Ordinarily they are cast in clay, and imitate Greek models, but have very little merit.

Ancient art has produced few things more elegant than Etruscan candelabra. The Athenians are said to have imported them in the time of Pericles,§ and the museums of Europe contain several of extraordinary beauty.|| The base is commonly a tripod, composed

\* *Ibid.* p. 48.

† Inghirami, "Monumenti Etruschi," vol. iv. p. 85.

‡ As at Tarquinii on the tomb called "La Mercareccia" (Gori, "Mus. Etrusc." vol. iii. p. 90), at Cervetri in the "Grotto del Triclinio" (Dennis, vol. ii. p. 85), and at Chiusi (*Ibid.* p. 875, note).

§ P. 422.

¶ Dennis, vol. i. pp. 446-7.

|| *Ibid.* "Introduction," pp. lxxviii.-lxxxiii.

\* *Ibid.* p. lxxviii.

† In vol. i. p. 423, and vol. ii. p. 536. A very quaint bronze statuette of a somewhat similar character is figured by Micali ("Antichi Monumenti," p. xv.)

‡ Compare Layard, "Nineveh and Babylon," p. 190, where the resemblance of the figures on the pedestal to those on bronzes found at Nineveh is noted.

§ Athenæus, "Deipnosophist." i. 22, p. 28, and xv. 18, p. 700.

|| Two in the Museo Gregoriano at Rome, and one in the Museum of Volaterræ have special merit. They are figured by Dennis, vol. ii. pp. 304 and 514. (Compare also vol. i. "Introduction," p. lxx.)

of three legs of animals, or of three human forms bent backwards. The stem rises to a great height, and is twisted or fluted; sometimes it springs from one statuette, and is surmounted by another; frequently it is ornamented by figures of animals, which seem to be climbing up it. At the top there is a cup for a lamp, often decorated with figures of birds.

The engraved mirrors of Etruria are curious, but less interesting than the paintings on vases and tombs. They are either pear-shaped or circular, and contain, generally within a wreath of leaves, some scene from the Greek or the native mythology,\* or some representation of Etruscan life and manners. Occasionally the drawing has an elevation and perfection which leaves nothing to be desired; but more commonly the style is mediocre, being either rude and coarse, or affected and negligent; belonging either to the infancy of art, or to its decay and decrepitude.

In fictile art the Etruscans equalled, if they did not even excel, any other nation. Granting that a very large number of the vases discovered in the country, which are to be counted by hundreds, or even thousands, in all the great collections of Europe,† were importations from Greece, or from the East, yet still there can be no reasonable doubt that many—the majority probably—were of native manufacture. Peculiarities of style attach to the vases of each locality; many have Etruscan inscriptions; where the inscription is Greek, it is often mis-spelt in such a way as to indicate that the artist was a foreigner. Add to this that many varieties of form are found in Etruria which do not exist elsewhere, and the conclusion is inevitable that, however large the importation, there was also a native manufacture; and that, in fact, wherever originated, the art of making and painting vases was carried to a higher pitch of development in Etruria than in any other locality. If, then, we regard the vessels found in the tombs as mainly, or, at any rate, as largely Etruscan, we cannot fail to admire the skill and taste of the people as exhibited in their production. The varieties are almost infinite, the forms always tasteful, sometimes exquisite, the patterns charming, the paintings spirited. If, as is probable, the most meritorious are pure Greek, still, in the remainder, there is enough of taste and skill to indicate a very high degree of artistic excellence, and to excite our surprise and admiration.

Besides their vases, the Etruscans modelled figures in clay, which have often considerable merit. One of Adonis, in the Museo Gregoriano, is greatly admired.‡ Figures of gods—especially the Novensiles—are common. There are others of women, of children, and even of infants, all beautiful in their way, modelled with good taste and carefully finished. The animal heads, in which the *rhya*, or drinking-cups, ordinarily terminated, are also excellently rendered.§

We are told that the Etruscans had considerable skill in music. The trumpet was generally regarded

by the ancients as of their invention;\* and the vases often represent bands of trumpeters, fifers, and harpers, who play apparently in concert. The double-pipe is also common in the paintings; the tambourine, flute, and Pan's-pipe appear occasionally; and castanets are frequent. Dancing usually accompanied the music, and in this both sexes participated; but the dancers seem, in all cases, to have been professionals, whose services were hired, the employment being deemed a low one, in which those who wished to be thought respectable must not participate.

In physical comfort and luxury, in the elegance of their houses, the richness and variety of their dress, the magnificence of their personal ornaments, the beauty and taste of their furniture, the grandeur of their processions, the splendour of their banquets, the multitude of their sports and games, the Etruscans can scarcely have been surpassed by any contemporary, or, indeed, by any ancient nation. The paintings show us banqueting scenes, where figures, male and female, clothed in richly-embroidered garments, recline on elegant couches under flowered coverlets, feasting to the sound of lyres and pipes; a multitude of handsome slaves, magnificently apparelled, stand around, some waiting their master's orders, others replenishing the silver goblets from the wine-jars on a sideboard hard by; while a train of dancers, male and female, clad in gauzy robes, and wearing chaplets of myrtle, or rich jewels, entertain the feasters with their lively steps and graceful movements, some of them piping as they dance.‡ Ancient authors tell us that the Etruscans indulged in banquets of this description twice a day.‡ It was characteristic of the Etruscan manners that women took their place at the board by their husband's side, and shared the banquet, unless it was one where the drinking was to be carried to excess.

In the higher elements of civilisation, in religious ideas, in law and government, in morality, and again in science and literature, there is no reason to believe that the Etruscans ever made any great advance. Their religion was a low form of nature-worship combined with Shamanism, or a belief in the magical powers of their diviners (*haruspices*), and with a cult of the deceased spirits of each man's family.§ It was disgraced by gloomy rites, extreme superstition, and the iniquity of human sacrifice.¶ The divinities worshipped were viewed as maleficent rather than beneficent, as objects of fear rather than of love. The priests, as their ministers, were regarded with an awful dread; they "wielded the double-edged sword of secular and ecclesiastical authority,"¶ crushed all free thought, and imposed upon the people the tyranny of a minute and all-pervading ceremonialism. Even the strong belief in a future life, which was a leading feature of the religion, did little to elevate it; for the Etruscan's thoughts upon the subject were divided between a dread of the malignant demons, who would delight

\* See Mr. Isaac Taylor's "Etruscan Researches," p. 104, and the Frontispiece to Mr. Dennis's "Etruria." On the general subject of Etruscan mirrors the standard work is Gerhard's "Etruskische Spiegel," which is richly illustrated.

† The Museo Gregoriano at Rome contains four rooms of vases; the Museo Campana is also rich in them; the Volaterræ Museum has above four hundred; but it may be doubted whether the British Museum collection is excelled by any foreign one.

‡ Dennis, "Etruria," vol. II. p. 496; Abeken, "Mittel-Italien," p. 367.

§ For a representation, see Dennis, vol. I., "Introduction," p. xcix.

\* Æschyl. "Eumenides," l. 570; Sophocl. "Ajax," l. 17; Virg. "Æn." viii. 526; Diod. Sic. v. p. 316; Strab. v. p. 220; Sil. Ital. II. 19; Athen.

"Deipn." iv. p. 184; Pollux, iv. 11; etc.

† Compare Dennis's "Etruria," vol. I. pp. 229-233.

‡ Diod. Sic. v. p. 316; Athen. "Deipn." iv. 13, p. 153.

§ See Mr. Isaac Taylor's "Etruscan Researches," pp. 86-88.

¶ Human sacrifice is represented on the remains in a way that shows it was practised. (See Dennis, vol. I. p. 447; vol. II. p. 97, note.) There can be little doubt that the Romans took the custom, which they certainly practised in ancient times, from the Etruscans.

¶ Dennis, vol. I. "Introduction," p. I.



in torturing his soul, and the hope of a paradise of mere sensual enjoyment.

In government, Etruria was a narrow oligarchy of a theocratic character. The Lucumones were at once the civil rulers, the landed proprietors, and the priests and augurs of the nation, alone acquainted with the will of heaven, and alone able, by appeasing angry gods, to avert disaster and prevent national calamity. Under such a government, class interests were of course solely considered; and the condition of the bulk of the population was rude and depressed, not to say wretched. There was no separation of the various functions of governors. The same men made the laws, imposed the taxes, administered the state, decided causes, and commanded armies. In one respect only did the Etruscans show any germ of real political intelligence. At a time when the rest of Italy was divided up among a number of petty states, continually at war one with another, they formed a wide-spreading confederacy, which, though perhaps rather religious than civil,\* yet succeeded in holding together the several communities, in preventing them from wasting each other's strength by internal struggles, and in uniting them under the pressure of external danger into a body possessing considerable strength and coherence. The federal idea, which in Greece scarcely bore any real fruit until after the time of Alexander,† was appreciated in Italy many centuries earlier, and, though not confined to the Etruscans, was apparently recognised by them more distinctly, and at an earlier period, than by any other Italic nation.

But little can be said in favour of Etruscan morality. The men bore a reputation, not merely for self-indulgent and luxurious habits, but for actual gluttony;‡ and the women are said to have been almost universally profligate.§ We see by the representations in the tombs that dances of a licentious description were witnessed without a blush by assemblages comprising both sexes. Nor was this looseness of manners compensated for by softness of temper or gentleness of behaviour towards others. The Etruscans were proverbially harsh in their treatment of their serf population,|| and often drove these wretched dependents into rebellion; and the cruelties of which their pirates were guilty towards their unhappy captives are but too notorious.¶

What progress the Etruscans made in science and literature it is somewhat difficult to determine. They certainly possessed letters from a very early date, and seem to have derived them straight from Asia, not mediately through the Greeks.\*\* We hear of their having produced a native literature, comprising, besides religious and ritual books, histories, tragedies, and poems;†† but the character of these works is unknown to us, and we can form no judgment of

their merit. The drama, which the Romans derived from them,\* was evidently of a rude and coarse character; nor is it probable that their other literary efforts were much superior. Their engineering science was, it is clear, respectable. They constructed arches of a fair size, tunnelled through rocks, gave their buildings vaulted roofs, raised into place vast masses of stone, and thus were able to form edifices of a most solid and permanent character. But it is not certain that they possessed any other science worthy of the name. Such astronomical knowledge as they enjoyed was probably obtained from Asia,† and was empirical rather than scientific. Their meteorology was vitiated by being accommodated to superstitious fancies. It is their art, not their science, which is their true glory, and which, almost alone, gives them their high place among the pioneers of civilisation.

### CORONATION OF GEORGE III.

IN the "Leisure Hour" for May we gave an account of the coronation of George III. from the unpublished diary of a contemporary eye-witness. For comparison with that artless narrative, we give the account by Horace Walpole, who described the scene in a most characteristic letter to George Montagu. The letter was written to his friend when in Ireland. The diary, though by an Irishman, is a very matter-of-fact and dry description compared with the lively and somewhat affected, if not impudent, account of Horace Walpole. Both narratives, however, give vivid glimpses of this grand old bit of English history:—

Arlington Street, Sept. 24, 1761.

I am glad you arrived safe in Dublin, and hitherto like it so well; but your trial has not begun yet. When your king comes, the ploughshares will be put into the fire. Bless your stars that your king is not to be married or crowned. All the wines of Bordeaux, and all the fumes of Irish brains, cannot make a town so drunk as a regal wedding and coronation. I am going to let London cool, and will not venture into it again this fortnight. Oh! the buzz, the prattle, the crowds, the noise, the hurry! Nay, people are so little come to their senses, that though the coronation was but the day before yesterday, the Duke of Devonshire had forty messages yesterday, desiring tickets for a ball that they fancied was to be at Court last night. People had sat up a night and a day, and yet wanted to see a dance. If I was to entitle ages, I would call this the *century of crowds*. For the coronation, if a puppet-show could be worth a million, that is. The multitudes, balconies, guards, and processions, made Palace-yard the liveliest spectacle in the world: the Hall was the most glorious. The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the benches of peers and peeresses, frequent and full, was as awful as a pageant can be; and yet, for the king's sake and my own, I never wish to see another; nor am impatient to have my Lord Effingham's promise fulfilled. The king complained that so few precedents were kept for their proceedings. Lord Effingham owned the earl marshal's office had been strangely neglected; but

\* See Mr. Bunbury's article in Dr. W. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography," i. v. ETRURIA; vol. i. p. 504. (V. Political Constitution.)

† In the Achaean and Aetolian Leagues the true federal idea was carried out, not so in the earlier Eoetian, Thessalian, Ionian, Delian confederacies. See Mr. Freeman's useful work on "Federal Governments." (When will he give us another instalment of it?)

‡ Compare the "*pinus Tyrrenus*" of Virgil ("Georg." ii. 196), and the "*oboeus Etruscus*" of Catullus (xxxix. 14.)

§ Plant. "Osteil." ii. 3, 30; Theopomp. ap. Athen. "Dolpn." xii. 3, p. 515; Horat. "Od." iii. 10, 11.

|| Martial, ix. 23, 4.

¶ Servius ad Virg. "Æn." viii. 479.

\*\* This has been denied (Müller, "Etrusker," iv. 4. 1; Bunbury in Smith's Dictionary, etc.), but seems to me almost certain. (See Fellows' "Lydia," p. 442.)

†† Virg. "Æn." ii. 17; Varro ap. Orosius, xvi. 6, and "Ling. Lat." v. 55, Dionys. Hal. i. p. 17; Serv. ad Virg. "Æn." viii. 285; Lucan. vi. 581, etc.

\* Liv. vii. 2.

† Niebuhr asserts the contrary ("Hist. of Rome," vol. i. p. 157, B. T.), but adduces no grounds for his opinion. He even assigns to the Etruscans a native "medicine" and native "physics."

he had taken such care for the future, that the *next coronation* would be regulated in the most exact manner imaginable. The number of peers and peeresses present was not very great; some of the latter, with no excuse in the world, appeared in Lord Lincoln's gallery, and even walked about the Hall indecently in the intervals of the procession. My Lady Harrington, covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of Roxana, was the finest figure at a distance; she complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig and a stick. "Pho!" said he, "you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable." She told this everywhere, thinking the reflection was on my Lady Portsmouth. Lady Pembroke, alone at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty; the Duchess of Richmond, as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her; Lady Spencer, Lady Sutherland, and Lady Northampton, very pretty figures. Lady Kildare, still beauty itself, if not a little too large. The ancient peeresses were by no means the worst party; Lady Westmoreland, still handsome, and with more dignity than all; the Duchess of Queensbury looked well, though her locks milk-white; Lady Albemarle very genteel; nay, the middle age had some good representatives in Lady Holderness, Lady Rochford, and Lady Strafford, the perfectest little figure of all. My Lady Suffolk ordered her robes, and I dressed part of her head, as I made some of my Lord Hertford's dress; for you know no profession comes amiss to me, from a tribune of the people to a habit-maker. Don't imagine that there were not figures as excellent on the other side; old Exeter, who told the king he was the handsomest man she ever saw; old Effingham, and a Lady Say and Sele, with her hair powdered and her tresses black, were an excellent contrast to the handsome. Lord B—— put on rouge upon his wife and the Duchess of Bedford in the painted chamber; the Duchess of Queensbury told me of the latter, that she looked like an orange-peach, half red and half yellow. The coronets of the peers and their robes disguised them strangely; it required all the beauty of the Dukes of Richmond and Marlborough to make them noticed. One there was, though of another species, the noblest figure I ever saw, the High Constable of Scotland, Lord Errol; as one saw him in a space capable of containing him, one admired him. At the wedding, dressed in tissue, he looked like one of the Giants in Guildhall new gilt. It added to the energy of his person, that one considered him acting so considerable a part in that very hall, where so few years ago one saw his father, Lord Kilmarnock, condemned to the block. The champion acted his part admirably, and dashed down his gauntlet with proud defiance. His associates, Lord E——, Lord Talbot, and the Duke of Bedford, were woeful; Lord Talbot piqued himself on backing his horse down the hall, and not turning its rump towards the king, but he had taken such pains to dress it to that duty, that it entered backwards, and at his retreat the spectators clapped, a terrible indecorum, but suitable to such Bartholomew Fair doings. He had twenty *démêlés*, and came out of none creditably. He had taken away the table of the Knights of the Bath, and was forced to admit two in their old place, and dine the others in the Court of Requests. Sir William Stanhope said, "We are ill-treated, for some of us are gentlemen." Beckford told

the earl it was hard to refuse a table to the City of London, whom it would cost ten thousand pounds to banquet the king, and that his lordship would repent it, if they had not a table in the hall; they had. To the Barons of the Cinque Ports, who made the same complaint, he said, "If you come to me as Lord Steward, I tell you it is impossible; if as Lord Talbot, I am a match for any of you;" and then he said to Lord Bute, "If I were a minister, thus I would talk to France, to Spain, to the Dutch—none of your half measures." This has brought me to a melancholy topic. Bussy goes to-morrow, a Spanish war is hanging in the air, destruction is taking a new lease of mankind—of the remnant of mankind. I have no prospect of seeing Mr. Conway. Adieu; I will not disturb you with my forebodings. You I shall see again in spite of war, and I trust in spite of Ireland.

## WEATHER PROVERBS.

### August.

WE now come to the actual month of harvest, and fine weather is very essential for the proper gathering in of the crops. This is so obvious that, with the exception of the saying—

"Dry August and warm,  
Doth harvest no harm,"

there do not seem to exist any proverbs on the point, and the weather lore belonging to August is very slight. In the grape-growing countries, such as Italy, Spain, and Portugal, rain is reckoned desirable now.

"A wet August never brings dearth."—*Italian*.

"August rain gives honey, wine, and saffron."—*Portuguese*.

"When it rains in August it rains honey and wine."

—*French and Spanish*.

But the English farmer entirely dissents from this view, as a wet time in August would most materially damage his prospects of storing his grain successfully. After Lammas Day (Aug. 13 *n.s.*) his corn is said to ripen as much by night as by day—an allusion to the heavy night dews and the steady heats which are so frequent during this month.

About St. Margaret's Day it was observed that there was often a heavy downpour of rain, which had the effect of causing many rivers to overflow, and Margaret's Flood has passed into a proverb. August 1 answers to "old" St. Margaret's Day, and rain at the very beginning of the month, before the final ripening of the corn, if moderate in quantity, is highly beneficial.

The Shepherd of Banbury speaks of the sudden storms that often prevail during August, and gives certain signs by which they may be prognosticated. In harvest, when the wind has been south for two or three days, and it grows very hot, and you see clouds rise with great white tops, like towers, as if one were upon the top of another, and joined together with black on the nether side, there will be thunder and rain suddenly. If two such clouds arise, one on either hand, it is time to make haste to shelter. So says the wise shepherd, and most people under the circumstances would be inclined to follow his advice as quickly as possible.

**LONDON CRIMINAL STATISTICS.**—Returns have recently been published of the number of persons arrested by the Metropolitan Police in 1875. The total arrests were 72,606. A large number of these were for drunkenness; the two items of drunk and drunk and disorderly representing no fewer than 80,978. The other largest items are—common assaults, 6,988; assaults on the police, 2,633; simple larceny, 6,736; and vagrancy, 3,549. On the other hand, the more serious offences are represented by very much smaller numbers. There were 13 arrests for murder, 68 for manslaughter, 70 for burglary, and 430 for attempting to commit suicide. To this last item must be added 288 actual cases of suicide, making altogether more than 700 persons who successfully or unsuccessfully attempted their own lives in a single year. The returns on this head vary in an extraordinary way. The year before last there were 131 suicides and 339 attempts; in 1873 the suicides were only 114, and in 1872 they were only 45 in number; while the frustrated attempts in those years were 338 and 358 respectively. But in 1871 the numbers had been 341 futile attempts and 164 successful acts of self-destruction; so that the year 1872 was most exceptional in the low number of actual suicides. During 1875 no fewer than 10,609 persons were reported to the police of the metropolis as missing from their homes. Of these 5,913 were found and restored by the authorities; and the rest either made their own way back or were entirely lost to their friends.—*City Press*.

**"NAGGING."**—A correspondent of "Public Opinion" thinks a discussion on the subject of "nagging" as a domestic grievance cannot fail to be of some service to persons who, like himself, suffer from that domestic nuisance. Here is his pitiful story:—"I have now been married nearly fifteen years, and each year has added a little tartness to my wife's temper, till it has become almost too much for human nature to endure; yet she knows well, and would say probably if asked, that she has no sound reason of complaint against me or my actions. I do all in my power to relieve the growing evil, which is destroying her own comfort as well as that of every one about her, but all to no purpose. She has no cares or troubles beyond those naturally arising in a family, the youngest of whom is four years of age. I will not prolong this communication by further details; but I hope that some of your many correspondents may be able to suggest a remedy to allay in some degree this 'my skeleton in the cupboard.' If 'Public Opinion' opens its columns to the discussion of domestic 'skeletons' by husbands and wives (for the wife ought to be allowed to have 'her say' as well as the husband), the size of that journal will have to be very considerably enlarged.—*Birmingham Daily Mail*.

**EARLSWOOD.**—Nowhere have I seen more skilful and ingenious treatment than in the School for Idiots at Earlswood, and while I have watched the process with the deepest interest, I have been tempted almost to wish that the children of the poor were generally nearer to that condition, if only they could thus be saved from the stupefaction and stultification of dry, dull, dead routine, and by more intelligent teaching roused from the mental lethargy which too many schools do more to deepen and to perpetuate than to remove.—*Professor W. B. Hodgson, of University of Edinburgh*.

**EDUCATION BY ROTE.**—A notable illustration of teaching "sound without sense," words without intelligence, is recorded by an Inspector of Schools, the late Mr. Brookfield. Two children, aged about eleven years, did their arithmetic and reading tolerably well, and wrote something pretty legible, intelligible, and sensible, about an omnibus and about a steamboat. They were called upon to write down the answers of the Church Catechism to two questions. The children had been accustomed to repeat the Catechism during half an hour of each day, in day school, and Sunday school, for four or five years, and this is what they wrote:—

"My duty toads God is to bleed in him to fering and to loaf withold your arts withold my mine withold my sold and with my sernth to whirchp and to give thinks to put my old trast in him to call upon him to onner his old name and his world and to save him truly all the days of my life's end."

"My dooty toids my Nabers to love him as thyself and to do to all men as I wed thou shall do and to me to love onner and suke my farther and mother to onner and to bay the queen and all that are pet in a forty under her to smit myself to all my goones teaches sportial pastures and marsters to ougthen myself lordly and every to all my betters to hut no body by would nor

deed to be trew in jest in all my deelins to beer no malis nor ated in your arts to kep my ands from pecking and steel my turn from evil speak and lawing and slanders not to civet or desar othermans good but to lern labour trewly to get my own leaving and to do my dooty in that state if life and to each it his please God to call men."

It will be observed that these written answers, if recited with sufficient rapidity in the customary school-room patter, really bear a horrible likeness to the sounds of the genuine ones; and there can be little doubt that the writers and their classmates had so recited them for years, to the entire satisfaction of all who were "pet in a forty" over them.—*Times*.

**AMERICAN RECEPTION.**—The following paragraph, from "Harper's Weekly," records one of the incidents of the opening of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. It shows how a position is attainable for a private citizen in the States, which only kings and courtiers attain to in old countries:—"Perhaps the most notable 'reception' held in America was that of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, on the evening of Centennial Day, May 10. Even in Washington, where officials and men of mark abound, no such gathering has been known. It has been the lot of Mr. Childs to be the first gentleman in the United States who, at a private reception, has been able to number among his guests the President of the United States, with his wife; the members of the Cabinet, with their wives; the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and their wives; the Emperor and Empress of Brazil; the diplomatic representatives of Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and other Powers of Europe, Asia, and the Isles of the East; the Governors of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland; prominent members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States; Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, McDowell; Admirals Porter, Rowen, and Alden; goodly numbers of military and naval men who have won fame in battle; eminent judges, eminent divines, eminent lawyers, authors, journalists, artists—indeed, men famous in every branch of professional and private life."

**BISMARCK ON THE 4TH JULY.**—The following letter was sent from Prince Bismarck to the publisher of the Philadelphia "Ledger," acknowledging the gift of a cane made of the wood of Independence Hall. It is a pleasant addition to the Centennial literature:—

"Varzin, July 4, 1875.

"Dear Sir,—You have the goodness to send me, as a support for my old days, a cane made from the tower from whose heights, ninety-nine years ago, the bell was rung for the first time in honour of that great Commonwealth, whose ship-bells now sound their full and welcome tongues in all harbours of the world. For this historical treasure I beg you to accept my heartiest thanks. I shall honour it, carefully preserve it, and, with other relics of remarkable years, bequeath it to my children. This day is one of those which always recall to my mind the happy hours that I have spent on many a fourth of July with American friends, the first time with John Lothrop Motley, Mitchell G. King, and Amory Coffin, in 1832, at Gottingen. I only wish that you, my dear sir, and I could always be as sound and happy as we four lusty fellows, when, forty-three years ago, we celebrated the Fourth of July at Gottingen.

"VON BISMARCK."

**RINKING.**—In a recent lecture on railway safety appliances, Mr. Bramwell had occasion to show how the interposition of a comparatively thin but elastic substance would break a man's fall. This fact is exemplified by the difference in the results of a tumble on the ice and on its asphalt substitute. In the former case the sufferer picks himself up and skims off, forgetting all about it by-and-by; in the other, although the floor is by no means wholly inelastic, the consequences are often far more serious. Broken bones are quite frequent occurrences on the new skating rinks, and an inquiry was held lately into the circumstances attending the death of a Government clerk, an expert skater, who came into collision with another person and was thrown down, at the Bromley Rink, on Easter Monday. He shortly afterwards began to lose the use of his limbs, and died in about a fortnight from concussion of the spine. Examples like this—and it is not singular—ought to lead to caution in the use of a healthy amusement, which, as will be seen, is not unattended by grave danger.—*Iren*.



# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Couper.*



ARREST OF MR. GOODCHILD, SENIOR.

## BOY AND MAN.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER XI.—A RAGGED HOLIDAY.

"God sendeth and giveth both mouth and the meat."—*Thos. Tusser.*

THE events described in the last chapter had taken place only a few days after the return of Mr. Armiger and his family from Broadstairs. The night-school had been closed during the hottest part

of the summer, except on Sundays, and now that the evenings were beginning to grow longer, it was to be re-opened. Mr. Sparrow had enjoyed his holiday so much, and the boy Nott, among others, had derived so much benefit from it, not only physically, but morally and socially, that Mr. Sparrow was anxious now to give all the school a similar treat. "It would be too expensive," he said, "to take such a lot of them to Broadstairs, and perhaps too great an undertaking."

No. 1285,—AUGUST 12, 1876.

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PRICE ONE PENNY

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"I should think it would, indeed!" Mr. Armiger exclaimed, laughing: "I should be sorry to have charge of them for a fortnight, there or anywhere else."

"Still, you know, we might perhaps take them down the river to Gravesend; it is so pleasant down the river:" and he looked at Annie Goodchild for her approval.

Finally it was agreed that they should hire two or three vans, and take all who could claim to be regular attendants at the school to Wimbledon for a day, and give them a good run upon the Common, a substantial meal, and as much other entertainment as circumstances would permit. Mr. Sparrow undertook to furnish the conveyances, and provisions were to be paid for by a general subscription. This, it was thought, would be at the same time a reward for those who had been tolerably well-behaved in the school, and an encouragement to others to join it and do likewise. There was another consideration. The health of All Saints' in the South had not been satisfactory during the past summer. There had been several cases of fever, and these seemed to be increasing in number; there had been some deaths, chiefly among the young—it was not to be wondered at, considering the state of many of the courts and alleys, and the crowded condition of the dwellings. It was hoped that even a day's fresh country air, with a good meal, to be followed up by such gifts of wholesome food in the school, and such other aids and sanitary precautions as a well-organised system of relief would be able to accomplish, might fortify some of the ragged, under-fed children against the infection to which they were constantly and unavoidably exposed.

A day was appointed, therefore, and preparations made, and the treat in prospect was announced to the boys at one of the school meetings. The difficulties then began. On the following night there was an immensely increased attendance, and as no new names were to be received on that occasion, there was a great disturbance among the disappointed. Tickets were issued to all who were judged to belong to the school, and they were told where to assemble on the following day. Those who had been refused thronged the yard, venting their disappointment in howls and execrations, and pelting and hustling all the rest.

On the appointed morning, long before the hour for starting had arrived, the street in which the vans were drawn up was thronged with the excursionists, and a great deal of rough play went on, to the annoyance of those passing to and fro. When Mr. Armiger and his friends and the teachers arrived, they found a scene of confusion and excitement; the vans were already full, and many boys wanting places. On examining the tickets it was found that some boys to whom they had been given had none, and were in tears, while others who had been refused, as not belonging to the school, were provided with them, and had secured seats in the vans. Tickets had been lost, stolen, or sold, and had thus changed hands in a variety of ways. It was impossible to discriminate at that time between rival claimants, and the only thing to be done was to hire a fourth van, and to lay in an extra supply of cold beef, knuckles, and such other cooked provisions as could be readily obtained from an eating-house.

After much delay they started, the founders of the feast knowing very well that they were being imposed

upon, but unable to avoid it without such a disturbance as would effectually destroy the harmony and pleasure of the day. It was a warm autumn morning; the early mist had cleared off, and the sun shone out cheerfully. Before they had gone a mile the boisterous mirth of most of the party had sobered down to a more passive state of enjoyment, and by the time Wimbledon was reached the pleasure manifested by all the young excursionists was so great, and apparently of so wholesome a kind, that Mr. Armiger could scarcely find it in his heart to regret that many more were present than he had ever intended to bring with him.

William Goodchild and his father joined them soon after their arrival, as had been arranged. Mr. Sparrow had proposed that the ladies also should spend at least a part of the day with them; but the curate would not agree to that, knowing that he should have enough upon his hands, and fearing that the day might not pass off as pleasantly as most of them anticipated. Mr. Goodchild was more than usually absent, and seemed to be very ill at ease; but as no one present knew that he had any particular reason for anxiety, the peculiarity of his conduct was attributed to the novelty of his position, and to his general disapproval of ragged-schools, and of his son-in-law's proceedings in respect to them.

As the excursionists were all very hungry, it was decided to deal out a crust of bread-and-cheese on arriving at their destination, and to assemble at an early hour in the afternoon for dinner. The boys were therefore soon scattered over the Common, amusing themselves according to their humour, some of the younger ones looking for oysters and "penny-winkles" in the ponds; others seeking birds'-nests, regardless of times and seasons; but most of them lying upon the grass in the luxury of careless ease; for though few of them were accustomed to much industry, yet this was a new kind of *dolce far niente*; and they enjoyed the stillness and balminess of the air, and the great, wide, open view of earth and sky with a sense of delight as natural as it was wholesome, and not the less keen because so strange and unaccustomed.

Mr. Armiger had brought a football, and endeavoured to form sides and get up a match; but that was impossible. Never before was football so hustled or ill-used; never were rules so utterly disregarded. A lawless set were these ragged pieces of humanity, whether on business or on pleasure bent. There was neither order nor purpose in their play. They enjoyed it, however, and that was the chief thing. It must be confessed that it is difficult to play football properly without boots; the curate might have remembered that. For the same reason races were unpopular; the runners were for the most part unshod; they were Arabs of the city, not of the desert; their naked feet were used to a smooth pavement, but the turf on the common was prickly, and the gravel on the roads was sharp. Some, indeed, had shoes and some had boots, but of a kind more likely to impede than to assist a rapid progress—more adapted for the slouching gait of the area-sneak than for the swift-footed athlete of the arena. To roll singly or in couples down a steep bit of turf, to practise walking on the hands, or to push awkwardly and wrestle—these were the chief amusements of the day. And they appeared to be sufficient. Some of them, indeed, began to play pitch-and-toss for half-pence, but desisted when Mr. Sparrow or the curate

spoke to them, and did not begin again till they were out of sight. Others, who had brought their pipes with them, put them in their pockets when either of the teachers drew near, and answered civilly when they were addressed; and some few of them seemed pleased to enter into conversation with them. So there were some good influences at work besides the enjoyment of the hour.

Dinner was ordered at two; but the company were all assembled long before that time, watching the unpacking of the hampers, and speculating upon the contents. Nott was busy here; although he attended at the school as usual for instruction, he did not consider himself any longer one of that lot. He was Mr. Sparrow's servant, and must keep himself select and respectable; he was reserved, therefore, in his communications with the others, but not haughty—complacent, but not proud. Nott knew what was in the hampers, of course; he could have proclaimed the contents of every one of them—that was evident from his looks—but he was not going to let out his master's secrets, not he. So he unpacked the viands, and laid them out as he was directed, within a space enclosed between some rails on the one side and the vans drawn up in a row on the other; and in reply to every expression of approval on the part of the "chaps," his usual answer was, "Oh! ah! yes! but 'taint like Broadstairs," with many a nod and wink, designed to show how greatly his experience and advantages surpassed all theirs.

There were no plates; a thick round of bread served the purpose, the cold boiled beef being sliced and laid upon it, and so handed round. There were no forks of silver or baser metal; the primitive inventions were sufficient on that occasion. There were no tumblers; ginger-beer fizzed out of the bottle direct into the drinker's jaws, as if benevolently eager to assuage their thirst; *his dat qui cito dat* ought to have been the motto on those spouting bottles. It was a splendid feast! There was bread-and-cheese for those who liked to finish with it, which gave occasion to a great deal of wit and sarcasm.

Pleasant as it was to see so many hungry people there enjoying themselves, there were some distressing thoughts inseparable from such a scene. The very strength of appetite which they brought with them, and which contributed so much to their appreciation of the feast, was painfully suggestive of short commons past and to come. It was sad to think that such frugal fare should be to most of them so great a treat; and when grace was said, the evident strangeness of the ceremony to those who sat and wondered at it might probably be ascribed to the fact that they had never known the comfort of meeting together at their meals in domestic fashion, after the manner of civilised society, but were accustomed to snatch them independently of each other, how and when they could.

Walking to and fro among the diners after the fragments had been gathered up, the plates having been eaten, like the tables of Æneas and his companions, Mr. Armiger observed a pile of bread-and-meat by the side of a boy who was lying upon the turf, huddled together, with his eyes closed. He went and touched the lad, thinking he was asleep; and he opened his eyes, and looked up at him wearily and strangely.

"What is the matter, my boy?" he said.

"I'm took badly, sir."

"Where do you feel bad?"

"All over—cold; and my head aches dreadful."

"Have you had any dinner?"

"No, sir; I tried—I tried hard, but I couldn't eat."

"How long have you been bad?"

"Since yesterday; but I didn't want to lose the treat; it don't come every day, and I couldn't eat a bit, after all."

Mr. Sparrow came up at that moment. "How hot he looks!" he said; "and yet he's shivering. I say! I hope he hasn't got the fever."

"I'm very much afraid it may be so," said Mr. Armiger. "He comes from Paradise Court, and I know they have it there."

Presently others came and looked at him. "He's eat too much," said one. "Make him get up and walk about," said another. "He's down with the fever," said a third.

They lifted him up, but he was sick and giddy. Finally, Mr. Sparrow procured a spring cart, and sent him home to Paradise Court, Nott going with him to take care of him.

This event cast a gloom over the spirits of many. Mr. Armiger was very anxious about this increase of fever in his parish; each new case brought a new care to his heart; he had already had it in his mind to ask Mr. Goodchild to receive his wife and her baby into his house at Wandsworth until the epidemic should have passed, and he now resolved at once that he would do so. He found him wandering about and talking to himself, stroking his face as he was wont to do in times of doubt and trouble. He took his arm and was about to speak, when suddenly a stout man, vulgarly dressed, stepped from behind a tree, and came hastily towards them. Another shabbier-looking individual followed him; both had thick sticks under their arms, and might very well have been mistaken for a brace of highwaymen. The first mentioned approached Mr. Goodchild, and, addressing him by name, laid his hand upon him. "I want you, Mr. Goodchild," said he. "Suit of Simeon Slocum; here's my warrant. Where shall I take you to?"

Mr. Armiger stood aghast; but the story was soon told; there could be no more concealment now. A hasty conference was held; and as the only choice lay between the Queen's Bench prison and a sponging-house kept by the sheriff's officer, Moss Slocum, who turned out to be the father of the "financial agent," Mr. Goodchild's creditor, it was decided that the prisoner should be conducted to the latter place until some measures could be taken for his release.

William Goodchild went with him, a cab being in waiting. Not long afterwards the ragged party clambered to their seats in the vans and went home, singing songs lustily in spite of their rags, and giving three cheers before they parted for the curate and teachers of their school. Mr. Armiger sat on the front van moodily, his heart full of care, thinking what he should say to his wife, whose father was in prison, and fearing what the next few days might bring forth for his fever-stricken parishioners and for his own troubled home.

#### CHAPTER XII.—A SPONGING-HOUSE.

"Sir, you are very welcome to our house;  
It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore I scout this breathing courtesy."

—Shakespeare.

On the door of a dingy-looking private house in one of the streets leading from the Blackfriars Road

westward, the name Moss Slocum might be read upon a brass plate, but only by those who looked closely at it; for the plate was as dull and grimy as the rest of the building, and that was conspicuous for gloominess among its gloomy neighbours. There were bars before the windows upstairs and down: and whenever the door was opened, a second door, of which the upper part resembled an iron gate, was to be seen beyond it; and one door was always closed and locked upon those who would enter or leave the house before the other was unlocked and opened. Through these two doors Mr. Goodchild passed with his son on the evening of the ragged holiday at Wimbledon, and after a brief interview with the master of the house, whose brass plate outside was a fair sample of the general appearance of the man himself, they were ushered upstairs into the coffee-room, as it was called, in which three other debtors were already located. One of these was busy writing: the other two were playing cribbage. Moss Slocum had put the usual questions to his new guest, whether he would have a private room, what he would take, and so forth; but as all luxuries were costly in this establishment for impecunious debtors, and must be paid for in advance, a private room, for instance, being charged a guinea per diem, Mr. Goodchild had resolved to dispense with such accommodation.

William Goodchild remained with his father until locking-up time, and without much difficulty extracted from him the whole history of his dealings with the younger Slocum. The officer who accompanied them in the cab had told them a great deal about the Slocum family: "They were wonderful men of business," he said, "father and son, uncle and neves; all over the town, they was; and all mixed up in business together, if not in partnership; they had two or three pawnshops, with the winders full of plate and joolery, fit to make a swell go wild and tear his 'air; there was more nor one clothes department—ready made, new and old, besides 'ats and humbrellers; but Mr. Sim was, in his opinion, the most promising of all the family; he had got on wonderful in the financial line, and was like to be a millinery before he died, let alone a clothes shop."

"Where did he live, Mr. Sim? Oh, sometimes on one branch and sometimes on another; and he had as many names as nesses; and a very good thing too was a *aylias*, mind you, 'special when you want a *aylibi*, as might happon to any gen'lman."

Mr. Goodchild thought he should be glad of an *alibi* just then, and his hand moved almost unconsciously towards the handle of the cab door through the open window, at which the officer smiled and winked in a friendly and facetious manner at his prisoner, glancing at the same time towards his pal upon the box to see that he was all right.

By the help of these and similar revelations, William Goodchild was able now to form an opinion as to the character of the man with whom his father had so unfortunately become entangled; and though it afforded no relief to his anxieties, but rather the contrary, he resolved that there should be no compromise if he could prevent it, but that the business should be thoroughly sifted, and the rights and wrongs of it fully brought to light.

At nine o'clock he was compelled to leave the house; "Not but the key might be kept on longer, if desired, at five shillings the half hour," the porter

said, a grim-looking Cerberus, with only one head, but with more than enough hair on it for three, "but the rules was nine." So William Goodchild bade his father good-night, charging him to do nothing until he should call on him next day, and to hold no communication on the subject of his debt with either of the Slocums.

"I'll make an appointment with Mr. Fisher to come and see you to-morrow, dear father," he said; "he must investigate the matter and give us proper advice; we must not stir hand or foot without our lawyer now."

Mr. Goodchild thought that he had not much opportunity of stirring hand or foot, but he was mistaken. Scarcely had his son departed when the door of the coffee-room was opened, and "Mr. Sim" entered. He walked up to Mr. Goodchild and offered him his hand, and invited him to come with him into an adjoining room.

"I was obliged to do it, Mr. Goodchild," he said; "I was very sorry, but I heard that you were going abroad, and I could not be left to bear the brunt of everything myself, now, could I? So I was obliged to do it, you see, and to do it sharp too."

"Abroad! I never thought of such a thing!" "Ah, well, it don't signify now, you know;" and Mr. Slocum winked at his victim pleasantly, as much as to say, "you needn't deny it; nothing to be ashamed of; very natural and clever."

"I tell you, sir," said Mr. Goodchild, "that I never for one moment contemplated leaving home; my son had just returned from the Continent, and—"

"Ah, that was it, then; that was how the rumour got about; it's all the same now, you know. Anyhow, I was obliged to do it, for how could I tell which way it was? But come into the next room, do; nothing to pay, you know; nothing extra for to-night."

Mr. Goodchild at first refused, but suffered himself to be persuaded. He found a comfortable fire, with a kettle on the hob, and on the table spirits, glasses, and cigars.

"There, Mr. Goodchild," said Slocum, "make yourself comfortable; you need not be here long; but take a glass and a weed. 'Don't smoke?' It's a pity! I'm sure we can arrange this business in a friendly way. I would make any sacrifice myself rather than put you to inconvenience. It only wants a little quiet confidential talk to make all right."

With such protestations Mr. Slocum persuaded his prisoner to sit down and listen patiently to what he had to say. He had a contract in his pocket ready for signature, making over the property at Wandsworth to him in satisfaction of his debt and costs, and used all his arts of persuasion and intimidation to induce Mr. Goodchild to execute it.

"It's more than it's worth, Mr. Goodchild, more than I should ever get by it; but I don't like having a gentleman of your standing in such a place as this, I don't indeed. You can be at liberty for the stroke of a pen, if you like; you can take a cab and get home before your son almost. I shall have to take the property in execution, if it is not made over to me in a friendly way, and then there will be no end of costs and expenses, to say nothing of a long imprisonment in the Bench, which is rather a different place from this, I can tell you. You couldn't stay where you are more than two or three days, if you wished it."

Poor Mr. Goodchild felt himself sorely tried. He

walked about the little room, with his fingers playing irresolutely about his cheek and lips, and compared the "debt and costs" with the sum which the house had cost him, and wondered whether it would not be the best plan to sell it at once to Mr. Slocum, and have no more expense and trouble about it.

"I'm sure I don't know," he began. "It would be a great sacrifice; you would buy the house very cheap. If you would give me two or three hundred pounds more for it, perhaps I might sell it."

"I couldn't, my dear sir; I am offering too much already. But please yourself; I wished to save you trouble and expense, that's all."

"I wish you had spoken about it when my son was here."

Again he walked about the room, Mr. Slocum waiting with assumed indifference, but putting in a word now and then, to stimulate his decision.

"It's getting late, Mr. Goodchild," he said at length; "what will you do? Will you stay here and go to the Bench to-morrow, or take the pen?"

Mr. Goodchild took the pen; he dipped it in the ink.

"I'll send for a cab," said Slocum; "you'll be at your own house in half an hour's time."

His own house! Ah, but it would be his own no longer. He dropped the pen. No! he would not sign the document; his lawyer would be there next morning. He would wait, at all events, till he had seen him. So Mr. Slocum had to retire, vexed and baffled, at the moment when he had begun to congratulate himself on his success.

A cold, yellow fog next morning made the coffee-room of the lock-up house look even more dingy and miserable than usual when Mr. Goodchild entered it. He had passed a sleepless night, partly in consequence of his own excited and unhappy frame of mind, and partly from causes indigenous to the house and bed. There was a smell of stale tobacco-smoke in the room, and the dirty glasses which had been used last night still remained upon one of the tables, breakfast being laid upon another; the gentleman who had been writing on the previous evening was writing still, and might have been so engaged at the same spot all night; the other two were at breakfast, and invited Mr. Goodchild to draw near and join them.

"A gloomy day, sir!" said one of them.

"Very gloomy."

"Better indoors than out, such weather as this!"

"I don't know," Mr. Goodchild answered, slowly;

"I shall be going out by-and-by, I believe."

"So shall I, sir—before evening, at all events."

"And I also," said the other.

"I'm going out to-day, so there will be no one left here," said the man who had been writing, folding up his papers and looking out of the window with a sigh. "You don't seem to have any appetite, sir," he continued, addressing Mr. Goodchild, who was sitting, with his eggs and bacon before him, looking both miserable and disgusted. Mr. Goodchild sighed, and made no answer, but smoothed down his lips and chin with his fingers.

"Would you like to grow a razor, sir?" said the other, winking at his neighbours; "they shave us pretty close here, though, and without much labour, don't they?"

"I shall not be here long, I dare say," Mr. Goodchild answered; "and if I am, I hope—I hope you will not."

"Thank you, sir; very kind of you, and very polite. Going through the court, sir?"

"Court! what court?"

"Portugal Street—insolvent—whitewash; you know."

"Oh no! I trust not—I trust not!" and Mr. Goodchild turned pale, and felt his heart beat with a new fear, not knowing but it might yet come to that, and feeling that he would almost as soon expiate his debts upon the platform of Horsemonger Lane Gaol. After that, he withdrew to a seat in the window, and looked out between the bars, and through the fog, which appeared to lie thicker on the glass than anywhere else, into the street.

## ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

### August.

THE gathering in of the harvest at this season of nature's abundance, some say, gave rise to the term Lammas, the name commonly given to the first day of the present month. The Yule of August was one of the four great pagan festivals of Britain, held, it appears, in celebration of the return of harvest. In after-times, however, when Christianity superseded the pagan worship of this country, our forefathers still observed the day as a festival, making an offering of a loaf of bread made with new wheat; and from this circumstance the day was called "Hlaf-mass," i.e., "Loaf-mass," which in course of time became abbreviated into Lammas. Some derive it from Lamb-mass, because the tenants who held lands under the Cathedral Church in York, which is dedicated to St. Peter ad Vincula, were bound by their tenure to bring on this day a live lamb into the church at high mass; but it should be remembered that this custom was purely local, and it is, therefore, highly improbable that from it arose so popular a name as the one in question. In the Salisbury Manuals of the fifteenth century, this day is described as "Benedictio Novorum Fructuum." Lammas is one of the four cross-quarter days of the year, as they are now denominated. Formerly, Whitsuntide was the first, Lammas the second, Martinmas the third, and Candlemas the last. On this day also became payable the so-called "Peter-pence," a tax levied to the amount of a penny upon every hearth or chimney throughout England, and which was likewise called "Heard Penny," or "Rome Scot."

In London, Lammas Day is noted for an annual rowing match on the Thames between six young watermen, whose apprenticeship ends in the same year. Starting from the Old Swan at London Bridge, they row against an adverse tide as far as the White Swan at Chelsea, and whoever wins receives a prize consisting of a waterman's coat and silver badge. This contest was originated by Thomas Dogget, a native of Dublin, and an actor of very great celebrity in the beginning of the eighteenth century. In the year after George I came to the throne, he gave a waterman's coat and silver badge to be rowed for by six watermen on the first of August, being the anniversary of the king's accession to the throne. This he continued till his death, when it was found that he had left a certain sum of money, the interest of which was to be appropriated annually, for ever, to the pur-



chase of a like coat and badge.\* This annual rowing match is the subject of a ballad-opera, by Charles Dibdin, first performed at the Haymarket Theatre in the year 1774, called "The Waterman; or, the First of August." When the Prince of Wales visited the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers in their spacious hall at London Bridge, in 1863, a newspaper describing the event, says: "With singular appropriateness and good taste, eighteen watermen, who had at various periods since the year 1824 been winners of Dogget's Coat and Badge, arrayed in the garb which testifies to their prowess, and of which the Fishmongers' Company are trustees, were substituted for the usual military guard of honour in the vestibule."

Hutton† tells us that formerly the great annual feast at Coatham, in Yorkshire, was celebrated on the first Sunday after Lammas Day (old style), and called St. Wilfrid's Feast, kept in commemoration of the prelate's return from exile. On the evening before the feast commenced, the effigy of this favourite of the people, having been previously conveyed some miles out of the town, made his public entry as if returning after a long absence, being met by crowds of people, who with shouts and acclamations welcomed the return of the prelate and patron. Sir Henry Piers, in his "Description of Westmeath," mentions a curious superstition practised in that locality by the inhabitants. "On the first Sunday in August," he says, "they will be sure to drive their cattle into some pool or river, and therein swim them; they think no beast will live the whole year through unless it be thus drenched."

Vallancey, in his "Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis," cites Cormac, Archbishop of Cashel, in the tenth century, in his Irish glossary, as informing us that, in his time, four great fires were lighted up on the four great festivals of the Druids, viz., in February, May, August, and November. It was once customary in England to give money to servants on Lammas Day to buy gloves, hence the term "Glove-silver."‡ It is mentioned among the ancient customs of the Abbey of St. Edmund, in which the clerk of the cellarer had twopence, the cellarer's squire elevenpence, the granger elevenpence, and the cowherd a penny.

Dr. Whitaker, in his "History of Richmond" (vol. ii. p. 293), quotes a manuscript description of a rush-bearing observed in days gone by at Warton, in Lancashire, on St. Oswald's Day (Aug. 5th), or the Sunday nearest to it. "The vain custom," says the writer, "of dancing, excessive drinking, etc., having been many years laid aside, the inhabitants and strangers spend that day in duly attending the service of the church, and making good cheer in private houses, and the next in several kinds of diversions, the chief of which is usually a rush-bearing, which is on the following manner. They cut hard rushes from the marsh, which they make up into long bundles, and then dress them in fine linen, silk ribbons, flowers, etc. Afterwards, the young women of the village who perform the ceremony that year take up the burdens erect, and begin the procession (precedence always being given to the churchwarden's burden), which is attended not only with multitudes of people, but with music, drum, ringing of bells, and all other

demonstrations of joy they are able to express. When they arrive at the church they go to the west end, and, setting down their burdens in the church, strip them of their ornaments, leaving the heads or crowns of them decked with flowers, cut paper, etc., in some part of the church, generally over the cancelli. Then the company return to the town and partake of a plentiful collation provided for that purpose, and spend the remaining part of the day in dancing about a maypole."

Formerly, a silver arrow was annually shot for by the scholars of Harrow School on the 4th of August. The competitors, we are told, were arrayed in fancy dresses, made of red or green satin, decked with spangles; with silk sashes and caps. Whoever was successful enough to shoot within the three circles which surrounded the bull's-eye was saluted with a concert of French horns; and he who first shot twelve times nearest the mark was proclaimed victor, and led in triumph from the butts to the town at the head of a procession of boys, carrying and waving the silver arrow. The entertainments of the day were concluded with a ball, given by the winner, in the schoolroom, to which all the neighbouring families were invited. ("Book of Days," vol. ii. p. 177.)

The 15th of August is the *Assumption of the Virgin Mary*, a festival celebrated with much grandeur and magnificence in the Romish Church. It was formerly observed in this country, in many places, with extraordinary rejoicings and pomp of theatrical worship in representation of the Assumption.\* The vast unoccupied space in our old cathedrals, for which the modern spectator is sometimes unable to account, was the theatre wherein these spectacles and shows were performed by the monks, assisted by pompous machinery, which necessarily required a capacious area for working it. On Assumption Day it was customary to implore blessings upon herbs, plants, roots, and fruits, in allusion to which Googe, in his translation of "Neogeorgus," has the following lines:—

"The blessed Virgin Marie's feast hath here his place and time,  
Wherein departing from the earth she did the heaven clime;  
Great bundles then of herbs to church the people fast do  
beare,  
The which against all hurtful things the priest doth hallow  
there;  
Thus kindle they and nourish still the people's wickednesse,  
And vainly make them to believe whatsoever they expresse,  
For sundry witchcrafts by these herbs are wrought, and divers  
charms,  
And cast into the fire are thought to drive away all harmes."

"It is amusing," says Smith, "to see Neogeorgus condemning the ignorant people for their foolish credulity, and yet implying his own belief in witchcraft. Thus each age laughs at the mistakes of its precursor, as each in turn will probably be laughed at by its successor."

St. Roche's Day (August 16th) was anciently kept like a wake, or great harvest-home, when dancing in the evening, in the churchyard, finished the day's merry-making. The phrase, "Sound as a roach," is thought by some to have been derived from the legends connected with this saint, who is said to have devoted himself especially to the sick, and was consequently deemed the patron of all who were afflicted with the plague. Among the extracts from the

\* See "Every Day Book," vol. ii. pp. 1062-1065.

† "Trip to Coatham," 1810, p. 63.

‡ Hampson's "Medii Ævi Calendarium" (vol. i. p. 334).

\* Smith's "Festivals," 1831, p. 162.





From the Picture of J. Breton.

**THE RECALL OF THE GLEANERS.**  
(*Le Rappel des Glaneuses.*)

(In the Luxembourg Gallery.)

churchwardens' accounts of St. Michael, Spurrier Gate, in the city of York, printed in Nichols's "Illustrations of Ancient Manners," we find the following: "1518. Paid for writing of St. Royke Masse, 9d."

It was an ancient practice at Croyland Abbey until the time of Edward IV, to give little knives to all comers on St. Bartholomew's Day (August 24th), in allusion to the knife wherewith this apostle is said to have been flayed alive. Many of these knives, of various sizes, have been found in the ruins of the abbey and in the river. A coat, borne by the religious fraternity of the abbey, quarters three of them, with three whips of St. Guthlac, a scourge celebrated for the virtue of its flagellations.\* These are engraved by Mr. Gough, in his "History of Croyland Abbey." In a curious book, entitled "New Essayes and Characters, by John Stephens the younger, of Lincolne's Inne, Gent. 1631," we read:—"Like a bookseller's shoppe on Bartholomew Day, at London, the stalls of which are so adorn'd with Bibles and Prayer-bookes, that almost nothing is left within but heathen knowledge." Formerly, on the anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Day, the great Smithfield fair took place, the only real fair held within the City of London. It originated in a grant from Henry I, in the year 1133, to a monk named Rayer, or Rahere, who had been his minstrel and jester, and had founded the Priory of St. Bartholomew, in later times transformed into a hospital. After flourishing for about seven centuries and a half, it was at last discontinued in the year 1855. Originally this fair was established for trading purposes, but in process of time shows and diversions of all sorts, mostly of a very coarse character, with exhibitions of wild beasts, etc., were introduced, which caused such a scene of disorder and confusion, that effectual means were taken for its suppression.†

In years gone by it was customary for the members of the Corporation of London, some time in the month of August, to go up the Thames in gaily-decorated barges, for the purpose of marking, or "nicking," their swans. On reaching Barnes Elms they landed, and partook of a sumptuous collation. The practice was called "Swan-hopping," but incorrectly so, as on referring to ancient statutes, we find the correct term to be "Swan-upping," from the swans being taken up and nicked. Among the Loseley manuscripts there is an original roll of swan-marks, showing the beaks of the swans to have been notched with stars, chevrons, the initials of the owners' names, or other devices. The old inn sign of the "Swan with two necks," is undoubtedly a corruption for the "Swan with two nicks."

## THE BORDER LANDS OF ISLAM.

### V.—ALBANIA.

THE border lands on the eastern shores of the Adriatic stretch from Northern Greece to the Save, and embrace Albania and the contiguous countries of Dalmatia and Croatia. Turkey has had Albania in more or less complete possession since shortly after the conquest of Constantinople. Dal-

matia, now part of the Austrian dominions, belonged in the middle ages to Hungary; but in the fifteenth century it fell to Venice, and was for a time the object of keen contentions between the Turks and the Venetians. The ancient kingdom of Croatia, which, like other lands on the Save and the Danube, suffered terribly from Turkish invasions, has been rent in twain; the greater part became Hungarian, and is now Austrian territory, while the remainder belongs to Turkey. Of these lands of the Adriatic, we shall in this paper treat of Albania.

When Gibbon wrote, in the end of last century, Europe was so entirely ignorant of this region that he could speak of it as "a country within sight of Italy, and yet less known than the interior of America." Conterminous with the ancient Epirus and with the southern provinces of ancient Illyria, with the waters of the Adriatic and Mediterranean laving it on the west, Albania is severed from other Turkish provinces on the east by the Pindus and Scardus mountains. On its southern frontier lies Greece, while to the north it is bounded by Montenegro and Servia. Its extent from north to south is about two hundred and fifty miles, and from the sea eastward its breadth varies from one hundred to thirty miles. Albania is a land of pasturages, forests, and mountain solitudes. With but slight traces of cultivation, and without roads, it is to be traversed by the traveller only through difficult passes and defiles. In the northern and central portions the mountains are intermixed with lakes and fertile plains; but in the south the elevations are barren and the vales narrow. Speaking of Albania, Dr. Arnold has said that "it is one of those ill-fated portions of the earth which, though placed in immediate contact with civilisation, has remained perpetually barbarian." The Albanians, or Albanese, as they are sometimes termed, know nothing of their origin; they are supposed to be the aboriginal people of the country driven southwards by the Slavonic immigrants who settled in Dalmatia and the adjoining provinces during the decline of the Roman empire. This supposition is strengthened by the fact that the characteristics attributed by Strabo to the ancient inhabitants are possessed by the Albanians of the present day. They live for the most part now as they did of old—in villages scattered among the mountains, or in green glades opening amid the forests, supporting themselves by pasturage, attended by fierce dogs, always wearing arms, and with the outward habits retaining much of the restlessness of barbarians.

The Albanians are not less distinct in race and language from their conquerors, the Ottomans, than from their neighbours, the Greeks and Slavs. They are not merely a tribe, they are a nation; and, though with marked physical and mental differences, they yet possess characteristics in a greater or less degree common to all. Finlay, in his History of the Greek Revolution, describes them generally as "proud, insolent, turbulent, and greedy of gain, but honest and truthful." In contrast to the races around, they boast of themselves as Albanian, and they speak unwritten dialects of what is essentially the same language. They are all warlike, and averse to agricultural labour, and all capable of using the sword and long gun. This latter weapon they constantly carry either for ornament or use, whether engaged in tilling their fields or tending their flocks. It is slung across the shoulder, and with it they move about with ease, or run up hills with the greatest

\* See "Every Day Book," vol. I. p. 1131.

† For an interesting account of Bartholomew Fair consult Morley's "Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair," 1859; also the "History and Origin of Bartholomew Fair," published by Arliss and Huntman, 1808.



agility. But though the Albanians may be termed a nation, they are a nation without conscious political unity, and with no power of political construction. They call themselves Skipetar—that is, in their own tongue, Highlanders. By the Ottomans they are termed Arnauts. Composed of various tribes, or clans, and using dialects which differ according to geographical position, they are broadly divided into the two great tribes of the Ghegs and the Tosks; although it may be said that these names do not cover all the several Albanian clans. The former inhabit Northern, or Illyrian, and the latter Southern, or Epirotic Albania. With the general resemblance referred to, the two great tribes differ as much from each other as do the physical features of their respective provinces. The Tosks, it is highly probable, correspond to the ancient Epirots, and the Ghegs to the Illyrians. They bear to each other an unconcealed ill-will, and when serving in the Turkish armies, it is difficult to keep them from broils and quarrels. The dialect of the extreme south of Albania bears to that of the extreme north much the same relation as German does to Danish. In all but the simplest things there is mutual unintelligibility. Recent philological research has pronounced the Albanian language to be an independent branch of the Indo-European family. Humboldt has termed it, "The floating plank of a vessel that has been sunk in the ocean of time and lost for ages." It is harsh and guttural, and is mixed with many Greek, Turkish, and Slavonic words.

Looking at the religious profession of the Albanians, we find them almost equally divided into Mohammedans and Christians. The Christians are composed of adherents of the Greek Church and of Roman Catholics. Roughly speaking, the Christian Ghegs are Roman Catholics, while the Christian Tosks are of the orthodox, or Greek communion. The Mohammedan population is most numerous in the central portion of the country, and it is entirely composed of renegades, or the descendants of renegades, from both of these branches of the Christian faith. After generally holding out until the seventeenth century, the Albanians apostatised in whole masses or tribes. The causes which led to this were the same which obtained in Bosnia and other Turkish provinces. The change was made entirely from political or worldly motives—to escape persecution, or for the sake of enjoying Turkish dignities, or such other advantages of social superiority as are to be derived from professing the governing religion. The total number of the population of Albania, Moslems and Christians together, may be reckoned at a million. Numerous colonies of these mountaineers settled in Greece during the Middle Ages, and nearly a fourth of the inhabitants of that kingdom is at the present day Albanian alike in race and language. These residents in Greece are, however, becoming fast Hellenized, and are allowing their peculiar speech and customs to fall into disuse. Large numbers of Albanians have also settled in the south of Italy and in Sicily.

The Tosks of the south differ from their brethren the Ghegs of the north, both in physique and character. The former have an affinity to the graceful, intelligent, and fickle Greeks, while the Ghegs, on the contrary, are of a sturdy and hardy type, and those settled on the Slavonic borders have a strong tinge of Slavonic blood. The Albanian of old Servia is, for instance, taller and more stalwart than the Alba-

nian of Epirus; he is besides cleaner in person, and his dress more resembles the Montenegrin costume than that of the white-kilted Tosks of the south. The dress of the natives of South Albania, when quite clean and new, has been pronounced the most elegant of any in the Turkish empire. It has been adopted as the national dress of Greece.

The picturesque Albanian costume did not escape the notice of Lord Byron when travelling in the country. In "Childe Harold" he speaks of—

"The wild Albanian, kirtled to his knee,  
With shawl-clad head and ornamented gun,  
And gold-embroider'd garments fair to see."

Lord Byron makes also in prose the following reference to the people:—

"The Arnauts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white; the spare, active form; their dialect, Celtic in its sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven. No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbours as the Albanese; the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems; and they are, in fact, a mixture of both, and sometimes neither."

Lord Broughton (then Mr. Hobhouse), who travelled with Lord Byron in South Albania, says:—"The Albanians are generally of middle stature, muscular and straight, and particularly small about the loins; their chest is full, their necks long, cheek-bones prominent, eyes of a lively expression, and in colour blue or hazel, and but seldom black." The women the same writer describes as "tall, strong, and not ill-looking, but bearing in their countenances all the marks of wretchedness, bad treatment, and hard labour."

Prior to the Turkish conquest of Constantinople, Albania was split up into small principalities, whose temporary union, under George Castriot, or Scanderbeg, was capable of resisting for twenty-four years the whole force of the Ottoman arms. Scanderbeg died at Alessio in 1466, and after his death the provinces fell into the hands of Mahomet the Great, who with an army besieged and took Scodra. In the reign of Bajazet Albania was partly recovered, and it was not until the time of Sultans Soliman and Selim II that the Turks got firm hold of the country.

With the death of Scanderbeg all hope of successful resistance to the Turks passed away from his countrymen. The body of the hero does not even rest among them. It was torn from the ground by the Turks, and from his bones were constructed amulets, which were supposed to inspire courage into the wearer on the battle-field. But his name is familiar throughout Albania, and even in Southern Italy, among the descendants of those who emigrated from the country, he is still the hero of popular songs.

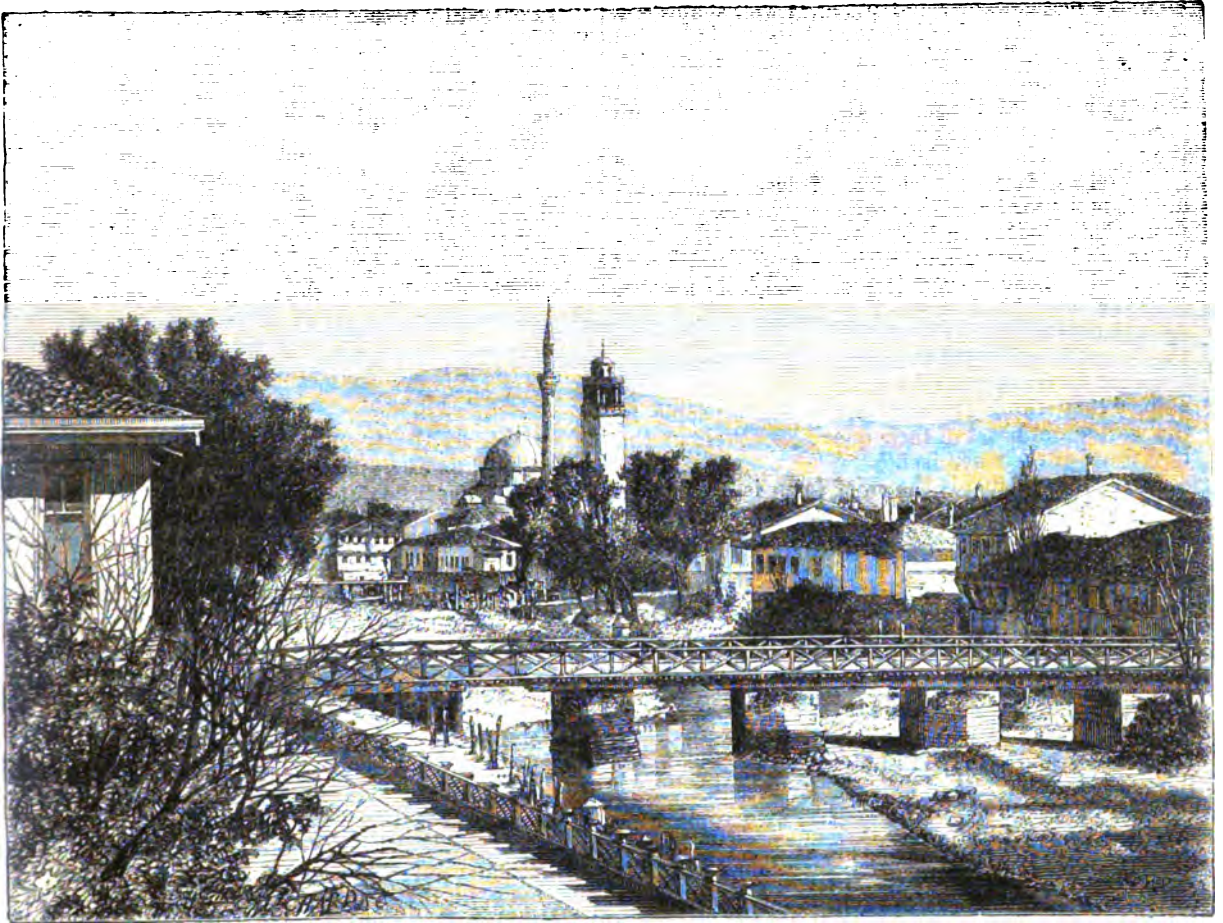
After long centuries, and in quite recent times, another Albanian made a conspicuous figure in the eyes of Europe. This was the celebrated Ali Pasha. Ali was originally a simple chief, and so little educated that it is a disputed point as to whether he was able to write. Gradually, by force and fraud, he made himself master of nearly the whole country. It was when in the height of his power that he was visited by Lord Byron at his distant palace at Tepeleni.

Failing to find the chief in his capital of Joannina, the poet says that—

“He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,  
And left the primal city of the land,  
And onwards did his further journey take,  
To greet Albania's chief, whose dread command  
Is lawless law; for with a bloody hand  
He sways a nation, turbulent and bold;  
Yet here and there some daring mountain-band  
Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold  
Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.”

was assassinated, and his head sent to Constantinople. Since the fall of the notorious Ali Pasha in 1822, and the perfidious massacre of the Albanian beys, which occurred at Monastir in 1830, Albania has continued a peaceable province of the Turkish empire.

Monastir, situate near the Albanian border, is the head-quarters of one of the six large divisions of the Turkish army. It is the military centre of this part of European Turkey, and otherwise a place of importance. Here the roads meet from Salonica on the *Ægean*, from Durazzo on the Adriatic, and from



MONASTIR.

To the account of the poet we append a brief description of Ali's personal appearance from the pen of his friend. "Ali Pasha," says Lord Broughton, "is a short man, with a very pleasing face, fair and round, and with blue, quick eyes, which never settled into Turkish gravity." Nothing but a certain romance which attaches to his career, and, perhaps, the allusions to him in "Childe Harold," will suffice to invest the name of Ali Pasha with an interest for posterity. Ferocious and selfish to a degree, without a spark of patriotism or humanity, his acts of cruelty make him indeed one of the monsters of history.

Ali's power was at length overthrown by Mahmoud II. Surrounded in his capital by Turkish troops, the chief surrendered on a promise that his life should be spared; but the promise was disregarded. Ho

Adrianople in the interior. It is thus the point to which the surrounding Albanian, Bulgarian, and Greek races severally converge. A British consulate was established at Monastir in 1851, at a time when the Christian races were suffering much wrong and violence from the Mohammedans, and when brigandage widely prevailed. Through the efforts of the English consul, some of the worst evils of this state of things were mitigated. Albanian brigandage and Mohammedan outrage are, however, still too prevalent. Monastir is beautifully situated at the extremity of a great and fertile plain, flanked by a majestic range of mountains, amid which the snow-clad crest of Peristeri attains a height of 7,500 feet. The town has a large population of mixed races, a great extent of barracks and public buildings, wide and well-paved

streets, with a general cleanness and neatness of the houses. A river runs through the town, which is crossed by numerous bridges of wood. We make special mention of Monastir because it is the key by which the Turks hold Albania. It commands equally the northern and southern divisions, and is the best point from which troops can be moved to operate either against the Tooks of the south, or the Ghegs of the north.

The cities of Orchrida, Elbrassan, and Berat, occupy positions near the centre of the country. Joannina, the capital of Southern Albania, the head-quarters of Ali Pasha's power, and the place where his headless body lies, is thus described by Lady Strangford:—"The city, which is very white and, at a distance, marble-looking, is well shaped—a graceful bow advancing into the lake—and imbedded in the most brilliant verdure of meadows and rich gardens. The lake bends gently round it, while on the other side of the water the mountains rise up proudly until they are overtopped by three groups of the snowy Pindus heights. Opposite the city stands the island on which Ali Pasha was murdered, and dotted about among the houses appear scores of mosques and minarets." The town is in a state of general decadence and poverty, and without any building of remarkable beauty or object of historical interest, save as associated with the despot Ali. The Albanian Mussulmans of Joannina are detested by the Osmanlis and hated by the Greeks. "Like all very ignorant persons," to take the opinion of her ladyship, "they think themselves the finest people in the world, and boast of their quarrelsomeness as the best proof of their heroism."

In Northern Albania the chief town is Scodra, on the Lake of Scodra, which is clearly visible from the Montenegrin mountains. The town is said to contain a population of 27,000 souls. The seat of a pasha, it is by far the most important place in this part of Turkey, and has been held by Scanderbeg and other Albanian chiefs in rebellion against the central authority. Since 1832, however, the Ottoman flag has waved peacefully over its battlements. Of Scodra the same may be said as of most other Turkish towns—"Natural advantages unimproved; trade hampered; streets ill built; houses decaying; inhabitants ignorant and misruled."

From the castle height of Scodra, in a south-east direction, the snow-capped mountains of the Mirdite Albanians are visible. The Mirdites have the reputation of being the fiercest and most warlike of all the Albanians. They hold themselves as an independent and unconquered tribe, and are ruled over by a prince of their own, a descendant, it is said, of Scanderbeg. In this respect they resemble the Slavic Montenegrins; but, as in race, so do they differ in religion. The Mirdites are all Roman Catholics. To the north of Scodra, and on the borders of Montenegro, among the mountains, are ten villages inhabited by another separate tribe—the Clementi—who are, with a few Mohammedan exceptions, also of the Western Church.

Old Serbia, the seat of the former Servian kingdom, is included in consular reports as part of Northern Albania. The population is about half a million, consisting of Serbs, of the Greek Church, and of Ghegs, partly Mussulman and partly Roman Catholic. The Osmanli are represented by a few troops and governors of towns. In the year 1690 37,000 Serb families, to escape Mohammedan op-

pression and intolerance, passed from old Serbia to found new settlements on the banks of the Save and the Danube, and peopled a large portion of that celebrated military frontier district which so long served to protect Austria from the aggressions of the Turks. This military frontier system, so long upheld by Austria, is in process of dissolution; the eastern portion has already been done away with.

The Turkish armies are largely supplied with troops from the Mohammedans of Albania. They make excellent soldiers—brave, hardy, and enterprising, and are especially fitted for mountain warfare. Any successes gained by the Turks in Bosnia and the Herzegovina have been chiefly owing to Albanian troops.

"Formed by nature to be warriors," says Ranke, "with bodily endowments which fitted them equally to endure the hardships of campaigns in distant lands, and to excel in those modes of warfare adapted to their native country, the Albanians were considered the best soldiers of the Porte, and obtained, as it were, a monopoly of military service. They have fought out all the intestine wars of the empire in Arabia and Egypt, as well as in Greece, from the Euphrates to the Drina."

The warlike and faithful character of the Albanian soldiers is indeed one of the main supports on which the Ottoman power rests in these portentous times, and on this head we may again quote from the graphic and not less accurately descriptive verse of Lord Byron:—

"Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack  
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.  
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?  
Who can so well the toil of war endure!  
Their native fastnesses not more secure  
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need;  
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure,  
When gratitude or valour bids them bleed,  
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead."

Looking at what seems, sooner or later, inevitable—the termination of Mohammedan rule in Europe—it is difficult to foresee what would in such an event be the future of the warlike Albanians. They possess, as we have seen, no national cohesiveness nor—unlike the Slavs and Greeks—any common political aspirations. The Christians of the Greek and Roman communions are mutually antipathetic; and between the Christians and their Mussulman countrymen there is distrust and aversion. By embracing Mohammedanism, one-half of the people have cut themselves off from whatever civilising influences are wrapped up in the professed forms of the prevailing Christianity, and they have, in fact, become by their apostasy doubly conquered, and in their own land an alien race. The Albanian Mussulman is a creature equally without a past and a future, and by continuing the devotee of a fatalistic and stagnant belief, he is incapable of improvement and progress. This may, however, be said, that as his adherence to the Koran is comparatively but a thing of yesterday, and brought about mainly by worldly motives, he may, when the tide turns, return also to the faith of his fathers, and claim his own in the religious traditions and brighter prospects of his Christian countrymen. In that case, the southern Albanians would naturally in a body gravitate to Greece, and the northern, or Gheg tribes,

seek alliance with the Slavs. There is undoubtedly among the Slavic denizens of the Adriatic and the Danube, more or less developed, the hopeful elements of civilisation and progress; but what political or national reconstruction events may have in store, even for them, it is perhaps vain to anticipate. Servia and Montenegro will scarcely be disposed to shelter themselves under the extended rule either of Russia or of Austria; rather may we look for an independent Southern Slavonic State, or an enlarged Servia; or, what is not less probable, a community of separate Slavonic States in federal union.

The independence of the Slavic provinces will, when achieved, there is no doubt, powerfully affect Albania; but it must be confessed that at the present surmises as to the future of either the Tosk or Gheg tribes are premature. We have spoken of the Albanians as they are, and it is evident that the religious enlightenment of this interesting people, along with their moral and social elevation, is more vital to their well-being than any form of political reconstruction, or any mere exchange of Christian for Moslem rule. Why are missions to these regions so long neglected?

## AMERICAN MYTHS: AS RELATED TO PRIMITIVE IDEAS OF RELIGION.

BY PRINCIPAL DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., MONTREAL.

### II.—MANITOUS AND TOTEMS.

THE American in still another point conformed to the most primitive and also most modern religious tendencies of his Eastern brethren. He believed in an infinity of inferior spirits, good and evil, haunting particular places, attached as guardian angels or genii to certain persons, families, and tribes, of various powers and properties, and of which any object, animate or inanimate, might be the emblem or material representative. Throughout the whole of the vast Algonquin family, these spirits were designated by the word "Manitou," which

and has existed alike among the most rude and refined of the nations of the Old World.

This subordinate worship of the manitous necessarily formed a large part of the practical religion of the individual, and obscured the perception of the Supreme God. Its resemblance to the early beliefs in seraphim, genii, and guardian spirits, saints and angels, must occur to every one, and need not be followed in detail. Nor need we doubt that the same faith existed among the primitive men whose bones are found in the caves of Europe. The fishes, rein-

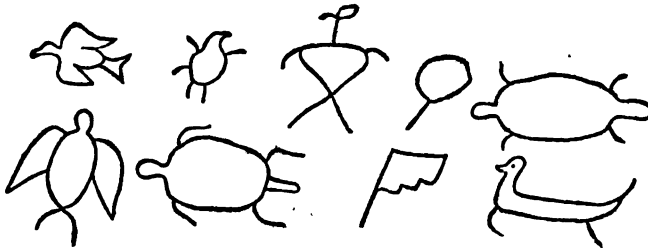


Fig. 1.—TOTEMS OF CHIEFS OF THE PENOBSCOT INDIANS, appended to a treaty made with the English at Casco Bay, 1727. (From the Archives of Nova Scotia.)

reminds us of the ancient Pelasgic or Etruscan "Manes" of the Romans, and the "Menim," fates or destinies, of the Chaldeans and primitive Arabians. Under other names they were worshipped by the western and northern tribes, and the belief in them seems to have been universal throughout America. Evil manitous were to be deprecated by offerings, and good manitous were special tutelary spirits to whom was committed the care of human interests. Every man or woman might possess such a spirit guardian, who was revealed in the course of a protracted fast, undertaken for the purpose at the time of entering into manhood or womanhood. The guardian genius usually revealed himself in the guise of some material object, and this became at once the emblem of the manitou and the totem, or armorial bearing of the person. It was pictured on his shield and other weapons; it was tattooed on his body; it became his designation; to it he made vows in circumstances of doubt and difficulty, and offered sacrifices of such things as he valued. (Fig. 1.) It is scarcely necessary to add that the idea of certain animals and plants being sacred to or emblematic of particular gods is not confined to America. It exists

deer, and mammoths carved on their bone implements were not merely works of art, undertaken to amuse idle hours. As interpreted by American analogies they were the sacred totems of primeval hunters and warriors, and the rows of dots and scratches, which have been called "tallies," are the records of offerings made to these guardian spirits, or of successes achieved under their influence. Some of the strangely-formed bone sceptres of these ancient caves may have had the farther significance of being the batons or rattles of medicine men or prophets who were supposed to be specially inspired by manitous, and hence to be themselves veritable "Manties," or men identified with the manitous, and uttering their commands. (Fig. 2).

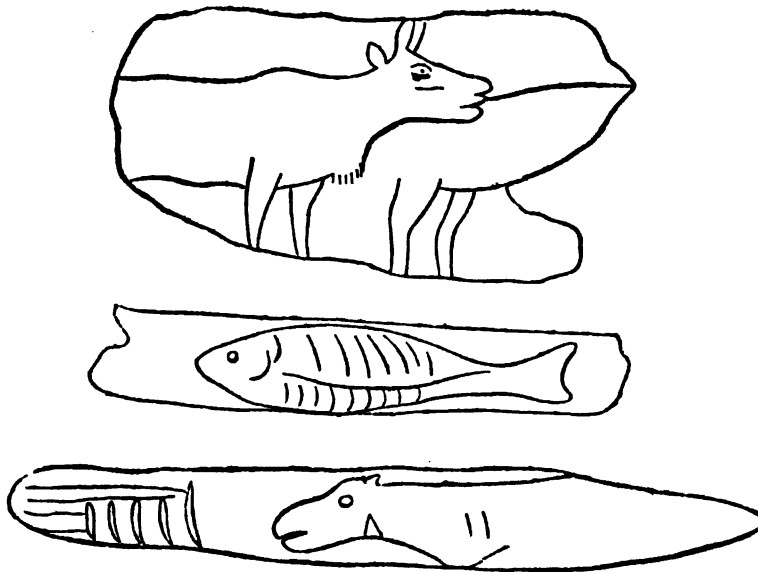
Like the American nations, the prehistoric peoples of Europe had also pictographs representing important events. In the first part of the "*Reliquiae Aquitanicae*" such a representation, on a piece of deer's antler, has been figured. It is from the Dordogne caves, and the learned editors avow themselves unable to attach any meaning to it. An American Indian would, however, readily decipher it, and his reading, if I am not much mistaken, would be this:



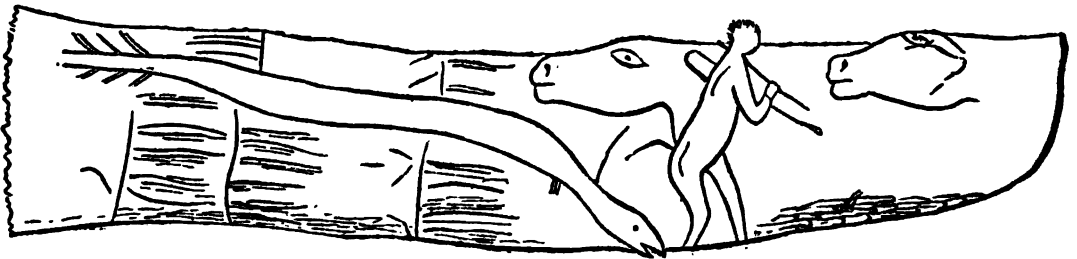
It represents a man walking with a burden or weapon upon his shoulder. Behind him is the sea (indicated by marks representing the waves), and in it swims a large eel. Meeting the man on the other side are two horses (indicated by their heads). The intention is to show the annual migration of the owner of the object from the sea, where he subsisted on fish, to the inland regions, where he hunted wild horses. The number of bars representing the waves has perhaps the additional meaning of indicating how many times he had performed this migration; and on the opposite side of the piece of bone are two heads of the aurochs, which was perhaps his totem, or distinctive mark. Such a pictograph might, however, admit of a more precise interpretation. The aggressive attitude of the eel, with open mouth near the heel of the man, and the helpless and tame aspect of the horses, with the hasty movement of the man bending under his burden, may indicate an escape

territorial claims, and is also curious as an illustration of the use of totems. *Fig. 3* is an outline of the French pictograph, which the editor of the "*Reliquies*" will excuse me for copying in consideration of the explanation above given.

In connection with the worship of manitous is the veneration of sacred places, of remarkable groves and trees, of strangely formed rocks, and of waterfalls, each of which is supposed to have its resident spirit, to whom offerings are made by the passing traveller. Rocks, more especially, have impressed the minds of primitive men in this way; and hence we have vast numbers of traditional sacred stones and sculptured stones, carved with the totems of their resident manitous, or with those of visitors desirous of propitiating them. A remarkable example is that of the *Roches Percées* on the plains of Western Manitoba, a province which derives its name from the manitou supposed to haunt a wave-beaten rock in one of its



*Fig. 2.—TOTEMS OF FAMILIES OF THE REINDEER AGE IN FRANCE.—From Christie and Lartet.*



*Fig. 3.—PICTOGRAPH ON A PIECE OF REINDEER HORN FROM A CAVE IN THE DORDOGNE.—After Christie and Lartet.*

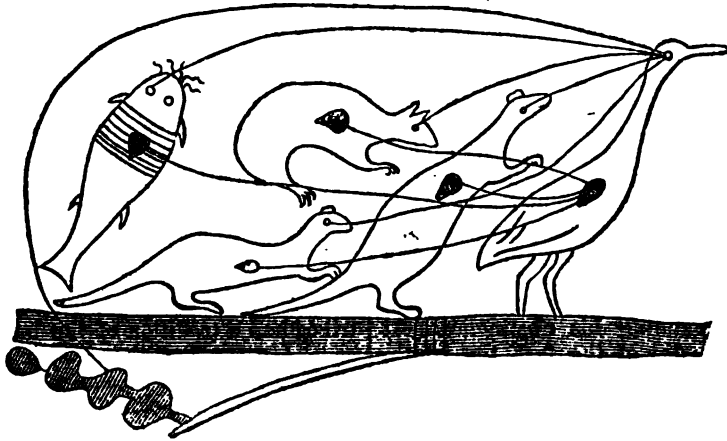
from an inundation rather than an ordinary migration. That even this may not be a strained interpretation may be seen from the Chippewa pictograph reduced from Schoolcraft (*Fig. 4*), which indicates the wishes of certain tribes with reference to certain

lakes. These rocks are the fantastically worn and eroded outcrop of certain sandstones of the Lignite Tertiary series, rising alone in the midst of a boundless prairie country, and striking the imagination of the traveller by a resemblance to ruined buildings.

One of them forms a natural archway, resembling a fragment of an Egyptian temple, and is a veritable cathedral to all the wandering tribes of the West. Standing awe-stricken before this strange piece of nature's architecture, the Indian makes some simple offering, invokes the guardian spirit of the shrine, and perhaps engraves on the sandstone the mark of his own totem. The figures below (*Fig. 5*) show some of the marks thus made; and their resemblance in style to

made with hands," nor even in shrines of nature's workmanship, and regards these as merely the dwellings of the subordinate agents who must obey the commands of the Great Spirit.

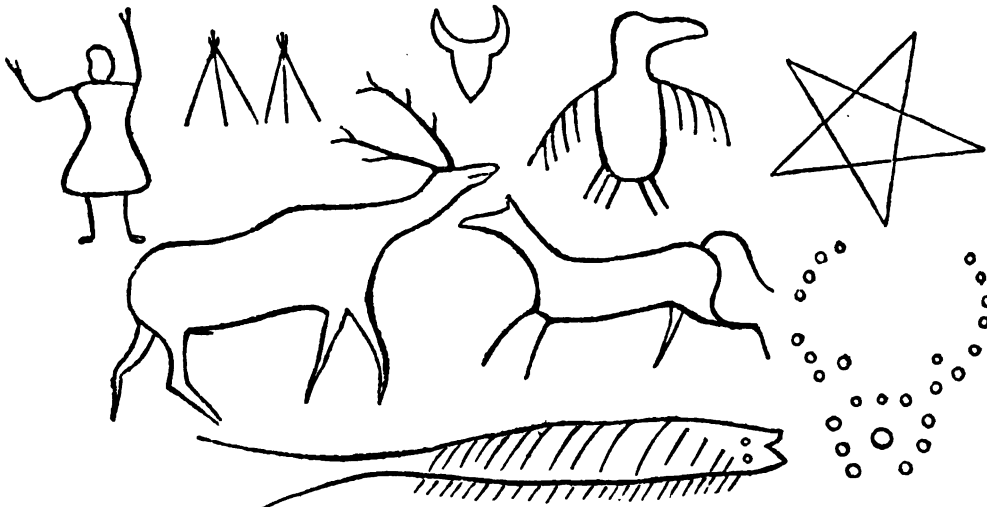
We can see in such a natural temple as the *Roches Percées* the original of the megalithic monuments which strike the imagination of the European antiquary, and also of the cave-like temples of ancient Egypt, of the massive *teocallis* of Mexico and Central



*Fig. 4.*—AMERICAN PICTOGRAPH FROM SCHOOLCRAFT, taken from a petition presented to the President of the United States, and indicating that the chiefs represented by the totems of the crane, the marten, the bear, and the cat-fish, are of one mind and one heart with reference to the possession of certain lakes indicated in the rude map below them.

those on prehistoric implements of Europe must strike every one. Some of them are of course quite modern, but no one knows how far back in past ages these

America, and even of our own huge cathedral piles. All are but the attempts of more civilised man to rival or surpass the grottoes and sculptured rocks



*Fig. 5.*—TOTEMS SCULPTURED ON THE ROCHES PERCÉES, from tracings by Mr. G. M. Dawson.

rocks have been venerated by the red man, who places on them his totem, or that of his tribe, with the same feeling with which an Englishman regards a monument in Westminster Abbey. The Indian, however, with an older and truer faith than that of many who despise or malign his simple worship, knows that the Most High "dwelleth not in temples

which were revered by his remote ancestors as making more apparent to their untaught fancies the reality of the spiritual world with which fallen man seeks communion by so many quaint and strange devices, ever seeking to know God, yet ever confounding the creature with the Creator.

The fasts for manitous are connected with some of

the most poetical tales of the American Indians—tales which rival in felicity of conception those of the ancient Greeks, however rude in expression. One of these, belonging to the Chippewas, and given in detail by Schoolcraft, may be summarised as follows:—A young man had reached the age proper for the manitou fast. His mother built him a lodge in a retired place, and he took up his abode therein and began his fast. At first his mind occupied itself with the shrubs and flowers around his shelter; and thinking of the goodness of the Great Spirit in giving so many varied gifts to man, he prayed that he might dream of something likely to be of use to his people. On the third day, while lying weak and faint in his bed, he saw a young stranger approach dressed in green robes and with a green plume. He announced himself as a messenger from the Great Spirit, sent to grant his request, and invited the youth to a wrestling match. Weak though he was, he endeavoured to obey, and after long trial his visitor said, "It is enough," and vanished. He returned a second and a third day, and the wrestling match was renewed, but the young man seemed to grow stronger with each contest, notwithstanding his abstinence. At length, on the seventh day of the fast, the youth, with a supernatural access of strength, overcame his visitor, threw him on the ground, and, obeying his directions, stripped him of his vest and plumes and buried him in the earth. He visited the place again and again, carefully removing every weed, and at length he saw green blades spring up, and as the season advanced, strong stems shot forth, bearing ears of grain, and then in triumph the youth led his father to the spot and showed him the ripened crop of maize. "It is monda-min"—the spirit's grain—exclaimed the father; and thus the Indians first became acquainted with the culture of bread-corn. It is curious to note in this story the expectation of a heavenly revelation in the fast, the wrestling with the angel and prevailing, and the devout belief of the special provision of food for man—all features of a very primitive faith; while there is a touch of allegory in the green vesture and plume of the heavenly stranger stripped off and his body buried as emblematic of the seed-corn denuded of its green husk and feathery tassel and sown in the ground. Many other Indian tales, often very poetical and touching, are connected with the fasts for manitous. Still more protracted fasts were undergone by those who aspired to be medicine-men, in order that they might fully enter into communion with the manitous which were supposed to animate them; and there seems little doubt that these men, though often impostors, were sometimes possessed with a real religious frenzy.

A darker feature of the belief in manitous was the dread of those imagined to be evil-disposed, and which often filled the poor savage with extreme terror, and embittered his life with the apprehension of the ills that might be inflicted on him by those mysterious powers. In some cases, more especially, their superstitious terrors were excessive, and took possession of whole tribes, impelling to actions of folly and cruelty equal to those of our own ancestors in darker days, when they became afflicted with a witch-panic or with dread of the "evil eye."

I have already stated that the carvings on ivory and bone found in the caves of the Dordogne in France might be regarded as the totems of their possessors, the emblems of their guardian manitous.

This has a bearing on the significance which we are to attach to the carving supposed to represent the mammoth, found in one of these caves, and which has so often been figured and described as an evidence that man existed before the disappearance of this animal. That some great warrior or chief of the Palæolithic age had the mammoth for his armorial bearing and for the emblem of his guardian genius is no doubt significant of a time when the creature was known, at least by tradition. Anything beyond that it does not certainly prove, any more than the figure of St. George and the dragon on an English coin would show that the saint and the dragon survived to the times of the Georges. Such a totem might, like the manatee carved on the pipes of the Ohio mound-builders, refer to an animal of a distant country, from which the owner or his ancestors had migrated, or with which they had intercourse. It might also be handed down as an heirloom for a vast number of generations, and might pass from tribe to tribe. Its actual last possessors might thus never have seen the mammoth, though they must have known it by tradition. Some of the Algonquin tribes had a tradition of the mammoth or mastodon as a great elk with an arm projecting from its shoulder, and the Micmacs represent the bones of the mastodon as belonging to gigantic beavers which their great hero Glooscap destroyed. The mammoth was in any case the symbol of some prehistoric man or tribe of France: and in the cave of Bruniquet we find, along with beautiful fish-harpoons, figures carved on implements, and representing the horse, ibex, snake, reindeer, and salmon; so that if we knew the language of these people we could decipher their names on their implements. An American Indian could in any case read them in his own tongue as pictographs, and could also decipher the facts indicated by some of the significant marks and dots attached to them.

Lyell well remarks that these carvings teach us that the ancient tribes who hunted in the Dordogne, perhaps before the historical deluge, "did not belong to a less developed stage of humanity than some hunter tribes of the present day." He might have added that in their arts and superstitions, as well as in their physical characters, they approached very near to the somewhat noble type of semi-barbarous man still extant in America.

In summing up this subject, it may be well to refer to the probability that the race of men known by the general name Turanian is the oldest now extant. This race, occupying the northern parts of Asia, and identical in physical characters on the one hand with the American tribes, and on the other with the oldest races whose skulls are found in the European caves, seems also to have been that which preceded the Aryan races in India and in the south of Europe, and the Semitic races in Western Asia. On the one hand, its religious ideas are identical with those still surviving in America and Northern Asia, as well as to some extent in China, and with the oldest religions shadowed forth to us in the ancient records and traditions of Palestine, Aryan India, and Greece, and crystallised for us in the childlike narratives of the book of Genesis.\* From these primitive ideas were developed on the one hand the Hebrew prophecy which culminates in the

\* And very markedly represented in the Chaldean legends of the Deluge, recently translated by Mr. George Smith.

glorious truths of Christianity, and on the other all the wonderful myths of the Aryan polytheism.

If these general statements be conceded—and I think a vast mass of fact lying beyond the range of our present inquiry might be adduced to prove them—then the following general truths may be accepted as to the primitive religious connections of the New World and the Old. (1) All the religions of America, and all the primitive faiths of the Old World, alike embrace the elements of a Supreme Creator, subordinate spirits of good and evil, a fallen human race, a first mother, who is the mother of a Saviour, and a division of human history into two periods by a diluvial catastrophe. (2) There is no trace of the origin of these ideas in any other source than historical fact and primitive monotheism. It is impossible to trace them back to mere worship of the elements and to fetichism. They are remnants of a higher and purer faith. (3) The American races must have diverged from the general mass of humanity at a period so early that the peculiar features of the Hebrew and Aryan religions had not yet developed themselves out of the primitive patriarchal faith, so that the origin of the American religions lies in the antediluvian and early post-diluvian time. (4) This accounts for the fact that some have seen in these American religions Egyptian, Indian, Hebrew, or Aryan influences, because the primitive ideas of all these exist in America, though undeveloped, or developed after a peculiar manner. (5) Both in language and religion such special affinities as exist connect the Algonquin tribes with the Aryan races, or rather with the Pelasgic elements which formed the front of the Aryan wave, and were perhaps as much Turanian as Aryan. In like manner, the same indications connect the Toltecs, Peruvians, and Alleghans with the South of Asia and Polynesia, and the Esquimaux, the Chippewyans, and the West Coast tribes with the Mongolian race of Northern Asia. Still, all these elements must have been nearer to each other than they have been in historic times, when the early migrations to America took place. Lastly, all these elements of primitive faith point back to a golden age of simplicity and piety, corrupted and decaying under the influence of rudeness and barbarism on the one hand, or of a sensual and ungodly civilisation on the other.

We thus learn how the aboriginal American, and probably, also, the primeval European, solved the great question of the origin of the earth and man, and of his own relation to the Supreme Being. With such dim light of nature as he had, he could at least conceive of higher spiritual beings and of a Creator, and could feel that God was nigh to him. He had, it is true, mixed up these primitive tenets with many corruptions and imaginings, but the substratum of his faith was identical with that of the patriarchal age, as revealed to us in Scripture, and whose truth is vouched for, not only by the connection with it of the subsequent superstructure of revelation, but by the natural and invincible persuasion of the existence of God, which is ineradicable from the human mind in all ages and places.

It is further instructive to observe that, except in the more civilised nations, he had not corrupted his faith with the apparatus of complex rituals and idols made with hands. These things in the New World, and no doubt also in the Old, were growths of immoral and hypocritical civilisations. Again, the American religion was not materialistic or of the

nature of fetichism. Even the rudest tribes were not, like some modern scientists, and perhaps some of the rudest Papuan tribes, "Monists," who cannot conceive any primary existence except material forces—brute and inorganic—of which man is at once the product and the sport and victim. To arrive at this position requires either the utmost extreme of brutal degradation, or of one-sided mental culture. Primitive man was evidently neither in one position nor the other. Neither was he properly pantheistic. He knew that man cannot be God, however much he might believe that there is a likeness between God and man; and though he might imagine a multitude of spirits connected with particular objects and places, yet they were all ministering spirits of the Great Spirit, and all essentially distinct from the objects which were their abodes, or their emblems, or the objects of their care. I by no means desire to unduly exalt prehistoric religions, but I wish distinctly to affirm that they, and what we call the heathenism of untaught tribes, were nearer to God and truth than are either the ritualisms and idolatries or the materialistic scepticisms of more civilised times, when men, "professing themselves to be wise, become fools."

These primitive beliefs thus serve to confirm our faith in the inspired and historical records of humanity, in opposition to the crude theories which have been put forth in the misused name of science. In a practical point of view, the fact that all religions contain traces of primitive truth akin to that which was the original creed of the race should encourage missionary effort even among the most degraded peoples, should warn us against despising either the simple theology of Genesis or the equally simple beliefs of untutored men guided only by the light of nature, and should deter us from giving way to those æsthetic and merely outward corruptions of spiritual truth, which are equally absurd in their most antique and most modern forms, and are less excusable in the latter. "The past times of this ignorance God has overlooked, but now commands all men everywhere to repent."

## Joy and Sorrow.

Joy and Sorrow—Sorrow and Joy,  
Mingling together in strange alloy!  
Joy like the pure and glit'ring gold,  
Prized by man since the days of old.  
Sorrow despised as metal base  
Where'er she shows her gloomy face.  
Yet without Sorrow vain were Joy,  
Like the soft gold without alloy;  
Too pliant to stand the wear and tear  
Of man's hard blows in the strife 'gainst care.  
Tempered with metal the sterling gold  
Stands firm and fast like the warrior bold,  
Ready to face the deadliest foe,  
Careless alike of weal or woe!  
So let us feel when Sorrow's near,  
She tempers our hearts to better bear  
Those keener pangs we all must feel  
When crushed by misfortune's chariot wheel.

Yes, mingling ever till Time grows old,  
Be Joy and Sorrow our sterling gold.



## Varieties.

**COINAGE OF 1875.**—No sovereigns were coined at the Royal Mint in London in 1875, a thing which had not happened in any one of the preceding seven years. But there were 2,122,000 sovereigns coined and issued at the Sydney branch of the Royal Mint, and 1,880,000 at the Melbourne branch; and no less than £2,726,000 in Australian gold coin was sent in to the Bank of England available for issue here. There were 516,230 half-sovereigns coined at our Royal Mint in the year. A large amount of light gold coin, withdrawn from circulation, was sent by the Bank of England to the Mint for re-coining. Silver coins to the amount of nearly £600,000 were struck in the year, and the issue exceeded £700,000, one-tenth of which was transmitted to the colonies. No crowns were coined. The coinage of half-crowns, which was resumed in 1874, continued in 1875, and in the latter year above 1,600,000 were issued. Above 1,100,000 florins were coined in 1875, and 4,856,000 shillings and 3,255,000 sixpences. Above 3,000,000 threepenny-pieces were issued; but the demand for these coins has diminished. The Bank withdrew from circulation in the year worn silver coin of the nominal value of £143,000, and returned it to the Mint for re-coining; and a further amount of £11,000 was withdrawn in Scotland, and nearly £20,000 in Australia. Owing to the low price of silver, the profit on the silver coinage alone reached £61,757, which is more than the whole expenses of the Mint. The profit on the bronze coinage account is still greater. The bronze coinage of the year was very large, and there seems to be a steady increase in the demand for it. There were nearly 12 million pence coined, and above half as many halfpence. It became necessary to have 31 tons struck under contract by Messrs. R. Heaton and Sons, of Birmingham; these coins bear the Mint mark "H" on the reverse. The Deputy Master of the Mint, stating the above facts and figures in his report, expresses his regret that the Mint, with its obsolete structure and inefficient machinery, has been unable to execute even the comparatively limited amount of coinage required. He is able to state that counterfeit coining has of late diminished. The only really successful imitations are made of gilded platinum, sometimes with a rim of pure gold, and are of correct weight and have a good "ring," but when the gold wears off the platinum is disclosed. In most cases, however, the best test for a suspected coin is to weigh it against a piece which is evidently genuine; the instrument called a "detector," used for bending coin, does not prove that a coin is not genuine, neither does "ringing it," for genuine coins may easily be rendered "dumb" by a crack. Counterfeit silver coins are most easily detected through the difficulty of imitating the "milling" or "lettering" on the edge. Some American coiners, however, have recently shown how the inside of a coin may be removed without the milling being disturbed; in which case it is necessary to weigh the coin in order to detect fraud.

**COACHING DAYS IN SCOTLAND: THE OLD "DEFIANCE."**—In "the good old days" many a coach with the above name brightly painted on her hind panel did good work on the road. None, however, was better known than what was then called the Aberdeen Defiance, and from experience of many a road and many a coach, I can safely assert that, considering the distance she ran, no coach was ever better horsed or better conducted. I write now of 1840, 1841, and 1842, when coaching in Scotland was about as well done as it could be, and when the support of such men as Mr. Ramsay, of Barnton, Captain Barclay, of Ury, Lord Glenlyon, and others, raised it to a science, and made a journey on the box or roof of many a Scottish coach a luxury. The Defiance consisted of three coaches. One left Edinburgh at 8 a.m., and another left Glasgow at 6.30 a.m.; the two met at Perth at 12.20, when both unloaded. Passengers and luggage for Aberdeen were transferred to a coach which stood waiting at the Salutation, and ten minutes saw them away again. At a quarter to four the Edinburgh and Glasgow coaches stood on opposite sides of the street, and within a minute of that time Cook's bugle could be heard coming over the bridge from Aberdeen, his "Lass o' Gowrie" or "Bonnie Dundee" lasting up to the door of the hotel. The Edinburgh and Glasgow passengers then changed to their respective coaches, the guards mounted to their places, and, with bugle or cornet, charmed the ears of the crowd which was always assembled "to see the coaches off;" as the clock fingers pointed to one minute to four the coachmen got into their respective "benches," and at the first stroke of

four, "Right!" and away they went side by side (steadily, mind!) up the street, until the turn to the left for Edinburgh parted them until the next day. Many, doubtless, will remember this scene—the well-appointed coaches, the admirable horses, the neat harness, the red coats with yellow collars, and the flower in the button-hole, the gift of the pretty barmaid. At the time of which I write, Mr. Ramsay had, I believe, no less than sixty horses on the Defiance, all of the best stamp, and all bought at high prices for the times. Captain Barclay had, I think, three stages between Perth and Aberdeen, and the other proprietors vied with each other as to who should keep the best "cattle." The men, too, I trust, have not all been "run off the road" of life, but whether or no their memory lives—Jimmy Lambert, Campbell, the Cooks (three brothers), Morrison, etc., good fellows all. The name of the latter reminds me of the "distances driven by coachmen," which is much discussed in your paper. He for a long time drove from Glasgow to Perth and back every day (over sixty miles each way), until, during the summer of 1841 or 1842, the writer was put on the coach by Mr. Ramsay, and took it from Morrison at nine o'clock at Stirling, driving the double thirty-four miles to and from Perth, and handing it over to him again at Stirling at 7.20.—*Correspondent of "Land and Water."*

**WOMEN'S FRANCHISE.**—From time immemorial certain franchises have been held by men and women alike, when they had the same qualifications. The rate-book was the register. Crabbe says of his clever woman-farmer—

"No parish business in the place could stir  
Without direction or assent from her;  
By turns she took each office as it fell—  
Knew all their duties, and discharged them well."

And no one wondered at her. These, and some new franchises, are now held by women-ratepayers throughout the three kingdoms; and not a few of them do exercise, not merely their right of voting, but a rational and keen discrimination as to motive and character, and take a steady interest in all the questions with which their local representatives deal. In short, it is for them, as for men, a school of political knowledge and experience. In England these opportunities have been enlarged by the granting of the municipal franchise, so that in the largest portion of the kingdom every franchise, except the Parliamentary, is already held and exercised by women—with benefit to themselves and, as I believe, to their neighbours also.—*Miss I. Tol.*

**MR. MECCHI ON SIGN-POSTS, AND VARIOUS RURAL IMPROVEMENTS.**—Our parish direction-posts, Mr. J. J. Mechi says, are in a disgraceful state, in many cases quite illegible, and in most cases partially so. The Act of Parliament is evidently disregarded, and it will be extremely commendable for any one to lay informations against the negligent surveyor. I think of doing so in my own neighbourhood and county, as a matter of duty to the public. I am informed that a certain gentleman in our county, a farmer and land-agent, respected and well-known in the neighbourhood of Maldon, but many years departed, did no end of good in the matter of roads, bridges, and sign-posts, by awakening the slumbering or penurious parish surveyors by informations before the magistrates. The example ought, therefore, to be followed; because direction-posts are not placed for those who know their way. I am often surprised at the want of knowledge that causes our hill road to be lowest instead of higher in the middle. If the centre of the roads is kept higher than the sides, like the convex roads near or in the metropolis, the water would flow off, and the road remain hard and dry. But no: the gravel is shot down and levelled, and left to take care of itself; so we soon see three furrows, one in the middle, established by the horses' feet, the other two by the wheels, forming reservoirs for the water to soak, soften, and injure the road. A little raking of the gravel into the foot-walk and wheel-ruts after gravelling would cause the horses to vary their path, and alternately wear the road equally. An economical local surveyor used to lay a thin layer of stones in the horse-path, which compelled the horses to take themselves and the wheels in other tracks. Want of common sense or knowledge in these matters causes much loss to the parishes, for "a stitch in time saves nine." A sledge-hammer to crush the big, picked stones which protrude in the roads, would spare many a broken knee.

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courier.*



TUFFY TAMED.

## BOY AND MAN.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—IN THE BENCH.

"When will occasion smile upon our wishes,  
And give the torture of suspense a period?  
Still must we linger in uncertain hope,  
Still languish in our chains and dream of freedom?"  
—*Johnson.*

**WILLIAM GOODCHILD** paid an early visit to the office of Mr. Fisher, his father's solicitor, in Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Fisher lived in the country,

No. 1286.—AUGUST 19, 1876.

and had not yet arrived; but Mr. Hawkes was in, the clerk said, if he would like to see him.

"Who is Mr. Hawkes?"

"Mr. Hawkes takes most of the general business now," was the answer. "He has lately joined the firm as managing clerk, and is himself a regular solicitor, the same as Mr. Fisher."

"I will see him," Willy answered, and was shown into his room. They recognised each other in a moment.



"Hawkes major!"

"Goodchild minimus!"

"Who ever thought of seeing you?"

"It's an agreeable surprise, at all events. Did you not know that I was here?"

"I had no idea of it, but I am very glad. I came on business, to see Mr. Fisher; but you'll do as well. I want you to come and see my father; he has got into a sad mess."

"Tell me all about it."

It was soon told, so much of it, at least, as was necessary to explain the actual position.

"Those Slocums are a bad set," said Hawkes. "How did your father get into their hands?"

"Bootle—you remember Bootle?—he introduced Slocum to him as an old schoolfellow."

"Bootle! Oh, ah, yes. Do you know Bootle?"

"I have met him once; I don't care about him. I knew him at Bearward's, of course."

"He may be useful; I think I'll go and call on him at once. He used to be rather a muff, more fool than knave, I thought; though I dare say he would not like to be considered so. I may perhaps get something out of him, and shall have a better chance if I go before Slocum has time to put him on his guard. I'll meet you at the lock-up afterwards."

"I am going there now," said Willy, "and will wait till you arrive."

Mr. Hawkes took a cab immediately to Somerset Street. Mr. Bootle was not at home, the servant said; but Mr. Hawkes fancied from her manner that she was not speaking truth; so he affected not to hear her, but desired her to show him up, in such a matter-of-fact way, that the girl turned and led the way at once upstairs, and pointed to the door of his room. Mr. Bootle was lying on the sofa reading a paper; he started up with much trepidation, but appeared not a little relieved on seeing a face which he remembered. They talked for a few minutes about Cubbinghame, and then Mr. Hawkes told Bootle he had called on business.

"You know something about this affair between Slocum and Goodchild," he said; "it has all arisen out of the false alarm the other day on the Stock Exchange. The Slocums—there is a large family of them—seem to have had something to do with it; it will all come out; there is a large reward offered, as I suppose you know, for the discovery of the conspirators, as they are called. Somebody, of course, will peach; I do not mean my client to pay a farthing of the money which Mr. Slocum claims from him until the affair is cleared up, not if he lies in prison for a month."

"Your client! Do you mean Mr. Goodchild?"

"Of course I do."

"You don't mean to say he is in prison?"

"Yes; he is in old Slocum's sponging-house. Did you not know it?"

No! Mr. Bootle did not know it; that was evident from his looks. He broke out into passionate abuse of Slocum.

"He promised me he would not do anything to Goodchild," he exclaimed; "he swore he would not. I wish Slocum was drowned—I do! I wish I had been drowned myself before ever I had seen him!"

"Now look here," said Mr. Hawkes; "I see how it is. This Slocum has been making a tool of you for his own purposes."

"He just has."

"But I know you better than he does; we both of

us owe Mr. Goodchild something. We played poor Minimus a trick which might have killed him; I don't think he has ever quite got over the effects of it. It is in your power to do him some good now; and I believe you will be glad of the opportunity."

"I will, you may depend on it."

"That's right, old fellow! Let us put our heads together then, and see what we can do. Tell me, in the first place, all you know about this business."

Mr. Bootle began to reflect. Where should he begin? Where should he stop? Angry as he felt with Slocum for his treatment of Mr. Goodchild, willing as he might be to assist the latter, he had himself to think of. How could he make disclosures without compromising his own safety? A coward at heart, he resolved that he would not say another word to Mr. Hawkes, lest he should bring himself into trouble. He drew back, therefore, with alarm from the beginning of a confidence which must necessarily end in a confession; and Mr. Hawkes, with all his powers of persuasion, could not extract any useful information from him.

"Promise me one thing," said the lawyer, before he left him; "promise me that you will be no more led or persuaded by Mr. Slocum. Your connection with him is, I assure you, full of danger; he will get you into trouble and if you see your way to help poor Goodchild out of his difficulties, come and tell me: you may place confidence in me; I will not take any advantage of you; but on the contrary, will do my best to get you out of this discreditable business. Think of it, and come and see me; at my home if you prefer it; we shall be more private there."

Bootle made no promise, but took down the address, and resolved to be guided by circumstances.

"I can make nothing of him at present," Mr. Hawkes reported to his client at the sponging-house. "He knows something, if only he could be prevailed upon to tell it. We must wait and watch. In the meantime, the sooner you leave this place the better."

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Goodchild; and Mr. Armiger and the younger Goodchild, who were present, both exclaimed, "Yes; certainly."

"Of course you must remain in custody for the present," the lawyer continued. "There is no way of recovering your liberty except by payment of Mr. Slocum's claim, and that you must not think of. But you had better get out of this den at once. I'll arrange it for you this afternoon."

"But where am I to go?"

"To the Queen's Bench, I'm afraid; you'll be better off there than here, and more out of this fellow's reach, to say nothing of the expense."

"The Queen's Bench Prison do you mean? I thought it might all have been arranged in a day or two; it is surely not worth while changing for so short a time."

The Queen's Bench Prison seemed to Mr. Goodchild much more formidable, if only for its name, than any private sponging-house, just as "Bedlam" sounds more hopeless than a private lunatic asylum. He pleaded earnestly to be allowed to stay where he was for another night or two, but Mr. Hawkes was inexorable. Mr. Goodchild had told him of his interview with the younger Slocum on the previous evening, and how nearly he had been persuaded to sign the contract for the sale of the house to him, and he was resolved to place him beyond the reach of

such temptation. The necessary forms were completed the same afternoon, and poor Mr. Goodchild was introduced through the two dismal lodges into the high-walled enclosure of the Queen's Bench Prison; and then he felt himself indeed a prisoner, and seemed for a time to lose all heart and hope. He was so much depressed in spirits that his son resolved to stay with him all night; and contrived, with that view, to get himself locked in. He almost wished that he had not placed the affair in his lawyer's hands, and lay awake all night upon a sofa in the room temporarily prepared for his father's use, thinking whether it would not be better to send for Slocum in the morning and complete the contract. A feeling of anxiety took possession of him lest the conditions which had been proposed the night before should now be refused, and harder terms required. He longed for the morning that he might go and see Slocum. "He shall have the house," he said to himself, "if that will satisfy him. We should very likely have to sell it at last, and in the meantime this misery and worry would kill my father."

But when the morning came other counsels prevailed. Mr. Hawkes was urgent that no compromise should be made, and held out expectations of a speedy and satisfactory termination of the business. Consequently, Mr. Goodchild remained in the Queen's Bench Prison, and after a few days became more reconciled to his lot, and found that there were many little alleviations of it, and many personal comforts to be had which he had at first supposed to be impossible.

After all, it was not such a very bad place, being a prison, as might have been supposed. The high brick walls, capped with revolving spikes, shut out no view which could have afforded any pleasure to the sight, while it ensured a degree of quietness from the incessant roar of wheels upon the stones which was scarcely to be obtained anywhere else in London. At the same time, it formed an excellent racket-court, which was constantly in use, though why men should choose to play rackets in long dressing-gowns and slippers, as many of them did, it would be difficult to say. There was a block of houses for lodgings, very superior to many of those outside the walls, and much more airy and wholesome. There was a coffee-house, a tavern, a reading-room, and a library; and shops for necessities. Debtors, who could have paid their debts and would not, might live there in tolerable comfort; and debtors, with respect to whom these conditions were reversed, found there at least a respite from the daily persecutions of duns and from the harassing game of hide-and-seek which had been going on for weeks, or perhaps months, before the day of their incarceration came. Of course there were many weary spirits; many hearts pining and longing for their homes; many to whom the thought of durance vile was degrading and intolerable; but generally there was an air of tranquillity, if not of enjoyment, among the inmates which a stranger would not have expected to behold.

Mr. Goodchild was usually to be found in the mornings loitering near the gate of the inner lodge waiting for his son. This was a favourite haunt with all new men, who were constantly expecting a lawyer or a friend to come and do great things for them. William Goodchild paid daily visits to Mr. Hawkes, but did not bring back any cheerful news to his father, who often gave way to fits of impa-

tience, and would resolve nearly every evening to see Slocum the next day, and arrange matters somehow. But when the next day came, and Willy returned, and other friends came to see him, he became for the time more resigned. "It is not so very uncomfortable," he would say; "it's not half so bad as Slocum's. I can put up with it a little longer, only I wish Mr. Hawkes would say what prospect there is of bringing it to an end. If the house is to be sold, it may as well be sold at first as at last." But Mr. Hawkes could only say that he hoped to see his way more clearly in a few days, and would not consent that his client should make any compromise at present.

Mr. Sparrow, of course, came frequently to see Mr. Goodchild. To him the air of a prison seemed to have quite an exhilarating effect. He shook hands with Mr. Goodchild, the first time he saw him there, in the most jovial manner, and was more than once on the point of calling him "old fellow" again.

"How quiet and pleasant it is," he said, "after the noise and mud and everything outside. I should not mind having a lodging here myself. If you don't come out soon I think I shall come and live here with you."

"I'll come out as soon as I can," said Mr. Goodchild; "you may depend upon it."

"Of course you will; in a day or two at furthest. But I should not mind changing places with you, you know; just for the fun of it. I wonder whether they would allow such a thing. One man ought to be as good as another for any use he is here, you know. Perhaps they would not like to have a Sparrow, though. I wish you were a sparrow, old fellow—Mr. Goodchild, then you could fly over the walls in no time. Has Nott been here?"

"Nott came this morning, and brought a dozen bottles of your good ale, Mr. Sparrow. It is very kind of you, but I hope I shall not stay here to drink it all."

"Oh, I'll help you; and there's a lot of fellows about in dressing-gowns who will be glad to have what's left. That's one reason why I sent it—that you may give it away, you know, when you go out. Where's Willy?"

"Gone to see Mr. Hawkes."

"Then I'll stay till he comes back, and have some luncheon with you."

"I'm afraid I have nothing very good to offer you," Mr. Goodchild began.

"Never mind. By-the-by, I took the liberty of ordering my luncheon to be sent in here. Nott will bring it presently, so we shall want nothing but a table-cloth and a knife and fork."

Nott arrived soon afterwards with a pigeon pie and some other good things. He laid the cloth, drew some corks, and then retired outside the door to wait till he should be wanted.

"Nott is a most useful person," said Mr. Sparrow, talking very fast to silence Mr. Goodchild, who had begun to protest about the luncheon. "He is occupied all day long for somebody or other: I thought when I engaged him as my servant that I should never be able to find employment for him; but he can turn his hand to anything; he goes about the parish wherever John sends him, with a basket full of good things for the sick, does a little nursing here and there, cleans my shoes, waits at table, and takes care of everything. Nott considers himself a highly



respectable member of society. I don't suppose you would get Nott to throw a cat'n wheel or to walk upon his hands now, even in private, for any consideration; and yet he showed John the soles of his feet on a level with his face twice the first night he came to the school, and wanted to teach him how to do it. Nott says he has learnt to walk uprightly now, and means to do it; and I believe he does."

With such conversation Mr. Sparrow did his best to cheer up Mr. Goodchild's spirits. And so many days passed by. Sometimes Mr. Hawkes would send a cheering message: he had learnt something, or expected to learn something, which would lead to something else and probably bring about an early settlement; but more frequently the burden of his song was, Wait, wait; and Mr. Goodchild waited with as much patience and resolution as he could.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—"THE PRAYER OF FAITH."

"Ah, sir, you rather go and pray the gods;  
For, being a much better man than I,  
They will the sooner hear your prayers."—*Terence.*

MR. AND MRS. ARMIGER had other cares upon their mind besides the sorrow and distress which Mr. Goodchild's imprisonment had brought them. The boy who had been sent home from Wimbledon was laid up with fever in Paradise Court, and there were several other fresh cases. Mr. Armiger felt it to be his duty to go in and out among the sufferers, rather with the hope of doing some good to those about them who were well, than of administering spiritual instruction and consolation to the sick. For himself he had no fear, but for his wife his anxiety was constant. The baby was watched with no less apprehension; and at length his anxiety became so great, that after a great deal of consideration, he decided that it would be better for them all that wife and child should be sent away out of the parish. The house at Wandsworth was still available; and though Mr. Goodchild was not there to act the part of host, there could be no reason why his daughter should not occupy it with her baby and nurse during his absence. Mrs. Armiger at first protested that she would not leave her husband; but for the sake of the child, and on the distinct understanding that Mr. Armiger should come sometimes, she at length consented. It was a great load off the curate's mind when this point had been attained; he felt now that he could go freely to his work and give himself up to it without fear or interruption. The ragged-school continued to claim a great deal of his attention, and on those nights when it was open he slept always in Joy Street. Miss Goodchild had returned to her father's house at Weybridge; and Mr. Sparrow, after he had paid a visit there, had settled steadily to work in the brewery by day, and assisted by night in the ragged-school whenever it was open.

The school treat had been a great success; and now, by the help of some of the parishioners, they were enabled to supply a crust of bread-and-cheese or a mess of broken victuals to every boy who attended there. This was not only an attraction for the boys, but a help for the teachers, enabling them to lay down certain rules for conduct, and to enforce them; no longer fearing that the boys who had begun to know them, and to understand the motives of kindness by which they were actuated, would take offence at any reasonable exercise of authority. If any difficulty arose, it was generally settled by an appeal to the boys themselves, who

were not deficient in good sense, and seldom failed to justify the expectations of those who trusted them.

The fever raged chiefly among the children. Some of them were removed to the Fever Hospital; but others were kept at home, and nursed there, though there might be two or three families in a house, and two or three of a family living in one room. It was impossible to prevent such evils, and all that Mr. Armiger could do was to visit each house in the infected districts, and to persuade the inmates to observe such precautions as were within their power, though few and inefficient, to prevent the spread of the infection.

One evening while he was in the school, the latch of the door was lifted, and the rough, unshaven face of Tuffey appeared in the doorway. He did not enter the room with the bold, insolent manner which had characterised his former appearance, nor had he anything to say about "edication" or "the rights of man," but stood at a distance, and beckoned to the curate with his head. Mr. Armiger went to him.

"My boy wants you to come and see him," said Tuffey, without looking at him: "he's bad."

"Not fever, I hope?"

"I'm 'most afraid it is; he has been in and out among it."

"I'll call to-night, as I go home from school. How long has he been ill?"

"Day afore yesterday." The man looked down at the floor while he was speaking; then took his hat from his head, as if he had forgotten to remove it sooner, closed the door, and departed.

Yes, it was fever: there were two other cases already in that court; and it was not to be wondered at; for under the rotten boards, where they were broken through, Mr. Armiger could see, as he entered Tuffey's room, a black stagnant puddle, filling the house with foul mephitic air. There were but two rooms in the house, and in a corner of one of these, level with the street, Tuffey's poor sick boy was lying.\* There was a small fire in the grate very near his head, at which his mother, who had just come in from charing, was preparing some things for her child.

The boy looked up eagerly as Mr. Armiger approached, but did not speak. The curate sat down by the side of—well, that whereon he lay, and began to talk to him, asking him first as to his pains, and encouraging him to hope for relief from them; and then directing his thoughts to a better Physician than any to be found in London or in the world. He spoke of Him who is the Lord of life and death; who when He was on earth could heal the sick with a look or a touch, and forgive sins also. He told him of the nobleman's servant who was sick of a fever, and whom Jesus healed in answer to his master's prayer, while yet at a distance; and reminded him that the same merciful Saviour was no farther off at that moment from that poor room in which they were then talking together than He was of old, when He went in and out visibly among His suffering creatures. He told him in earnest, heartfelt words of that Saviour's love for sinners, which brought Him down from heaven to take upon Himself our infirmities and bear our sicknesses, that through His sufferings we might be healed. Then he prayed by his side—a short, simple, fervent prayer; good alike for

\* See in *Varieties*, p. 544, useful hints to those visiting cases of fever and other infectious diseases.

the child and for his weeping mother; good also for the grizzly infidel who stood and leaned against the wall instead of kneeling, but who was listening nevertheless, with humbled looks and head uncovered.

"I think you have no other child but this?" Mr. Armiger said, as he was leaving.

"No, sir; I've buried two," the wife replied.

"What ages?"

"Very little ones, both of them."

"Then don't say you have no others; think of them in a better place than this, and safe in God's keeping."

"It's hard to lose them," she replied—"and hard to keep them sometimes. They are better where they are, no doubt. But, Dick! Oh, Dick! my lad, I can't lose you."

She said, or rather moaned out the words as if meditating to herself. Her husband did not lift his head or speak. Mr. Armiger promised to send a supply of things that might be useful for the sufferer. His mother would not hear of his removal to the hospital; "the other two had died there," she said, "three years ago; she could not let this one go the same way. She would nurse him herself, and see the last of him if die he must; but she *couldn't* lose Dick!" The boy looked up at Mr. Armiger with his great, bright eyes, as if unwilling to lose sight of him, and muttered, "Come again." "Yes," the curate answered, "I will come again to-morrow," and so left him.

The next day, at evening, Mr. Armiger again visited Paradise Court. His reason for going there at a late hour was that he might meet with the father of the boy, old Tuffey, who was, or ought to be, at work during the day. Tuffey was sitting before the fire, and held up his hand as the curate entered, saying in a whisper, "He's asleep." It was a broken sleep, however, and did not last long; the boy opened his eyes, uttered a few incoherent words, pushed aside the bedclothes, and sat up; then, without taking notice of any one, threw himself back again impatiently upon his pillow.

"He don't know nobody," said Tuffey.

"Where is his mother?" Mr. Armiger asked.

Tuffey pointed to the stairs. "Gone to lie down," he said; "she has been over him all night and all day. I sent her upstairs for a hour or two."

"I'm glad of that," said the curate. Then he sat down and talked to the man, not as if he would argue with him or persuade him, but as if the solemn truths which he had to teach could not at such a time as that be disputed; assuming them to be felt and understood in the heart, though they might be rejected with the lips.

Tuffey listened in silence, and showed no desire to argue. "Do you think the lad will get better?" he asked; "the doctor won't give no opinion of him."

"I hope he will," Mr. Armiger replied; "I should have more confidence if you would help a little."

"I?" said the man, raising his head; for he felt that the curate's eyes were fixed upon him; "what can I do? Only tell me; I'd do anything; I'd slave for him; he's the only one I've got now; only tell me what to do, and see if I don't do it."

"If you would, pray for him then."

Tuffey turned away suddenly. "What's the good of praying," he said, "when a man don't believe in it? I can't argy the pint now. You can pray for him better nor me."

"But what's the good of my prayers, any more than yours, if there's nothing in it?"

"I don't want for to argy; I want the boy to get well; that's what I want."

"Then, my good fellow, why should you throw away a chance? Praying can't do him any harm, as you'll admit; and I think it will do him good. Why not try it?"

There was a pause. "I don't know about not doing no harm," Tuffey answered at length. "If there was anything in it, I should be a'most afraid to pray for anybody as I cared for, for fear as it might go contrairy ways. Such as you would have a better chance; and you know how to do it; you do believe in it."

"Ah, but a father should pray for his own children. Did you ever pray for the two that died? No? Then don't let this poor boy go after them to the churchyard without even asking God to spare him."

"What am I to say? How am I to begin?"

"Kneel down with me, and I'll find words this time."

He did so. It was the prayer of a sinner, of two fellow-sinners, asking for the mercy which both alike required, which both alike might have for asking; pleading also for the young life fading away, as it seemed, even then, before their sight—the sins of the father visited upon the children. Tuffey started visibly when he heard those words; he coughed and seemed as if he were choking; it was a new idea, and it stuck to him. The mother had come down in silence from the room above, her anxious ear roused by the earnest tones, and had knelt down unseen by her child, wondering in her heart to see those stubborn knees bent in prayer for the first time within her knowledge, and to hear those lips pronouncing, in a whisper, "Amen!"

"He *will* get better now," she said, as they stood afterwards looking at the child; "he will mend now; I'm sure of it. John, my lad," leaning her hand upon her husband's shoulder, "I do believe he'll get up again after this."

The father shook his head. "Visited upon the children," he murmured to himself; but he took his turn to watch through the greater part of that night and the following, and tried to pray, repeating the curate's words, and sometimes putting together a few words of his own, and always, after he had done so, looking at the boy to see if he were quieter, feeling his hand in the hope of finding it grow cooler, and muttering to himself, "He'll, maybe, get up again. I think somehow he will!"

It is written, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick," and faith, if it be but as a grain of mustard-seed, is faith, and can remove mountains. There was faith enough in Tuffey's prayers to keep alive in him some hope and expectation of an answer to them, which cannot always be said of those who pray more frequently and more grammatically. Poor little Dick! Tuffey and his wife are not only praying for his cure, but expecting it. The hope is even growing in them while the case appears to become more hopeless, for they are praying more earnestly and often, though for the most part in silence, and are encouraging each other to be of good comfort, for "the turn will come soon, surely." And if their simple faith should be rewarded, their neighbours will remark, "Ah! you always said he would get up again; you had a feel-

ing that he would"—a presentiment would be the word with grander people. And those two alone will know that the word of Divine promise has been fulfilled to them, "According to your faith be it done unto you."

## ON SNAKES.

### II.

THE krait and the daboia, the latter in size and appearance somewhat resembling our common viper, are, after the cobra, the snakes most destructive to human life. Equally venomous, but not so often met with, is the banded krait, or *Bungarus*



BANDED BUNGARUS.

found throughout India and Burmah, living in holes in the ground, and unaggressive towards man, though retaliating fiercely when attacked. The green-tree snakes of India are also poisonous, but not so deadly as those already mentioned; as also is the little halys, a serpent which shows its relationship to the rattlesnake of America by having a small horned knob at the extremity of its tail.

The list of the deadly snakes of India would not be complete without some notice of the sea-serpents of the Indian Ocean.

The Great Sea-Serpent may or may not exist, and whether it does or not, it or something mistaken for it will probably continue to be seen at intervals, and form the subject of newspaper paragraphs during the dull season. But there is no doubt regarding the sea-serpents of the Indian Ocean, nor of their highly venomous fangs. They do not usually exceed the common viper in size, although one species is said to attain a length of four feet, and they swim with great rapidity and grace. Various organs in these snakes are greatly modified to suit the element in which they live; thus the extremity of the tail is flattened out like a paddle, to aid their locomotion; their eyes are so exclusively adapted to the watery medium in which they live, that when cast ashore

they become almost blind, while the nostrils, which in land-serpents are placed on the sides of the face, are in those placed on the forehead, so that they do not require to raise the head above the water in order to breathe, for it must be remembered that all reptiles, equally with ourselves, are air-breathers, although many of them can stay considerably longer under the water. Those sea-serpents, though timid creatures, seeking to avoid man, are greatly dreaded by the Indian fisherman, as they often get caught in the nets, and are thus conveyed into their boats, where, unnoticed, they may be handled or trampled upon, and thus tempted to use their fangs. These fangs are supplied with what is probably the deadliest of all snake poisons, for they seem to be the only serpents whose bite proves fatal to other venomous snakes. In all other cases a poisonous snake may bite itself, or another poisonous snake, with impunity, when the same bite would kill an innocuous serpent; and it is matter of fact that in this way great numbers of the latter are killed. The sea-snakes are found most abundantly in the Bay of Bengal, but they extend over a wide area of the warmer seas of the globe. Fresh-water snakes also occur in India, but they differ from those found in salt water in being innocuous, and in not having flattened tails. Both kinds live almost exclusively on fish.

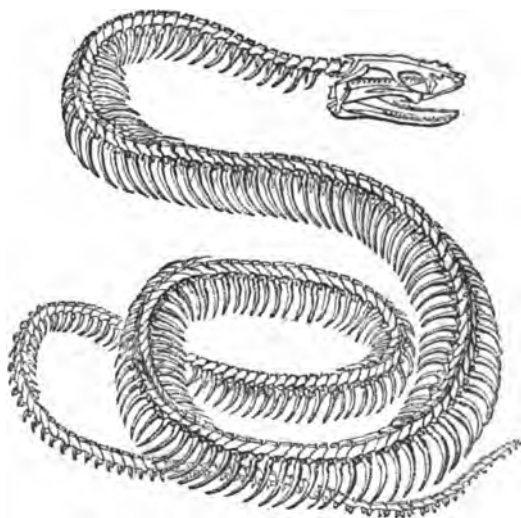
In answer to the question, Is there any antidote to the venom of a poisonous snake? Dr. Fayrer, after long-continued experiments, in which all the reputed antidotes were put to the proof, comes to the conclusion that there is not. Many snake-bitten Hindoos recover, and in such cases quack medicines, or the still more worthless incantations of the serpent-charmer, get due credit for the cure, when it is really owing to the fact that the wound had been inflicted by a snake of the less venomous sort, or if not so, that its poisoning powers had been temporarily weakened, as they always are when frequently used within a short period. The only chance of surviving the bite of such serpents as the cobra and daboia lies in the instantaneous amputation of the limb affected—if happily it be a limb—or by immediately applying a ligature above the wound so as completely to stop the circulation in the part affected, sucking the wound at the same time, and then cauterising it. The Hindoos often apply a live coal or explode gunpowder on the bitten part. The poison, however, is so subtle, and makes its way so rapidly into the blood circulation, that unless such remedies are in full operation almost as soon as the bite is inflicted, they are in vain. How seldom the necessary appliances will be forthcoming on a moment's notice may readily be imagined. Dr. Fayrer made experiments on dogs and fowls in order to test the various so-called remedies, and the result always proved how hard it was to intercept the poison before it had got into the system. Thus, at 3.31 in the afternoon a dog was bitten in one of its limbs by a cobra. Five seconds after, a ligature as tight as two men could draw it was applied, and the wound thoroughly cauterised; yet the poison had outrun them, and the dog died at 3.42. The blood of a snake-poisoned animal is itself poisonous, and there are recorded instances of the venom being thus transmitted through three animals with fatal results. There is also the case of a Hindoo mother who was bitten while asleep during the night by a poisonous snake, and who, hardly aware of the danger she herself was in, shortly afterwards put her infant to

the breast. In four hours after the bite both mother and child were dead. It has often been alleged that the most deadly snake poison may be swallowed with impunity, but this does not seem to be fully borne out by recent researches, although when taken in this way its power is greatly weakened, while there is always the danger of its gaining entrance into the circulation by means of some slight, and it may be unnoticed, scratch on the skin of the mouth or gullet. The poison itself may be diluted with water, may be dried and kept for years, without losing aught of its deadly properties.

It is possible that an antidote may yet be found to snake poison; but the most certain, and probably the quickest way of overcoming this Indian plague, will be by getting rid of the snakes; and in a country so densely peopled and so poor, a small reward—general over the whole peninsula—for the head of every poisonous snake might be as effectual in extirpating venomous snakes as a similar reward was in early times in ridding England of wolves. Besides, India possesses in its fowls, its adjutant birds, and in a small mammal known as the mungoos, natural enemies of the whole snake tribe, which destroy great numbers, especially of the eggs and young; and by encouraging the increase of these creatures the danger of snake-bite might be greatly lessened throughout the inhabited parts of the country. Certain of the West Indian islands are so infested with poisonous reptiles, that of late they have seriously affected the cultivation of the land. The introduction of those snake-eating animals—the mungoos of India, the secretary bird of Africa, and the Australian kingfisher—has been recommended, and, to a limited extent, the first of these has been introduced, and has been seen to attack and overcome its New World enemies with the same freedom from danger with which it carries on its operations against the deadly snakes of India. But it is doubtful whether this mammal or those birds will ever become so naturalised as to live and breed rapidly enough to exterminate creatures which bring forth as many as two dozen young at a time. The West Indians, if the nature of their crops allow of it, will probably better attain their object by letting hogs run wild over the infested islands, for on the adjacent continent of North America, over the greater part of which the venomous rattlesnake occurs, it is found that wherever the hogs are allowed to roam at will, there the rattlesnake is all but unknown. The districts where the hog is thus found, and the snake not found, are so exactly co-terminous, that one would be justified on this ground alone in attributing the absence of the latter to the presence of the former, but it has likewise been matter of observation that the hog attacks and destroys the rattlesnake with impunity. The reptile itself seems fully aware of this, for it at once takes to flight on the appearance of this enemy.

While India possesses no fewer than twenty-five poisonous species, excluding sea-snakes, it has a much longer catalogue of the innocuous. But although the latter, numbering over 100 species, are totally unprovided with the poison apparatus, they are not all harmless, one group of them—the boas—attaining a size and strength which make them as formidable to man as their poisonous brethren. Boas, or pythons—as the Old World forms are called—often attain a length exceeding thirty-feet; their teeth are sharp and solid, and

point inwards, so that their prey once in the mouth, the boa itself cannot release it. There is a story told of a python in the Zoological Gardens that seized its rug, probably mistaking it for a wool-covered animal; and though it would willingly have rejected the unsavoury morsel after its reptilian intellect had perceived the mistake, this could not be effected, and the piece of carpet had to be taken into the stomach of the creature, where, having got well covered with mucous matter, the python was at length enabled to vomit its indigestible meal. These serpents live by the margins of rivers and marshes, where, suspended by the tail from the overhanging trees, and with the head close to the surface of the water, they hang motionless like the surrounding branches, waiting for the coming of their prey to drink. They suspend themselves by means of two little hooks, situated at the origin of the tail, and, strange to say, anatomists have found that these hooks are the rudiments of what constitute the hind limbs in all quadrupeds. It is not to be supposed that serpents are by any means worse provided than other creatures with organs of locomotion, merely because they want the ordinary limbs. They have an enormous quantity of ribs (over 200) immediately beneath the



SKELETON OF SNAKE.

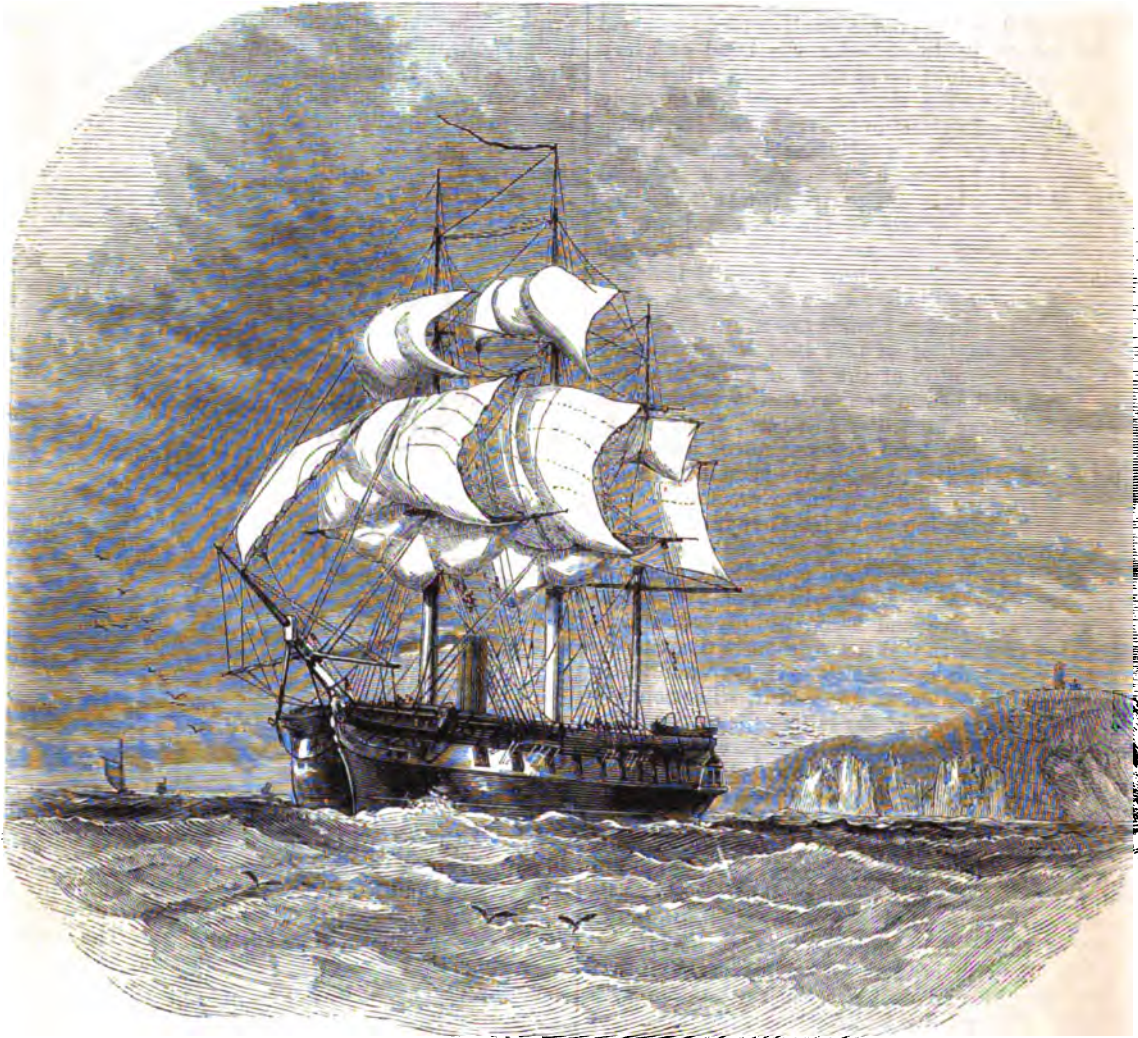
skin, and these are not connected together as they are in man and other vertebrate animals by a breastbone. The ribs of the serpent are free, and on the points of these it may be said to walk, much as centipedes or millipedes do on their legion of legs. The surface over which they attempt to pass must not be perfectly smooth, otherwise they cannot obtain a "footing." Thus, a serpent laid on a plate of glass would be as unable to move as a turtle that had been turned on its back; but on the surface of the ground they will probably outrun the fleetest of men. Pythons attack and devour animals which seem altogether beyond even the ophidian capacity for swallowing, thus they have been seen to swallow an entire goat, horns included. Having seized the victim firmly with their teeth, they kill it by coiling themselves, quick as lightning, round its body, and tightening their grasp till the victim is literally squeezed to death, and the bones of its body broken; they then swallow it, an operation which, if the creature be large, may take some hours. After such a meal the python becomes.



torpid for several weeks until its food is digested, and during this time it is easily killed. When pressed with hunger the python does not hesitate to devour smaller individuals of its own kind, such a case having occurred some years ago in the Zoological Gardens. This is a failing probably common to very many of the so-called cold-blooded animals. The writer lately had an example of this among common newts which he kept in an aquarium. There were two of large size and a smaller one. Having omitted to feed them on one occasion, he was astonished on

the following morning to find that the smaller one had disappeared. Surmising from the well-fed appearance of one of the two remaining that the little one had met with foul play, Jeddart justice was executed on the suspected criminal, and on the body being opened, its guilt was established, the small newt being found in its stomach entire, but dead. The python lays an enormous quantity of eggs, which it piles together, and then coiling itself around them, hatches them by the heat of its body. It is the only serpent thus known to sit on its eggs.

### THE CHALLENGER.



THE CHALLENGER PASSING THE NEEDLES.

**A**MONG the noteworthy events of the early summer was the arrival of the Challenger at Spithead, on the completion of her voyage round the world. It may be remembered that four years ago this vessel was fitted out at the instance of the Royal Society, for scientific research and deep-sea exploration. Captain G. S. Nares was selected to command the expedition, and, besides the usual staff of naval officers, Professor Wyville Thomson, F.R.S., as scientific director, three naturalists, a

chymist and physicist, and an artist and secretary were attached to the vessel. The hydrographic and magnetic work was undertaken by the naval officers, and the natural history department was placed in the hands of the scientific staff. While the scientific world awaits the publication of a full account of this remarkable voyage, we present the following brief summary, for which we are indebted to the "Times," where reports were published at various stages of the voyage.

The Challenger left England on the 21st of December, 1872, and the researches during the next year were confined to the Atlantic, four complete sections having been taken across it. The result of the deep-sea dredging was most satisfactory; some specimens were new, and others of great rarity. The vexed question was settled as to whether life existed below certain

places the Challenger proved that they were so by bringing up a portion of the bottom from less depths; and in some, where the time interval was carefully taken and published, with our present knowledge on the subject, the correct depth can be nearly approximated. When a certain quantity of sounding-line has run out, its mere weight, even without the aid



[By permission of Mr. Griffin, Publisher, Portsea.]

*Yours faithfully*  
*G. J. Hares*

depths, and much valuable information was obtained, by serial temperatures taken from the surface to the bottom, relative to the great oceanic currents. The deepest water found was off the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies, where bottom was obtained at 3,875 fathoms. This depth has only been exceeded once—i.e., in the North Pacific Ocean, latitude 11°24' N., longitude 143°16' E., where a sounding was made in 4,500 fathoms. In all probability this depth of water will never be much exceeded. Those remarkably deep soundings taken by former navigators are undoubtedly entirely erroneous. In many

of under-currents, will make it continue to run as long as there is any on the reel; the intervals between which the marks on the line disappear beneath the surface will become gradually longer as the weight sinks, but there is a marked lengthening of the interval immediately it strikes the bottom, amounting to one minute and a half at 2,500 fathoms for 100 fathoms of line, and in that way the depth is determined; 3,000 fathoms depth was never found south of the equator; a fact which will be of special interest to geologists who have raised theories on the fact of there being most dry land in the Northern



Hemisphere; but, to counterbalance that preponderance, the water is not so deep in the south.

During the year 1873, North and South America, the West Indies, Western Islands, Madeira, Canary, and Cape Verde Islands, and Africa were visited, and 19,300 miles sailed over. After a refit at the Cape of Good Hope, the Challenger sailed for the South Seas in December, 1873. Marion Island and the Crozets were visited, the latter since brought into notoriety by the loss of the *Strathmore*; as with that unfortunate vessel, gales of wind and thick fogs were experienced by the Challenger. The Island of Kerguelen had been fixed on as an observatory station for the transit of Venus, which occurred in 1874, and, as it was desirable that it should be explored in order to settle the site of an observatory, the Challenger was entrusted with that duty. A month was taken in completing it, during which the eastern side of the island was surveyed and a site recommended, which was afterwards adopted. The western shores were altogether out of the question, on account of the mists accumulated by the prevailing westerly winds. Heard Island, to the south of Kerguelen, was next touched at. It is quite barren, and consists of one immense glacier. A party of American whalers are stationed there, engaged in the sea-elephant-fishery, which is very productive. It would be difficult to imagine a more dreary life than these whalers lead; they are relieved and the produce of the fishery is taken away every year.

The Challenger then sailed south until the Antarctic Circle was crossed, and she reached within 1,400 miles of the South Pole. Open pack ice was entered and great numbers of icebergs were seen, as many as 80 being counted at one time from the masthead. Some were 300ft. high and between two and three miles long. They were nearly all flat or table-topped, only the calves or small bergs presenting the curious appearance of Arctic bergs. The Antarctic continent of the American explorer Wilks (whose name, perhaps, will be best remembered in connection with the Trent affair) was sought for in vain. It was reported to have been seen by him when in command of the discovery ship *Vincennes* in 1834. As 1,300 fathoms of water were found on the supposed site, it was concluded that, if it ever existed, it has now sunk. Gales of wind, accompanied by driving snowstorms, render navigation in these seas neither safe nor pleasant, and the seamanship of the officers was severely tried in keeping clear of the numerous icebergs, to strike one of which would be destruction. The sea was full of life; innumerable whales spouted round the ship, and several kinds of penguins were seen. The water was also rich in surface crustacea, upon which great numbers of diomedea, procellaria, and prions fed.

Melbourne was reached on St. Patrick's Day, 1874, and the next three months were most agreeably spent in the Australian colonies. A line of soundings was next run to New Zealand, preparatory to a telegraph cable being laid; and afterwards, the Friendly Islands, Fiji, New Hebrides, Arrou, and Ki Islands were touched at, the natives being all found tolerably friendly. The Moluccas, or Spice Islands, were next visited, and expeditions made to the nutmeg, cinnamon, pepper, and cocoa plantations. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these islands, or the admirable manner in which the plantations are conducted. At Manila, in the Philippine Islands, they had an opportunity of seeing the enor-

mous cigar factories, in some of which 10,000 girls are employed. Then the ship proceeded to China.

At Hongkong, to the great regret of all, Captain Nares was called away, he having been selected to command the Arctic Expedition; but his successor, Captain Thomson, in a short time rendered himself equally popular.

In the early part of 1875 a good deal of old ground was again sailed over in the Sulu and Celebes Seas. A short time was spent at Cebu, one of the Philippine group, dredging for the beautiful *Euplectella* sponge, better known by its popular name of Venus's Flower-basket, and which is now not uncommon in our museums; numerous fine specimens were obtained. On the adjoining island of Mactan the great explorer Magellan was killed in an engagement with the natives in 1521. A cross, said to have been erected by him at Cebu, is pointed out with reverence by the Spaniards.

The Challenger next sailed to the north-eastern shores of New Guinea, and touched at Humboldt Bay, where the savages were found in all their native and naked grandeur. They were armed with spears and bows and arrows, and objected to exploring parties landing, standing with their arrows drawn to the head. They appeared to have no idea of the power of firearms, and there was no inclination to teach them the lesson. Notwithstanding the hostile attitude assumed when an attempt was made to land, they readily bartered their spears, bows, stone axes, ornaments, etc., alongside the ship for hoop-iron and beads. The natives are a fine race, although many were covered with some skin disease. The men wear boars' tusks thrust through their nostrils, which give them a ferocious appearance. Not one could be prevailed on to come on board, even by liberal offers of axes and nails, which would lead to the supposition that they had been visited by kidnappers. At Admiralty Island the natives were more friendly, and freely allowed parties to land. They were armed with obsidian-headed spears.

The Challenger then sailed for Japan, and on the passage obtained the deepest sounding, which has already been referred to. Two months were spent on the coasts of Japan and in the inland seas, and then the ship sailed for the Sandwich Islands, Society Islands, Juan Fernandez, and Valparaiso. Juan Fernandez was found inhabited by some Chilians engaged in the seal-fishery. A goat, descended from Selkirk's pets, has taken passage in the Challenger, and is called Crusoe. After leaving Valparaiso, the passages leading to the Straits of Magellan were entered at Cape Tres Montes, and the ship emerged into the Atlantic at Cape Virgins, the scenery being magnificent, particularly the fine glaciers, some of which extended to the water's edge. The Falkland Islands, Montevideo, Ascension, St. Vincent, and Vigo were visited on the passage home, and further researches made in the Atlantic by continued dredging, trawling, and sounding.

Photographs have been taken of the natives and of the principal places visited during the voyage, and make an interesting collection.

The equator was crossed six times, and the 180th meridian of longitude five times.

Total distance run, 68,500 miles; coals expended, 4,700 tons; number of days at sea, 713; number of days in harbour, 568; number of deep-sea soundings obtained, 374; number of serial temperatures, 255; number of successful dredgings, 111; number of un-

successful dredgings, 19; number of successful trawlings, 129; number of unsuccessful trawlings, 16; 243 men left England in the Challenger, of them 144 returned, 61 deserted, 10 died, and five went with their old commander in the Arctic Expedition.

We hope that Captain Allen Young, with the Pandora, may bring some tidings of the absent explorers; but whether we hear of them or not, we may be sure that Captain Nares will reach the Pole, and do all the other duties expected from him, if it is allotted to man to accomplish them. In case he should return bearded like old Father Christmas, so that he should be scarcely recognisable, we present his portrait, from a photograph taken just after his return from the Challenger, and before his departure for the north.

## A SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT BOX HILL.

BY HENRY WALKER, F.R.S.

**B**OX HILL, between Reigate and Dorking, in Surrey, is believed by Londoners to be the most picturesque spot for landscape beauty in the south of England. Burnham Beeches? Richmond Hill? Well, these and many other favourite Saturday afternoon resorts within reach of town have much to give to the lover of sylvan scenery, but Box Hill is unique. How shall we picture it? Not only is it decorated with nature's choicest flowers and foliage, it is part of a wide landscape system which almost daunts whilst it delights the eye. One might think Box Hill a place where no gift of second sight is needed to enjoy all the pleasures of the natural scenery. But, as Ruskin and Kingsley and Ramsay have taught us, nature is like a picture-gallery; the art of observing her only comes by training and practice. A new power of seeing is, indeed, a faculty worth possessing. Who will act for us in our rural walks as the dervish in the Arabian Nights, that gifted man whose wondrous ointment, rubbed on the brows, enabled men to see forms and beings in nature invisible to ordinary sight?

An excursion to Box Hill with some modern dervishes, who have, perhaps, a greater gift of vision than their Arab prototype, may help us to acquire this power of second sight. As we roam the landscape with them, we may at least learn whether the more modern story of "Eyes and no Eyes" is still a tale full of wise and suggestive teaching. Let us try the experiment.

On a fine midsummer Saturday afternoon a goodly band of London holiday-makers, released from warehouse, mart, and office, assemble at the Cannon Street Station of the South-Eastern Railway. They are equipped with bags, havresacks, botanical vasculums, and other badges of the Field-naturalists' Club. What artful implements may be concealed within! Maps and compasses are certainly there, and the geologist's hammer glistens from many a belt. The gauze nets of the entomologist can also be detected, and aneroids, clinometers, and even pocket-spectroscopes probably form part of the equipment for the excursion. Two special railway carriages have been chartered for the party, and soon the train is speeding on its way to Box Hill.

The gift of second sight is soon brought into use on the way. Past Croydon we are steaming along

the valley in which the portentous waters of the Bourne rise from underground courses at certain seasons, prophesying, so the natives believe, dire catastrophes to the State and nation. Watching the landscape vigilantly, we approach Caterham Junction. Here a new world reveals itself to our enlightened eyes. How different the scene, now that we have left the tame region of the London basin. Huge green, motionless billows appear on the horizon; they commemorate the old ocean of the chalk, on whose dry and upraised bed we have now entered. These grand chalk downs, true to their family character, are treeless, and their vast and graceful contours stand out in all their grandeur. Hear what a prophet of English scenery has to say about them. "Those mighty downs, where the dizzy eye loses all standard of size and distance before the awful simplicity, the delicate vastness of the grand curves and swells." He who should visit the chalk downs unequipped with Kingsley's prose, or uninspired by Hine's famous pictures, does indeed lack the dervish's potent ointment on his brows.

Still among the chalk hills known as the North Downs, the most prominent physical features in the south of England, we plunge into the Merstham Tunnel. Our train rattles along with echoes which might almost scare the fossil dead that lie around us from their sleep. At length we emerge into the daylight at the south outlet. We find we have been carried down into the great Valley of the Weald. Again is the landscape changed, and a world of new landscape contours dawns upon us. The chalk domes beneath which we have burrowed, and which we turn to look back upon, now show themselves as a line of escarpment. They run east and west like a coast of grand and picturesque cliff. It looks as if the sea had deserted its coast-line, and left it here far inland. Down at the base of the escarpment, the broad expanse of the Weald Valley stretches until it is lost in the blue distance. It looks as if it had once been the bed of a large lake or bay; it is now covered with grass and trees, and vocal with the cries of sheep and oxen.

Under the brow of this grand cliff-like escarpment of the North Downs we travel westward for six or seven miles, passing Reigate on the way. This is the railway route Londoners should be careful to take, if they would approach Box Hill by the most striking and instructive way. This lofty inland coast-line of scarped cliff on our right, serrated here and there with trees, forms an ever-varying horizon and a succession of surprises as we are speeding along.

Just before Dorking the escarpment is broken through by the River Mole; at the gorge thus formed we see the site of the famous Battle of Dorking. The south-east angle of the escarpment and the Mole gorge is Box Hill. Our party have already identified the spot by the acres of wild box tree which decorate its sides, and give it its name.

At Box Hill Station our guide comes to the front. He is a skilled and veteran explorer of the country. We are, it seems, to pass up the gorge of the Mole, and so to reach Box Hill. Hammers, nets, and vasculums are all got ready for use; every eye seems quickened and stimulated to observe the new world which awaits us, for everything in this strange county is now to the dwellers in Middlesex. The



forms and contours of the ground, the trees and plants, even the insects that flit by us, and the molluscs feeding in the hedgerow, reveal a new order of things to those of us who have eyes to see.

Our first find! The conchologists of our party show the first trophy. From the sandy hedge-bottom they bring the beautifully striated shell of the little cyclostoma ("circle-mouth"), one of the most elegant of our land-shells. This timid little creature is hardly ever found away from limestone soils. In this district it is generally found at the junction of the chalk with the alluvia. Two specimens are forthwith consigned to chip boxes, and duly labelled. The discoverer tells us privately that he is making a collection of our land and freshwater shells. He will find a few other species at Box Hill, as we shall show.

In the roadway a stone is picked up by a keen-eyed observer. It is full of shells of a freshwater species—"paludinae," as our guide calls them. The stone itself is a fragment of the so-called Paludina limestone, a rock which is found in its natural position a few miles away in the Weald Valley. This specimen, too, is duly labelled and consigned to the bag: the finder will study it at home with "Lyell's Elements" and "Jukes's Manual." ("No Eyes" would have left it in the road, to be crushed by the next cart-wheel.)

Suddenly our guide opens a gate into a ploughed field. "What *can* there be here?" says one of the ladies of the party. Recollect we are in a valley of gravel and alluvium—the Mole gorge. In this field of alluvium remains of elephant are found, with flint implements of primeval man. Broken flints gleam all over the surface. Our guide says they remind him of the ploughed fields in Mexico, in which flakes and knives of obsidian glisten still more abundantly. (This obsidian is a glassy lava, of volcanic origin, of which the natives make mirrors and razors, and other cutting implements. In his book on Anahuac, Mr. Tylor tells us that the chips struck off in making these obsidian implements are heaped up into veritable mountains, so enormous was the manufacture of this material.) Should we find an ancient flint implement manufactory in this Mole gorge? Some of our party privately resolve on a surreptitious visit to this field another day to examine for themselves the "valley alluvium of Pleistocene age." (See Lyell and Jukes again.) But other attractions now await us.

Here, in the Frimley Meadows, are the famous swallow-holes of the River Mole. In very dry seasons the river entirely disappears for nearly three miles of its course, sinking into subterranean gullies and caverns below. The phenomena have been looked upon with a great deal of mystery. Our guide says the inhabitants of this tract, no less than the Spaniards, may boast of having a bridge that feeds several flocks of sheep. The water rushes through crevices in the river bed, as through a cullender; in some places it may be distinguished in its transit to the gullies beneath. To-day, however, the river is full, swollen by the long rainy season; we can only discern the place of the "swallows" by the sudden cessation of the current at certain spots where there is a still surface, sometimes tending to an odd. Visitors who want to see the swallows of the Mole to advantage should go in a dry season.

A little further on we reach the Burford Bridge Hotel. One of our number espies some curious flag-stones paving the entrance. These, again, might

be easily missed by No Eyes. Their surfaces show beautiful ripple marks, the impress of wavelets which passed over them thousands of years since, before they were petrified. How permanent are nature's lithographs! "Horsham sandstone" is the name given to these ripple-marked flags. Horsham is also in the Weald, and the material is extensively used in the locality for building purposes.

We are now to quit this interesting gorge of the Mole. We have reached the western foot of Box Hill, and the chalk steep is before us. Those who have eyes will now find plenty to see. The beautiful flora of the chalk hills (how different from the flora of Middlesex!) begins to greet us at once, and many a little wildling is plucked on this western slope. The ever-welcome little milkwort—the only British species of the order—abounds. The great torch mullein, an exceedingly noble plant, shines near the box-trees; and so does the yellow chlora, with foliage of deeply glaucous hue. The viper's bugloss, one of the handsomest of our native plants, is yet more conspicuous. But the slope is so steep, we pause for breath. Let us measure the angle with a pocket-clinometer. "Thirty degrees," says one of the company, an instructor at the Military College at Sandhurst, who is perhaps wondering how he could get artillery to the summit.

Now we are at the top of Box Hill, surveying the outstretched landscape. No one has yet been disappointed with the glorious prospect. The best "coign of vantage" is one which commands not only the gorge of the Mole, Deepdene, and Leith Hill, but the great Valley of the Weald as well, a valley so wide that it is impossible on any but a clear day to see across to the opposite boundary. Let us, however, clearly understand where we are. The sight of a wide landscape, however beautiful, soon becomes cloying if we view it without intelligence.

This grand Valley of the Weald is eighty miles in length, running east and west, and from twenty to forty miles in breadth (north and south). The escarpment on which we are standing is the northern boundary (the line of the North Downs), and right across the valley is a similar escarpment, forming the south boundary (the South Downs). Box Hill is the most favourite spot on this side the valley, and just opposite to us is the Devil's Dyke at Brighton, quite twenty miles away, among the South Downs.

Here there is an easy plan of the landscape, which, vast and varied as it is, can be resolved into an immense oval-shaped valley, enclosed for the most part by a continuous escarpment, the easiest topographical points for our purpose being Box Hill and the Devil's Dyke, rival picnic resorts on rival chains of hills.

Our friends, Eyes and No Eyes, are both enjoying the prospect in their way, but No Eyes has soon seen as much as he cares for. The scene is undoubtedly beautiful, and he thinks that, after all, "Box Hill isn't a bad place for a quiet smoke!" But Eyes is still on the alert. Let us see what he is looking at.

Standing on this old inland coast-line or 'escarpment, and looking down towards the valley, one can distinguish three separate and continuous terraces of vegetation. These afford a remarkable clue to the underlying rocks. The chalk on which we are standing is clad with beech, box, and yew. The terrace below us is the greensand, and here the firs are in almost exclusive possession; below, in the Valley of the Weald clay, are the oaks. Thus the succession

of different species of trees marks the succession in the rocks which support them—a truly instructive spectacle, which Eyes descants upon with enthusiasm. As the old coast-line projects or retreats in its course, so does the vegetation peculiar to it. At Leith Hill, where the greensand escarpment advances far into the Weald Valley, the first have followed. This correlation of rocks and vegetation is one of the most pictorial and striking lessons to be learnt at Box Hill. The art of reading the geological structure of a country by its trees is a perennial enjoyment in our rural rambles, and may soon be acquired.

And now let us complete the landscape picture by giving the history of this great Valley of the Weald. A mere glimpse of the accompanying illustration will tell the wondrous tale. We here see at once what this old inland coast-line at Box Hill, and its fellow-escarpment at the Devil's Dyke opposite, really are, and how they came into existence.

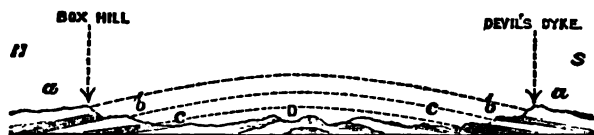


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE DOME-SHAPED HILL WHICH ONCE STRETCHED ACROSS FROM BOX HILL TO THE DEVIL'S DYKE—20 MILES.

- a. The chalk escarpment.
- b. Minor escarpments of lower greensand.
- c. Weald clay, forming plains.
- d. Hills of Hastings sand and clay.

The chalk, etc., once spread across the country, as shown in the dotted lines.

A huge dome-shaped hill, instead of a valley, once occupied the wide area before us. At that time there were no Straits of Dover, for the longer axis of the hill stretched from Hampshire on the west, to the Bas Boulonnais in Normandy. The dotted lines are a prolongation of the present strata, and show the former structure of this great dome-shaped hill.

The hill has long since been worn away by natural forces, for the most part, perhaps, when the country was beneath the sea; but the escarpments, which formed, as it were, the spring of the arch, remain to this day. All this, and much more, our guide illustrates with admirable diagrams, as well as eloquent speech.

Only let the visitor to Box Hill, who has no guide, take in his pocket Ramsay's excellent "Physical Geology and Geography of Great Britain," and seat himself on the escarpment looking south or south-west, and he will soon read the marvellous history of this Wealden Valley for himself.

The botanists, entomologists, and shell-hunters of our party now come trooping in. They have, indeed, used their eyes to some purpose. What floral trophies to take back to town! Among them are the fly orchis, bee orchis, large butterfly orchis, pyramidal orchis, green man orchis, and tway-blade. And these are not all the orchids to be found at Box Hill. One botanist, who visits the place every year, has made a list of eighteen wild orchids he has taken within two miles of the spot.

The shell-hunting section of our party bring in the following specimens:—*Helix caperata*, the wrinkled snail, taken on palings; *Helix lapicida*, the rock-snail, found on the trunk of a beech; *Clausilia laminata*, the laminated close-shell, also on beech; and last, but not least, the giant apple-snail, *Helix*

*pomatia*. There is a common belief that this creature was a Roman dainty introduced into Britain during the Roman occupation. In any case, it is a wonderfully fine shell. Altogether, adding our favourite *Cyclostoma*, which also inhabits Box Hill, our shell-collectors have not done badly in a raid of half an hour.

The excessive rainfall had been much against the success of our entomologists, and our excursion has not yielded its usual supply. Indeed, no butterflies at all have been seen, but the "take" of moths has been sufficient to illustrate the local character of the species. The first insect we are shown is the dew-moth, quite a local species, common at Box Hill; then came the lace-bordered wave-moth, equally local; then a species whose larvæ dwell in the seed-pods of the dianthus and other allied plants (the moth itself was found feeding at the flowers of wild pink); the beautiful beaked hypena, a very local species; the golden-clawed crambus, found chiefly on chalk downs; another little fellow obtained almost solely in wild-thyme tracts; another, the larvæ of which feed in the beech-nuts (he was shaken from the beech-tree); and another, a small winged plume-moth, peculiar to chalk downs. We might go on to extend the list to species more rare and valuable than these, but less local. It is, however, the local character of these species which gives the great charm to our excursion. We have already seen the local rocks, trees, flowers, and shells in their intimate mutual relationships. We now see the insect life of the district obeying the same instructive laws. Here is a principle to guide our observations of nature in the future.

Never did a happier party descend Box Hill at the close of a summer afternoon than we, as we footed it among the bee orchises and burnets, to the railway. Never did a more beautiful evening sun light up the horizon. The sand-hills towards the Hog's Back stretched forward like so many natural bastions into the oak-covered Wealden below. The ancient haunt of the iguanodon and plesiosaurus is now the home of a pastoral race, and dotted with refinement and mansions of culture.

"Arborescent ferns, palms, and yuccas, instead of oaks," says Dr. Mantell, speaking of the ancient country of the Weald, "constituted its groves and forests; delicate ferns and grasses the vegetable clothing of its soil; and in its marshes equisetu and kindred plants prevailed. It was peopled by enormous reptiles, among which the colossal iguanodon and the megalosaurus were the chief; crocodiles and turtles, flying reptiles and birds, frequented its fens and rivers, and deposited their eggs on its banks and shoals, and its waters teemed with lizards, fishes, and mollusca. There is no evidence that man ever set his foot on that wondrous soil, or that any of the animals that are his contemporaries, found there an habitation."

It is this romantic spot which has now become the glorious landscape we survey from Box Hill, with its old inland coast-lines, its astonishing physical scenery, its rivers running underground for miles, its rocks, trees, flowers, and insects, as novel to the Londoner as some distant country. How delightful to unveil the varied and wonderful world which lies around us, so unsuspected and yet so near! How profitable to visit such scenes in sympathetic company, each member of which rejoices to tell all he knows! In short, how pleasant to go out with Eyes for a companion, instead of No Eyes!

## THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION OF AN OXFORD D.D., AND FELLOW OF QUEEN'S.

I.

LATE one summer's day, many years ago, a gentleman of grave, if not of reverend bearing, called upon my mother, who then resided at Windsor, and asked if she would allow him occasionally to join her family. He had heard, we did not ask how, that my mother, a widow, received boarders in her household. He disliked, he said, the publicity of a hotel, and wished for a quiet home, where his own recluse habits would not be objected to.

My mother assented to the stranger's proposal, although he neither asked nor offered references, for he was evidently a gentleman; and terms having been agreed upon, he announced himself as the Rev. Dr. M., of H., naming a village about fifteen miles distant, and requested to be allowed to remain then and there, to which my mother consented. Dr. M. (I merely give the initial, but the portrait will be recognised by old Oxonians who knew the original) expressed his thanks, and asked to be shown to his room; and this being done (luggage he had none, except a small valise, which he carried in his hand), my mother came to tell the circle in the drawing-room of the advent of a stranger.

When summoned to tea, Dr. M. appeared rather flustered at seeing several persons assembled. He had not asked any questions about the household; but though shy as a stranger, he was soon at his ease, especially when he found that Mr. Scotland, of Magdalene Hall, Cambridge, was a member of his cloth. Very lively was the argument carried on during the evening on the superior claims and advantages of their respective Universities, with remarks on mutual friends. And so the evening passed more pleasantly than might have been expected. Dr. M. pleaded fatigue, having walked from H. that afternoon, and he retired early; and then, as a matter of course, comments were made on his appearance and manner, and conjectures formed as to his probable age by the two ladies, the Cantab, and a young artist, who, besides my widowed mother and myself, formed the party.

After breakfast the next morning he took his leave, promising to be with us again on the following Sunday in time for a late breakfast, previous to attending Divine service at St. George's Chapel.

Let the reader now in imagination transport himself to the doctor's house at H., which I will describe, with his mode of life there, as we learned from those who knew most about him, and as we afterwards had opportunities of observing.

With keen, yet furtive glance, he gazed around, to see if his return were noticed, for it was one of his peculiarities to fancy that he was constantly watched. No one being in sight, he admitted himself at the outer gate, cautiously looking it behind him. Before entering the house he reconnoitred the grounds, and satisfied himself that he was alone. Then he unlocked a small back-door, and found himself in an outer stone vestibule, and in darkness; it was not pleasant, but probably he was used to this mode of entering his abode. He deposited on the floor his umbrella and a package or two he carried, and then unbarred the shutters and admitted the daylight. Passing through a large kitchen, whose disused range and rusty bars told of

the long absence of a cheerful fire (and no room in a house looks so dismal and unhomelike without a fire as a kitchen), he traversed several passages and reached his study-door; here he halted, and again glanced nervously around, and listened intently, but encountering nothing within sight or sound, with somewhat more firmness he unlocked the door, and was at home!

Home? What a misnomer to call this cheerless, desolate-looking place home!

Divesting himself of his clerical hat and coat, he donned an antiquated dressing-gown, and proceeded to light the fire. Although it was high summer elsewhere, this room, and indeed the whole house, smelt damp and mildewy. While the fire was burning up, the doctor fetched the packages he had left in the vestibule, and forthwith began to arrange in a bookcase the small stock of provisions he had purchased on his way, talking to himself all the while, and then with his own hands he prepared to cook his midday meal, for which his long walk had given him a good appetite.

A domestic servant he had not had for years; as a rule the sex were afraid of him; and from his habit of muttering to himself, and leading so strangely solitary a life, the country people deemed him distraught; and so no doubt he was on some points, although occasionally, when he chose to unbend, he could be an intelligent companion enough. An old laundress, who had known him for years, was the only person admitted into his house. Once a week she called for his linen, which she returned in a few days, washed and mended; and she set the place to rights as far as he would allow her.

While the doctor is taking his solitary meal, enriched, however, by a few glasses of good old port wine, the one luxury from which he never debarred himself, we will glance at the adjoining rooms, and first, the museum, into which, indeed, Dr. M. himself peered curiously during a break in his culinary labours, and seeing that all there was *in statu quo*, he resumed them with fresh vigour.

From the study, through a substantial door, covered with what had once been red cloth, under which were inlaid strong crossbars of iron, the museum was entered. It was an oblong room of some twenty-five feet by about sixteen feet, and rather lofty for its size. Having three recessed windows it should have been light also, but the place was altogether so crammed with Egyptian and other antiquities, that faint and few were the gleams of light which found their way into its darksome precincts. To attempt to catalogue its heterogeneous contents is far beyond my power; suffice it to say that, on Dr. M.'s own showing, and he was no boaster, the assemblage of Assyrian, Babylonian, and Egyptian antiquities far surpassed in rarity and value any other private collection of similar objects in the kingdom. Belzoni was the object of his idolatry, and here was his shrine.

One modern article the room contained, and this was a somewhat powerful electric battery.

On the opposite side of the spacious hall, and of similar dimensions to the museum, was the dining-room, whose massive furniture was dusty and moth-eaten from disuse; while a smaller morning-room

answered to the study; but these were seldom entered, and the entire back of the house, never. These apartments consisted of a drawing-room of elegant proportions, flanked by a boudoir and a conservatory. No human foot had trodden there since the death of his mother and Lucy, long years ago. Lucy! who was she? Ah! "thereby hangs a tale." Of course, the upper-floor comprised several dormitories, but tenantless, cold, and chill they were, looking the very abodes of discomfort.

On Sunday morning the doctor returned to us at Windsor, as he had arranged, and after a substantial breakfast, seemed not to be over-fatigued by his walk of fifteen miles, and was quite ready in time for the service at St. George's Chapel—"the cathedral," as it was then commonly termed in Windsor; I suppose because the service was conducted after the cathedral fashion. Intensely he enjoyed listening to the tones of the magnificent organ, touched by so masterly a hand as the one which then drew forth from it strains of matchless eloquence.

On this, and on subsequent visits, Dr. M. attended the second service at St. George's in the afternoon, and then, after tea, my knowledge of sacred music was tested to the utmost. How delightedly he would listen to the grand strains which then characterised Church psalmody. Of Luther's Hymn and kindred compositions he would never tire, nor had he much consideration for my fingers or my voice. He disliked the modern style of Church music, which was occasionally beginning to prevail in some places of worship, calling it irreverent and almost profane.

In Dr. M.'s constantly-recurring visits to our house, a gradual change was apparent in his manner; he became—especially when my mother and I were alone with him—much more companionable and less reserved. He told us much relating to the circumstances of his previous life, and repeatedly and constantly he urged us to visit him at his own abode, promising to display to us the untold treasures of his museum, which he had never shown to mortal eyes since —; and then he faltered and broke down, only to renew his request at the next opportunity.

But though we began really to discover in Dr. M. some traits which, when further developed, might lead to our entertaining a feeling of friendship towards him, we could not so wholly overcome our undefined fear of him and distrust of his peculiarities as to consent to enter his gloomy abode *alone*, and he would have thought an escort an intrusion; and so we never went.

Indeed, every member of our circle had noticed Dr. M.'s growing partiality for my dear mother's society, and the almost deferential manner he observed towards her, in which, however, there was nothing assumed or constrained; all seemed to be an emanation of a more natural feeling than we had hitherto given him credit for possessing.

Ofton Dr. M. would detain my mother when she was about to leave the room, and appear to be on the point of making some confidential communication; and then he would falter and hesitate, and perhaps offer some trifling excuse, and go away himself. This occurred so frequently as to excite our surprise, but Mr. Scotland cleared the matter up. His bed-chamber adjoined that of Dr. M., and one morning the former gentleman entered the breakfast-room,

looking mysterious and mischievous; evidently he was the depository of some important secret, which he longed to divulge. The upshot of his communication was that the previous night he had heard the doctor pace up and down for above an hour, muttering to himself. "Then there was a lull, and I thought he was preparing to go to bed, and would allow me to go to sleep. But no! presently he resumed his walk, and then he spoke so plainly that I could not choose but hear all he said." Mr. Scotland paused, and looked oddly, as I thought, at my mother.

"Well," she said, quietly, and Mr. Scotland continued his narration.

"It seemed to me as if Dr. M. were apostrophising some one, and far more energetically than one would expect from his usually cold, impassive demeanour; then he paused, and began to recount your virtues and good qualities, Mrs. Prior, with which we are all acquainted. Then came another pause, and he appeared to be calculating 'ways and means,' which were ample enough. 'Three thousand a year!' Dr. M. repeated, more than once. 'Three thousand a year! and of what use is it to me? I know no comfort except when I am here! And yet am I right—am I justified in staying? Oh, mother! oh, Lucy!' and I fancy I heard sobbing. Another pause, and Dr. M. went on: 'I must die some day, and then all this money, which has been accumulating for so many years, must go to those distant cousins who scarcely know of my existence. Why should I leave them large fortunes? why may I not gratify my own inclinations, and marry Mrs. Prior? I wish I dared to do so.'"

My mother involuntarily started, and Mr. Scotland proceeded: "Over and over again Dr. M. asked himself this question, appealing at intervals to his mother and Lucy (who could she be?), as if entreating their sanction and permission to do as he wished. Then you came in for a share of Dr. M.'s commendation, Miss Florence, and truly hearty it was. 'But how,' after a little silence, he continued, 'could I bear to see any one in those rooms! and yet, why not? I *must* ask Mrs. Prior to be my wife; surely she would not refuse me; I could not endure that! I *must* ask her, or I must leave the house; I cannot see her again without ascertaining her inclinations; and yet, perhaps, I had better start off early, and think again.'

"There!" concluded Mr. Scotland, "now you know all I know, Mrs. Prior, and can form your own inferences. Of course it is too delicate and important a subject for me, as an almost stranger, to advise in; still, I must say, I do not think you need have any fear of Dr. M., and it is evident there is some natural feeling left in him yet, if only he would give it fair play, and not crush it under that forbidding manner."

"Dr. M. has seemed more sociable with us all lately," remarked my mother, feeling that she was expected to say something.

"Yes; and especially observant of you, Mrs. Prior," replied Mr. S. "Many a time I have caught his glance fixed upon you, and wondered what it meant. Now the secret is out; but it remains to be seen whether he can screw his courage to the questioning-point."

"Very likely Dr. M. may change his mind on his journey home, and we shall hear no more of his passing inclinations," suggested my mother.

"Very possibly," replied Mr. Scotland. "The



fact is, Dr. M. has a sad lack of moral courage, and one cannot depend on his being in the same mood of mind for two minutes together."

"He is an unfathomable riddle," I remarked; "but I think there is some good in him."

"I think so too," rejoined Mr. Scotland; "but what could he mean about his mother and Lucy?"

"I believe I can explain that portion of his spoken reverie," said my mother. "Dr. M. told me a long story once of a promise he had made to his mother on her death-bed, that he would marry a young girl whom she had adopted, and I fancy he holds that promise still binding upon him."

"And she died, and his whole life was thenceforward blighted," I rejoined; "one cannot but pity him."

When Mr. Scotland left the room, I asked, "Well, dear mamma, what do you think of this extraordinary communication?"

"I scarcely know, Florence, what to think of it, except that very probably we shall never hear the subject mentioned again," she replied.

"But presuming that he follows it up by addressing yourself, what should you think of it?"

"Again, I repeat, I scarcely know, and I would rather not discuss the topic," replied my mother: "the temptation to secure independence for myself and my children would be great, but I feel a strange repugnance to the sacrifice that it would involve; however, let us say nothing about it for the present."

The following Sunday brought Dr. M. at the usual hour, but looking haggard and careworn. It was quite evident that sleepless nights and unquiet days had been his portion since we had last seen him. He grew a little less moody as the day progressed; but, contrary to his habit lately, he seemed to avoid my mother, as if he were afraid of trusting himself alone with her, lest his inclinations should overcome his resolutions. Mr. Scotland watched him narrowly, but cautiously, and again frequently detected his furtive glance directed towards her, while the firmly-compressed lips told of the stolid determination to crush out the feeling which strove, though unsuccessfully, to assert itself.

The sacred music in the evening appeared to soothe Dr. M.'s excited feelings more than usual, and on leaving us for the night he took my hand, quite kindly for him, and thanked me repeatedly for "the balm I had administered to him."

Once in his own chamber, Dr. M.'s unquiet mood returned, and Mr. Scotland heard him pacing the room and holding long arguments with himself, generally concluding them, however, by repeating, in most melancholy tones, "No, I dare not! To break the solemn promise I gave to my mother and Lucy would disturb them in their quiet graves. I am doomed to be wretched. I must bear it—and yet *she* might make me so comfortable! And Florence's music—how greatly it soothes and quiets my perturbed spirits! It is hard—it is very hard." And then the weak, vascillating man sighed and groaned, and sometimes Mr. Scotland fancied he sobbed unrestrainedly.

"Poor, foolish man!" said Mr. Scotland, in telling all this to my mother and myself the next morning; "for an absurdly superstitious fancy he is sacrificing all the peace and comfort the future might bring him—that is, supposing that you could make up your mind, Mrs. Prior, to undertake the onerous

task of bringing this ridiculous man to see things through a common-sense medium.

"And you would have your share of the task too, Miss Florence," continued Mr. Scotland, addressing me; "but yours would be the more pleasing part of chasing away by melody the phantoms that haunt the poor man, and of dispelling the nonsensical vagaries which have taken such a firm hold of his mind. I wish he would give you both the opportunity of exercising your beneficent influence upon him."

But he never did, though often he seemed to be on the very verge of doing so; and my mother! whether she would have consented to become his wife I really cannot say, since she never had the actual alternative submitted to her decision.

## Varieties.

**VISITING INFECTIOUS CASES.**—Typhus fever was raging like a plague; and as, taking due precautions against infection, I visited every case I was called to, nor fled from any I happened to meet, I had often to face that terrible disease, and with one, two, or three lying ill of it all in one room, to breathe a pestilential atmosphere. The precautions I took were very simple, and, with God's blessing, they perhaps contributed materially to my protection. I insisted on the door being left open while I was in the room, and always took up a position between the open door and the patient, and not between the patient and the fireplace; thus the germs of the disease thrown off in the breath and from the skin of the patient never came in contact with me, but were borne away to the fireplace, and in the very opposite direction, by the current of air which passed me before becoming charged with the noxious matter.—*Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Guthrie*, vol. i. 195.

**PRICES FOR PLACES TO VIEW CORONATION CEREMONIES.**—It may be interesting to some of the readers of the account given in the "Leisure Hour" of the coronation of George III and his queen, to hear what were the prices given for views of similar ceremonies from the time of William the Conqueror to that of George II. The following extract is taken from the "Annual Register" for the year 1761. The writer, after stating what, at George III.'s coronation, were the charges for good places, says, in a note, that "On consulting Stowe, Speed, and other antiquaries with regard to the prices formerly given, it appears that the price of a good place at the coronation of the Conqueror was a blank, and probably the same at that of his son, William Rufus. At Henry I's it was a crocad, and at Stephen and Henry II's a pollard. At Richard's and King John's, who was crowned frequently, it was a skuskin, and rose at Henry III's to a dodkin. In the reign of Edward the coins begin to be more intelligible, and we find that at his coronation a Q was given, or the half of a fering, or farthing, which is the fourth part of a sterling, or penny. At Edward II's it was a farthing, and at his son's, Edward III, a halfpenny, which was very well given. In Richard II's thoughtless reign it was a penny, and continued the same in that of Henry IV. At Henry V's it was two pennys, or the half of a grossus or groat, and the same at that of Henry VI, though during his time coronations were so frequent that the price was brought back to the penny or halfpenny, and sometimes they were seen for nothing. At Edward IV's it was again the half-groat, nor do we find it raised at those of Richard III or Henry VII. At that of Henry VIII it was the whole groat or grossus; nor was it altered at those of Edward VI or Queen Mary; but at Queen Elizabeth's it was a teston or tester. At those of James I and Charles I a shilling was given, which was advanced to half-a-crown at those of Charles II and James II. At King William's and Queen Anne's it was a crown; and George I's was seen by many for the same price. At George II's some gave half-a-guinea." The increase in the charge made at George III's coronation would seem to be very considerable, for we are told that "the front seats in the galleries of the abbey" (o Westminster) "were let at ten guineas each, and those in commodious houses along the procession at no less a price." Also that "the prices in the ordinary houses were from five guineas to one guinea, so that one little house in Coronation Row, after the scaffolding was paid for, cleared £700, and some large houses upwards of £1000."

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



AN ANXIOUS TIME.

## BOY AND MAN.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER XV.—"THE TURN."

"There are no tricks in pure and simple faith."—*Shakespeare.*

**M**R. ARMIGER continued to visit Paradise Court every evening. He found poor little Tuffey lingering on without much alteration; growing weaker, it was to be feared, but with rapid pulse and flushed face, and sometimes strong in his

delirium, and requiring to be held down by force upon his little bed. Yes, we may call it a bed now, for the curate had sent him an iron bedstead and a mattress. The place had been deodorised, too, as far as possible; and all that could be done, in a small way, for his better nursing had been effected. The mother watched by day and the father during part of the night; and a neighbour came in sometimes to give an opinion, or to sit with the sick boy during the necessary absence of both parents.

No. 1287.—AUGUST 20, 1870.

M M

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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Things went on thus for about ten days. Other cases in the neighbourhood were mending. There had been several deaths, and one little corpse had been carried out of that same Paradise Court to a quieter resting-place, the spirit having fled away to the Paradise which God made and not man, where there shall be no more sickness or sighing, neither shall there be any more pain. The weather had now grown colder, and it was believed that the epidemic was decreasing; but poor Dick Tuffey had not yet "got the turn." Mr. Armiger had not called for two days; and Nott, when he came with some oranges which Mr. Sparrow sent, said he had heard he was not well.

"Not well!" cried old Tuffey, starting up; "not well! You don't mean to say—you aint a-going to tell me as Mr. Armiger is a-falling?"

"I don't know what it is," said Nott, standing outside the house, which he had been expressly forbidden to enter. "I have not seen him since yesterday."

"Is he a-bed?"

"I think not. He sent word out to know how Dick was getting on. I was to be sure and call and tell him. How is he?"

"I'll go to the house myself," said Tuffey. "I'll go and ax about it. Poor Dick han't got the turn yet, but I expect he will. Mr. Armiger will be thinking a deal of him, no doubt"—by which manner of speech Mr. Tuffey meant "praying for him."

Tuffey went to his work, and before returning home at his dinner-hour called at Joy Street. Mrs. Armiger was there, having come home to look after her husband, leaving the baby at Wandsworth. She came out and spoke to Tuffey. "Mr. Armiger was very unwell," she said; "she was afraid to think what it might be. She hoped it would pass off; the doctor thought it might."

"I hope it will, mum; if it don't, why then I shall give it up. I shan't believe in nothing no more—only bare chance, or maybe something worse."

"Oh, don't talk like that!" Mrs. Armiger cried; "you frighten me."

"Well, I can't help it. Mr. Armiger may tell me what he likes, and I'll believe him—anything, as he says, I'll take to; but if a man like that is to be struck down hisself, why there's an end on it," and he crushed his old battered hat between his hands and went his way.

Passing the Toad-in-a-Hole, he looked in as the door swung open, and was strongly tempted to enter. He felt so low and downhearted that it seemed as if a "drain" would do him good; an almost irresistible craving took possession of him. Two or three of his old companions were in the bar, and among them a man named Stubbin, who had buried one of his children the day before, and had another lying ill. The sight of that man made him pause. He dropped his arm, which had been raised to thrust the door open, and turned away. "Not yet," he murmured to himself; "but if poor little Dick, or the curate—" The rest of the sentence was unspoken. Arrived at his own door, Tuffey found two or three women standing by it, and looking into the room; they held up their hands to him with a "Hush!"

"Is he dead?" he asked, half aloud and almost savagely, as they moved aside and he stepped into the room. "Is he dead?"

"No, John, no," his wife replied, putting her arms

round his neck and resting her head upon his shoulder. "Look at him; he's got the turn!" she sobbed out. "Hush!"

He looked. The boy was sleeping quietly, not a muscle seemed to moved; the breathing was calm and regular, though scarcely perceptible; already the flushed cheeks had grown paler and looked moister. Tuffey leaned his head against the wall and covered his face with his hands, but did not speak a word.

"He's got the turn, John," the poor mother repeated, in a whisper; "he's got the turn at last; and oh, John, how's the curate?"

The curate was indeed very ill. Do what he would to conceal the unwelcome truth, as the evening of that day on which Tuffey had called at the house drew near, he could no longer hold up his head; but shivering now with cold, now hot and faint, he yielded at length to Mrs. Armiger's entreaties, and went upstairs to bed. The doctor came again that night; "he could not do much for him," he said; "they must wait, and have patience; to-morrow would decide. He hoped it was nothing but a bad cold; he should not have apprehended anything else if Mr. Armiger had not been so much among that fever. He had told him not to go there, but he would."

"He thought it his duty," Mrs. Armiger replied.

"He couldn't do much good, you know, as a clergyman. How can people listen to doctrine when they are delirious with fever? It's a great risk for him, and very little benefit for anybody else."

Mrs. Armiger shook her head sadly; she had often said the same, but her husband would not take that view of the question. "He thought it was his duty," she repeated; "and you go everywhere yourself, Mr. Mawby."

"Oh, me! I am obliged to go; and I think I can do some good. But I do not go with an empty stomach leaning over a fever patient, reading and praying and exciting myself, and drawing all the poison into my lungs for half an hour at a time. Your husband runs more risk in one sick room than I do in twenty! It is not *faith* but *presumption*, I say, if a man does not also use common sense and take common precaution."

"We are all in God's hands," Mrs. Armiger replied: but the doctor did not seem to think much of that argument; he said he would call again early next morning—meaning after breakfast—and they should see. An anxious, miserable night poor Mrs. Armiger passed, lying upon a sofa near her husband, but seldom closing her eyes; getting up to look at him when he was asleep, and to give him cooling drinks when he was awake. Every time she spoke to him he "thought he was a little better;" but she thought otherwise. When the morning came her worst fears were realised. "There was no doubt about it," Mr. Mawby said. "It was fever, but as favourable as it could be so far; he had no apprehension; nursing was everything in such a case: it must run its course; he thought it would be a very mild attack; there were few serious cases now in the parish;" and so he tried to comfort her.

Mr. Sparrow waited for the doctor, having seen him go to the house, and heard the painful tidings. "What can I do?" he cried. "Make use of me in some way, Mr. Mawby; what can I do?"

"We can none of us do much. Go in and see his wife: there ought to be a nurse; she'll soon knock up if there is not."

Mr. Sparrow went in and told her what the doctor had said, and begged her to say what he himself could do for her assistance.

"I had been thinking," Mrs. Armiger replied, "that I would get you to write to Annie, and ask her to come."

"Annie? You don't mean Annie Goodchild?"

"Of course I do; but don't look so frightened; I don't want her to come here, you silly fellow; I would not have her here. Ask her to go to Wandsworth and take care of baby."

"Oh, ah, yes, of course, I see; her godson, you know, and mine. I'll write directly, or better still, if I can catch the coach I'll go down at once and bring her back; and if I can't, I'll walk it. Anything else?"

No; there was nothing else, and he ran off immediately; and being too late for the morning coach went down to Weybridge on foot, and brought Annie Goodchild back with him to Wandsworth the same evening. He called at Joy Street late that night and told what he had done. Mr. Armiger was going on as well as could be hoped. Mr. Sparrow would have sat up with him, but it was quite unnecessary. "By-and-by," Mrs. Armiger said, "if she should want him she would send for him."

The next day it was agreed that Mr. Sparrow should take lodgings at Wandsworth, and that William Goodchild should occupy his rooms in order to be near his father and sister; the boy Nott remaining with him to run on errands, and to be generally useful. This arrangement was convenient for all parties.

As day after day passed on, the health of All Saints' in the South showed a decided improvement; the parish had got the turn, the people said; there were very few fresh cases, and those were of a milder type than formerly. Mr. Armiger's illness, though of course tedious, was never very alarming; they did not think it necessary even to tell Mr. Goodchild that it was a case of fever, knowing that he would be doubly anxious and unhappy, and would exaggerate in his own mind the suffering and danger of those whom he loved, being prevented from approaching them. He knew only that his son-in-law was unwell, and that Mrs. Armiger, who had been staying at Wandsworth for change of air, had returned to take care of him.

Young Tuffey grew daily better and stronger, being nourished by many good things which Mr. Sparrow sent him; and old Tuffey came daily at his dinner-hour to inquire after Mr. Armiger, and went home to his wife without stopping at the Toad-in-a-Hole. How it would have fared with him if, after his son's recovery, the curate had died, or what would have been his conclusions as to Divine Providence and the efficacy of prayer if the one had been taken and the other left, it is impossible to say. Happily his faith was not so tried. The reports of the curate's health became each day more satisfactory. So Tuffey spent his days at the forge and his evenings at home, and resolved, as soon as Mr. Armiger should be up and in the church again, to go and "hear him"; he and his missus should take it turn about, and the boy should go with them. At length one day when he paid his usual visit of inquiry, Tuffey was told to wait. Mr. Armiger was sitting up and getting stronger, and would be glad to see him, if he was not afraid of infection.

"Afraid! Tuffey afraid! Why to be sure he had

been living in the midst of it himself for the last three months; but there: he wasn't afraid of nothing, and if he had been, it wouldn't have made no difference, not it." So he was shown up presently to Mr. Armiger's bedroom and found him sitting before the fire and pretty comfortable, though pale and thin, and "no more voice nor a cat a-gapin'," as he told his missus afterwards; but there was sufficient for a little quiet conversation, nevertheless.

"How are you, Tuffey?"

"Oh, me, sir? I'm very well. What odds about me? I hope you are better."

"Much better, thank you: is your boy getting on all right?"

"Getting on capital, sir, he is; thank you for it."

"You need not thank me."

"Who then, sir?"

"Thank God."

"We have done that; anyhow we have tried to do it."

"I am very glad to hear it, Tuffey. 'A joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.' No more Toad-in-a-Hole now, I suppose—no more argufying?"

"Not if I can help it, sir; but they won't let me alone, them chaps won't."

"I dare say not; but you can let them alone."

"Not very easy, sir; you see when I goes past they calls after me."

"If any man have faith, let him have it unto himself," said the curate.—"That's Scripture. If you are satisfied in your own mind, you need not be troubled about what others say or think of you. By-and-by perhaps you may do them some good; but not by talking, at all events not yet: be sure of yourself first."

"I wish I could, sir. That's just it. I have been an infidel so long, it aint easy to turn now."

"Easy! No! You could not have done it by yourself, and I could not have done it for you. It's like that fever; the turn could only come from God, and when He pleased to send it. I don't believe that anything I could have said by way of argufying would have changed you; but praying for you would help; and you know, I dare say, that I did not forget that."

Tuffey stood still, turning his hat about in his hands and looking at the fire.

"The worst of it is," he said, presently, "that I don't feel as if I believed—not even now. I don't seem to understand things much better than I did afore."

"You believe there is a God in Heaven, at all events?"

"I'm willing to believe it, sir; but I don't hardly know; I couldn't say for certain."

This was a startling confession. What did it mean? Mr. Armiger felt his head swim; he would have chosen some other time for this conversation if he could have foreseen the course that it would take; but he could not let it drop just yet; he closed his eyes for a few moments and then resumed:—

"Don't you believe that it was God's mercy that spared your son and that spares me?"

"I don't deny it, sir—I don't deny it; but I can't say as I feel it. Why did not God's mercy stop the fever from coming? it would have saved a great deal of sorrow and trouble."

"Where would you have been at this moment if the fever had not visited your house? Most likely at the Toad-in-a-Hole, half drunk, boasting and



swaggering and arguing; your wages spent, your wife half broken-hearted, your child naked in the streets and hungry."

Tuffey stared at him open-mouthed. "It's as true as true!" he exclaimed at length.

"Then I say," said Mr. Armiger, "it was mercy that sent the fever to your house, at all events, and mercy took it away again. It did not come by chance either to you or to me."

"Not to me, sir," he answered thoughtfully; "I don't see as the same remark applies to you."

"It is not likely that you would understand the circumstances of my case, or of any of your neighbours; keep to your own. I hope the fever may do me good also. I believe it will. It will be my own fault if it does not. I shall believe in the mercy that sent it all the same, whether I see it or no."

"I wish I could," said Tuffey; "but seeing is believing, Mr. Armiger, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't. Do you believe that I am sitting here at this moment? You see it and know it: that's not believing. You must believe things that you cannot see, and trust to things that are above your understanding: that's faith. 'Blessed are they which have not seen, and yet have believed.'"

"I wish I could believe as you do, Mr. Armiger; I'd give anything if I could."

"That's enough for the present; you may say you have no faith; but if that were true you would not wish to have it. How could you wish to believe what I believe, if you really thought that my belief were a belief in nothing? How could you be willing to 'give anything' for faith, if you were persuaded that faith was a delusion? There, I won't argufy any more to-night. Go home and think about it, and just say these words after me: 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.'"

Tuffey repeated the words reverentially.

"Say that again and again as you go home to-night; say it instead of arguing with yourself, or with anybody else. Say it whenever you meet with anything in the Bible or out of it which you cannot understand. 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' It's better than all man's wisdom."

#### CHAPTER XVI.—WITHOUT HIS LAWYER.

"The irresolute man flecks from one egg to another:  
So hatcheth nothing; but addles all his actions."—*Feltham*.

Mrs. ARMIGER, brimful of thankfulness, but pale for want of fresh air and exercise, began now to think of getting her husband away somewhere into the country. He could not very well go out to prove his strength in the neighbourhood of Joy Street; there was too much noise and bustle; and some little quarantine was considered necessary before going back to baby. Mrs. Armiger looked forward with intense delight to the time when she might have her infant in her arms again. She had seen him two or three times when Annie and the nurse had brought him to a quiet spot in the neighbourhood where they could exchange greetings and throw kisses to each other across the pavement; but she wanted to touch him, and to see her husband do the same, and that would not be safe just yet. So they took lodgings near Wandsworth Common, and hoped, after spending a few days there, that their father would be at home to receive them in his own house, where they could stay till Mr. Armiger should have recruited his strength and was ready for work again.

Mr. Goodchild had kept with tolerable firmness to the resolution he had made to abide by the advice of his lawyers; but he was pining for his home, and began to be uneasy about his son-in-law, especially when he heard that he was thinking of leaving home without first coming to see him. William Goodchild was in the habit of spending the greater part of every day with his father, and had brought his books into the prison that he might do some reading. It was quieter there, he said, than outside, which was true enough; but the sight of his father walking pensively about the little room smoothing his face (in which some wrinkles were beginning to show themselves in spite of the continued application), and the sound of the deep-drawn sighs which escaped him, induced him frequently to put aside his books and to enter into conversation with him. The one topic always came uppermost, however; and there was not much comfort in it, for hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and the hope of a settlement with Mr. Slocum seemed as remote as ever.

"I wish I could see John," Mr. Goodchild said, when told of his intended visit to Wandsworth. "I am afraid he must be very unwell if he cannot come this short distance; he must have been much worse than I imagined. I hope he is not going into a decline or anything of that kind."

"No fear of that," said his son; "he is recovering as quickly and steadily as could be expected. He had a great deal of fever, and it has pulled him down."

"Fever! Yes, it's very lowering; but it was not what is called fever, was it? Not any particular kind of fever?"

"Well, I suppose it was; but a very mild attack. Still, it requires care on account of infection."

"I suspected so; I was afraid of that all the time. I feared to ask, being shut up here; but he is really getting well now? And Susan, how does she bear up? Oh, I am glad they are going away! Willy, I must get out of this place now. I must go to Wandsworth and see after them and make them comfortable. I will put off this settlement no longer. Here have I been a month; and to no purpose, as far as I can see. Mr. Hawkes does nothing and Mr. Fisher does nothing. You shall go to Slocum and make terms with him. He shall have the house. We need not give it up for a few weeks, and I can rent one quite as pleasant when we do. There are some advantages in a rented house; you have more choice, and can change when you like, and you have no repairs to pay for. I'll take John and his wife to the seaside. Let us have no more delay and no more indecision, my mind is quite made up."

Willy felt it would be very pleasant to have his father at liberty again, and all these sufferings and anxieties brought to an end. He jumped up, and said he would go and see Mr. Hawkes at once.

"Never mind Mr. Hawkes," said his father; "go and see Slocum."

"Mr. Hawkes begged me to do nothing without telling him. I think we ought to see him first. Of course, he will do as we wish; but it is too late now; the office will be closed."

"And must we go on another day?" said Mr. Goodchild, sadly. "And that will be another week, perhaps; there seems to be no end to it."

It happened that Mr. Slocum also was beginning to grow tired of the delay; he had special reasons for wishing to become the owner of Mr. Goodchild's

house and land, and these had recently become more urgent. The railway company, whose surveyors had been seen in the garden at Wandsworth in the spring, had now obtained their Act of Parliament, and were proceeding with great energy in laying out their line. Mr. Slocum, who was acquainted with the secretary of the company, had learnt that Mr. Goodchild's property would be required, and hoped by getting possession of it to make a large profit by its re-sale to the company. Expecting daily to effect his purpose, he had represented himself to the officials as the actual owner of the property, and had by that means intercepted all the legal notices and applications on the subject which ought to have been addressed to Mr. Goodchild. The time had now come when the company wanted to take possession of the property, and Mr. Slocum perceived that he could carry on this deception no longer. He had already made one or two overtures on this subject to Mr. Hawkes, of which that gentleman, for reasons of his own, had taken no notice. Mr. Slocum resolved, therefore, to renew his proposals to Mr. Goodchild himself, and paid a visit to the Queen's Bench Prison with that intention. Thus it happened that while Mr. Goodchild and his son were conferring together as above reported, Mr. Slocum knocked at the door of his room, and thrusting his face in immediately afterwards, reminded them of a certain adage, which was, perhaps, in that instance more than usually appropriate.

"Mr. Slocum!" cried Mr. Goodchild, with surprise.

"Yes, sir; I hope you are not disappointed at seeing me. I hope you bear me no malice. I have none but friendly feelings towards you, Mr. Goodchild, I assure you."

"Never mind your feelings," said the younger Goodchild, "you are welcome. Of course you are come on business. What is it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Slocum; "it is business, of course, but in a friendly way. To tell the truth, Mr. Goodchild, I am pained and distressed beyond anything that I can express to see you here still."

"Yes?"

"Why don't you take the matter into your own hands, and settle it? You will never have a better chance. I offered you splendid terms a month ago. I would offer you the same now if—I could; but I have been put to so much inconvenience and expense that really—"

"What terms do you propose now?" said Willy.

There was a great deal of bargaining and wrangling. Each party discovered that the other was really anxious to come to terms, and Mr. Goodchild especially displayed a nervous impatience to recover his liberty. Finally it was agreed that the same conditions which had been proposed and rejected at the sponging-house should be accepted now. Mr. Goodchild was to make over his house and land at Wandsworth to Mr. Slocum, and to receive in exchange for it his dishonoured bills, with a receipt in full of all demands for debt and costs, and a discharge from custody.

"You would like this carried into effect at once?" said Mr. Slocum.

"Certainly," Mr. Goodchild answered. "It is only on that condition that I will agree to it. Time is important."

"I have the bills in my pocket," said Slocum, "and also the contract; it can be filled up and

signed at once, and then I will give you my receipt and acquittal in full."

These formalities were soon completed, and the bills were delivered up.

"Now for the discharge," said Mr. Goodchild, excitedly, "it is getting late; put the things together, Willy; we can take what we want with us, and can send for the rest to-morrow."

"The discharge," said Slocum, "shall be procured as early as possible to-morrow morning; it must be done in the regular way, of course; the turnkey would not let you out on my representation; but you need not be uneasy, you are entitled to it; and will have it on application. Mr. Hawkes will manage that for you."

Mr. Goodchild was disappointed; he went with Slocum to the lodge, and talked to the turnkey about it, and was assured that it would be all right next day: it was too late to do anything that evening: and so he went back to his room comforted, and full of happy expectation.

## THE TWO ATLANTICS.

BY ISABELLA L. BIRD, AUTHOR OF "THE HAWAIIAN ARCHIPELAGO."

### I.

A MURKY evening; Greenock swathed in folds of its own smoke; the hills of Arrochar and Loch Lomond blotted out by mist which threatened to fall in rain; the blurred shores of the Clyde a monotonous July green; a few ships at anchor; a few fussy tugs panting Glasgow-wards, with strings of deeply laden sloops and schooners astern; a few boats in which people were taking pleasure drearily; a few crowded steamers whose trails of low-lying smoke added to the murkiness, and a foreground of lead-coloured water, motionless, except when the long, sulky wash of a paddle-steamer came our way. And this was all that did come our way. If we had been flying the plague flag we could not have been more shunned of our kind. No shore boats came off to us with people or parcels left behind, or anxious friends with last cautions and good wishes, or shipping clerks "making much ado about nothing." Even the dreary people in the pleasure boats failed to see that it would relieve their *ennui* if they took a row round our clipper. There was no stir, fun, or incident; none of the fuss of sailing. Passengers' friends had gone ashore hours before, and had had time to reach even distant homes; passengers had unpacked their "things," arranged their cabins, taken hopeful or despairing views of each other, according to temperament and powers of discernment, and all but myself were writing letters in the saloon, and making acquaintance with each other, with an overhaste which I had had occasion to mark under similar circumstances was an unwholesome omen for future harmony.

Murky and miserable as the evening was, my mood was yet murkier and more miserable. The poop offered quiet, for not a creature appeared either on it or the deck, and I spent four dismal hours upon it, straining my eyes for the last dismal glimpses of the blurred shores and hazy lights, which represented the land to which I was bidding a long farewell. The prospect of a solitary and uncertain exile for health's sake was not a cheering one. From the

first I felt the voyage to be an irreparable mistake; and, looking back upon it, I only wish that doctors who prescribe the Australian voyage to persons suffering from diseases of the nervous system were compelled themselves to undergo its disastrous unrest and dreariness. I certainly feel inclined, for the benefit of any of my species who dream of silver seas, balmy airs, red tropic sunsets, a white cloud of swollen canvas, and spray thrown lightly from the bows to diverge a little from the beaten track of travellers by sea, and give a little of the plain prose of an Australian trip in a crack clipper of a crack line.

Not a word could be said against the ship. This put an end to grumbling—a usual resource on a long voyage. She was a superb, full-rigged iron clipper, finished with solid teak, with a stem like a knife, a full, unencumbered poop, all the latest patented improvements, splendidly “found,” everything of the very best, spreading nearly an acre of canvas, running twelve knots before the wind, as if she were scarcely moving through the water, and on a wind making 300 miles a day without fuss or effort. Her ventilation was perfect, ship smells and odours of eating were unknown, the table was liberal, and even elegant, and fresh meat and fresh bread were provided every day. The captain, a quiet, gentlemanly man, was not only an experienced and successful seaman, but a studious and scientific navigator; and the crew, with scarcely an exception, were the cleanest, jolliest, and most active set I have ever seen.

The cargo was said to be one of the most valuable which had ever left the Clyde. It was pleasantly described as “fine goods and barrelled beer.” It was prudent, doubtless, to omit the fact of which we had ocular demonstration the first time the main hold was open, that “fine goods” included fifty tons of gunpowder, much of which was stowed on the rest of the cargo on a sail, on which was gradually deposited the black leakage from the casks. Along the outside of the hatch and elsewhere were lashed forty long jars of vitriol, “carried at the owner’s risk,” no doubt! The hatch cover was taken off every fine day, and there was a baleful attraction in the hold, while men pleasantly smoked their pipes or lighted their cigars on its verge, setting a lady’s dress on fire by an accidental spark, or acting irresponsibly in the madness of *delirium tremens*. The powder, however, troubled my mind far less than the drinking, which was perpetual and contagious, and wrecked some hopeful lives before we sighted Cape Otway. The way of preserving passengers from moral deterioration, specially of this kind, and of making a long voyage something better than a blot or a vacuum in life, is a problem yet unsolved, especially in ships carrying few passengers.

We sailed with a light, fair wind, so light and fair in the main that we ran down to the tropics with sky and stun-sails set, swaying lazily through the horse latitudes,\* helped not overmuch by very light N.E. trades, and hindered not unreasonably by the calms of the Doldrums. There was never a solitary foam-cap, and the sensation was that of being endlessly becalmed.

The sea was not new to me. I had crossed the Atlantic eight times, and had coasted along North

America, from Labrador to Florida, and had only just returned from a health-seeking cruise of six months in a steamer trading between the Mediterranean and North American ports; so, after a few days spent in making acquaintance with the sails, rigging, etc., of a full-rigged ship, and in finding that on the whole I must depend entirely on my own resources, I gauged those resources somewhat anxiously. The first was my own attendant, a pious, sensible, shrewd Scotchwoman, with much pathos and humour; but she was sea-sick in her cabin the whole voyage, and her place was supplied by a rough, coarse woman, whose footstep at my door gave me what she herself would have called a “scunner.” Needlework, on which I had placed much reliance for deck occupation, also proved a failure. Needles rusted, calico became damp, and fancy work discoloured. Of books I had too few, but as a result the few were re-read and studied. I may safely place the Bible first, for its eternal freshness never had been so fresh, its “great biography” so full of lessons. When surrounding circumstances were specially uncongenial, and the never-distant “strife of tongues” waxed loudest, I read and was comforted. Then followed the Prayer Book, the “De Imitatione Christi,” whose worldly wisdom seems as if it could hardly have been bred within the cloister; “Colloquia Peripatetica,” a reservoir of suggestive thoughts; “Tricotrin;” Keble’s “Christian Year;” Tennyson’s Poems, and Carlyle’s “French Revolution.” Of this last fascinating book I allowed myself two chapters daily, read three times over, and the fixed hour given to it was the most delightful of the day. But ordinary and even careful reading cannot combat the numb influences of ship-board, and the lassitude of the tropics.

After running through the calm belt of Cancer, one morning we found ourselves in a new world. The heavy skies, the sultry damp, the murky sun, the swaying quicksilver sea, were all gone. The north-east trades were crisping the surface of a deep blue ocean; the sky overhead was cloudless; flying fishes fluttered alongside: here and there the silver lustre and classical forms of dolphins gleamed above the joyous water; porpoises raced our ship, and revelled in uncouth sport; every sail drew, and the water rippled musically as our magnificent clipper, under her cloud of canvas, slipped through the sea. We were on one of the great highways of navigation, and numerous vessels were spoken daily, most of them outward bound. It was very cheerful. One day we passed a Brazilian steamer, near enough to see the colours of the dresses of her lady passengers, and to hear music on board, and at the same time fourteen sailing vessels were in sight, some of them so near us that we could read their name-boards. The phrase “boundless expanse of ocean” is on every tongue, but in plain prose the eye of a man of average height, standing on our lofty poop, could only see six miles in any direction.

We got the N.E. trades in lat. 26° 38' N., and lon. 21° 58' W., and lost them again in lat. 14° 62' N., lon. 27° 4' W. They had carried us well into the torrid zone, the broiling belt, 2,820 miles in depth, and quietly deposited us there. We were then nearly in the belt of calms between the N.E. and S.E. trades, which is always N. of the equator, but changes its northern limit with the seasons. A few intolerable days passed, and then we caught the S.W. monsoon, and made a long track towards the Guinea coast, running

\* The “Calms of Cancer,” an ocean region north of the N.E. trades, called by the above ludicrous name because ships carrying horses to the West were often detained so long by calms that fodder and water ran short, and they were obliged to throw the animals overboard.

as far east as lon.  $18^{\circ} 17'$  w. The monsoon weather was squally and showery, and the wind always had a tendency to haul ahead, so that the ship was often sailing as nearly close-hauled as was possible; reined in sharp, in fact, with the short, jerky motion peculiar to these circumstances. So comparatively perfect are seamen now in the art of navigating both Atlantics, in consequence of the mass of information accumulated by scientific observations made in large numbers, and recorded during a succession of years by practical seamen, under the auspices of the governments of Britain, America, Holland, and France, and by scientific expeditions, such as those of the *Challenger*, that people speak familiarly of the currents, depths, and temperatures of every ocean.

The sea, therefore, comes to mean not "an idle waste of endless brine," but a well understood highway, on which one's position is as surely found as if it were marked by mile-stones. However, the researches of scientific men would have failed to bring about this result had it not been for the extraordinary perfection to which nautical instruments have been brought. Long ago, when I used to watch ships getting an offing in the Channel, when bound for India or Australia, I supposed their voyages to be merely haphazard work, aiming at a definite point by the shortest route, but perpetually thwarted in attaining it. So, in fact, it was in great measure, but the shortest way (down the middle of the Atlantic, with a sharp turn round the Cape) was so emphatically the longest, that a voyage which our clippers perform in from seventy to eighty days not infrequently took five months.

At the end of the last century the case was worse, for captains *guessed* nearly as much as they *calculated* the position of their ships, and when a vessel from London to New York made Boston it was not thought a bad landfall. In fact, there are many instances of ships navigating the Atlantics being  $6^{\circ}$ ,  $8^{\circ}$ , and even  $10^{\circ}$  of longitude out of their reckoning in as many days from port. The *regularity* of certain winds was little understood, specially of the southern passage winds, which take ships eastward in a definite southern latitude at a rate of 300 miles a day. The powerful effect of the *constant* currents of various regions of the Atlantics was either unknown or not taken advantage of. Chronometers were a debatable experiment, the nautical ephemeris was itself so faulty as to give tables which indicated errors of thirty miles in the longitude, and the rude "cross staff," "back staff," "sea ring," and "mariner's bow" had not yet given place to the nicer sextant and circle of reflection of the present day, and erred as much by *degrees* as these do by *minutes*. The Gulf Stream itself, which has had a most powerful effect on North Atlantic commerce, was first utilised by Dr. Franklin as a means of acquainting mariners with their longitude; but his discoveries were made in the troublous year of 1775, and for political reasons were concealed till 1790.

By 1795, when this current was practically as well understood by seamen as it is now, the northern ports of the United States had become as accessible in winter as in summer, the average passages from Europe to the north were shortened nearly one-half, while those to the south were scarcely altered, and a heavy blow was struck at the commerce of the Carolinas. One can imagine how many of the bluff old navigators, who had been content to knock about in ice and snow in their bluff-

bowed ships for half the winter on a single outward voyage, and were not much disturbed at last by finding themselves  $10^{\circ}$  out in their reckoning, must have ridiculed the notion of shortening the voyage, and finding their longitude and proximity to the American continent by means of the water thermometer! Nor is it only the Gulf Stream which has been thus utilised. Currents near the equator are of great service, and so perfect now are nautical tables and instruments that a seaman can detect with great certainty the direction and velocity of every current which thwarts or aids him. A vessel bound from Sierra Leone to New York has been known to be drifted 1,600 miles of her way by the force of currents only. This certainty about the ocean and its atmosphere, and the study of the persevering scientific investigations which have brought it about, do more to redeem a long voyage from monotony than all the amusements which can be devised.

When we lost the monsoon, and were fairly in the Doldrums, all previous resources for employing time failed, and hard work became essential. I had "Chambers' Arithmetic" and a book on logarithms, to which I gave two hours of honest work daily, but the books which served me longest and best, and which I reserved for the hottest spell of the day, were Maury's wind and current charts, with the accompanying letterpress, the charts of both Atlantics, and North and South Atlantic directories, and the "Nautical Almanack," in the study of all of which the captain kindly assisted me. It was possible to forget the heat in working at these studies, and I felt daily grateful to the friend who before my voyage said to me, "Don't try to get rid of your time—try to make the best use of it you can."—"An advice" I would repeat with emphasis.

Common consent has divided off the ocean into belts or regions, such as the horse latitudes, the trade-wind regions, the variables, and the "Doldrums." We had passed through the three first, and during many days spent in the last learned the absolute fitness of the word "doldrums" for describing a phase of human temperament. These Doldrums are under what has been termed the equatorial cloud-ring, a belt of clouds which encircles the earth. The atmosphere was dense and close; two torrents of rain which fell, accompanied by thunder, hardly refreshed it; there was no air above or below; the sea swayed heavily, like quicksilver rather than water, reflecting with an unwholesome, metallic lustre a white, fierce, nearly vertical sun, which hurried out of sight at 6 p.m. without colour or glory. A hot mist which came on every evening shut out the stars. In the daytime the mercury stood at  $93^{\circ}$  in the cabins, and at anything short of the boiling-point on deck; at night, though it sank to  $84^{\circ}$  below, the difference was hardly perceptible, owing to the smell of paraffin lamps and the fumes of brandy and whisky. The effervescing drinks had been forgotten, and we drank lukewarm, reddish water, and bathed in salt water at  $80^{\circ}$ , sticky and unrefreshing, and had oil for butter. There is one scientific fact for which no one in the equatorial Doldrums can but thank the *Challenger*—i.e., that while the surface temperature is  $80^{\circ}$ , if one could dive sixty fathoms one would be cooled by water at  $61^{\circ}5$ , while at 1,600 fathoms it is only  $36^{\circ}$ , below which it falls nearly to freezing.

Sluggishness and lassitude assailed every one; the consumption of spirits increased; people became



surly, bearish, quarrelsome; the officers swore at the men; the apprentices dozed at the wheel; the awning and sails flapped as incessantly as the rudder creaked; the yards were braced continually to catch every flaw of wind; but though we really never drifted less than twenty-four miles a day, we were to all appearances as idle as the ship of the "Ancient Mariner." In my father's parish, in Huntingdonshire, the men who did not go to church had a habit of grouping themselves round their own or their neighbours' pig-styes, leaning over the palings, and contemplating the pigs with unwavering attention during the long summer Sunday afternoons. This always impressed me as a low habit, with something "lapsed" about it; and in my mind these pig-fanciers came to seem little higher than the brutes they studied. I do not know what there was in the Doldrums to bring pigs and men together, but it is certain that for some time my fellow-passengers spent hours of the day gazing into the pig-pen, with the same stolidity of face, the same rigidity of muscle, and the same unflinching attention as characterised the Huntingdonshire rustics. I looked in once myself, and saw only a palpitating heap of swine, loaded with fat, gasping in the sun. On the whole, the Doldrums are answerable for a great deal of mental and moral deterioration. People wagered that they would drink some incredible quantity of beer and brandy—and won; some growled at the food; others anathematised the heat and the winds; and smouldering antipathies broke into open quarrels. We had only a few days of this weather, and were never literally stationary. Formerly, before the winds and currents were as well known as they now are, ships were often becalmed for a month, or even six weeks, in this doleful region, and many of the weak and exhausted perished on their way to the Golden Land.

On Friday, August 9th, things seemed going fast "to the bad." People were all cross, the captain was paler than usual, more brandy was drunk, and at all hours sails and awning flapped heavily, yards and rudder creaked incessantly; and though I studied savagely for ten hours, and tried to imitate in this respect every good example I had ever read or heard of, I felt the intolerable discomfort of the "Doldrums" all the time. The evening set in as usual with a hot, heavy mist, but when the captain was giving me my usual lesson upon one of Maury's charts, he remarked that he expected the s.e. trades the next day. As his expectations had been equally definite regarding the n.e. trades and the monsoon, and turned out to be well grounded, so they proved correct in this and every later instance of prophecy, the fact being that the wind-and-current system of the South is much better defined and more constant than that of the North. The phosphorescence that night was splendid, and as the mist lifted we saw it light up the silver sea far away, and roll in our wake, not in stars, but in great oblongs of pale fire. "Dead Horse Night" was duly observed. The unfortunate animal gave some spasmodic, dying kicks, and was then supposed to reappear as the effigy of a sailors' boarding-house keeper, dangling from the foretopsail yardarm under the full glare of a blue light, and then dropping ignominiously into the sea, amidst the cheers of the crew, a laughable commentary on "advance notes." The mercury in my cabin stood at 86°. It was a dreary night, the silence only broken by the creaking of the rudder.

Quite suddenly I heard a low musical ripple, which increased rapidly in strength; there were noises on the poop of many feet and many voices; the crew were singing and hauling with a will; and when I went on deck all the light and fair wind hamper of stun-sails had vanished, and the ship was in the act of "going about" under royals on a course W. half S. on a long tack to the Brazils. "Cheerily, cheerily oh!" How the yards came round! The beautiful White Ben once more felt her pinions, for in lat. 4° 54' n., and lon. 18° 16' w., we had got the s.e. trades. Down tumbled the thermometer 6° in two hours, the ocean rippled crisply, the mist and foulness of the atmosphere were all gone, and before the first rose flush of the tropic sunrise, unfamiliar constellations were withdrawing their unfamiliar glitter, demonstrating that we were fast leaving the northern hemisphere.

Southward and westward still as the hours went by. We were on a great ocean highway, and ran winning races with eight or ten ships a day, instead of having long conversations with vessels lying nearly alongside of us in the Doldrums. The captain looked serene, and even condescended to join the passengers in a game at "The wrang sow by the lug."

All the readers of the "Leisure Hour" have read of, heard of, or experienced the ceremonies observed in crossing the "line." Formerly they were of such a brutal and hateful description, that there have been instances in which they have proved fatal to sensitive and delicate persons. Time has ameliorated them generally, but still it was necessary for the law to step in and prohibit the application of the equatorial rites to passengers, unless their willing consent was previously obtained, so that they have fallen into comparative disuse on board passenger ships. The White Ben, however, on this voyage was an exception to this rule, for she had a young and lively crew, including several frolicsome apprentices with dramatic tastes, and as there were a few novices before the mast, and several of the intermediate passengers were good-naturedly willing to go through the ceremonies, and even two of the cabin passengers, the thing promised much excitement. Women, and passengers who had crossed the line, were mulcted in a bottle of brandy each, but as the captain doled it out at the rate of a small glass a day only to each man, no evil results were apparent. For several days before we reached the equator the ignorant were being imposed on in the usual way. Some were made to look through a telescope across which a hair had been stretched; others were told that they would hear the ship's keel grate upon the line as we crossed; and my attendant came to me in great alarm because the first-mate had told her that we should strike heavily on the line, that the ship would be "taken aback anyhow," because the captain did not know within a mile where the line was; that we should lose some of our heavy spars, and any one who happened to be on deck would be likely to be killed.

Our last night in the northern hemisphere was superb: the moonlight such as is not seen out of the tropics; and the Southern Cross was still sufficiently unfamiliar to be an object of intense interest. The sea rolled in small waves crested with light; and our noble clipper, white like a snow-drift from bulwarks to skysails, left a stream of phosphorescence in her wake. That night was the poem of our voyage.



*By permission.]*

**NOT QUITE WELL.**

**[C. Crawford.]**

## VIVISECTION.

THE Report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the subject of Vivisection proves that the alarm in the public mind was well founded. Ten years ago the horrible cruelties perpetrated in Continental schools of medicine were almost unknown in this country. A few pupils of foreign physiologists have since introduced courses of "practical physiology" and multifarious experiments into England.

That there is an utterly different standard of opinion and of feeling abroad from what has happily prevailed hitherto in our country, is proved by the testimony of Dr. Klein, the German assistant of Dr. Burdon-Sanderson, engaged in such researches. The "Times," which has too much lent its influence to the specious pretensions of "experimental physiology," has no excuse to offer for Dr. Klein's honest avowal of indifference to moral, as interfering with scientific, motives. "Dr. Klein, Assistant Professor at the Laboratory of the Brown Institution, and one of the authors of a 'Handbook for the Physiological Laboratory,' was examined before the Commission. On the shorthand writer's notes of his evidence being sent to him, he made so many and such material alterations that the Commissioners declined to accept them, and have printed the shorthand report in their notes of evidence, and Dr. Klein's corrected version in their Appendix. It is quite sufficient, however, for the purpose of the argument, to quote Dr. Klein's own version of his answers. He is said to be personally an estimable and humane man, yet he informs the world in his version that an investigator 'generally chloroforms a dog, when he experiments on a dog, for convenience sake, in order not to be disturbed by the howling and the resistance, and so with cats. . . . And just as little as a sportsman or a cook goes inquiring while the sportsman is hunting or the cook putting a lobster into boiling water, just as little as one may expect these persons to go inquiring into the detail of the feeling of the animal, just as little can the physiologist or the investigator be expected to devote time and thought to inquiring what this animal feels while he is doing the experiment." An investigator, he further says, as distinct from a teacher, "has no occasion to use anæsthetics, except from the real necessity of the case, and when severely painful operations are in question." He was upon this asked whether that was really the only reason he could give for not using anæsthetics, and he replied, "It is, to a great extent; it is the chief reason, I should say; there is no place for considering that point." This cannot be regarded as less than a distinct avowal by a prominent scientific authority that investigators cannot be expected to trouble themselves about the pain they may inflict, even so far as to make a point of employing anæsthetics; and even in the mitigated version we have quoted, it will be felt to deserve Lord Carnarvon's reprobation as "detestable."

Thirty years ago the medical profession, with scarcely an exception, was unanimous in condemning the practice of Vivisection. In the "Medico-Chirurgical Review" (vol. 36, new series), then the most influential organ of professional opinion, the editors, referring to experiments on the brain by M. Longuet, of Paris, said: "We cannot conceal our abhorrent dislike of what the French call Vivisection, in which unoffending brutes are made the victims of the most

shocking sufferings, and all with the view of advancing science!"

In strange contrast with this generous expression of sentiment was an article in the "British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review" for April, 1875, the writer of which brought the subject down to the Bob Sawyer level of intellect and taste. The practice of vivisection has now apologists among the chiefs of the profession, although no new arguments can be adduced, or results shown, to justify the change of view. Mr. Ernest Hart, one of the medical deputations to Lord Carnarvon, said (we quote from the "Times"): "Experiment on living animals, instead of constituting a reproach, was one of the chief grounds of the claim of medicine to gratitude, and had been the chief instrument in its progress." This assertion has been made with a confidence which misleads the public mind, and which even had sinister influence upon the Royal Commissioners, some of whom professed to be wholly in the hands of the medical profession as to the truth of the alleged discoveries. The perpetual reference to Harvey's discovery, two hundred years ago, might have led some to suspect the abundant fruitfulness of this mode of research. How far this is the case let the reader judge from the following letter, which appeared in the "British Medical Journal," the journal of the British Medical Association, October, 30th, 1875.

## VIVISECTION: ITS CLAIMS AND RESULTS.

Sir Charles Bell has left on record an express declaration that his great discovery was due not to experiment, but to observation. A few experiments were afterwards made, not for his own conviction, but for the satisfaction of others. He, therefore, protested against the statement of a foreign reviewer, that the results were in favour of vivisection. "They are, on the contrary," he said, "deductions from anatomy"; adding that "experiments on living animals have done more to perpetuate error than to enforce the just views taken from anatomy and the natural sciences." Certain it is that this method of research is subject to many fallacies, and that its advantages have been greatly exaggerated. Dr. Prichard, in reviewing the researches of Flourens, Serres, Bouillaud, and other experimenters, says:—"The results thus obtained not only differ in essential respects from each other, but are completely opposed to conclusions deduced from minute and careful observation of pathological facts." A more recent French physiologist, M. Colin, admits this uncertainty of results. "Often the same experiment repeated twenty times gives twenty different results, even when the animals are placed apparently in the same conditions. It may even happen that the same experiment gives contradictory results." To the same effect, Legallois had formerly said:—"I had almost as many results as experiments, and at length resolved to abandon this method of inquiry, not without regret at having sacrificed a vast number of animals and lost much time." It is not surprising, therefore, that Dr. Carpenter says:—"Almost all our knowledge of the laws of life must be derived from observation only. Experimentation can conduct us very little farther in this inquiry." And again:—"On such subjects as the functions of the different parts of the encephalon, I do not believe that experiment can give trustworthy results, since violence to one part cannot be put in practice without functional disturbance of the rest. Here I consider that a careful anatomical examination of the progressively complicated forms of the encephalon, from fishes up to man—experiments, as Cuvier calls them, ready prepared by nature—is far more likely than any number of experiments to elucidate the problem."



Still there are found men, impelled by scientific zeal and ambition, who renew the Sisyphean labour, hoping to solve the mysteries that have baffled their predecessors. Let such men hear the words of the old Roman Celsus:—"It is alike unprofitable and cruel to experiment with the knife on living bodies, so that the art which is designed for the protection and relief of suffering is made to inflict injury, and that of the most atrocious nature. Of the things sought for by these cruel practices, some are altogether beyond the reach of human knowledge, and others could be ascertained without the aid of such nefarious means. The appearances and conditions of the parts of a living body thus examined must be very different from what they are in their natural state. If in the entire and uninjured body we can often, by external observation, perceive remarkable changes produced from fear, pain, hunger, weariness, and a thousand other affections, how much greater must be the changes induced by the dreadful wounds and cruel mangling of the dissector in internal parts whose structure is far more delicate, and which are placed in circumstances altogether unnatural?" The vivisectioners of those days had human subjects to operate upon, condemned malefactors being given over to them, especially in the school of Alexandria. The differences of structure and function in the lower animals must give the less chance of light being thrown on human physiology.

These remarks I make not as an opponent of experiment, but to remind those who have not closely studied the question of the fallacies of this mode of inquiry. That some discoveries are due to experimental physiology no one will deny; but the number and importance of these discoveries are grossly exaggerated. In an early number of the "British Medical Journal" for 1875, a list was given of "discoveries due to vivisection." Not one in ten of these alleged discoveries can be truly affirmed to be due to experiment alone. By far the largest number are equally due to observation, either by anatomical research, as in the case of Sir Charles Bell, or in the ordinary way of clinical and pathological study.

But it is not the object of this letter to discuss with physiologists the precise number or importance of discoveries thus made. Granting at present all that can be said in favour of vivisection as a legitimate and useful mode of inquiry, I wish to appeal to the profession on the subject of abuses of very recent growth. Ten years ago, when Dr. Markham of St. Mary's Hospital published his prize essay, he said that "experiments performed before students, in classes or otherwise, for the purpose of demonstrating known facts in physiology or therapeutics, are unjustifiable." Dr. Markham says of such operations:—"They are needless and cruel; needless, because they demonstrate that which is already acquired to science; and especially cruel because, if admitted as a recognised part of students' instruction, their constant repetition through all time would be required." Then, in parenthesis, he adds:—"I need hardly say that courses of experimental physiology are nowhere given in this country; and that these remarks apply only to those schools in France and elsewhere where such demonstrations are delivered."

What is the state of matters now? and to what length could the imitators and pupils of foreign vivisectioners have gone but for the protest of public opinion, which gave origin to the Royal Commission? The publication of the report of that Commission will begin rather than end this controversy. It is difficult to obtain direct evidence of what is done, and those who used to be boastful among their brethren of the number of their experiments are now cautious and reticent. But the publication of such a book as the "Handbook for the Physiological Laboratory" suffices to show the nature and extent of the evils against which the public voice has been raised.

The appeal against the abuse of vivisection must be made to the medical profession itself, either to the members individually or to the Medical Councils and official bodies. It is not a question of science against sentiment; true science is on the side of humanity on this point. Professor Owen has thus recorded his

views:—"I reprobate the performance of experiments to show the students what such experiments have taught the master; whilst the arguments for learning to experiment by repeating experiments on living animals are as futile as those for so learning to operate chirurgically." Professor George Wilson, in his "Life of Dr. John Reid," says that, to encourage students to engage in such researches, is "putting a premium upon animal torture and animal murder." Sir Robert Christison objects to all public demonstrations by experiment on living animals, and has always done so. These exhibitions are, therefore, against the highest scientific opinions, and are justly characterised as wanton and cruel.

I do not think that the depth and strength of popular feeling as to the abuses of vivisection are sufficiently known to the medical profession. Foolish things may have been said, and extreme opinions urged by those who advocate the total abolition of vivisection. But, apart from this popular and sometimes ignorant clamour, there is a public opinion not to be despised. Sir Arthur Helps gave expression to the feeling prevalent among men of culture in all professions when he said that "any man known to have practised needless cruelties on animals should be placed under a social ban." It is very certain that the whole tone and standing of the profession may be lowered from being associated in the public mind with these horrors. It was not by mere technical knowledge and skill that the medical profession obtained and kept the high place that it holds in English life and history. There has been always a succession of men of high standing, scholars, and gentlemen, men also as conspicuous for their generous and humane character as for professional acquirements. It was when the associate of such men that Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote his celebrated paper on Vivisection (No. 17 of the "Idler"), describing "a race of wretches among the inferior professors of medical knowledge," who, by knife, fire, and poison, sought the advancement of knowledge. He would not have written thus if the higher grades of the profession approved such practices. There has been always in the provinces also a succession of medical men, high in character as well as attainments—men like Cotton of St. Albans, Hey of Leeds, Bardsley of Manchester, and others—whose names are yet held in honour. These men gave tone to the whole profession in the spheres of their influence. There are men of the same stamp now in all parts of England, who could maintain the same high tone in our provincial medical associations. To them this appeal is made to resist the influence of those who would hold up as the great lights and ornaments of the profession men like Magendie and Schiff, instead of men like Bell and Abercrombie. If a new epoch of medical history in England is to be begun, let it at least not be without a protest being heard.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D. EDIN.

Among the grants of money made by the Council of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, a sum has for several years been voted for experiments on the functions of different parts of the encephalon. Are there no men of science now on the Council to protest against such a grant? Surely there must also be many men of cultivated and humane minds in the medical profession, who would side rather with the old English than with the new French school of physiology. Surely there are many who do not think physical research to be synonymous with *all* science and philosophy, and who still recognise moral law amidst the materialism of the present day. The new Act of Parliament will leave vivisectioners, in their licensed places, free to perform all experiments to which the inspectors do not object. These inspectors are not likely to interfere with the professors of physiology and their pupils. The "Handbook for the Physiological Laboratory" contains a terrible record of cruelties which will



still be witnessed in "licensed places." It is the duty of all who wish the existing evils abated, to diffuse information on the subject, among professional as well as non-professional readers. Professors of physiology may speak with contemptuous independence, but medical men in general will find they are not acting wisely in this matter if they set themselves in hostility to public opinion and right feeling, as well as to the voice of the best class of medical men in former days. (See articles in "Medico-Chirurgical Review," *ut supra*.) The importation of vivisection to our medical schools is new, and it is bad, and the less it spreads the better for the humane and honourable profession upon which it is bringing a cloud.

## THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION OF AN OXFORD D.D., AND FELLOW OF QUEEN'S.

### II.

IT happened, then, that many, many springs ago, so many that it almost seemed to him as if they had belonged to a previous phase of existence, the mother of Dr. M., a widow lady, enjoying an ample jointure, adopted a pretty, fair-haired little girl, about five years old. Lucy Barton was an orphan. A maternal aunt had hitherto done her best to provide for the child, but she, too, had passed away; and had not Mrs. M. providentially appeared for her succour, the poor child must have been consigned to that horror of true English hearts—the workhouse.

Lucy found a comfortable home with her kind protectress, whose cares she soon repaid by her winning, affectionate ways. Mrs. M. caused her to be well instructed and properly trained in principles and habits of rectitude and piety; and Robert M., then about ten years old, took especial pains in teaching the little Lucy all that he himself had learned, even to the rudiments of Latin; and during his vacations from Eton, gave to her a large portion of his time. Lucy, who was a quick, intelligent child, grew much attached to the wayward, over-indulgent boy, who never showed to her aught but kindness, and made her studies quite easy and delightful to her.

Years passed happily on, and Robert went up to Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself by his predilection for antiquarian lore; and still in the vacations he instructed Lucy, and deeply imbued her mind with a taste for the pursuits which so engrossed his own. Whether she really liked the study of antiquity, or only forced her attention to it to please her young preceptor, is a question; but they pored together for hours over musty relics, and fancied they were enlightened by their researches.

Mrs. M. watched with great and growing interest the opening mind of her *protégée*, and already anticipated the time when Lucy should hold to her a nearer relationship. Robert was always reserved, but she saw that he admired Lucy's simple beauty, and appreciated her many amiable qualities; and the mother resolved to let them take their course, and not even to hint her wishes, at least not yet; meanwhile, she would be watchful and observant.

But Lucy had unhappily inherited her mother's delicacy of constitution, and her kind protectress often had fears on her account.

One day, Lucy having left the room hastily, the

mother and son, being left alone, glanced at each other, and read the mutual thought.

"Don't you think, mother, that Lucy is looking very delicate?" asked he. "I have long noticed that her appetite is almost gone, and she cannot work or walk with me as she used to do. If anything should befall Lucy, I should never be happy again. Next to you she is the only being I have ever cared for, or ever can care for."

"Your confidence and your choice delight me, Robert," returned Mrs. M.; "especially since Lucy ceased to be a child I have watched her narrowly, and only to continually rejoice at the dispositions and amiable qualities she displays. Yes, Robert, I am rejoiced, but Lucy is yet too young for her mind to be disturbed by such thoughts; however, in two or three years, should all be well, I should like her to know your sentiments towards her; for the present, go on as usual, and treat her with brotherly kindness, as you have ever done."

"Two or three years, mother!" echoed Robert; "I cannot wait so long as that; if you wish it, I will promise you not to speak to Lucy on the subject nearest to my heart for *one* year; I cannot say more."

"Very well, Robert," replied Mrs. M., "so be it; and I shall comfort myself with the idea that when it shall please God to take me to my home, I shall leave you with one the study of whose life will ~~be~~ I feel confident, to make you happy."

Robert smiled; and as Lucy re-entered the room the subject was dropped.

The advance of more genial weather appeared to realise Mrs. M.'s prediction; and as the young girl felt the sweet influence of the spring, her bloom and her spirits returned; and the summer and autumn passed happily away.

Robert faithfully kept his promise to his mother; but actions, if not words, had revealed to Lucy the desire of his heart, and when, with his mother's full approbation, he asked Lucy to become his wife, even maidenly modesty could scarcely restrain the joyous expression which marked her acceptance of his suit. But ere the year closed, a sad change came o'er the dream of life of the attached youth and maiden, and blighted all their future.

In the early autumn Mrs. M. was indisposed. At first her illness was not considered serious, but as time progressed, the fears of those who loved her so well were aroused; change of climate was prescribed for her, but she entreated, with such mournful earnestness, not to be forced to leave her house, that her medical advisers acceded to her request, not without feeling that her rapidly-increasing illness almost precluded the possibility of her removal.

And so, before Christmas came—the hallowed anniversary which had always been celebrated so joyously by the trio—Mrs. M. had sunk under her illness, to the deep and enduring grief of her son and adopted daughter.

On her death-bed Mrs. M. had conjured Robert and Lucy to marry immediately on the expiration of the first year of mourning—she would have urged their being united even before her departure, but latterly the sad transitions of her illness had been so rapid and so violent that even the thought of such a step seemed out of place.

"Promise me, Robert," said the dying mother, "that Lucy, and she alone, shall be your wife, and

that you will continue to live here. I should scarcely die happily, if I thought you would desert the old home."

"Make your mind perfectly easy on that head, dear mother," replied Robert; "as I told you long ago, Lucy, and none other, shall be my wife, and she would be as unwilling as I should to quit our beloved home."

"Thanks, Robert," feebly responded his mother. "One thing more; our faithful old Martha, who has tended you from your birth, must still remain with you, and when Lucy and you are married, she will be to your family what she has ever been to mine—a trustworthy, sincere friend. I have provided for her."

"Your wishes shall in every point be religiously observed, dear mother; it will be Lucy's desire as well as mine," replied Robert.

The sufferer smiled calmly, as she closed her eyes, and murmured, "Now I have done with earth, and almost heaven seems to dawn upon me."

From the hour of Mrs. M.'s death a blight seemed to fall upon Lucy; this young girl deeply mourned the loss of her kind benefactress, and though she tried to stifle her excessive sorrow when Robert was present, inwardly she grieved and pined; nor could his extreme devotion to her, nor his assiduous care for her comfort and welfare, avail to arrest the disease which was sapping the foundations of her life. In the ensuing spring her fatal symptoms reappeared, and she, too, passed away, like a flower, withered ere it be fully blown.

Old Martha did her utmost to assuage her young master's grief at this double bereavement, but within a year of the death of her beloved mistress and Lucy, she also died, and Robert was left to tread life's wilderness alone. His taste for solitude and retirement returned upon him with redoubled force; he shut himself up entirely in his then desolate home, and refused all external comfort and consolation.

But when the first anguish of his grief was lulled—deadened even by its indulgence—Robert bethought him of his lost mother's earnest wish, her anxious ambition that her son should distinguish himself in his University career. With a sort of stolid determination he worked on, term after term, till he had attained his object; then the unnatural strain, which despair and excitement had prompted, suddenly gave way, and a total collapse of his energies succeeded. From this state of partial apathy and utter indifference to the ordinary concerns of life Robert never rallied, and by degrees he became the misanthropic, strange being we knew in after years—knew, and really pitied him sincerely.

There had been germs of good in his character, but they had never been fully developed, and the demolition of his hopes at the outset of his career had soured and embittered his spirit, and precluded his enjoying with gratitude the many mercies and blessings which still remained to him.

It seemed almost incredible that the bowed-down, prematurely-aged man whom we now could be the same person who had once been an affectionate son and a deeply attached lover!

When Dr. M. first became our inmate his visits were usually confined to the Sunday and Monday in each week; but, as he grew more familiar with us, he sometimes popped in unexpectedly, at odd times, assured of a pleasant welcome.

One such mid-week visit I distinctly recollect. My mother and I had planned to spend the following afternoon with a friend residing at some distance, when Dr. M.'s well-known knock put all such notions to flight. He looked pleased when he entered the room, and after the usual salutations he took a chair by my side, and with a mysterious and somewhat pompous air, he drew from his pocket a small parcel very carefully tied up, saying, as he did so, "Ah, my dear Miss Florence"—he had never addressed me so before—"you little think what a treasure I have here; you would never guess what it is."

"Then it is useless my attempting to do so, Dr. M.," I replied, visions of jewellery which had once been his mother's, or perhaps a relic of her needlework, floating indistinctly in my mind.

"Neither, I am sure, could you guess, Mrs. Prior, though your instincts are wonderfully acute," said Dr. M., turning towards her.

"Shall I try?" asked she, as the doctor was leisurely untying his precious package. "I opine it is some curious piece of embroidery, perhaps—"

"No, no," interrupted Dr. M., "nothing so trivial. I am going to ask you to do me a very great favour, my dear Miss Florence," and he looked at me very oddly.

"Certainly, Dr. M., if it is in my power," I replied. "Tell me what it is."

"You are the only person in the world I could or would ask to do me this great favour," pursued Dr. M.; "and if I did not know you to be as amiable as you are talented, I should hesitate to ask even you."

I was mystified; my visions of jewellery dissolved, and I am afraid an almost contemptuous smile curled my lip as Dr. M. very carefully unfolded and displayed to us what looked exceedingly like a common handkerchief, such as people use for tying up bundles.

"There," he said, exultingly, "that handkerchief once actually belonged to the illustrious Belzoni! Many a time, no doubt, has he carried in it some of the invaluable relics he collected; for look!" and as he held the handkerchief up to the light, I saw that various rents of greater or lesser dimensions had marred its original beauty.

I tried to look more reverentially at the object in which Dr. M. took so deep an interest. To look concerned cost me no effort, for a change had come "o'er the spirit of my dream," and visions of many a tedious hour's work loomed in the distance.

"And you want me to try to repair these dilapidations for you, Dr. M.?" said I.

"If you would do me that extreme favour, my dear Miss Florence, I should be truly grateful to you; and you should have cause to remember my gratitude."

"Well, I will do my best to oblige you, Dr. M.," I replied, as I thought how differently the afternoon was to be passed from the way in which we had proposed to spend it.

This handkerchief was simply a dark blue linen one, checked with white. Fortunately, I had by me some blue Coventry thread, which I fetched, and set to work with a will, Dr. M. watching me delightedly, overy now and then remarking on the rapid movements of my fingers, as I darned away, and then crossed the patches with white thread, to restore the pattern. Dr. M. scarcely liked the interruption of dinner, though he was somewhat of a gourmand when

he met with a dish to his taste, and I could see that he was anxiously impatient for me to resume my employment. At length, after five hours' close working, my task was completed, and I left the room with the precious relic to get it smoothened with a hot iron, after which process the repairs were really scarcely noticeable. Dr. M.'s eyes followed me as I departed, and hailed my return so gladly, it seemed quite absurd. To describe his rapturous encomiums on my work is simply impossible. Had I portrayed a group of flowers so naturally as to deceive the very bees, my performance could not have been more applauded.

Again, soon afterwards, Dr. M. came to Windsor in the mid-week, and this time evidently in great perturbation and trouble, some burglars having attempted to break into his house. Fortunately, they had not succeeded in their design, or the poor doctor might not have lived to tell the tale; but they had dislodged some of the outer bars which secured the windows, and failing in their object of gaining an entrance, they had wrought great destruction in the grounds.

For two nights the solitary one had not ventured to go to bed, but through the night he waited and watched, with a loaded pistol on the table by him. All passed off quietly, and during the day he ventured to take a few hours' repose, but it was unrefreshing; and at night he resumed his vigil, and remained for some time in darkness, lest the glimmer of his lamp should scare away the would-be intruders. But he could not sit still long, and traversing the house in his state of nervous excitement, no wonder that he stumbled and fell down several steps, severely bruising his shoulder and arm. Acute pain was now added to his other discomforts, so having obtained a light, before daybreak he started to walk to Windsor, taking nearly double the time he usually occupied to complete the journey, and arriving at last in a most pitiable condition.

My kind-hearted mother did all she could for his relief, and prevailed over him to join us at dinner. Fortunately, we were alone. Dr. M. ate voraciously, for he was half famished, his small home-stores being exhausted, and he not daring to leave his fortress to replenish them. After dinner my mother procured some embrocation, and rubbed his injured arm and shoulder, and then persuaded him to lie down till tea-time. He did so, and awoke much refreshed and relieved, and in the evening asked me to play and sing as usual. Very willingly I complied; and for awhile the poor doctor seemed to forget his troubles.

As the evening wore on, however, he became restless and uneasy, and at last proposed setting out on his homeward walk of fifteen miles.

Of course we strongly dissuaded him, representing to him the dangers to which he would expose himself, and urged him to retire to rest, and to defer his journey until after breakfast next morning. At first he was angry, but soon changed his tone, and said "he would go to bed, and to sleep, and very probably he should not wake again."

At this we became dreadfully alarmed, but afterwards I played some of his favourite music, which had a really soothing effect on him; the harsh vindictive expression of his face softened, his hands relaxed their convulsive twitching, as in dreamy half-consciousness he listened, and then tired-out

nature asserted her right, and he slept in his chair.

My mother and I still watched, afraid to stir lest we should wake him, and neither of us daring to leave the room; only we prepared some strong coffee, which, indeed, we all required after our anxious vigil, and noiselessly replenishing the fire, we dozed and watched alternately, till past three in the morning. Then the poor doctor awoke, much refreshed and perfectly reasonable; he gratefully accepted a cup of coffee, and retired to his room, whence he did not make his appearance till about noon the next day.

For the first time since we had known Dr. M. he omitted his visit to Windsor on the following Sunday morning, and as the day wore away, and still he came not, we became seriously uneasy at his unwonted absence. We pictured to ourselves the probable return of the burglars, and thought it not unlikely they might have effected an entrance at some unguarded point in the lower regions of his house. And if they had, what was to prevent a perhaps fatal issue to the desperate encounter which was sure to take place. It was awful suspense, but there was no alternative but to wait awhile; only I wrote to Dr. M., stating our uneasiness at his absence, though uncertain whether my letter would reach him.

Wednesday brought the absentee, but he came with the gait and demeanour of a man oppressed by illness and heavy care. He growlingly acknowledged having picked up my letter, and seemed to wonder why we had wondered at his non-appearance on Sunday.

"Really, Dr. M.," said my mother, "we were so uneasy at your unusual absence, that Mr. Marton proposed going to H. to see whether any accident had befallen you."

"What should happen to me?" he asked, sullenly. "It is well for him he did not come."

Dinner, as usual, roused him a little, and he grew a trifle less morose, but it was evident his mind was more unsettled.

After this, Dr. M.'s misanthropic moods were of more frequent recurrence, and lasted longer. We seldom saw him more than once a-week, and sometimes even his Sunday visit was omitted. The autumn was passing away, and the weather becoming cold and chill, and he evidently found what had been a pleasant summer excursion *toute autre chose* in the damp raw mornings of October and November. Again he talked of shutting himself up in his dreary abode, saying that he had promised his mother never to leave it, and also that he would never marry, except the person of her choice; and although death had rendered the latter impossible, he still considered the promise binding upon him, and almost felt as if he were infringing upon it by permitting himself the indulgence of occasionally sharing our home, and enjoying the society of my mother and myself.

And thus the poor deluded man resigned himself to his morbid fancies, and each time that we saw him said that it would probably be *the last*, at all events until the next summer. We felt for and pitied him; we could not combat his decision.

Just at this period our London friends urged us to commence the school for which my sister and I had been educated, promising to place two pupils with us at once, with the prospect of several more, and requiring immediate decision.

Dr. M. seemed to be exceedingly disconcerted when he found that we were actually going to leave

Windsor, and said he should probably never enter it again. He begged us to write to him when we should be settled in our new abode, and again and again reiterated his promise of never forgetting our kind solicitude for him, which should be substantially remembered. He also said he would come and see us in the spring. And thus, with some mutual regrets and some misgivings, we parted.

One morning in the following spring a cab stopped at our door, and to our pleased astonishment we recognised in the gentleman who alighted from it our quondam friend, Dr. M.

He admired our pretty residence, seemed to be interested in our progress, and asked me to play for him a few of the old hymns; and while I did so my mother improvised a luncheon. He spent a couple of hours with us rationally and pleasantly enough, and promised to repeat his visit soon; asserted, too, that he should never forget his many and deep obligations to us. He said but little of his own affairs, and urged us to write to him frequently.

On the whole, he seemed much gratified with his visit, and, on leaving, he pressed a sovereign into my dear mother's hand, saying, "For the wine," and with renewed promises and protestations, he bade us a kindly farewell.

We never saw Dr. M. again.

We obeyed his injunctions to write to him frequently, but some letters were never answered. As they were not returned, we waited in expectation of his promised second visit, a promise he never fulfilled.

Time passed on; my sister left school, and joined my mother and myself in our educational labours. Seven years elapsed, and our first standard connection desired a change of residence to where the services of professors of greater eminence could be procured for our more advanced pupils.

But the difference in our expenses was so enormous, our rent and taxes being more than doubled, that, after a two years' trial, we decided to relinquish the school; and while my mother again received boarders, my sister and I went "to look at the world through the back windows," as governesses in families; she went to Norfolk, and I to Southampton. But my sister did not remain there long; in the following autumn, 1839, she married, and sailed for the Cape.

I remained for three years in my position, and then, my eldest pupil being "finished" for India, I rejoined my mother, who had for the same period been settled in London, and who then had an aged parent unexpectedly dependent upon her.

It must have been during this interval, I think in 1841, that, glancing at the "Morning Herald" (since, I believe, defunct), Dr. M.'s name caught my eye.

Eleven years had elapsed since we had seen or heard anything of Dr. M., for our letters had never been answered, and for some time we had ceased to write to him, and we knew of no channel through which to inquire about him.

And now my attention was arrested by a paragraph which stated that the will of the late very eccentric Rev. Dr. M., of H., near M., had been proved by a person of whose name we were wholly ignorant.

The statement went on to notify that the Museum of Antiquities, said to be the most valuable private collection in the kingdom, had been bequeathed by Dr. M. to Queen's College, Oxon, where he had

matriculated, but with which he had since held no connection; a large amount was likewise left to the college, I forget on what terms. Then a handsome legacy was devised to the Bodleian Library, Oxon, to be expended in books within a given period. Little else was there recorded; but as far as I could glean, no mention was made of the relations in Wales, to whom Dr. M. had requested my mother to write in the event of his decease, as they would inherit the bulk of his property; nor, what more nearly affected us, did our names appear as legatees.

In great consternation I wrote instantly to my mother, enclosing to her the paragraph, and begging her to lose no time in ascertaining the facts. Active and energetic ever, she needed no urging to dispatch; and accompanied by a quondam boarder at Windsor, Mr. Morton, together they searched the will at Doctors' Commons. Alas! with no favourable result. The above-mentioned bequests were rehearsed in due legal formula, and persons were named of whom we had never heard; but neither Dr. M.'s cousins nor ourselves were spoken of. I wrote to the trustees of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, telling, in plain terms, the simple story of our connection with the late Dr. M., and our heavy disappointment at his utter obliviousness of the essential services we had rendered to him, and his forgetfulness of his many promises to us, that those services, of which he well understood the full value, though we abstained from the slightest allusion to them, should ever be remembered, and substantially recompensed.

In due time a reply came; very courteous, almost kind; but, while regretting our severe disappointment, and feeling keenly that Dr. M. had been extremely blameworthy in so neglecting to fulfil promises which ought to have been held as sacredly binding upon him, especially considering the nature of some of the services rendered to him, the trustees were unable to divert from its destined purpose any portion of the munificent bequest of the late Dr. M. to their library. And so, with expressions of condolence the quite unofficial letter closed.

In 1843 I married, and shortly afterwards I saw a newspaper paragraph narrating the sad fact that Mrs. Belzoni, then growing aged, and afflicted with some of the infirmities almost inseparable from an advanced period of life, was residing in a continental city, almost in destitution, and saying what a reproach to the age it was that the widow, and often the intrepid companion of the illustrious traveller in his exploring expeditions, should be permitted to be thus situated.

Again I put myself in correspondence with the authorities at Oxford, and pleaded for help—not for myself or for those dear to me, but for the aged widow of one whom Dr. M. had almost worshipped, and, callous as he was in general, whom he must have felt it a sacred duty to assist. I only referred to our own disappointment sufficiently to explain *who* I was, and why I felt so deep an interest in the unknown stranger.

My letter was most courteously answered by the Rev. Dr. P., the respected Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, who seemed to enter fully into my feelings for the desolate one; but he, too, averred that no portion of that fund could be appropriated to her relief. At the same time, to show that he was in earnest in his expressions of sympathy, Dr. P. enclosed me a cheque for two guineas as his own donation towards



any fund I might inaugurate on Mrs. Belzoni's behalf. I promptly acknowledged his kindness, and wrote again in a few days to report progress.

My little fund was augmented from two guineas to five; still I felt that I was *nobody* to undertake such a mission, so I called on a clergyman whom I knew to ask his co-operation, but was refused on the plea that he was a Cambridge man, and Dr. M. had belonged to Oxford.

Grieved and annoyed at this rebuff, and anxious that the money, little as it was, should reach the needy widow, I took the bold resolve of calling on Sir Roderick Murchison—now, alas! no more—to ask his advice. Very courteously he accepted in trust my little fund, and promised that it should be forwarded to its destination, and further said that he would take care that Mrs. Belzoni's case should be represented in the proper quarter; and with mutual expressions of goodwill I took my leave of Sir Roderick, and heard no more of the matter.

"From small beginnings great events arise." Some months after the circumstances I have narrated had occurred, again a paragraph in the newspaper attracted my attention. It stated that a grant of £100 a-year for life had been made to Mrs. Belzoni, the aged widow of the late illustrious traveller!

How I rejoiced to see it! I scarcely dared venture to hope that my puny efforts had led, even remotely, to this most desirable result. But it was attained, and as I remembered Sir R. Murchison's promises, I felt with deep gratification that it *might* be even so, and thankful, indeed, I was to have been permitted to contribute in the slightest degree towards rendering comparatively easy and comfortable the declining years of the aged, unknown object of my solicitude.

One circumstance connected with Dr. M. I have omitted to mention, I must do so now. When we were assured of Dr. M.'s decease, my dear mother fulfilled his injunction, and wrote to his cousins in Wales, although their names did not appear in his will any more than our own.

The reply was from the son of the gentleman who had been named to us, and who stated that his father had died some time previously to his cousin, Dr. M., but that, although he inherited his father's right to be remembered in Dr. M.'s testamentary arrangements, he learned, with much sorrow at his kinsman's conduct, that such was not the case; and while condoling with us on the non-recognition of our claims to grateful remembrance, which, in point of magnitude, he acknowledged were prior even to those of consanguinity (though there had been ample means to satisfy both), Mr. T. concluded by saying that he supposed, from the solitary and unnatural life Dr. M. had led, that his intellect had become impaired, and that, in this semi-imbecile state, he had fallen an easy prey to other suggestions. We never heard whether Mr. T. took steps to ascertain the facts.

We had no alternative but to coincide in this opinion, and unfortunately our claims were of a nature that could only be advanced in a court of conscience. Failing that, we were compelled to submit to the unjust and cruel forgetfulness which had caused Dr. M. to ignore these claims. The only result derived from the whole affair was deeply impressing on our hearts the inspired words of the Psalmist—"Trust not in man, for there is no help in him."

## Varieties.

**Jews in Great Britain.**—The number of Jews in Great Britain has long been a source of doubt. No means are afforded to ascertain the exact number. We have, however, obtained from official sources certain figures which enable us to arrive at an approximate estimate. The total number of interments in Jewish congregations in Great Britain during 1875 was 1,230; of this total, 956 interments were in London. The annual rate of mortality among the general population of London is 24 per 1,000; assuming this to have been the death-rate among the Jewish population of Great Britain—and we apply this rate rather than a lower one, for Jews mostly reside in towns,—we ascertain that the approximate number of Jews in Great Britain is 51,250, and that of this number 39,833 reside in London.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

**CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.**—Mr. J. Dixon, Cannon Street, London, writes to the "Globe":—"While the Corporation of London are spending £25,000 on feasting, and the citizens will probably spend £10,000 more on Saturday in illuminations to commemorate our rejoicing at the happy return of the Prince of Wales from the East, will you kindly spare me a few lines to urge my fellow-countrymen to raise a more substantial and enduring memorial of this Eastern visit, by bringing home from Egypt, and placing in the new site opened up by the removal of Northumberland House, the long-proffered, but long-neglected Cleopatra's Needle, which lies at Alexandria waiting the orders of our Government! During my frequent visits to Egypt, I have taken a great interest in this obelisk. Indeed, it was I who went to the trouble and expense of uncovering the buried stone, and cleaning it so that it could be photographed, and I am ready to subscribe 500 guineas to any fund which may be formed to pay the cost of its removal to England."

**GORILLA.**—A young living gorilla was lately brought to Liverpool by the German Animal Society's expedition, which arrived by the steamship *Loanda*, from the West Coast. Mr. Moore, curator of the Free Public Museum, paid it a visit at Eberle's Alexandra Hotel, where it lodged with its keepers, and gave the following report:—"The animal is a young male in the most perfect health and condition, and measures nearly three feet in height. Its beetling brows, flattened podgy nose, black muzzle, small ears, and thick fingers, cleft only to the second joint, distinguish it unmistakably from the chimpanzee. Only one other specimen has been brought alive to England. In the winter of 1855-6 a young female gorilla, of much smaller size, was exhibited by the late Mrs. Wombwell in Liverpool and other places. It died in March, 1856, and was sent to Mr. Waterton, of Walton Hall, who preserved the skin for his own collection, and sent the skeleton to the Leeds Museum. This specimen I saw living in Liverpool, and dead at Walton Hall. All subsequent attempts to import the gorilla alive have failed; and, unfortunately, the British public will have no opportunity of profiting by the present success, as the members of the expedition, with commendable patriotism, are taking the animal, *via* Hull, to Berlin. Could it have graced our own Zoological Gardens it would have been the lion of the day; for, in addition to the great scientific interest of the species, the abounding life, energy, and joyous spirits of this example would have made it a universal favourite. Courteously received at Eberle's Alexandra Hotel by the members of the expedition, I found the creature romping and rolling in full liberty about the private drawing-room, now looking out of the window with all becoming gravity and sedateness, as though interested, but not disconcerted, by the busy multitude and novelty without, then bounding rapidly along on knuckles and feet to examine and poke fun at some new-comer; playfully mumbling at his calves, pulling at his beard (a special delight), clinging to his arms, examining his hat (not at all to its improvement), curiously inquisitive as to his umbrella, and so on with visitor after visitor. If he becomes over-excited by the fun, a gentle box on the ear would bring him to order like a child, like a child only to be on the romp again immediately. He points with the index finger, clasps with his hands, pouts out his tongue, feeds on a mixed diet, decidedly prefers roast meats to boiled, eats strawberries, as I saw, with delicate appreciativeness, is exquisitely clean and mannerly. The palms of his hands and feet are beautifully plump, soft, and black as jet. He has been eight months and a-half in the possession of the expedition, has grown some six inches in that time, and is supposed to be between two and three years of age."

# THE LEISURE HOUR

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BOOTLE IDENTIFIED.

## BOY AND MAN.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—"LIBERTY AND THE GOOSE!"

"After long storms and tempests overblown,  
The sun at length his joyous face doth clear;  
So when as Fortune all her spite hath shewne,  
Some blissful hours at last must needs appeare,  
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despair."

—*Spenser.*

THE next morning William Goodchild went to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and told Mr. Hawkes

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what he had done. He seemed very much annoyed. He supposed there was no help for it now; but it was a pity, he said, after waiting so long, to have made so poor an end of the business.

"My father thought there was no prospect of doing anything better," said Willy.

"Your father should have trusted me: I feel sure that I should have got him out of this scrape if he had had a little more patience. Slocum must have had some reason for being in such a hurry; he would



not have given this receipt in full if he had not been anxious to complete the contract. I could have made better terms with him; I could have frightened him: I only waited for a little more information, which would have come in before many days; but it's too late now. If your father has signed the contract, the rascal will have it all his own way. I'll see about the discharge, and bring it over to the Bench in the course of the morning."

So Willy returned and helped his father to pack up.

"Did Mr. Hawkes seem vexed?" Mr. Goodchild asked.

"He did seem rather put out; it was natural, you know, as we had acted without consulting him."

"We waited so long for him. You are satisfied, Willy, that we have done right, are you not?"

"Quite satisfied, dear father; I only wish we had done it a month ago."

They were quite ready to leave the prison when Mr. Hawkes arrived. Mr. Sparrow had come in a few minutes earlier, and had brought with him a letter from Wandsworth; it had arrived the day before, he said, but looked like a circular, and he did not suppose it was of much consequence. He professed himself delighted that his friend was to be set at liberty so soon, and wanted to send Nott away immediately to Wandsworth, to make preparations for his reception there.

"There is your discharge," said Mr. Hawkes; "and I suppose I must congratulate you. You have been rather precipitate at last. Not an hour ago I received a letter which might have led to some better terms; indeed I hope it may yet be of some use, otherwise I would not mention it. Mr. Bootle has written to say he can and will give important information. Slocum has deceived and cheated him, and he will no longer keep his secrets. If he can show that he persuaded you to sell your shares under false pretences, or that he has been guilty of a conspiracy to lower prices, which I have always suspected, we may be able to deal with him yet, and make him refund. Mr. Bootle is evidently afraid of him still, however, for he wants an appointment made late in the evening either at my own private house, or in some other place where he would be likely to escape observation."

"Let him come to my rooms," said Mr. Sparrow; "it's out of the way enough, I'm sure; and we can all of us be present and hear what he has to say."

"That will do very well; have you any one here whom you can send with a letter? it should be a trustworthy person. Bootle has left his fine rooms in Somerset Street, and writes from a little street out of the Edgware Road. I'll appoint ten o'clock to-night at Mr. Sparrow's rooms."

"Nott will take the letter: Nott is trustworthy; I can depend upon Nott."

"So you can, sir," said the boy, looking very much delighted; he had just arrived with some more "refreshment" in bottles, and had brought it in, instead of waiting till the company was gone, as a better-bred servant might have done. "You can depend upon me, Mr. Sparrow."

"Take this letter, then; it is very important. See Mr. Bootle himself if possible, and give it him privately, when no one else is by; and if he gives you a message or an answer, bring it back at once."

"All right, sir," said Nott, with a knowing gesture, not meant to be familiar, but expressive of caution

and determination. "You can depend upon Nott as you say."

"You understand," said his master, repeating his instructions; "the letter must be delivered to the right person, and to no other. You must find him out and give it him when he is alone. I know you will do it if you can."

"I won't come back at all till I have done it!" said the boy, and off he started. Little did his master think, little did any of them conceive in what sense those parting words of his would be fulfilled. "I won't come back at all till I have done it."

After he was gone, Mr. Goodchild opened the circular which had been brought from Wandsworth. It was a notice from the railway company that they would require possession of his house and land there on a certain day, and were prepared to pay for it the price already tendered, or such other sum as should be agreed upon by arbitration. The amount named was rather more than double that which Mr. Goodchild had agreed to take for it in the contract signed yesterday with Slocum.

"What's the matter now?" said Mr. Hawkes, observing that his client's countenance had fallen.

"I'm afraid I have been in a hurry," said that gentleman.

"I'm afraid so too; but may I look at your letter?"

"If I had waited," Mr. Goodchild continued, with a gasp, as if he were going to cry; "if I had only waited till to-day, I might have had twice the money for my house. I am the most unfortunate of living creatures, I believe!"

There was general consternation. Slocum again successful, and Mr. Goodchild again his victim! Mr. Hawkes dashed the letter down upon the floor, and said, "Such reptiles ought to be exterminated." He said something about "fools" also, but that was in a lower key.

"Well," said Mr. Sparrow, "I suppose it will all come right; it's no use grieving over spilt milk. We need not stay here at all events; let's get out of this place; it's the most horrid hole I ever was in! Hurrah! we are all free men now; what does it signify about the money! You're no poorer than you were, if you aren't any richer. Call a cab and come to my rooms, all of you, to dinner. I ordered a goose as soon as ever I heard that you were coming out. Come along!"

"Birds of a feather!" Mr. Hawkes muttered. "I'll join you about ten o'clock this evening. I see how it is; that villain knew that your house would be wanted by the company; he's hand in glove with all of them. That's why he was in such a hurry to arrest you, and to shut you up out of the way. Had you no previous notices of the intended purchase?"

"No!" said Mr. Goodchild, in a lamentable voice. "None ever reached me."

"He has contrived to stop them, somehow or other: if we could only prove it—but that would be difficult, perhaps impossible. Well, you have lost your money, and your house, and I must say, I must say . . . " he was going to add that "it serves you right," but Mr. Goodchild looked so miserable that he restrained himself, and only said, "I am very sorry for it."

They all stood silent for some moments, looking very serious. "It's so mortifying, too," Mr. Hawkes began again, "that that villain should have it all his own way."

"Don't begin again," Mr. Sparrow cried. "Never mind the villain; we may have a peck at him yet; keep up your spirits, Mr. Goodchild. He has got the contract, but he hasn't got possession. You're going home to-night, sir; going home to your own castle. I don't believe Slocum will ever dare to turn you out of it. We shall hear what Bootle has to say. We'll make terms yet, sir; Mr. Hawkes will manage it, though he looks so glum. Bootle and Hawkes will strike out something between them, and, in the meantime, there's liberty—liberty and the goose. What are we all waiting for? Are you ready?"

Yes, they were all ready. Fees were paid, and a donation made to the poor debtors' fund; and the whole party, revived in spirits by Mr. Sparrow's chattering, passed out through the gloomy portals. Mr. Goodchild looked back upon them with a long comfortable sigh; the sound of the wheels upon the stones was music to his ears; the sight of men and women, bustling to and fro, instead of the perpetual lounge to which he had been accustomed, the sense of life and freedom which burst upon him, were almost overpowering. He shrunk back into the corner of the vehicle, and forgetting for a moment his troubles, tears of joy and thankfulness rolled down his cheeks.

It was quite true that Mr. Bootle, smarting under a sense of injury, had resolved to have nothing more to do with Slocum. That individual had treated him very badly: he had made use of him as a cat's-paw to snatch the burning chestnuts from the hearth, and had not even given him a moderate share of the spoil. Greed is very apt to overreach itself, not like ambition vaulting o'er "its selle," but sprawling in the mire in the attempt to grasp too widely and too much. Mr. Slocum could not find in his heart to part with any portion of his illgotten gains; and Bootle, embarrassed and miserable, had now resolved to make a friend of Mr. Hawkes, as he had been invited to do more than once, believing that he would not take advantage of his confidence to do him injury, and might perhaps, in return for it, do him some good.

But on the very day that he had written and posted his letter to Mr. Hawkes, asking for an appointment, Slocum called on him. He entered the room with the usual grin upon his face, the nearest approach to a smile that he was ever guilty of, and offered Bootle his hand. "Why, what's up now?" he asked, when the friendly grip was refused.

"What's up! Ah, what is up?" said Bootle. "Something's up, I know. You would not come to me with that fox's grin upon your face if you did not want to get something out of me."

"I want anything from you? You're mistaken; you are not up to my business. I would have been a friend to you, but you are not clever enough. No, Mr. Bootle; I don't want you for a friend, and, mark my words, you don't want me for a foe."

Bootle said nothing, but he felt glad that he had sent his letter. He would have Mr. Hawkes to take his part now, he thought, and need not care for Slocum.

"Why, man!" cried Slocum with a snarl, "I could transport you for life! Don't you know that?"

"You'd have to go with me," Bootle answered.

"That would be the worst part of it for me."

"You think so, do you? You are mistaken. I

know how to take care of myself; there's no evidence that can touch me. It's different with you; you're not up to things as I am. I'm all right, but I would not be in your shoes for something, not unless I wanted to go abroad at the government expense, and never come back again."

Mr. Bootle felt very uncomfortable; he was afraid of Slocum, and had a suspicion that he and his friends intended to make a scapegoat of him if necessary. Slocum observed his trepidation, and went on—

"But, come," he said, "I don't want to hurt you; it's your own fault if you make me talk like this. I don't deny that what you did was for my benefit as well as for your own, and I came here on purpose to help you out. Those lawyers are on the scent, they have got some information; you may expect a visit from the police at any time."

Bootle's knees shook under him. If the affair had got wind, he thought, neither Mr. Hawkes nor any one else would be able to help him; his letter would only help to cast suspicion on him and convict him.

"I'm very sorry for you," said Slocum.

"We are both in it," Bootle stammered. "I won't bear it all myself; you signed the circular as well as I."

"Yes," said Slocum, "I did, but with this difference: all that you signed you put into the post office: all that I signed I put into the fire. You don't suppose I should have come to you for help if I had meant to put my own foot in it! I only signed a few, and kept those back, I tell you; so I'm safe: you can't hurt me. At the same time, of course, I would rather not appear to be mixed up with it; and, for my own sake as well as yours, I should be glad to keep it all quiet. That's what I'm come for now. What I propose is, for you to clear off. Go over to the Continent for a little while; it will be a pleasant trip for you. Of course you can't go without money, but I'll pay expenses. You shall have anything you want while there, and can come back after, a bit, when it has all blown over."

Bootle, who had been speechless with surprise and terror at the discovery of the trick that had been played him, breathed again.

"Will you go? There's no time to be lost."

"What will you give me?"

Slocum counted out ten sovereigns, pausing at the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth as if he were laying down drops of his life's blood.

"Go on," said Bootle.

"That's plenty; I can send you more if you want it."

There was a great deal of haggling, but Slocum at length counted down ten pounds more, and promised to send him two pounds weekly as long as he should remain abroad. He was to take another name—Bennett would do—that he might not be traced. As soon as this was settled, Bootle began to pack up such movables as he possessed, and Mr. Slocum ordered dinner for two, being resolved to stay with him and see him fairly on his way to the steam-packet, which was to sail that evening for Boulogne from London Bridge.

They were not very sociable over their meal; neither of them perhaps would have been very sorry if the other had met with an accident in swallowing it; but all went smoothly; the downward path is generally smooth enough wherever it may lead. So Mr. Slocum drank to his companion's health, and



wished him "*bon voyage*," and Bootle returned the compliment with "*au revoir*," and the latter almost fancied himself arrived in France already.

CHAPTER XVIII.—FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

"Nothing is here for tears; nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us, in a death so noble." —Milton.

WHILE Mr. Slocum and Mr. Bootle were at dinner, the boy Nott arrived at the door and inquired for the latter. He was at dinner the landlady told him, and had a gentleman with him. Nott said he would call again, and took a stroll down the street, keeping the door of the house in view. As soon as it grew dark, he took up his station in an archway on the opposite side of the road where he could watch, unseen, for the departure of the "gentleman." It was cold and tedious waiting there so long; but he had been used to loitering in dark archways: at all events he did not mind it now, having an object in view. About seven o'clock he ventured to approach and ring the bell again. Mr. Bootle was still engaged, so he returned to his doorstep under the arch, and continued to maintain a good look-out. Soon after that he saw the landlady or servant, whichever it might be, go out without shawl or bonnet, and return with a cab; he then approached the door, and saw a portmanteau and other luggage brought downstairs, and could read the first letter of the name on the direction, "Mr. B—."

"Mr. Bootle is going away, then," he thought; "I must catch him somehow before he starts, and find out where he is going."

But when Bootle appeared, Slocum was with him, and both got into the cab together. Nott remembered that his instructions were to give the letter to Mr. Bootle while he was alone. He knew Slocum by sight, having been sent on an errand to him some time before, and had an instinctive fear and suspicion of him as being connected in some way with Mr. Goodchild's imprisonment. While he was hesitating what to do, he heard the direction given to the driver, "London Bridge Wharf, Boulogne boat," and the cab drove off. Nott drew up his breath, took out his handkerchief and tied it round his waist, and made up his mind for a long run.

The cab containing Mr. Slocum and his friend drove at first slowly through some by-streets, and Nott climbed up behind and travelled with it; but other boys seeing him comfortably seated there, tried to get up by his side, and being defeated, raised the cry of "whip behind." Nott, therefore, took to the pavement, keeping at some distance from the vehicle in order to escape observation, but recovering his ground with a spurt whenever it turned a corner. The cab soon passed into the Edgware Road, and proceeded along Oxford Street, and Nott presently began to find himself out of breath, and very much distressed. It was a long and trying distance to the Tottenham Court Road. There, fortunately, the way was thronged with omnibuses, carts, and wagons, and between this point and Holborn there was considerable delay, for there was no straight and open thoroughfare then connecting Oxford Street with Holborn, as there is now. Nott had time, therefore, to recover himself, and to get his second wind, and went on afterwards more comfortably for a time. At Holborn Bars there was another check, Middle Row standing out boldly in the street, to the annoy-

ance of those who were in haste, but to the great relief of poor Nott, who again began to feel done up.

Approaching the descent towards Farringdon Street, there were so many vehicles in the way that he was obliged to dodge in and out among them in order to keep his own particular cab in view, and in doing so his foot slipped, and he fell at full length upon the road. An omnibus was approaching; he saw the horses' heads and their broad chests coming towards him, and heard the shouts and cries of those who observed his danger. The driver of the omnibus pulled up sharply, throwing the horses nearly on to their haunches; but their iron feet came sliding towards him, nearer and nearer to his face, and did not stop. There was no time for him to scramble up; he saw that in a moment, and did not attempt it, but rolled over and over in the mud. The horses almost fell upon him as their heads were turned aside by the driver, and he looked up at them as they slid past him, missing him with their feet, but by a hair's-breadth. Then the heavy vehicle came on, the front wheel passing over his clothes, and grinding his very coat-sleeve between its iron rim and the stone pavement, pinning him to the ground while the large hind-wheel approached inexorably to crush him. Poor Nott lay still, with his eyes fixed upon the coming doom, and saw the solid tire moving down towards his face, and could not stir, or even make an effort to escape it. He felt that he had not a moment to live. . . . and then, in a moment, the bitterness of death was past; the wheel seemed to move away sideways, and as if by a miracle, he was safe! A group of men and boys who had seen his danger, gathered round him, and could scarcely believe their eyes when they found that he was quite unhurt. For a few moments Nott could not realise anything but the shock of his great peril and the suddenness of his delivery.

"Lucky for you as I was nigh at hand," said a waggoner; "if I had not ha' caught you by the feet and dragged you off pretty snatch, where would you have been by this time?"

Where, indeed! No doubt the thought occurred to Nott in all its serious importance; but "luck" had no place in his speculations. "Thank you," he said; "thank God! He did it." He seemed to think that a miracle had been wrought in his behalf; thankful for the mercy which had spared his life, he was no less thoroughly impressed with the belief that if he had been killed upon the spot, Mercy would have followed him still and saved him even in death. Such thoughts as these overwhelmed him for the moment, and he put up his hand to his head as if instinctively and reverently to take off his hat, but it was gone: a bystander, who had picked it up, gave it to him crushed and shapeless. It recalled him to himself, or rather to the world, in which he had yet some work to do; a humble task indeed, but not less faithfully to be remembered and fulfilled on that account. He looked eagerly around him; the cab! where was it? Out of sight! he must overtake it! and seizing the battered hat in his hand, with broken words of thanks to those who had assisted him, he burst from the group of wondering spectators and ran on again at his utmost speed.

At the foot of Snow Hill he saw the cab drawn up. He recognised it from a distance by the portmanteau on the roof; he saw the door opened and Mr. Slocum descend and turn away down Farringdon Street after he had spoken to the driver.

"Now is my time," he thought. "Mr. Bootle is alone in the cab." But before he could arrive within several yards of it, it again started on. The driver looked round once, and Nott thought he saw him: he held up his hand and tried to call to him, but the gesture was apparently unnoticed, and his voice failed him: it was like the effort of one in a nightmare who pants and gasps and can frame words with the lips, but cannot utter a sound. So he toiled on up the opposite hill, white in the face, though the perspiration was streaming down his cheeks, covered from head to foot with mud, holding the shapeless hat tight in his hand, limping with the pain of his old wound, yet with all his thoughts centred upon this one object, to do his master's errand faithfully and well.

London Bridge was not far distant now; his journey must end there at all events. In Cheapside he jostled against some passengers who called after him and would have stopped him. A policeman stood in the way, judging by his disreputable appearance and by his evident distress and haste that he had been picking pockets and was making his escape; but Nott had dodged a policeman before this; and by a desperate plunge into the middle of the road, almost under the wheels of another omnibus, he dodged him now. Past Bow Church, down Bucklersbury, into Cannon Street, Thames Street, the cab still in view but a long way off, and the distance still increasing spite of all his efforts. No matter, it would soon stop now! Under the dry arch of London Bridge—arrived at last!

The cab was empty when Nott reached it; and the driver, who was looking into it for anything that might have been left behind, observed him with surprise, as he peeped in at the opposite window, and wondered what the dirty, ragged boy was up to, remarking to a waterman that "he seed that muddy chap on Holborn Hill, and there he was again." Turning away in haste, Nott saw the well-observed portman-teau on the shoulders of a porter a little way off in the crowd, and Mr. Bootle following it. He soon overtook him, but, breathless and speechless, could only pluck him by the coat, and Mr. Bootle, being in a very nervous state, and anxious to get out of sight as soon as possible, did not or would not understand.

"Mr. Bootle, sir," Nott cried, holding up the letter.

"Not me," Mr. Bootle answered, quickening his pace, "Bennett my name is." But Nott felt sure that this was the man he wanted, and would not be repulsed. Nott had known the use of an alias himself in his younger days; he was only fourteen now, but youth and age are relative terms, and Nott was very old already. Would he have stopped there on the wharf if he had known how old he really was? Perhaps not.

He followed Mr. Bootle still; there were two steam-vessels side by side, the farther of the two letting off steam with a great roar. "This way for the Boulogne boat," men were calling. There was a quarter of an hour yet to spare; but everybody seemed to be in a hurry, and Mr. Bootle more in haste than all the rest. The gangway, a broad plank protected on each side by a handrail, was thronged by an eager crowd of passengers with their friends, who had come to see them off, and only one person could pass along it at a time. Mr. Bootle turned aside, and stepping upon the bulwarks farther aft, leapt

thence on board the Boulogne steamer and immediately disappeared. Nott followed closely on his heels; but his knees trembled; his injured leg was numbed and almost powerless, as might be seen by the way he seemed to drag it after him. He climbed up with difficulty on to the bulwarks, and prepared to spring across the narrow space where the river, dark, and flashing only now and then in the light of a passing lantern, flowed beneath; it was but a foot or two, and some of the porters had crossed it, carrying their burdens, without difficulty. But Nott hesitated, and before he could gather himself together for the effort, was seen to fall.

"What's that?" was the cry, as a loud splash was heard in the darkness below.

"Man overboard! Hallo there! Boat! boat!"

"A man overboard!" The cry was taken up on all sides. Boatmen sprang to their oars; porters and seamen rushed to the sides and swung their lanterns over the heedless waters; women, shocked and terrified, huddled together in the cabins.

"A light here, Jack! a light there, Bill! A rope! quick! What's that?"

Two bright eyes, wide open, glittering in the streak of light that fell across the water from the great ship's lantern; glittering, staring for an instant only, and then gone. A hat, an old, battered, shapeless hat floating upon the surface near where the eyes had been; and under the water a lifeless body, an empty husk, sucked down by the tide under a ship's bottom, rolled over and over in the river mud—no matter how or where.

Alas! alas! was it for this, poor boy, that your good friend the curate snatched you out of the streets and gutters to be taught and cared for in his ragged-school? Was it for this that your kind-hearted master took you into his own house, nursed you when you were sick, fed you when hungry, and clothed you when naked? Are the warm affections of that young heart which had learnt, in so short time, to yield such excellent fruits of gratitude and faithfulness and love to be thus quenched for ever? Is this the melancholy end of a life which, after years of misery and degradation, had just begun to know what life is meant for, and how it is to be enjoyed?

The end? No! Who can tell what end shall be to any work that is begun on earth, or where the streams that issue forth, only in drops perhaps at first, from the fountain of a heart full of Christian love shall cease to flow? There are powers and influences and feelings that survive the grave, for evil, alas! too often; for good, thank God for it, not seldom. "The memory of the just is blessed." The memory of a poor ragged orphan child, who has done his humble duty faithfully and well, may be the means of instigating others also to do what they can. The conviction that one soul which might have been lost for ever has been rescued from the miseries of sin and vice, and brought to happiness and safety, may encourage those who have been the instruments of such deliverance to persevere in this good, Christian work, and to devote themselves to it yet more earnestly and freely.

Are there any of our readers who would have preferred that this poor boy should have escaped an early death, and have grown up to man's estate, to become in his turn a teacher of the ignorant, and to give proof of his own gratitude by the efforts and sacrifices he should make for others? Let them consider, on the

other hand, whether they cannot make practical improvement of this history by doing something of the kind themselves. This is not all fiction: there are thousands, aye, tens of thousands of little ones in our streets, helpless, lost, uncared for, whose hearts are doubtless as susceptible of good impressions, as capable of warm and generous affections, as those of our lost Nott. No word of human sympathy has ever reached them; no example of Christian love and duty has ever been displayed before them; they grow up, as it were, under a hemlock forest, and have never known what it is to breathe a healthy atmosphere. The boy is father of the man. What sort of men will these become if they are left alone in their unhappy state, uncared for and unpitied? Cannot you, reader, do something yourself to help them? Think of it. Can you not devote an hour or two of your spare time every week to go among them and talk to them and teach them? Or, if that be impossible, can you not spare a guinea, or a shilling, now and then, to strengthen the hands of those who do so? Where there's a will there's a way. There are poor little Notts in every large town of this country, and there are many ways in which the kindness and pity of the more favoured could help them. Who would not wish to have some part in such good work!

The crowd upon the landing-stage and steamboats stood for a long time peering into the darkness where the poor boy had been seen to go down, and the boatmen lingered about the spot, and swept the water with their lanterns; but it was with a sad feeling of helplessness that they did so, for they knew that it was all in vain. "There was no hope from the first," they said: "they had seen the boy panting and exhausted as he followed the gentleman; he couldn't float, it was impossible; he had no wind in him. Did anybody know who the poor lad was, or what he was after?"

The cabman, who had been in a public-house, came running up to see what the crowd was about.

"A boy drowned!" he cried. "What sort of a boy?"

"All over dirt, without a hat; running after a gent, to beg, or something."

"Without a hat?" cried the cabman; "it must be the same that followed me in Holborn; he must have been after my 'fare'!"

"Where is your 'fare'?" a policeman asked—there were three or four on the spot by this time.

"Gone on board for Boulogne."

"Come and identify him."

The cabman went with the inspector and one of the officers. They searched the deck first. "There's his luggage," said the cabman. Stooping down, with the bull's-eye directed full upon it, they read the name "Bennett." "Take charge of it," said the inspector to one of his men.

They then descended to the cabin. Mr. Bootle was in one of the berths, apparently fast asleep. They roused him, and told him he must go with them; "he had better not say anything unless he wished it; it might be used against him."

He was shivering very much, and seemed to be in great anxiety and distress. "He did not know who the boy was," he said, "or why he had been following him: he had not seen him fall, and did not know until he heard the cry, 'A man overboard,' that any accident had happened. He never thought even then that it was the boy who had been following him that was drowned."

"What's your name?" the inspector asked.

"Bootle; at least Bennett; that is——"

The inspector, whose suspicions were excited by the alias, observing his terror and dismay, thought there might have been foul play, and told him he must remain in custody at all events till proper inquiries had been made. "There would be an inquest, of course, and he would be wanted as a witness, anyhow." And they took him with them to the police-station.

## WEATHER PROVERBS.

### September.

**A**UTUMN is now coming on, and chilly nights remind us of its near approach. It is, however, by no means unpleasant to exchange the heat of summer for the mild, bracing air of September. The harvest has been mostly gathered in except in the northern part of our island, where it is beginning, or at best progressing. But in the south large quantities of apples are ripening fast, so that the grower is not quite free from anxiety, as a succession of gales would blow down his fruit and seriously damage it.

"September, blow soft  
Till the fruit's in the loft."

When September has gathered in what August has ripened, the same cause for anxiety does not exist, and both farmer and apple-grower will know the best or the worst, as the case may be.

The 5th of September, which is "old" St. Bartholomew's Day, enjoys a certain reputation among weather prophets, as is evidenced by the following sayings:—

"All the tears that St. Swithin can cry,  
St. Bartlemy's mantle wipes them dry."

"At Saint Bartholomew  
There comes cold dew."

"If the twenty-fourth of August [Sept. 5, N.S.] be fair and clear,

Then hope for a prosperous autumn that year."

"If it rains on St. Bartholomew's Day it will rain forty days after."

With regard to the autumnal equinox, Sept. 21, it is asserted that, if the week before and the one after it be free from storms, the temperature will continue higher than usual into the winter months.

The Scotch consider the weather on Holyrood Day, which is on September 26, worthy of attention as influencing harvest to a great extent. They attribute to this day almost the same effect on succeeding weather as we do to the day of St. Swithin.

"If the hart and the hind meet dry and part dry on Rood Day fair,

For sax weeks there'll be nae mair."

"If dry be the buck's horn  
On Holyrood morn,  
'Tis worth a kist of gold,  
But if wet it be seen,  
Ere Holyrood e'en,  
Bad harvest is foretold."

Throughout September we rather look for settled weather, either wet or fine, for, as a Portuguese proverb has it, "September dries up wells or breaks down bridges."







Painted by Konrad Grob.

THE DAWN OF SYMPATHY.

## THE BORDER LANDS OF ISLAM.

## VI.—BULGARIA.

REGARDING the Roumanian principality as all but nominally independent, we may rank Bulgaria as one of the border lands of European Turkey. The province, as shown on the map, extends from the southern mouth of the Danube along that river till it meets the impetuous Timok, above Widdin, on the borders of Servia. The Danube, which divides it from Wallachia, thus forms its entire northern boundary, and the all but parallel chain of the Balkan mountains its frontier to the south. On the west it is severed from Servia by the Timok, and on its east is the Black Sea. Bulgaria is 300 miles long by from 60 to 100 miles broad, and its area is about 33,000 square miles. Until 1864 it was divided into the three eyalets or pashalics of Silistria, Widdin, and Nissa. It is now officially known as the vilayet of Tuna or principality of the Danube; and it is divided into seven sandjaks or administrative districts, under a governor-general whose residence is at Rustchuk.

Bulgaria presents the appearance of a plateau which gradually ascends from the steep banks of the Danube to the Balkans. This celebrated mountain chain—the ancient Hæmus—rises in several of its peaks to about 6,000 feet above the sea. On the west of the town of Sophia Mount Orbelus reaches the height of 9,000 feet. Forming a grand natural rampart or line of defence to Constantinople, the seat of the Turkish power, the Balkans, after running due east between Bulgaria and Roumelia, dip suddenly on the Black Sea. Westward, at the sources of the Jantra, the summits are clothed with snow in June. The descent on the southern or Roumelian side is rugged and precipitous, but northwards it is made gradual by numerous ramifications from the crest which run through Bulgaria. These offshoots form systems of low hills, generally wooded or covered with rich pasture, and separated by valleys or small plains drained by feeders of the Danube. But though well wooded the low hills do not possess the magnificent forest trees of the higher Balkan range. In some places they are covered with a thickly set jungle of dwarf oaks. The great mountain chain is penetrated by passes and defiles: two of the principal are Trajan's Gate and the Iron Gate, the one leading to Sophia and the Danubian valleys, the other to Varna and the Black Sea. No cross roads among the mountains connect these various passes. In 1829 General Diebitsch traversed the Balkan passes with an army of Russians, and in Adrianople dictated to the Porte a treaty of peace. The principal rivers which belong to the province of Bulgaria are the eastern branch of the Morava which enters Servia. Flowing through the valleys which lie eastwards, and seeking the waters of the Danube, are the Isker, Vid, Osma, Jantra, and Taban. The Kamtchik and Pravadi enter the Black Sea. Bulgaria is thus a region of mountains, and hills, and well-watered valleys; near the Danube, however, the land is level, and plains extend along the Black Sea coast.

While such are in general the physical features of the province, we may now enumerate its varied inhabitants. These consist of about one million and a half of Bulgarians and of half a million of Osmanli Turks, and of 80,000 to 100,000 Tartars. The Circassians are about 80,000, the Albanians

60,000, and the Roumanians 40,000; the Gipsies amount to 25,000, and the Jews to about 10,000. There are also 10,000 Armenians and an equal number of Russians. The Greeks are 8,000 and the Servians 5,000; besides a few Italians and Germans, not together more than a thousand.

The Bulgarians are, as we described in our introductory paper, of Slavic origin. The country now known as Bulgaria was before the year 679 occupied by Slavs, who had driven southwards or exterminated the old Thracian race. These settlers, known by the name of the seven tribes, were in their turn subdued by the more warlike tribe of Bulgares, who descended from their resorts on the Volga, and who, like the Turks, were of Tartar or Finnic origin. The Bulgares, after giving their name to the country and the language, became absorbed in the more numerous Slavic race; but not without blending with it certain Tartar characteristics of feature and disposition, which are still to be recognised in greater or less degree in the existing Slavo-Bulgarians. In the beginning of the ninth century—to give a brief *resumé* of their history—we find that this interblended people, under kings of their own, had risen into a formidable power, and were in a state of chronic feud with the Greek empire. In 861 the country south of the Balkan was ceded to them, and received the name of Zagora. In the same year the Bulgarian king, Borgoris, and his people embraced Christianity, and at the end of the tenth century, under King Samuel, Ochrida, on the Albanian border, became the seat of their power and patriarchate. From the rise of the monarchy, indeed, until its destruction in the eleventh century, the wars of the Bulgarians with the empire form, says Finlay, “an important and bloody portion of the Byzantine annals.” They were overthrown by the Emperor Basil II, who was named “the Slayer of the Bulgarians.”

From the twelfth century onwards the Bulgarians may be regarded as a subdued people. At the Turkish conquest, unlike their brethren the Slavos-Serbs, they do not appear as a nation. The Osmanlis exterminated what remained of the Bulgarian nobility, and the present rayahs are the descendants of the serfs who were attached to the soil of a large part of what is now modern Turkey. Impassively they seem to have resigned themselves to this abject condition, and meekly to have passed under the yoke of their Moslem masters. They are, indeed, a people who have lost their history, and are without the inspiring effect of national traditions. As in Bosnia and Albania, numbers of them, and for like reasons, became Mohammedans.

The conquering race are, as we have said, represented in Bulgaria by only half a million of Osmanlis, and their number is steadily decreasing. Owing to this decrease it has been the policy of the governing power to introduce Tartars and Circassians of the Mohammedan faith into the province. Thirty-five thousand Tartars of mixed blood occupy the territory of the Dobrudcha, a grassy steppe with low hills on the Black Sea to the north of Varna. The whole of the population, indeed, along the coast is of a mixed character. The genuine Bulgarian looks down on the Gagaous, as he calls the mongrel race, with no small contempt. In addition to these Mongolian residents, there have also arrived in Bulgaria



Crimean Tartars, who were permitted to leave the Russian empire after the last war. These new-comers endured much suffering on their arrival, but they soon showed that they were industrious, sober, and honest. They now live in perfect accord with Turks, Roumanians, and Bulgarians. Among this mixture of nationalities is the large body of Circassians who recently emigrated into Bulgaria by invitation of the Porte. These are settled on the frontier mountains between Servia and Bulgaria, where, though addicted



BULGARIAN LADY.

to robbery, they contrive to support themselves by tillage as well as by pillage.

All throughout the lands of the Turk, as in Bulgaria, Gipsies and Jews abound; the former, there as elsewhere, are a wandering race, the latter frequent the towns intent on money making. As a refuge from compulsory military service, numbers of Russians have crossed the Danube, and the contiguity of Albania, Servia, and Roumania to Bulgaria accounts for an Albanian, Servian, and Roumanian population. The Greeks are attracted by commerce, and of the Armenians we may remark that they are a portion of that interesting people driven from their own Asiatic land by tyranny and oppression, and now to be found in colonies in most countries of the globe. Active, industrious, and hospitable, devoted to trade and manufactures, the Armenians have prospered wherever they have settled. In Bulgaria they are mostly either government employes or merchants in the towns. They are a handsome race, and the women especially are noted for the delicacy and regularity of their features.

So far we have spoken of Bulgaria proper, and of the varied inhabitants of the territory so called; but the country peopled by the Bulgarians is a much larger region. Very early in their history they overleaped the Balkans, overflowed the limits of the province to which they gave their name, extended themselves in Thrace, even to the Rhodope, and also filled up large portions of Macedonia. The province of Roumelia, which embraces ancient Thrace and Macedonia, is to a very large extent purely Bulgarian. Here the immigrants seem to have followed the course of the fertile Maritza valley. The Bulgarians are, in fact, dispersed over the entire region, from the Danube to the Aegean, and from the Black Sea to Albania and modern Greece. Reckoned at from five to six millions, they are by far the most numerous and important race in European Turkey.

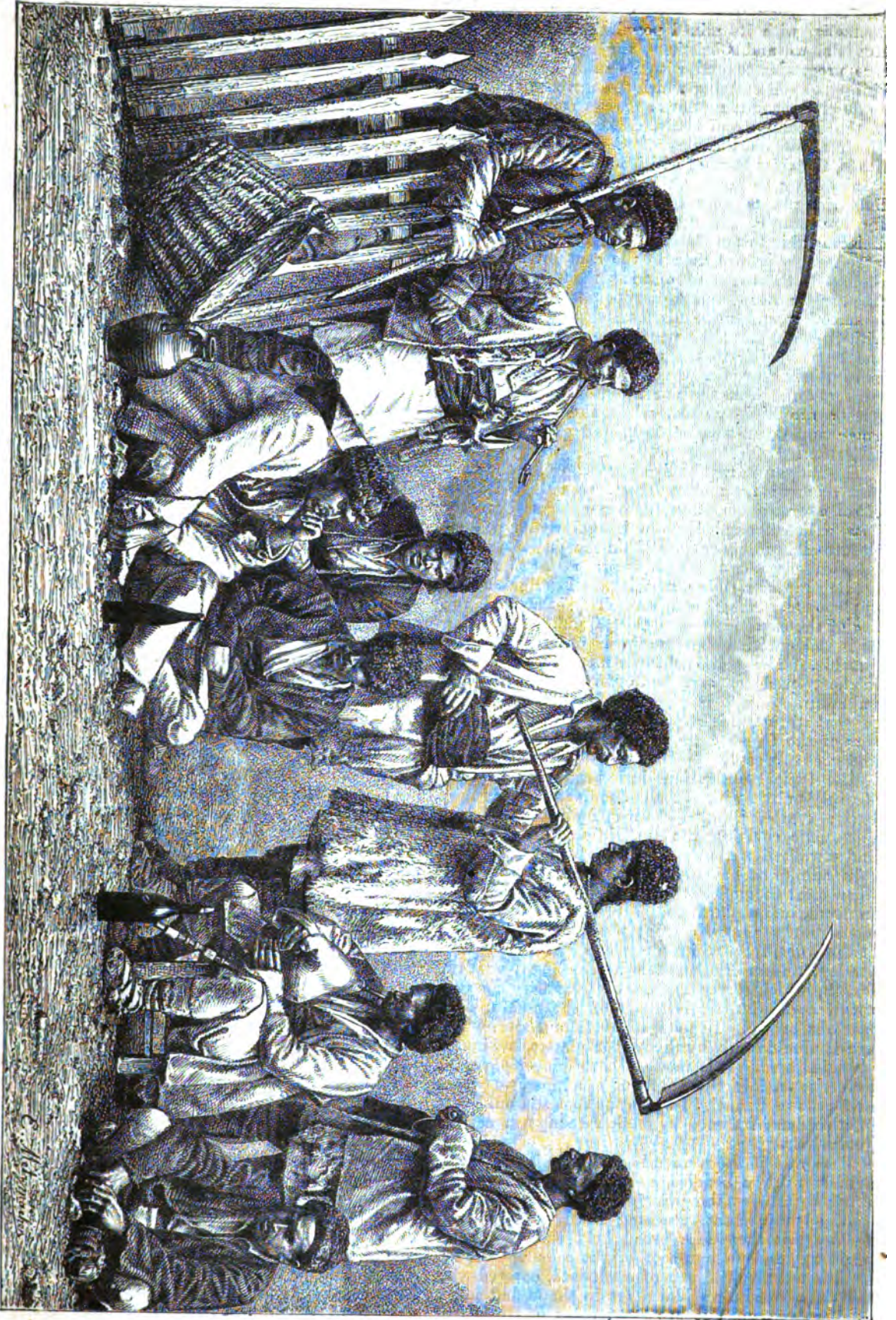
Looking not only to Bulgaria proper, but to the entire country inhabited by Bulgarians, or in which they preponderate—greater Bulgaria as it may be termed—we find it severed into two portions by the Balkan chain. It may, however, be divided into five sections, each with varying natural characteristics. First, there is the vast marshy plain of the Dobrudcha, with its mixed population—a sort of Bulgarian Cossacks—of which we have spoken as extending along the Black Sea coast. Secondly,



BULGARIAN PEASANT.

Danubian Bulgaria, with the important towns of Widdin, Rustchuk, Silistria, and Nikopoli. Thirdly, Central or Upper Bulgaria, the mountainous region of which Sophia is the capital. Fourthly, Transbalkan Bulgaria, the region of the Zagora in





BULGARIAN PEASANTS AT REST.



Roumelia, with its mixed population of Bulgarian Mussulmans and Christians, the former of which here preponderate, and with its important town of Philipopoli, on entering which the traveller is struck by its picturesque situation as it rises from the banks of the Maritza; and lastly, Macedonian Bulgaria, which abuts on the Bay of Contessa and Mount Athos, the chief town of which is Seres.

Inhabiting so large an extent of territory, the Bulgarian people differ somewhat in dialect, habits, and appearance. To the north of the Balkans the dialect is akin to the Russian, and the Tartar habits more largely prevail than to the south of the great chain. In the southern districts the Tartar type of face has, for the most part, disappeared; the language is smoother and more harmonious, and is mixed with Greek idioms; the people are more hospitable, and less cringing to the master-caste, and, indeed, more purely Slavonic. Again, the Bulgarian mountaineers differ from their brethren of the plains; the former are high-spirited, while the latter have a grave and down-trodden look, and give no kindly salutation.

The Bulgarian rayahs live in villages for the most part removed from observation. A village consists of some three score of mud-plastered houses, or rather huts, each surrounded by an irregularly-shaped enclosure of hurdle-work. Within the enclosure may be seen pigs, cattle, and dogs; a structure for holding grain; a rude plough, and other agricultural implements. The houses are partly excavated, and few of the eaves rise above the ground. Uninviting as is the exterior, the interior is orderly and comfortable. The principal apartment is used as a kitchen, parlour, and bedroom. Bedsteads are unknown. A mat is placed on the floor, and the peasant thrusts his cap over his eyes, makes the sign of the Greek cross, covers himself with a rug, and goes to sleep.

The typical Bulgarian has been described as strongly-built, with broad shoulders and round back; coarse, blunted-looking features, a heavy moustache covering the lip, little twinkling eyes, and a walk like that of a bear. The dress of the men admits of but little variety. It consists of a linen shirt (home spun), a short loose jacket, open in front, of a dark rough cloth; waistcoat and trousers of the same colour; the latter garment full to the knee, from which downwards it fits close to the leg. Round the waist is a sash, many yards in length, which serves instead of pockets. The cap, round and brimless, is made of sheep-skin, dyed black or brown. In place of boots or shoes, which are attainable only by the richer classes, a kind of sandal is used. It is made of cow-hide or pig-skin, rudely sewn into the shape of a slipper, and worn over rolls of flannel, in which the foot and ankle are swathed, and fastened by leather thongs or cord of goat's-hair.

The dress of the women is peculiar; it consists of a linen shirt, a boddice, a cloth jacket, and a long skirt; sometimes the principal garment is a long coat, open in front, reaching nearly to the feet; besides this there is a broad belt, elaborately embroidered, and an apron of bright colour. On the head is worn a little cap of cardboard, covered with red cloth, something like a fez in shape, but much smaller, and upon it are sewn coins of silver and gold, or other gilded ornaments. It is on feast days that the display of rich and embroidered dress is

especially made. On ordinary days the female apparel is much more simple. A girl engaged to be married generally wears a girdle of silver, or more often white metal, with a great clasp ornamented with glass rubies or emeralds, which is presented to her by her betrothed among other gifts.

The Bulgarian is neither so tall nor so fair as the Serb, nor is he so dark and short in stature as the Rouman or Wallach. From community of origin he has many characteristics in common with the Serb, but he differs essentially alike from the Rouman and the Greek. "The Greek cannot overcome the Bulgarian," says Lord Strangford, "nor lead him, nor incorporate him. He is of a less numerous, and not of a superior race; his mind is more keen but less solid; roughly speaking, he is to the Bulgarian as the clever Calcutta baboo to the raw material of the English non-commissioned officer." Where Bulgarians and Greeks reside side by side, the former compare very favourably with the latter in all the solid and valuable elements of character. The Bulgarian may be, and is, undoubtedly, ignorant, stubborn, and slow-tongued; but he is industrious, moral, and honest. And if he lack the national aspirations and warlike tendencies of the Serb, he has this quality, that "no amount of oppression can render him indifferent to his field, his horse, his flower-garden, and to the scrupulous neatness of his dwelling." Like the Irish reapers in England, it is the habit of the poorer Bulgarian peasants to wander from their homes during the harvest and hay seasons in search of employment. The traveller may at once discover that he is in the midst of a Bulgarian population from the industry with which he finds the peasantry at work in the fields. He may, perchance, as in our illustration, see a group at rest after a meal of bread, sour-kROUT, and wine, smoking tobacco, or having their ears regaled by the strains of the bagpipe.

In some districts the Bulgarian rayahs rent the land from the beys, the landed proprietors of Turkey; and in others direct from the Crown. With all their plodding industry the system of agriculture pursued is of a backward and primitive character. No manure is used, and the land is but slightly ploughed. Yet, owing to a most fertile soil and favourable climate, good crops are produced. The plains of Bulgaria are generally cultivated, and to the south of the Balkans the hill-slopes are covered with vineyards. There, however, except in the fertile Maritza valley, cultivation is usually confined to the immediate circuit of the villages. The main staples produced are wheat and Indian corn. Flax, hemp, and tobacco are also grown; fruit is abundant, and large quantities of wine are made. Grain is raised in largest quantities in the neighbourhood of Silistria and the plains of the Danube. Sheep-farming is also to a great extent carried on, together with the rearing of cattle and horses. The manufactures are mostly confined to coarse cloths. Here we may refer to an important industry—mainly we believe in the hands of Armenians—the manufacture of attar, or rose oil. The rose-plant is cultivated for this purpose in the northern parts of Roumelia at the foot of the Balkans. It requires a sandy soil on sloping land exposed to the rays of the sun. The prepared perfume is exported chiefly from Philipopolis to England, France, and other countries. Since 1872—from the opening of railway communication from Constantinople to that city—the attar

trade has been much stimulated, as also the general trade of the district. Railways, indeed, with good roads and good government, are the great desiderata in the lands of the Bulgarian. Easy access to markets for the disposal of his produce would largely enhance its value and better reward his industry, and lead also to improved appliances of cultivation as well as to his advancement in social condition.

Travellers and residents in Bulgaria have given varying accounts, some favourable and others unfavourable, of the Bulgarian people. We select the following from the pages of Mr. Paton, whose long official connection with the East and acquaintance with Turkey enable him to speak with full knowledge. "Whatever they may have been when they first burst upon the Byzantine empire, the Bulgarians are now a most unwarlike race, and as submissive to the Turks as sheep to a colley dog. Their habits are pastoral and agricultural, having neither the soldier spirit and gigantic stature of the Serb, nor the mercantile enterprise and intelligence of the Greek, for all their trade is a petty local dealing. The Bulgarian is in the country a shepherd or a ploughman, in the town a small mechanic or manufacturer, rarely or never a capitalist with wide connections. Rigorously devoted to the mere external observances of the Greek Church and the literal dicta of the priest, he is wretchedly inferior to the Moslem in the most ordinary conceptions of a vital religion. To the poor Bulgarian the Divine Scriptures and the Christianity of Christ are unknown. The sentiment of nationality is generally with him as low as that of religion; but he is not devoid of those unobtrusive household virtues which enrich the State and keep at a distance the vice and the pauperism which are the cancers of the most crowded communities of Europe. The industry and the frugality of the Bulgarian are the chief levers of the fiscal revenues of Turkey in Europe. His modesty, his good-nature, and the kindness of his disposition, establish a strong claim on the sympathy of Christian nations. The Briton may be proud that in this spirit our most eminent statesmen have always acted with reference to questions affecting the rayah population, and no nobler epitaph could be inscribed on the tombs of our Clarendons and Stratfords than that of declared and conscientious friends of the Christians of Turkey."

There can be no question that the Bulgarian Christians have been for ages cruelly maltreated and oppressed by the governing Moslems. It is a well-authenticated fact that hundreds of them are annually killed by Mussulmans without inquiry being made. The injustice and extortion which have so long reigned in Turkey have driven many of the Bulgarians into the ranks of Hajduks, or mountain brigands. They are in fact connected with the peasants by ties of common descent and friendly intercourse, and find shelter in their houses during the severity of winter. These bands, in some respects answering to our ideas of the Robin Hoods or Rob Roys of our own land, constitute themselves the guardians of the rayahs, and live by taking revenge on their oppressors. The father of a family will tell you coolly, "The Pasha plundered me, and I sent my son to the Hajduks." Brigandage has existed in the Balkans for centuries. Robbers by profession in time of peace, the Hajduks become patriots in time of commotion or war. The sudden outbreak of the insurrection in the mountainous region between the Balkan and the Rhodope

ridge in May last was the work of the Hajduks and their abettors. On the unhappy peasants being compelled to join in the movement, terrible reprisals were made by murderous bands of Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians.

It is more than doubtful whether the great mass of the Bulgarian rayahs left to themselves cherish any



BULGARIAN GENTLEMAN.

desire of rebellion against the Turkish power. Any idea of asserting their independence we may be sure does not possess them. They have little common feeling or sympathy with the Serbs; although, of course, no one can tell what would be the effect of a successful Servian war. South of the Danube and the Balkans, the Bulgarians are discontented with the system of government and administration, as it comes home to their own personal interests and the concerns of their daily life. Their hopes of redress were excited only to be disappointed by the Russian invasion of 1829, as well as by the local risings to which they were instigated in 1841 and 1850. Of late years something like an inspiring national

sentiment directed their persevering efforts in opposition to the supremacy of the Greek patriarchate of Constantinople. Their hatred of the Greek bishops, ignorant of their language and greedy of gain, imposed upon them by Fanariote influence, was extreme. After a long conflict the Sultan at length issued a decree permitting the election of an exarch, independent of the patriarch, for the Bulgarian Church. Anthimos, Bishop of Widdin, was elected; but the Ecumenical Council of Constantinople, in the month of September, 1872, declared the Church of Bulgaria to be schismatical.

The Osmanlis have governed the Bulgarians for

four centuries by a system of rule which has tended to crush and debase, not to elevate and instruct. It is only of late years that some efforts have been made, not by their rulers but by themselves, to educate their children. Grossly ignorant and superstitious as are this interesting race, they have, as we have shown, sound qualities of heart, as they have also high natural intelligence. We can have no better wish for them in their present condition than that the turn of events may lead to their intellectual as well as political advancement, and to their relief from the oppression to which they have been so long subject.

## THE TWO ATLANTICS.

BY ISABELLA L. BIRD, AUTHOR OF "THE HAWAIIAN ARCHIPELAGO."

### II.

NATURE rose out of her imbecility to grace our last days in the northern hemisphere. In the Doldrums everything had come to a dead-lock. The grey weather which had accompanied us from the Irish coast had darkened into positive murkiness, and the tropic seas had heaped their leaden swell against a sky murky enough for an Edinburgh winter. The south-east trades changed all that, and for the first time our noble clipper had an opportunity of showing her sailing capacities. How she bounded along under the tropic sun and moon, the foam rolling from her bows and flattening into broad sheets on either side, her three-quarters of an acre of canvas always full, herself lying well over, with the spray mirthfully splashing over her weather bulwarks, skimming the water rather than cutting it; a joyous, winged creation, the child of wind and ocean, a very thoroughbred among ships!

While slipping through the silver ripples at the rate of eight knots an hour, on our last evening in the northern hemisphere, the look-out reported, "A merman on the lee bow," and presently a hoarse voice hailed "Ship ahoy! Whose ship is this? Where from? Where to, etc.?" and a great commotion on the main-deck announced that we were boarded by the sovereign of the equatorial seas. A fine sea god old Neptune looked as he strode up the poop, tripod in hand, with two gleaming flying-fish impaled upon it, wearing uncouth scaly garments, and a wealth of wavy yellow locks, which covered his person down to his waist, and with a train of attendant tritons, each one nearly as grotesque as the king. But why, in the name of all that is incongruous, does the great sea monarch add to his triton train a sergeant of police, a regular, drilled, frock-coated, felt-hatted, leather-belted, nineteenth century "bobby," complete even to the bull's-eye lantern? Ours was a very non-regal Neptune, cut down to our refined modern notions. He called the captain "sir," shook hands with each of us, apologised for Amphitrite, who, he said, was boarding a ship to windward of us, and instead of blusteringly asserting his sovereignty, only suggested tamely that we were intruding on his domain, and should be liable to pains and penalties on the morrow. His Majesty shortly afterwards made an apparent disappearance over the lee bow amidst loud hurrahs, the light of his departure illuminating all our canvas, as his fiery car drifted by to blaze in our wake for a mile astern.

At five the next morning we crossed the equator with a steady breeze, and at noon the crew were allowed a holiday; and from the brown and grizzled chief-mate, who had crossed the line a hundred times, down to the youngest apprentice, whose utmost efforts had failed to produce even the downiest of beards for the occasion, they thoroughly enjoyed it. Ominous signs were soon apparent in the neighbourhood of the foremast; a barber's pole, a tin basin, a board with the announcement "Neptune's shaving and shampooing done here," and a large new sail, hung up by the four corners, which, after an hour's work at the pump, was converted into a great bath four feet deep.

A champagne dinner honoured our rapid passage to the line, and the sports began immediately afterwards by Neptune and his procession marching down the main-deck and round the poop. By Neptune's side walked his consort, Amphitrite, dressed in a long, frilled, light-coloured muslin dress, a tartan shawl, and a black felt hat, ornamented with the tail of some animal. The lady took mincing steps, and managed her long train to perfection, but had a diffident, clinging look unsuited to the sharer of the sovereignty of the seas with the majestic son of Saturn. She wore a huge chignon of frizzed tow, tied with blue ribbon, and a "mane" reaching to her waist. Behind them came a motley group of guisers, four black sergeants of police in complete costume, with Hessian boots, batons, and whistles, Neptune's imps, black also, an inimitable doctor, the clerk, barber, and barber's assistant.

After this procession Neptune, having assumed a glittering crown, seated himself on a throne, with his consort beside him and his mimic court around him. The chief *dramatis personæ* were the clerk, in solemn black, with beaver hat and heavy white hat-band; the doctor, in black dress coat, white waist-coat, white stove-pipe hat, white choker, and green goggles; and their respective assistants. Meantime the unfortunates destined to obtain the rights of ocean citizenship were imprisoned in the intermediate cabin, closely guarded by "bobbies." On the clerk calling out the names of the victims, one at a time, the black-faced sergeants of police dragged each blindfolded before Neptune's throne. The doctor then sounded his chest roughly with a rough stethoscope, and prescribed a pill made of mustard and pitch, which was pushed into his mouth. He was

next victimised by snuff compounded largely of cayenne pepper being forced into his nostrils, and when half choked was made to smell a villainous-looking smelling-bottle. The doctor then turned him over to the barber and his assistants, who seated him on a high block, with his back to the bath. This was the funniest part of the whole, from the supreme gravity with which the shaving operation was performed and the ludicrous struggles of the victims. With lather made of molasses and curry-powder, a great paint-brush for a shaving-brush, and a jagged wooden splinter for a razor, the lather stuffed into the mouth whenever it was opened to breathe or cry for mercy, the shaving was really a barbarous process, and it was a relief when Neptune's four imps, who were splashing in the water, caught the plastered wretch from behind and threw him head over heels into the bath. Once there the treatment varied. The weaker men were only soused once or twice, but others were knocked down over and over again, and their heads held under the water, so that all we could see was a pair of spasmodically agitated feet; and when at last they were allowed to stagger out, blinded and choking, the bo'sun played on them with his hose. The utmost good-humour prevailed, and some of the acting was capital, specially that of the doctor, who bent forward elegantly, with an interested, polite smirk, kept his left hand in the tail pocket of his coat, dangled a copious white pocket-handkerchief in his right, spoke in bland, re-assuring tones, and completely acted the popular professional humbug, the "dear man" of drawing-rooms and chronic invalids.

After the shaving, the "medley," the great saturnalia of the day, should have begun, by turning the hose, without respect of persons, on every one bold enough to be on deck. The captain had prudently retreated from the main-rigging into his cabin, and most of the ladies into the saloon; and I, wishing to see the fun out, was just drawing up the hood of my mackintosh so as to be prepared for the worst, when the contents of a bucket were discharged upon the unprotected back of my neck by some rogue perched upon the cross-jack yard-arm. Neptune and Amphitrite left the throne, their imps seized upon the hose, and the fun was about to become general, when the crew came into collision with the priggishness of one passenger and the violent temper of another, and as any interference with passengers is illegal the captain was obliged to interfere and order the men forward. The holiday and its sports were thus brought to an unlucky termination; there was no more fun for the rest of the voyage, and no further good feeling between the crew and passengers.

We crossed the equator in long.  $25^{\circ} 9' \text{ w.}$ , and ran on the same tack as far as long.  $31^{\circ} 0' \text{ w.}$  before in lat.  $26^{\circ} 30' \text{ s.}$  the ship was put about on a south-east course. From a glance at the map it will be seen that our former course carried us in an exactly opposite direction from Melbourne, our destination, and any antique navigator, accustomed when bound for the east to beat his way down mid-Atlantic, would have supposed that we were making for the Brazils.

"The shifting  
Currents of the restless main,"

some of them "shifting" no longer, but as constant as the Trades, have been subjected to such careful observation during a series of years (observations

systematised in connection with sailing directions in the "South Atlantic Directory") that navigators are now able, as much by means of *constant currents* as of *constant winds*, to shorten the Australian passage by two months. The wide space of calms, or "Doldrums," lying between the n.e. and s.e. "Trades," is properly a triangle rather than a zone, with its base resting on Africa, and its apex stretching towards Brazil. It is obvious that a ship crossing this triangle of calms at its narrowest part must escape most of the detentions incident to the latitude; and it has been well known for many years that the south equatorial current, a monstrous tropical drift, popularly supposed to occupy about the same area as the s.e. Trades, was capable of assisting vessels in a westerly direction. A terrible bugbear it was, however, and because a few dull sailors, falling to leeward of Cape St. Roque, found difficulties in beating up against it, it was long shunned as a danger. It was indeed said to be in consequence of a disregard of its tendencies that the King George and other transports, which fell to leeward of San Roque during the last century, were lost; and even so lately as 1848 Keith Johnston, in his magnificent "Physical Atlas," warns vessels against crossing the equator anything to the west of  $23^{\circ} \text{ w.}$ , lest the westerly drift should hamper them on the northern coast of Brazil. More recent and extensive observations, however, have proved that it is perfectly safe to get all the advantage that may be gained by crossing the line even west of  $30^{\circ} \text{ w.}$ , as the current, which has so obligingly aided ships to cross the "Doldrums" at their narrowest part, slackens, or even dies away, so that the old bugbear of San Roque may be cleared without the slightest difficulty.

Starting in the Gulf of Guinea, this drift proceeds westwards on both sides of the equator till near San Roque, where it divides, and its northern branch, after skirting Guiana, flows through the Caribbean Sea, and emerges from the Gulf of Mexico as the Gulf Stream of the North Atlantic. In mid-ocean its rate and persistence may be safely calculated upon, its extreme velocity being twenty-four miles a day. When it takes a southerly curve its speed decreases gradually to a minimum of six miles a day. We took very great advantage of it, and the White Ben, while absolutely becalmed, was drifted on her westerly course on several occasions from twenty to twenty-two miles a day.

North of this there is the important Guinea, or equatorial counter-current, setting to the eastward, very useful in counteracting the effect of the great westerly drift and in preventing ships which cross the equator in the "fashionable" meridians before alluded to from being hampered in the neighbourhood of Cape San Roque. Its mean temperature is from  $78^{\circ}$  to  $83^{\circ}$ , and its mean annual velocity between fourteen and twenty-six miles a day, strongest in the summer months.

The only other current of much interest is the southern "connecting current," a drift running to the E. or E.N.E. from Tristan d'Acunha, with a supposed average of ten miles a day, and strong enough to run (between  $30^{\circ}$  and  $40^{\circ} \text{ s.}$ ) for 2,000 miles beyond the Cape of Good Hope.

The Agulhas Current is too far to the northward to interfere with ships making the great southerly sweep, which ours made, but it deserves mention as it is a *permanent* current generated by the great drifts of the Indian Ocean, and setting into the Atlantic



round the entire southern extremity of Africa. It varies in its velocity in different periods and situations from one to five miles an hour, and occasionally carries ships west even against north-westerly gales. Besides these there are the South African current, a cold stream, setting along West Africa till it loses itself in the south equatorial current, near the equator; the Brazilian "stream currents," which are of no account on Australian voyages; and the antarctic currents, by which the surface waters in that zone, between  $55^{\circ}$  and  $65^{\circ}$  s., set towards the south pole. The last, besides being little known, do not affect the highways of commerce.

The wind system of the South Atlantic is as carefully mapped out as the current system, and Maury's wind and current charts are to Atlantic voyagers what Murray's handbook is to Switzerland. The popular notion of five wind belts, or zones, in this great ocean may be accepted as an approximation to the truth. 1. The south-east "Trades," blowing from south-east to north-west in the open ocean, between lat.  $30^{\circ}$  to  $25^{\circ}$  s., and lat.  $2^{\circ}$  s. to  $5^{\circ}$  n., according to the season. 2. The variable winds, or "monsoons," on the Brazil Coast. 3. Variable winds, or "monsoons," on the African Coast. 4. Variable winds and calms near the tropic of Capricorn. 5. The anti-Trade, or "Passage Winds," equalling the "Trades" themselves in importance to navigation. These, "the brave west winds," separated from the south-east "Trades" by the "Calms of Capricorn," girdle the earth from that region as far south as navigation is practicable. They vary between north-west and south-west with a supposed mean direction of about west, and this is found in the line of its greatest force about  $45^{\circ}$  s., but shifts to some extent with the seasons. It is this noble and reliable wind which leads modern navigators so far to the southward on Australian voyages, enabling them to "run down their easting" with certainty and rapidity, and forms such an obstacle to the attempts of vessels to round Cape Horn for Pacific ports during the southern winter. These certainties are in striking contrast to the caprices of the North Atlantic north of the "Horse Latitudes," where, so far as winds go, every voyage is, to a certain extent, experimental, though the monitions of the barometer may be relied upon, and an accurate and continual attention to its readings is enjoined on all navigators.

After spending many months on the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean, where, taking the temperature of the water, noting the readings of the barometer, and paying attention to other indications of weather, were going on both by night and day, the navigation of the South Atlantic appeared almost slovenly. One wearied of the daily barometric wave, meaning nothing, and of the steady low barometer of the "Doldrums." Indeed, as an indication of weather it seems practically disregarded in high southern latitudes, for the mean of all observations on its height between  $55^{\circ}$  and  $60^{\circ}$  s. is 29.24 inches only, or six-tenths lower than in the same latitude north; so low that its fine weather monition in the south would be taken as the harbinger of a gale in the north.

The compass plays strange antics, but even these, somehow or other, obey known laws, and if a passenger studies Maury's wind and current charts, and the "South Atlantic Directory," and is able daily to find the ship's position on the chart, he comes to feel himself as much at home on the South Atlantic as a

stranger does in England, aided by Bradshaw's Railway Guide, and "the reign of law" has a very special interest there as elsewhere.

By methods which approximate roughly to the truth the extent of sea surface is estimated at 155 million square miles, or nearly three-fourths of the surface of the earth. A glance at a map of the globe shows what a large part of this briny whole is occupied by the vast, deep, landless South Atlantic, with the equator for its northern, and the antarctic circle for its southern boundary, and the meridians of Cape Horn and Agulhas, prolonged to the antarctic circle, denoting its eastern and western limits. The true meteorological division between it and the North Atlantic, and the separation between the wind and current systems, lie however between  $5^{\circ}$  and  $10^{\circ}$  north of the equator.

In coming from the North Atlantic, with its short and almost overcrowded highways, island health resorts, tropical archipelagoes, erratic wind systems (so far as its extra tropical regions are concerned), and innumerable harbours, one's first feeling on crossing the line is that of having emerged upon the desert. The scarcely broken coasts contain no deep and mountain-guarded harbours. There are no archipelagoes, and few islands, and the few bear names little known, and to our ears somewhat outlandish, and are usually so repulsive and inhospitable in appearance that one's great desire is to give them as wide a berth as possible. The immense area of waters is of little importance as compared with that of other seas, and one extensive portion is frequented only by whalers. While the North Atlantic, measured round its principal sinuosities, has a total shore of 54,000 miles, that of the South Atlantic is only 9,300, or about a sixth. On its vast highways few dangers exist, and the various meteorological difficulties which are met with in the North Atlantic give place to a very reliable wind and current system, easily understood and applied to navigation. There are few dangerous rocks, except the coral reef of Las Rocas, on which the Duncan Dunbar was lost, and this is easily avoided.

In the earlier part of our voyage, and for a fortnight in the neighbourhood of the equator, we exchanged ocean courtesies with from two to fourteen ships daily, and had the satisfaction of overhauling every vessel bound in the same direction as ourselves. Now and then we came close enough to ships to speak with their captains without a speaking-trumpet, to compare chronometers, and give and receive news; but from the day we crossed the parallel of  $12^{\circ}$  s. we never saw a sail till we made Cape Otway in Australia.

We were, however, fortunate enough to get a very near view of the Brazilian Island of Trinidad, which, from its height of 2,000 feet, is visible fifty miles off. After several weeks of shifting brine, diversified only by a hazy glimpse of Madeira, even the Martin Vaz rocks were welcome as being solid; and when the blue of distant Trinidad changed into grey, and the grey into green flecked with the warm hues of the living earth, "most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar, weary the wandering fields of barren foam." The crevices among the rocks were shady with shrubs, goats were skipping upon grassy cliffs, and streams swollen by recent rains dashed impetuously into the sea. We had a near view of a passage forty feet broad, fifty high, and 420 long, tunnelled by the sea through a bluff

800 feet high; and as the sea was moderate we saw through the well-engineered archway the only bay on the island, and a picturesque rock shaggy with trees. Besides this, the "Monument," a cylindrical detached rock 850 feet high, with large trees growing on its summit; and the "Sugar Loaf," a conical rock 1,160 feet high, also capped with trees, rejoiced my eyes. While we hung about the island nearly becalmed, torrents of rain fell, and a cascade, whose height is estimated at 700 feet, tumbled in white fierceness over the rocks into the greedy sea, while on the land tropical ferns and mosses, and all the graceful greenery born of heat and damp, were lavishly expanding their moistened and redundant frondage where no eye rejoiced in it. The Portuguese once had a settlement on Trinidada, and on their departure bequeathed it a legacy of hogs, goats, and cats; but though it is fertile, and upwards of six miles in circumference, it is now uninhabited, and being surrounded by rough coral rocks, with a nearly continuous surf breaking over them, landing is precarious, and the abundant supply of water is rarely resorted to by ships, except in the emergency of extreme scarcity.

In the midwinter of the southern hemisphere, just within the great belt of the passage winds, "while running down our easting" under double-reefed topsails, rigging and sails stiff with ice, huge seas piled up in green, snow-crested mountains, squalls frequent, and the mercury hanging about 27°, at daybreak of a most tempestuous day a huge cone of snow, with surf dashing over its base, rose close to us out of the mountainous seas, a ghastly thing, the type of solitude and desolation, the island of Tristan d'Acunha, of which an interesting account was given in the "Leisure Hour" (No. 1141). This island, even at a distance, must be a most striking object, but as we ran the channel between it and Inaccessible Island, which presented only a bluff of most forbidding aspect, 1,840 feet high, we got a good view of it, at least as good as could be got while holding on with frozen hands to frozen rigging, blinded with freezing spin-drift, between the shocks of pitiless seas, which were for ever piling themselves between the ship and the solitary snow peak.

So seen, Tristan d'Acunha presented an abrupt elevation, terminating in a height of 1,000 feet in a table-land, on which is placed a volcanic cone 8,300 feet in height, at the top of which is a crater 2,000 feet in circumference, now a lake with a shore of cinders. We did not see the solitary and perilous landing-place, near which are grouped the houses of the few simple and virtuous people to whom it owes its romantic interest, and except for a grey streak or patch here and there, the whole island, from the surges which swept its base to the red morning cloud which kissed its crest, was pure white with snow. It was altogether a scene of howling horror, whose desolation could hardly be surpassed.

Leaving this region, in order to make the best of the passage winds, we ran for a long time on and about the parallel of 45° s., and went as far south as 46° 20' before we steered to the northwards for Melbourne. In that waste of waters beyond 40° s., where the polar-bound winds rage with inconceivable force, "running them down" means a storm lasting for weeks, snow, hail, and frost; an ocean looking (to quote Maury's words) "like the green hills of a rolling prairie capped with snow, and chasing each other for sport. Their march is stately,

and their roll majestic; the scenery among them is grand, and the Australian-bound trader finds herself followed for weeks by these magnificent rolling swells, driven and lashed by the brave west winds furiously." So "driven and lashed" was the gallant White Bon, tearing eastwards at an average speed of 290 miles a day; sometimes scudding under nearly bare poles, thrice having new topsails split, twice owing to a shift of wind lying to for three days in a sea of appalling magnitude, then wafted by gentler gales into more genial regions, till, on our seventysixth day out, at the very hour indicated the previous morning by the captain, we sighted Cape Otway in Australia Felix. Welcome, "Greater Britain!" I exclaim, with De Beauvoir, "oh, miracle of navigation!"

## NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

### WOOD-PIGEON OR STOCK-DOVE.

I HAVE generally found it asserted in my readings, that the common wood-pigeon or stock-dove cannot be tamed; such, however, is not the case. Some years ago I became possessed of quite a young bird of this kind, which I determined to rear. I fed it in the usual manner adopted with this description of bird, until it learned to peck for itself. When strong on the wing it evidently desired its liberty, and one fine Sunday morning on opening the door it suddenly flew out, and was quickly lost to sight. Of course I gave up every hope of seeing it again, but in the afternoon on going out I was very much surprised to find that it had returned, and was perched on a neighbouring barn. I quickly changed my coat for the one I generally wore, and with seed in my hand I called it down to me with the notes I had been accustomed to use when I fed it. It was pleased to return, and was put in the house as before. Now, instead of keeping it confined, I gave it its liberty every day, and although its wings were not cut yet it never failed to return, and would, when within hearing, come at the call. This was all the more strange as it was in a small country village, and therefore in the midst of many of its own species. It grew to be quite a large and a very handsome bird, indeed equal to any seen in their wild state.

*Ripon.*

E.

### ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

Some fifteen years ago my uncle had a dog, a cross between a sheep-dog and a Newfoundland, named "Turk," a most sagacious animal, who seemed to understand much that was spoken to him, besides the routine phrases of command usually uttered to dogs. One day whilst my uncle was talking to a miller at Horley Mill, the hat of the latter blew off into the mill-head and sank to the bottom in about nine or ten feet of water. So, calling Turk, my uncle pointed to the water, saying, "Hie, in there, good dog, fetch the hat." No sooner said than done, in plunged the dog, and after two or three dives brought the hat safely to land.

The limited range of canine intelligence beyond matters connected with instinct, is shown in the following incident.

One hot day in summer a friend took the dog out for a walk to the river, where, thinking he would like a bathe, he undressed and plunged into the

water. No sooner, however, did he begin to splash about than the dog, evidently thinking he was drowning, plunged in to the rescue, and despite of his efforts brought him to the shore. This Turk repeated every time he dived from the bank, until at last he was compelled to give up bathing any more that day. No amount of explanation could make the dog understand that the bathing was voluntary.

One day when riding to market, my uncle took Turk with him. After he had ridden about two miles on his way, he suddenly remembered that he had left his riding-whip hanging up in the stable. So he ordered the dog to go back and fetch it. At first Turk refused to go (evidently thinking it was only a ruse to get rid of him), on which my uncle, guessing the cause of the dog's hesitation, turned his horse's head towards home, saying, "No; I will wait for you, old fellow," when away galloped the dog. Rushing into the stable he jumped up, knocked the whip off the hook, and brought it to his master in his mouth.

Afterwards, when walking with a friend through the fields, my uncle purposely (to try the dog) dropped his stick unperceived by him. After he had gone about a mile farther on, he said to Turk, "Stick lost, find it." Away went the dog, but when he arrived at the place where the stick had been dropped it had gone. It happened in the meantime that the postman, who passed by shortly afterwards, saw the stick and picked it up, taking it away with him. When the dog got to the place where the stick had been dropped he scented the man who had picked it up, and followed him. Overtaking the postman, he rushed at him, growling fiercely and showing his teeth. The man, naturally alarmed at his behaviour, held out the stick to defend himself. This was just what the dog wanted, for, jumping up, he snatched the stick out of his hand and galloped off after his master.

My grandfather had a couple of young pointer pups, about three or four months old (just able to walk), named "Shot" and "Pouch." One day my father saw them pointing at a butterfly settled on a daisy in the garden. He said it was a very pretty sight, and a wonderful instance of acquired habits becoming hereditary instincts. There was "Shot" with his tail straight out, his paw raised, his nose stretched out pointing at the butterfly, and his whole frame quivering with excitement, whilst a little behind was "Pouch" backing him up, in the same attitude.

W. C. C.

#### ATTACHMENT OF A PIGEON.

A gentleman had a flock of pigeons which he always fed himself. On his calling them they would fly to him, and one always fed out of his hand. This confiding one would fly to meet him some distance, and come home perched on his shoulder.

R. W.

#### AGES OF BIRDS.

J. H., Wood Lawn, Oxford, writes:—"I see that 'Canary Goldie' (L. H. March) died at the age of fifteen years, and its owner wondered if it was an unusual age. I have a green and gold canary, hatched in the spring of 1860. He has been a splendid singer, is now alive and well, and is a great pet; he will flutter his wings and chatter away to the persons who feed him, but this year his song has wholly ceased. I will let you know when my bird dies, but I trust the time is yet distant."

## Varieties.

**BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT GLASGOW.**—The forty-fifth annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science commences its sittings at Glasgow on the 6th September. Sir Robert Christison, M.D., Bart., was to have been president, but declined the honour on account of his advanced years. Long life to him! *Ultimus Romanorum*, last of the Edinburgh Professors appointed in pre-Victorian times! The chair will be filled by Professor Andrews, M.D., F.R.S., of Belfast. This is the third time the Association has visited Glasgow, the first time in 1840, when the Marquis of Breadalbane presided, and the second in 1855, under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll. Apart from the routine business, and the papers to be read and discussed in the various sections, this meeting is expected to be a large and successful one, the great commercial and manufacturing capital of Scotland possessing many points of special attractiveness, while the excursions—no unimportant feature in the annual meetings of the parliament of science—will reach to places of historical interest as well as of grand and picturesque scenery.

**IRISH CHARACTER.**—The following communication explains itself:—"You will excuse me, I hope, for troubling you with some remarks on the article on 'Bulls, Irish and Otherwise,' in the 'Leisure Hour' for July. I am a working man, and not much of a scholar, but read a good deal, and observe what is around me. I have worked with Irishmen, and been a great deal in their company, and from what I have noticed of them I think that they are the most quick and the wittiest people in the world. They are, I might say, a very peculiar race of people, especially in any kind of an argument with an Englishman. I have often thought that had they more education they would beat my own countrymen in an argument. As it is, enter into an argument with an Irishman, let him be ever so ignorant of the subject, and he will grapple with you, and try to baffle you. If you think that you have beaten him, he will gradually shift his quarters, and attack you on another point. I should think that they are most fitted for soldiers and lawyers. You can compare them to nothing so much as a fire. You try to extinguish a fire, and it breaks out somewhere else. It (a fire) gives you a great amount of work to do to get the upper hand of it, and it is the same with Irishmen. They are very good to work with if you only let their religion and country alone. If you are liked among them, you can chaff with them as much as you like; if otherwise, you must be careful. I could, if it was not for fear of troubling you too much, give you many instances of the ways of argument adopted by them. I think that the favourite way of entering into an argument is to *advance backwards, or sideways*, to the subject in dispute. In spite of all their cleverness they are, as the writer on 'Bulls' remarks, too quick in their ideas. I have heard a great many blunders from Irishmen, but it is no good noticing anything, as they will only tell you that an Irishman is always allowed to speak twice, and an Englishman till he is understood. I think that the writer on 'Bulls' must be an Irishman, speaking, or rather writing, in favour of my friends, the Irish."

**ALPHABET OF COMMERCIAL VIRTUES.**—At the last meeting of the Church of England Young Men's Christian Association, the Rev. Canon Titcomb, in his speech, drew from "an imaginary box on the table" an alphabetical list of virtues and good qualities, which, he said, ought to be characteristic of all Christian young men. His collection of "parcels" was as follows, and he briefly but pithily expatiated on each:—Affability, bravery, caution, decision, enthusiasm, fidelity, gratitude, humility, industry, joyousness, kindness, liberality, manliness, naturalness, obedience, prayerfulness, quietness, reserve, self-consecration, truthfulness, unsuspiciousness, virtue, and watchfulness. The Lord Mayor, who presided, then gave a short address, at the outset of which he wittily supplied the last three letters of the alphabet omitted by Canon Titcomb, and applied them to that gentleman, as standing for his "extraordinary wise-end" (X. Y. Z.). He commented on some of the points in the Canon's address, and referring specially to the second "parcel," he said it often required the exercise of the highest bravery or pluck on the part of a young man to resist the temptation to obtain money in a dishonest way. He spoke very earnestly about the disastrous effects of taking the first step in a downward course, and expressed his interest in, and best wishes for, the success of the Society.

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Cooper.*



MR. SPARROW AT HOME.

## BOY AND MAN.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—FOILED.

"Tremble, thou wretch;  
Thou hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice."—*Shakespeare.*

THE party at Mr. Sparrow's lodgings waited the return of their messenger, and wondered much, as evening drew on, that he did not arrive. A little before ten o'clock Mr. Hawkes joined

them. "Nott has no doubt waited to come with Mr. Bootle," they said; "they will both arrive together." But ten o'clock passed, and neither of them appeared. Mr. Sparrow went to the door several times and looked up the street, and came back wondering where the boy had got to.

"What boy was it?" Mr. Hawkes asked; "one of your ragged friends?"

"Formerly, but as good a boy as ever lived. I would trust him with anything."



"Had he anything with him?"

"No; it would have been all the same, whatever he might have had; he is as honest and faithful a lad as you could meet with in all London. You might tell that by the look of him. You heard what he said when I gave him the letter, and told him it was of importance, and he must be sure to deliver it. 'I won't come back at all till I have delivered it.' Those were his last words. Any other boy would have returned before now without having done his errand; but—there he is."

There was a ring at the bell, followed by voices in the passage.

Mr. Sparrow opened the door of the room and called anxiously over the banisters, "Nott, is that you?"

"No, sir," Mrs. Rundell answered; "it's a policeman, and he wants to speak to you."

"A policeman! Ha!" said Mr. Hawkes, looking very sagacious; "now we shall hear. Your ragged friend has got into trouble, I'm afraid."

"Let him come up," said Mr. Sparrow; and the policeman mounted the stairs, holding in his hand an old hat crushed out of shape, wet and muddy.

"Do you know anything of this hat, sir?" he asked. "Name of Sparrow inside it."

"Why, it's Nott's hat!" Mr. Sparrow exclaimed; "an old one of mine. He hasn't been run over again, has he? What an unfortunate chap that is, to be sure!"

"Worse than that, sir," the policeman said, pointing solemnly to the floor.

"What do you mean?" They waited, breathless, but the man was silent, pointing again, with three separate thrusts of his finger, towards the floor.

"What has happened to him?" said Mr. Hawkes; "speak out."

"Gone down, sir; drowned, gentlemen; fell overboard."

"Drowned! Where?"

"London Bridge Wharf. Boulogne boat; fell overboard—if it aint murder. Some of them thought there was foul play; but that will have to be inquired into, that will." And by degrees he told them all he knew.

"Is there no hope that the poor boy may have been picked up?" they asked.

"None whatever; he hadn't a chance, you see, gentlemen; them that saw him said he was out of breath and couldn't speak—half dead with running or something, before he fell in. He couldn't float in that state. And then the vessels were lying so close together, no boats could get near him, and the tide sucked him under in a moment. They picked up the hat, and Mr. Bootle, or Mr. Bennett, whichever it is, when he saw the name of Sparrow in it, told them to go to Kensington. I went there and they gave me your address here; and that was how I found you."

"And the body—have they recovered it?"

"They will drag for it at daylight."

They were silent for a time. "Poor Nott, I did him wrong," said Mr. Hawkes.

"The boy's friends must be told," said the officer. "Where do they live?"

"I don't know that he had any friends in particular, though everybody liked him," William Goodchild answered. "Mr. Sparrow was about the only friend he had."

"I'm sure you were his friend," Mr. Sparrow answered, "and John and Susan; and Annie was as

fond of him as she could be of anybody almost. I don't know how I shall tell her about him. Poor Nott! poor dear old Nott!" Tears were running down Mr. Sparrow's face; and the others were scarcely less affected.

"You mentioned Mr. Bootle," said Hawkes.

"Yes, sir; that's the name of the gent who went on board the boat; the poor lad was trying to catch him, it appears; he had been running after him, the cabman said, for miles. We have got him safe."

"Got Mr. Bootle?"

"Yes, sir; it looks awkward, you see, when an accident happens under such circumstances: there might have been a scuffle, or something; the boy might have been shoved over: and then there was a *alias*. So our inspector took Mr. Bootle, or he would have gone off to Boulogne. He will be wanted for the inquest, at all events."

"I'll go and see him," said the lawyer, "at once;" and late as it was Mr. Hawkes, accompanied by Mr. Sparrow and the officer, set off immediately for the police-station, Mr. Goodchild and his son going home to Wandsworth.

They found Mr. Bootle in a state of great misery and terror, but he seemed heartily glad to see them.

"If I had only known it was your messenger," he said, "I would have stopped and read the letter."

"You did not receive the letter at all, then?"

"No, I only saw a boy, all over mud and dirt, running after me on the quay, and I was in a hurry, and would not look at him or listen to him."

"Why were you in such haste; and what were you going to Boulogne for?"

"Oh, Mr. Hawkes, I'll tell you everything if you'll only be a friend to me. I meant to have told you before, but Slocum came again this afternoon, and he stuck to me, and would have me go to Boulogne at once, and never left me till I was half way to the boat; and I was afraid of being stopped."

"Did you see the boy fall into the water?"

"No. The first I heard of it was when the cry was raised, 'A man overboard.' Even then I never thought of that poor boy who had been running after me."

"There was no struggle, then; he did not lay hold of you, and you push him off?"

"As sure as I stand here, I never touched him. I am as innocent of his death in that way as you are: and yet it lies at my door; I feel as if I were the cause of it: if I had stopped and taken the letter when he held it up to me on the quay, he would have been alive now. It was all my fault; all my cowardice! What a miserable unfortunate wretch I am!"

They were very sorry for him. After a time Mr. Hawkes persuaded him to sit down, and sent Mr. Sparrow to walk about outside while he talked to him. "You may tell me anything you like about your dealings with this Slocum," he said. "I will make no use of it without your leave; in short, I will act for you as your solicitor, and do the best I can to get you out of your difficulties."

Then Bootle told him how he had been persuaded by Slocum to join with him, and two or three others of his class, in spreading false reports, and writing pretended information to the newspapers, with a view to bring down the prices of certain railway stock in the market, with the particulars of which the reader is already acquainted.

"It's a case of conspiracy," said Hawkes; "the

police have been trying to make out about it, but I don't think they have been very successful. Slocum was most afraid of you, especially as you had shown a disposition to be friendly to Mr. Goodchild, who suffered for a time by his roguery. You will be glad to hear that Mr. Goodchild is now out of his hands; he was discharged from the Queen's Bench to-day, and is gone home. I hope it will turn out that Mr. Slocum gains nothing and Mr. Goodchild loses nothing by the transactions in which they have been engaged together. We shall be able, perhaps, to manage him better now you are at hand than if you had fled to Boulogne. I don't think you need apprehend much, at present, on your own account. There will be an inquest as soon as the body is discovered, and then you will doubtless be set at liberty. I will go and see Mr. Slocum to-morrow. I have no doubt I shall persuade him, for his own sake, to leave you, for the future, to yourself. Good-night."

Mr. Bootle bade him good-night, and thanked him warmly. He felt his mind much relieved, he said, and would follow his advice implicitly. If he could only get rid of Slocum, and be well out of this business, he would begin again as an honest man, and never go out of the way of truth and fair dealing any more.

When Mr. Hawkes rejoined his friend, they went together to the steam-packet quay. They trod with a feeling akin to awe the deck of the vessel from which poor Nott had fallen. The Boulogne boat, which had been delayed some time on account of the accident, was gone, to catch the tide on the other side of the Channel. There was a group of wharfmen and others lingering near the spot, one of whom had been the first to give the alarm, and felt himself a more important person ever since, and was looked up to by the rest, who pointed him out to all inquirers as knowing all about it. This man felt sure that there had been no scuffle; he had seen the gent jump over into the other boat, and had only turned his head for a moment when he heard a splash, and guessed what had happened. He had noticed the boy following the gentleman, but never thought of danger. It was not above half a yard or so to jump; the boy must have slipped or something. "Did he look tired?" Yes, he did look tired, poor chap, and limped with his left leg, as if it had got hurt. He was all over mud, too, as if he had been a rolling in it. The speaker knewed, as soon as he heard the splash, that he would never be got out alive; the tide was running so, it wasn't likely. The body would be found; to-morrow, perhaps, but nobody could say when or where: it might be miles away by this time.

Mr. Sparrow and the lawyer walked away sadly together, and, separating on London Bridge, each went to his own home.

For a long time Mr. Hawkes could think of nothing but the melancholy end of poor Nott. He had seen the boy once or twice, and had been rather suspicious of him. A lawyer's experience in London does not tend to increase his confidence in human honesty, especially among those who are in needy circumstances. He felt sorry now that he had so misjudged him. Before he reached home, however, his thoughts went back to other events of the day, and especially to Mr. Goodchild's dealings with Slocum. He thought over all the circumstances of this contract, and resolved to lose no time in sifting the

matter thoroughly, in the hope that with Bootle's assistance he might be able in some measure to repair the mischief which Mr. Goodchild had done through his impatience. As a result of his deliberations on the subject he sent a message almost as soon as it was light to Wandsworth, to make an appointment with Mr. Goodchild to meet him at the office of the railway company in the City; and thither he himself repaired as soon as the office was open.

He soon ascertained from the secretary the part which Mr. Slocum had played. He had, as already stated, represented himself to be the owner of Mr. Goodchild's property, and in that character had intercepted and replied to all letters and notices relating to the purchase, with the exception of the last, which had escaped his vigilance and had been delivered at the house. Mr. Hawkes told the secretary as much as he thought necessary of the trick which had been played, and at his request the latter wrote to Slocum, begging him to call upon him at the company's office as soon as possible, and sent the letter by a trusty messenger.

Mr. Slocum, who had just arrived at the "Financial Agency," came immediately, and was shown into a private office, where Mr. Hawkes was waiting for him. He was evidently taken by surprise, but soon recovered himself.

"Mr. Hawkes!" he said; "oh! glad to see you, Mr. Hawkes; unexpected pleasure! Er—r—you are concerned, I suppose, for Mr. Goodchild, in the matter of my purchase?"

"I am concerned for Mr. Goodchild," he replied; "I am very glad to find him at liberty again."

"Yes, you know; it was a pity it was not all done sooner."

"No doubt you will think so; and quite right, too, from your point of view."

"No; I was thinking of Mr. Goodchild only. He might have been spared all that long imprisonment; he need never have gone to the Bench at all; but of course, it makes no difference to me. Only we must complete the purchase now without any more delay: your client has received the full consideration for it already, and must give up possession."

"I have not seen the contract yet," said Mr. Hawkes.

"It's all right," said Mr. Slocum.

"Have you got it with you?"

"Why, yes, I have." Mr. Slocum had thought it probable that the secretary of the company had wished to see him on this business, and had, therefore, come prepared. He took it from his pocket and gave it to Mr. Hawkes.

The lawyer read it attentively, and a smile, scarcely perceptible, parted his lips. He folded it up and returned it to Mr. Slocum.

"When shall you be prepared to settle?" Mr. Slocum asked.

"I shall ask you that question presently," Mr. Hawkes replied. "You will, perhaps, refer me, in the first place, to your solicitor; and if so, I shall begin by telling him, as I now tell you, that that contract is not worth the paper it is written on."

"Ha! ha! we shall see. We have stolen a march upon you; I admit that: we have taken the matter into our own hands, Mr. Goodchild and I, and you are annoyed at it; very natural, very natural!"

"You have not been quite prompt enough, however. The company had already, by virtue of their Act, claimed to purchase the property from Mr. Goodchild. Their notice bears an earlier date than

your contract: consequently it is sold to them and not to you!"

Mr. Slocum was taken aback. "That's your view of the case," he said. "I shall dispute it: there must be two parties to a contract, as you, being a lawyer, ought to know. Mr. Goodchild made no agreement with the company: he never gave his consent, consequently the bargain with them was not complete. This contract, on the contrary, bears his signature and his receipt for the purchase-money."

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Goodchild's consent was not necessary. The company exercised their right of compulsory purchase, and he could not have refused if he had had the opportunity; the purchase was binding, therefore, upon both parties, from the moment when this notice was left at his house; and at the time he signed your contract the property was not his to sell."

Mr. Slocum turned blue. "I don't care," he cried, "I'll go to law about it; I'll have my rights, and I'll come down on Mr. Goodchild for obtaining money under false pretences; he took my receipt for it; he got his discharge; and now you say the property was not his to sell. I'll have my money in full, or I'll prosecute him for a felon. I'll ruin him, and his son, and all belonging to him."

"Softly, Mr. Slocum: don't talk about felonies, you remind me of things which were better forgotten."

Mr. Slocum looked at him keenly, but said nothing.

"I have heard rumours," Mr. Hawkes proceeded, "of felonies in which your name was implicated."

"Indeed! and from whom?"

"Mr. Bootle."

"Oh, Bootle; he would say anything. I don't care about Bootle."

"His testimony would be as good as any other man's before a jury."

"Don't talk to me in that way, Mr. Hawkes; if Bootle has got anything to say, let him come and say it."

"He shall do so. In the meantime I may tell you that he has confided everything to me, and that I am acting for him."

Mr. Slocum turned white again, pasty white. "When did you see Bootle?" he asked, anxiously.

"Last night; perhaps you don't know that he is in custody? I'll take you to him now if you like."

Mr. Slocum jumped up from his seat and made a hasty step towards the door, but Mr. Hawkes stood in the way.

"You seem alarmed," he said.

"It's all a lie," Slocum exclaimed, recovering himself suddenly. "You have not seen Bootle: you don't know where he is: you want to intimidate me."

"You compliment me too highly," said Hawkes. "I am not so clever as you imagine. I am only dealing with facts. Mr. Bootle is not in custody on a charge of *conspiracy*, Mr. Slocum: that has not been brought against him yet; he was stopped on his way to Boulogne in consequence of an accident to a poor boy who was following him, and who was drowned in attempting to deliver a letter to him. I hope he will be at liberty in a day or two. And now let me give you a word of advice, Mr. Slocum. Let Mr. Bootle alone for the future, and Mr. Goodchild also. You shall have your rights: I promise you that in Mr. Goodchild's name. If you can satisfy

me that any balance of debt remains from him to you, or that you are entitled to any payment from him over and above the sums which he has from time to time deposited in your hands, you shall receive it, with interest, to the uttermost farthing. Any further demands or attempt at extortion on your part will be at your peril. As for the contract, you had better put it in the fire at once, lest it should bring you into trouble."

"Let me go," said Slocum. "Have you done?"

"I have quite done," said Mr. Hawkes: "you know where to find me if you want me." He opened the door and Slocum strode out into the street without another word.

He caught sight of Mr. Goodchild entering the office as he left it, and could not forbear from looking up in his face and snarling at him like a dog. "How very extraordinary!" said that gentleman to his son; "what can have happened to him? Oh, here's Mr. Hawkes; perhaps he can tell us."

Yes; Mr. Hawkes could tell them. "You need not be alarmed," he said; "his bark is worse than his bite now. The house is sold to the company, and not to him. They will pay you a good price for it, with compensation for the expense and inconvenience of removal. As for Slocum, if you are really in his debt, you can pay him; it is a question for your own conscience. I don't think he will venture to make any claim."

It would be impossible to describe the joy and gratitude with which Mr. Hawkes' account of the morning's business was received. We need not follow Mr. Slocum any further, but will only state, in taking leave of him, that Mr. Goodchild left Mr. Hawkes to deal with him in strict equity, and that on the balance of accounts that gentleman sent him a cheque for five pounds and threepence, for which he never received any acknowledgment or thanks.

#### CHAPTER XX.—BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING.

"Transformation of apostate man  
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,  
Is work for Him that made him. He alone,  
And He by means, in philosophic eyes,  
Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves  
The wonder: humanising what is brute  
In the lost kind: extracting from the lips  
Of asps their venom; overpowering strength  
By weakness, and hostility by love."—*Cooper*.

It was more than a week before Nott's body was recovered. It was found not very far from the spot where it had sunk. The tide had swept over it and left it undisturbed, deep in the mud, entangled in a chain which lay upon the bottom. The verdict of the coroner's inquest was "Accidental Death." No blame was imputed to anybody, and Mr. Bootle was released from custody, there being no charge against him. He went abroad soon afterwards at his own expense, feeling, as he said to Mr. Hawkes, that he should never hold up his head again, or do any good in this country. A new life was before him in the New World, and there he was resolved to start afresh with better principles as well as better prospects. "Experience is fool's wisdom," it is said, but most of us are fools, more or less, and wisdom is cheap whatever price we pay for it; especially if we can get a little of it while we are young, and have time and opportunity to profit by it. So there is yet hope for Bootle.

Poor little Nott was buried in the churchyard of All Saints' in the South. It was a dingy spot, hemmed in with houses and workshops, and black with smoke and soot. The proverb says, "No

churchyard is so fair to look upon that a man would desire straight to be buried there." Certainly this of All Saints' possessed no such fascination. But cemeteries were then few and far between, and there was no other place where they could lay him. Mr. Armiger came to town on purpose to read the burial service over him, and Mr. Sparrow followed the body as chief mourner.

"Poor little chap!" an old woman cried as the procession passed her door—a plain and simple funeral, yet contrasting in its quiet order and solemnity with the parish burying to which All Saints' in the South was most accustomed—"Poor little chap! he *could* be pleased if he could know that Mr. Armiger was a-burying of him, and Mr. Sparrow a-following of him to the grave; he'd smile in his coffin, he would."

"Aye, he would so," another made reply.

But there are better places to smile in than coffins, and "poor little Nott," as they all called him—(rich little Nott they might have said)—had other causes for rejoicing than even these which they took notice of. And yet the love which prompted such sad and unavailing attention to his poor remains was a spark of the same fire, a ray of the same divine glory, by which all joy on earth below, and in heaven above, is kindled. There was a great crowd of ragged boys following the funeral procession, not running about and jumping over the grave-stones, but looking on with serious faces and listening with attention to the solemn words of the burial service. Conspicuous among the group which stood around the grave was Tuffey and his wife and son; Tuffey's faith wavering until "the turn of the reading," as he called it, after the soil had been thrown upon the coffin, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and the cheering words sounded forth like an anthem, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be like unto His glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself." And then came the "voice from heaven;" such indeed it seemed to those who heard it, saying, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours." Tuffey kept those words in his heart, and they helped him to silence many an infidel challenge, many a discontented doubt that arose in spite of better feelings and convictions, and troubled him from time to time. He went to church the following Sunday, and heard a sermon from the same text by the rector—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!" and from that time he never failed to attend Divine service on Sundays, and often in the evening of a week-day also; and his wife and boy went with him. Tuffey was no coward: he could not make so great a change in the habits of his life without exposing himself to a great deal of ridicule and persecution: he had to eat his own words, and to confess himself a fool to those who used to admire and flatter him; but what matter? he had the courage of his opinions now as then; he had given free expression to his thoughts when he was in ignorance and unbelief, and he was resolved to do so now, while yet scarcely conscious of the reality and soundness of his faith. He moved away from Paradise Court, and found that he could not only afford to pay for a better lodging, now that he had turned his back resolutely upon the Toad-in-a-Hole, but could also keep himself and all belonging to him better

fed and better clad than formerly. Yet he was sometimes waylaid by his old associates and sorely tempted.

"Hullo, Tuffey!" said one of them, as he was passing near his old haunt one evening; "hullo, Tuffey! how are you? How's the kid?"

"The boy's all right; thank God for it!"

"Come in and have a drop, and drink his health; I'll stand treat."

"No, I thank you; I'm none of that mind to-day."

"Come in, I tell you; you an't a-going to turn Methody, are you?"

"Thank you all the same. If you like to come along with me, you can; but I can't go along with you."

"And where are you a-going?"

"I'm going after them there church bells—there."

There was a laugh from one or two of them, and they stood across his path.

"You never give us no arguments now," said one.

"If you have got anything new worth telling, why don't you let us have it?"

"You can have it in the church if you like to go there."

"But how about the rights of man?" said Stubbins; "you used be strong on that pint."

"The rights of man!" said Tuffey, slowly; "well! you think as every man has a right to do what he likes, I suppose; especially with his own?"

"In course he has," said Stubbins.

"To beat his own wife, for instance; to drink his own earnings, and to starve his own children? I don't agree with you. When I begin to spout again, it won't be about the rights of men, but the wrongs of women and children."

Stubbins was very angry, but could not make any reply, for the cap fitted him, and more or less closely some of his companions also.

"Well, but," said another; "what do you make of Noah and the ark? How was all the animals fed?"

This question was closely urged, to conceal their discomfiture on the other. It had been one of Tuffey's posers. "No man could answer that," he used to say. Now the argument was turned against himself. He would have avoided it, but they would not let him go.

"How did He feed them?" he said, after a pause.

"How is all London fed, year after year?"

"Out of the country, of course."

"And how is the country fed? How does the grass grow for the cattle, and corn for to make bread? Where does it all come from? If you will tell me how such animals as you are fed all the year round, I'll tell you how the animals in the ark was fed. I don't see that one is any greater wonder than the other myself."

They looked at each other and at him, and laughed again for want of other answer, with an oath or two to show their independence, but stepped out of the way and let him pass.

"There's a kind of laughter," he said, looking back at them, "which is like the crackling of thorns under a pot; it don't hurt the pot much, but it's very bad for the thorns!"

Many another bout he had with them from time to time, but he always met them in this fashion; not arguing, he had no trust in his own power of arguifying now, but giving them something else to think about, leaving them as much astonished at his good-temper and forbearance as at his altered life and habits.



The ragged-school flourished during the next winter. The members increased, and the boys were more orderly. There was a better feeling among them, and the new-comers were brought under discipline, or, rather, kept within due bounds by those who had been for a longer period under the gentle influence of the teachers. Mr. Armiger recovered his strength, and was able to attend to the school as usual; and even the rector, Mr. Orthodox, looked in occasionally upon their work, and addressed the children briefly, and was listened to; and subscribed handsomely towards the support of it.

William Goodchild took his degree in due time: no honours, for his head would not bear much work; and settled down as curate in a country parish, where Mr. Goodchild bought his third house, from which he was not fortunate enough to be ejected by any new railway company, there being already a line, with a station, very near it, from which he could run up to London in an hour.

Our history concludes as usual, with a marriage. Mr. Sparrow, having succeeded to a fourth share in the brewery, feathered a very comfortable little nest within easy reach of his business quarters, and not too far distant from All Saints' in the South, and married Annie Goodchild. Little Sparrows soon began to chirp about their happy home, and young Tuffey, promoted to the place which Nott had filled

so faithfully, led the pony which carried them about in panniers, and was almost as proud and happy of his office as his predecessor could have been.

"How are you prospering?" Mr. Goodchild would say to his old friend John Armiger, when they met, as they often did, for a day or more in the country. "How does All Saints' in the South get on?"

"As well as I could expect, though not so well as I could wish," would be the answer. "One must be thankful for a little, and believe in a great deal. Old Tuffey is as firm as a rock; a standard-bearer in the church, though so quiet, so humble-minded, you would never think there was much in him. There are others whom I can depend upon; but if there were only one it would be recompense enough for a lifetime. You'll find it so in your village. You may not have much to show for your work; you may meet with as many discouragements as at All Saints' in the South, or even at old Bearward's; but be not weary in well doing. In due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Think what it is to save one soul alive! Above all, look after the little ones. See to the schools. Make honest boys of them, and they will grow up honest men. Begin at the beginning; get the mustard-seed of faith into their hearts while they are innocent and simple-minded, and it will grow up mightily and spread. The child is father of the man! Oh, take care of your children!"

## ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

### September.

"**BARLEY** month" was one of the names given to September by our Saxon ancestors, because, by this time, they had nearly finished gathering in their barley crops, and so now commenced turning their attention to the important task of brewing.

Another appellation also given to this month was "Haligemonath"—i.e., *holy month*, from an ancient festival held at this season of the year. A Saxon menology, or register of the months (in Wanley's addition to Hicke), mentions it under this denomination, and ascribes its derivation to the fact that "our forefathers, the while they heathens were, in this month celebrated their *devil-gild*." These *devil-gilds* (deofal-gild) were, we learn from Soane, the sacrificial guilds of heathenism, and to them, according to Wilda and Lappenberg, may be traced the origin of the municipal system of the Saxons, for they seem to have combined the double character of a feast and of a court-day for settling disputes and trying offences, the priests exercising the criminal jurisdiction and lending it the consecration of religion. Hence the Christians condemned them under the name of devil-gilds, and would fain have forbidden the people from feasting in honour of the demons, as they chose to term it; but amongst the German race it was a difficult matter to put them down altogether.

The festival of the *Ordination of St. Gregory*, celebrated September 3rd, is, says Hampson, "the most remarkable of all the days in the calendar which are superstitiously stigmatised as Egyptian days. On this day, at the coronation of Richard I., in 1189, began a terrible slaughter of the Jews, which lasted several days; when, in the translated words of the old chronicler Thomas Wikes, 'an innumerable multitude of Jews

were killed, and some, plundered of their goods, descended to hell in a moment.' Such was the charity of a monkish historian." William Newbrigensis, noticing that this slaughter occurred on the 3rd of September, says that "it might have been called an evil or Egyptian day by ancient superstition, or as a presage of the Jewish calamity." It should be noticed, however, that Beda, in his poem, "*De Horologio*," says that as Egypt in Greek signifies darkness, the day of death is called an Egyptian day, and that there are twenty-two days in the year in which one hour is terrible to mortals. He particularly mentions the 3rd of September as one of these perilous days.

Formerly on St. Cuthbert's Day (September 4th) an offering of a stag was made every year by the Nevilles of Raby, at Durham Cathedral. On one occasion, however, we are told that Lord Neville claimed that he, and as many as he might bring with him, should be feasted by the prior upon the occasion. To this the prior would not consent, not only on the ground that such a request had never before been claimed as a right, but because it was a most expensive and onerous burden, for the trains of the great nobility of that day were numerous in the extreme. Accordingly the result was that the prior declined to accept the stag when laid before the shrine, at which the Nevilles were so grievously offended that from words they got to blows, and began to cuff the monks who were ministering at the altar. The latter were not content to offer a mere passive resistance, but made such good use of the large wax candles which they carried, in belabouring their opponents, as to compel them to retreat. The retainers of the Nevilles did not, however, condescend

to take back again the stag which they deemed had been so uncourteously refused.\*

In days gone by a fair was held at Winchester on the 12th of this month, and was by far the greatest fair in the kingdom. The mayor resigned the keys of the four gates to a magistrate who was specially appointed by the bishop, and collectors were stationed on all the roads. Merchants, we are told, resorted to it from all parts of Europe, each street being appropriated to the sale of different commodities.

Holy Cross or Holy Rood Day (September 14) was instituted by the Romish Church on occasion of the recovery of a large piece of the pretended real cross by the Emperor Heraclius, after it had been taken away on the plundering of Jerusalem by Chosroes, king of Persia. This day is also termed the "Exaltation of the Holy Cross." It should be added that cross and rood are synonymous, rood being the Anglo-Saxon for cross. By our ancestors the *holy rood* was an image of Christ on the cross, placed upon a loft made for that purpose, just over the passage of the church into the chancel, or sometimes over the entrance into the church itself. This rood was not reckoned complete without the images of the Virgin Mary and St. John. At Bexley Abbey, in Kent, there was a miraculous crucifix, called the *Rood of Grace*, which was one of the most notorious and famous impostures among the many numerous frauds employed by the Roman priests to pick the pockets of the superstitious multitude. By the help of secret springs the image would roll its eyes, lips, and head at the approach of its credulous and deluded votaries. At the dissolution, however, of the monasteries, it was publicly exposed to the people, and afterwards broken up in pieces at St. Paul's Cross by Hilsey, Bishop of Rochester.

It appears to have been the custom to go a-nutting upon this day, from the following passage in the old play of "Grim, the Collier of Croydon:"

"This day, they say, is called Holy Rood Day,  
And all the youth are now a-nutting gone."

In "Poor Robin's Almanack," too, for the year 1709, occurs the following:

"The devil, as the common people say,  
Doth go a-nutting on Holy Rood day;  
And sure such evil in some doth lurk,  
Going a-nutting do the devil's work."

From a manuscript entitled "Status Scholæ Etonensis," dated 1560, we read that in the month of September, on a certain day (most probably the 14th), the boys of Eton were to have a play-day, in order to go out and gather nuts, a portion of which, when they returned, they were to bestow on their different masters. Before permission, however, was granted for this excursion, they were required to write verses on the fruitfulness of autumn, the deadly colds, etc., of coming winter. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" we find also the following notice:—"Tuesday, September 14th, 1731, the king's huntsmen hunted their free buck in Richmond New Park, with bloodhounds, according to custom."

On St. Matthew's Day (Sept. 21) it has been customary from time immemorial for the lord mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and governors of the several royal hospitals in London, to attend Divine service and hear a sermon preached at Christ Church, Newgate Street; and afterwards to repair to the great hall in

Christ's Hospital. The orations are delivered, one in Latin and the other in English, by the two senior scholars of the grammar-school; and afterwards they partake of a dinner.

A curious custom is practised at Biddenham, in Bedfordshire, on September 22nd. Shortly before noon a little procession of villagers convey a white rabbit, decorated with scarlet ribbons, through the village, singing a hymn in honour of St. Agatha. All the young unmarried women who chance to meet this procession extend the first two fingers of the left hand, pointing towards the rabbit, at the same time repeating the following doggerel:

"Gustin, Gustin lacks a bier!  
Maidens, maidens, bury him here."

This ceremony is said to date from the year of the first crusade.

Michaelmas Day (Sept. 29th) is a festival observed in honour of St. Michael the Archangel. In England it is one of the four quarterly terms, or quarter-days, on which rents become due, and it is also the day on which borough magistracies and councils are elected. The reason of this latter custom is ascribed by Bourne to the fact that the "feast of angels naturally brings to our minds the old opinion of tutelary spirits, who have, or are thought to have, the particular charge of certain bodies of men, or districts of country, as also that every man has his guardian angel, who attends him from the cradle to the grave, from the moment of his coming in to his going out of life."

Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities" (1849, vol. i. p. 372), mentions a curious septennial custom observed at Bishop Stortford, Hertfordshire, on Old Michaelmas Day, which in this neighbourhood goes by the name of "Ganging Day." In the morning a great number of young men assemble in the fields, where one of the most active of them is nominated leader. This one all are bound to follow, who, for the sake of diversion, generally chooses the route through ponds, ditches, and places of difficult passage. Every person they meet is bumped, male or female, which is generally performed by two persons taking them up in their arms and swinging them against each other. This custom is not unlike that practised at Easter in some parts of the country, called "lifting" or "heaving." A correspondent of "Book of Days" (vol. i. p. 425) relates how a grave clergyman, who happened to be passing through a town in Lancashire, and having to stay an hour or two at an inn, was astonished by three or four lusty women rushing into his room, exclaiming they had "come to lift him!" "To lift me!" repeated the amazed divine; "what can you mean?" "Why, your reverence, we've come to lift you 'cause it's Easter Tuesday." "Lift me because it's Easter Tuesday! I don't understand you! Is there any such custom here?" "Yes, to be sure; why, don't you know? All us women was lifted yesterday, and us lifts the men to-day in turn; and, in course, it's our rights and duties to lift them." After a little further parley the reverend traveller compromised with his fair visitors for half-a-crown, and thus escaped the dreaded compliment.

The little town or village of Rochford, in Essex, prides itself on the possession of a heritage from feudal times more curious than any which lingers in other remote corners of England,\* namely, that

\* See Ormsby's "Sketches of Durham," 1846, p. 77.

\* See "Daily News," October 10th, 1875, from which this account is abridged.

of the Lawless Court--a court held in the silence of midnight, or between that and the dawning of the first Wednesday after Michaelmas Day in every year, and conducted in unearthly whispers. Camden, Cowel, and Blount have all alluded to the existence of this court, although none of them seem to have been curious enough to visit the scene, and neither has done much more than give the vaguest surmises as to its actual origin. Mr. William Henry Black, an assistant-keeper of the Record Office, some years ago undertook the labour of wading through a mass of documents with the object of obtaining this information, and he visited the place for the purpose of getting as much as could be got from local tradition, but without much success. All that is absolutely known of this odd practice is conveyed in some quaint Latin verses, published about 1670, in Blount's "Jocular Customs of Some Manors," from which the following is translated: "King's Hill in Rochford to wit. The court of the lord the king, called 'the court without law,' holden there by the custom thereof before sunrise, unless it be twilight. The steward alone writes nothing but with coals, as often as he will, when the cock shall have crowed--by the sound of which only the court is summoned--he crieth secretly for the king in the court without law, and unless they quickly come they shall the more quickly repent. . . . He who hath come with a light erreth in behaviour, and until they be without a light they are taken in default." Tradition ascribes the origin of this strange ceremony to a punishment inflicted by an early lord of the manor on his retainers, whom he one night discovered plotting his overthrow, and whom he thereupon compelled to pay homage, which year after year they were to renew on the same day, between the hour of midnight and dawn, on pain of certain fines, and the whole proceedings were to be conducted in the mysterious whispers peculiar to conspirators.

At Kidderminster a singular practice was in days gone by observed, called "Lawless Hour." On the election of a bailiff the inhabitants assembled in the principal streets and threw cabbage stalks at one another. The town-hall bell gave the signal for the affray. This being done, the bailiff-elect and corporation, in their robes, preceded by drums and fifes, visited the old and new bailiffs, constables, etc., attended by a mob. In the meantime the most respectable families in the neighbourhood were invited to meet together and fling apples at them on their entrance.

Macaulay, in his "History of St. Kilda" (1764, p. 22), tells us that it was formerly the custom, at that place, to prepare on Michaelmas Day in every family a loaf, or cake of bread, of very large dimensions, and compounded of different ingredients. This cake belonged to the archangel, and derived its name from him. Every one in each family, whether stranger or domestic, had his or her share of this kind of shew-bread; and, in consequence, possessed a claim to the friendship and protection of St. Michael.

In Ireland, also, this season is celebrated by the making of the Michaelmas cake. A lady's ring is mixed in the dough, and when the cake is baked it is cut into sections and distributed to the unmarried people at table, and the person who is lucky enough to get the slice with the ring "is sure to be married before next Michaelmas." Brand mentions a love-charm practised in his time by village maidens in

the west of England. "They go," he says, "up and down the hedges gathering crab-apples, which, on their arrival home, they put into a loft, forming with them the initials of their supposed suitors' names. The initials which are found on examination to be most perfect on *old* Michaelmas Day, are considered to represent the strongest attachments, and the best for the choice of husbands."

The custom of eating geese upon Michaelmas Day has been a sad puzzle to antiquarians, and up to the present time no satisfactory explanation has been given of its origin. Some, says Soane, have suggested that "it may have arisen from the fact of geese just now being in high season; but this seems to be rather a cutting of the knot than an untying of it. That, like most of our customs and festivals, it has been derived from paganism, there can be no doubt whatever, though the connecting link in the change is now lost to us. The goose, as we all know, was amongst the Egyptians sacred to Isis and Osiris, and amongst the Romans to Juno and Priapus; and when we consider that in so many instances we find the prototypes of the saints in the gods and goddesses of heathendom, there seem to be strong grounds for suspecting that St. Michael is here only occupying the place and receiving the honours of some pagan deity."

It was long a prevalent notion that the custom in question arose from the fact that Queen Elizabeth received the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada whilst partaking of a goose on Michaelmas Day. This, however, is disproved from the circumstance that so early as the year 1470 we find one John de la Hay rendering to William Barnaby, lord of Lastres, in the county of Hereford, for a parcel of the demesne lands, one goose fit for the lord's dinner on St. Michael's Day.

It is a popular saying, "If you eat goose on Michaelmas Day you will never want money all the year round." Buttes, in his "Dyets Dry Dinner, 1599," says "a goose is the emblem of meere modestie." In "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1695 are the following quaint lines:

"Geese now in their prime season are,  
Which, if well roasted, are good fare;  
Yet, however, friends, take heed,  
How too much on them you feed,  
Lest when as your tongues run loose,  
Your discourse do smell of goose."

In Deering's "Nottingham," allusion is made to "hot roasted geese" having formerly been given on Michaelmas Day by the old mayor, in the morning, at his house, previous to the election of the new one.

The following lines are proverbial in Suffolk:

"At Michaelmas time, or a little before,  
Half an apple goes to the core;  
At Christmas time, or a little after,  
A crab in the hedge, and thanks to the grafter."

At Diss, in Norfolk, it is customary for the young people, on the Thursday before the third Friday in September (on which latter day a fair and session for hiring servants are held), to mark and disfigure one another's dresses with white chalk, pleading a prescriptive right to be mischievous on Chalk Back Day.

## JOHN HULLAH.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBALT, LL.D.

*After Photograph by Elliott & Fry.]*

*Yrs Faithfully Yours*  
*John Hullah*

COMPOSER, author, and eminent teacher, the subject of the present notice is entitled to a distinguished place in the roll of English musicians of the present day. The life of a studious musician does not possess much incident out of the common way, and it is always difficult to speak exactly as we feel of living men—more especially in artist life. Too much praise or too much censure is apt to be imputed to motives of the writer, which oftentimes have no existence. Rather than run the risk of erring in either of these extremes, we merely give a brief statement, dwelling only upon facts, leaving the reader

to embellish the narrative according as fancy or knowledge of the subject may suggest.

John Hullah, born in 1812, is a native of Worcester. We have no information as to his early education, but he must have studied music with avidity, judging from the results. He learnt the theoretical part of the science under the late Mr. Horsley, Mus. Bach., Oxon—a fine musician of the old school—and when he was twenty-one years of age he entered himself as a student of the Royal Academy of Music. Here he devoted himself more exclusively to obtain a knowledge of singing, which he studied under the



celebrated Orivelli. He remained, however, but a short time in this establishment, leaving it in December, 1835. In the following year he distinguished himself by the production of an operetta at the St. James's Theatre, then under the management of Braham. The libretto, written by Charles Dickens (then almost unknown), was called "The Village Coquettes." It was tolerably well received, and contained some very original melodies.

In the next year (1837) he produced a work of more pretension, a comic opera entitled "The Barbers of Bassora." It was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, but with indifferent success, chiefly owing to the ineffective libretto of the younger Morton. The concerted music in this opera was highly creditable to the young composer. Undaunted by the failure of his work, he brought out in the following year at the same theatre an opera entitled "The Outpost." This production shared the fate of its predecessor, and from this time forward we hear no more of Mr. Hullah as an operatic composer. His ill-success in this department of composition, we firmly believe, was owing to the vapid and absurd libretti with which he was associated. Fortunately Mr. Hullah was led to turn his talents to a more useful account.

The musical season of 1841 opened with a prospectus of a "Singing School for Schoolmasters," under the sanction of the National Education Committee, and under the direction of Mr. Hullah. The system of tuition was that invented by M. Wilhem, and used extensively in France, but which had undergone various modifications so as to suit it to our English wants.

"The method," says the prospectus, "is divided into two courses, and the first course into two parts. In the first part of the first course the elementary principles of music are explained and inculcated; the construction and practices of a scale—the shapes, names, and places of notes—time, etc., are rendered clear and comprehensible, because placed in their proper order, and become interesting both on this account and because the explanation of them is immediately followed by their application. A series of exercises for the practice of intervals completes the first course, and these exercises are interspersed with songs, which have a direct relation to a particular interval, and which thus serve as graduated applications of the skill acquired. The second part of the first course is an amplification of the first, beginning with an explanation of the various scales used in music, and containing a second series of the studies of intervals. The second course goes a third time over the same ground, encountering greater difficulties and embracing a still wider range of music."

Mr. Hullah had well studied the theory of the subject, and came to his task with a year's practical experience, having for that period conducted the musical tuition of the Normal School at Battersea.

The history of John Hullah's "singing classes" is tolerably well known, though some natural misconceptions have got abroad. A writer of the period makes the following remarks:—

"It has been supposed that the founder had official support and subsidies. He had official sanction for introducing the system of Wilhem, and the avowed countenance of many distinguished dignitaries which might not have been attained without that official sanction; but he had neither subsidy nor

active support. The singing classes were an offshoot of the 'normal instruction,' perhaps as little contemplated in the original scheme as the carriage of passengers was for the staple of railway traffic. The classes originated in a general wish to learn music as soon as a simple method adapted to multitudinous teaching put instruction within reach of the many. They have grown up amidst difficulties, especially the want of a place of meeting spacious enough to receive their numbers; and in providing that space, expenses were incurred which swallowed up the revenue; that is to say, while the numbers were kept down by the impossibility of finding a place large enough for their practice, even in classes, they had to hire Exeter Hall, when they made their great collective essays in the shape of choral concerts."

This difficulty suggested the erection of St. Martin's Hall in Long Acre. The building was raised by Mr. Hullah's friends and his pupils, the latter understanding better than any class what was needed and what might be done with wider opportunity; and a general subscription completed the requisite funds. St. Martin's Hall was opened in October, 1849, and unfortunately much injured by fire in the summer of 1860. Mr. Hullah's admirers presented him with a handsome testimonial, as a mark of gratitude for his teaching and sympathy with his misfortune.

In February, 1844, Mr. Hullah was appointed professor of vocal music in King's College, London, which situation he resigned in 1874. He was subsequently appointed professor of vocal music in Queen's College, and Bedford College, London. At the beginning of 1852, upon the formation of the Musical Institute of London, he was elected president, and in that capacity he delivered an excellent inaugural address, which was afterwards printed. This society, the design of which was praiseworthy, was unfortunately under the management of a committee of incompetent persons, and before two years had expired it was dissolved. Had Mr. Hullah been allowed to choose his fellow-labourers, this institution might have prospered and done honour to the cause of music. In 1858, upon the death of Mr. Horsley (his old master), Mr. Hullah was appointed his successor as organist of Charterhouse.

In the early part of 1861 he added fresh laurels to his already well-earned fame by the delivery of a course of lectures at the Royal Institution upon the "History of Modern Music," a subject to which he had given great attention. These were followed by another course at the same place upon "The Transition Period of Musical History." Both courses were afterwards printed. They are admirable books, containing sound views and an intimate knowledge of his art, historical, theoretical, and practical. They are, moreover, marked by a simple and perspicuous style of writing.

Mr. Hullah was appointed musical inspector for the United Kingdom by the Committee of Council on Education in March, 1872, a situation for which he is eminently qualified.

Besides the works we have mentioned, Mr. Hullah is the author of "A Grammar of Harmony," "A Grammar of Counterpoint," and of a large number of detached essays on the history and science of music, etc. His last work is entitled "Time and Tune in the Elementary School." His original published musical works consist of songs, duets, trios,

etc., including a number of vocal pieces exquisitely adapted to the lyrics of Tennyson, Longfellow, Kingsley, etc. The latter are sufficient to show that Mr.

Hullah would, with proper encouragement, have held a high place among our English dramatic composers.

## EARLY CIVILISATION.

BY GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY, OXFORD, AND CANON OF CANTERBURY

### VIII.—THE BRITISH CELTS.

A CONSIDERABLE antiquity has been claimed by some writers for the civilisation of the Celts. The late Archdeacon Williams, a man of much acuteness and of considerable learning, maintained, in more than one of his works,\* that civilisation had commenced in Britain as early as B.C. 1000, and that by the year B.C. 400—three centuries and a half before the first invasion of our island by the Romans—the progress made was such as to entitle the British race to a high position among the nations which then held possession of the earth. "Our memorials point," he said, "to eras and instances in which the civil arts and sciences were cultivated to an extent that would not have degraded (disgraced?) the best ages of Greece and Rome."† The Britons, he thought, possessed, before the Romans came, an extensive literature in prose and verse, a refined science of music, a knowledge of astronomy based on the use of telescopes, a great skill in mechanics, a good system of agriculture, considerable commerce, some acquaintance with metallurgy and medicine, a high moral teaching, an admirable code of laws, and a very fair appreciation of the science of politics.‡ He based his conclusions mainly on the view that the Welsh poems called "The Triads" might be relied upon as giving an authentic account of the early history of the nation.§ derived from ancient tradition, and committed to writing at least as early as the fourth century before our era. He summed up his conclusions on the entire subject, very confidently, in the following words:—"Thus it appears that our British ancestors, instead of being a nation of barbarians and savages, as they are too commonly represented, were really an enlightened people [at the time of the Roman invasion], far advanced in civilisation and intellectual improvement."||

The main objection to this view, which naturally occurs to every one on first becoming acquainted with it, is the fact that it is wholly irreconcilable with the account given us of Britain by Cæsar, and confirmed by other writers, as especially Strabo, Diodorus, and Tacitus. Cæsar tells us that¶ the natives in his time were not generally agriculturists, but lived on milk and meat, and clothed themselves with skins. They dyed their skin with a blue tint made from woad, to give them a more terrible appearance in battle; they wore their hair long, and shaved all their body except the head and the upper lip. They fought chiefly on horseback or from chariots, and attacked with howls and shouts, with which they expected to frighten the enemy. Each man had a single

wife; but the members of a family, or of a village, held their wives in common. Their "towns" for the most part consisted of a space in the fastnesses of the woods, surrounded by a mound and trench, and calculated to afford them a retreat and protection from hostile invasion. They had no coined money, but made use, instead, of bronze or iron bars, of a certain fixed weight. They were divided into numerous petty tribes, often at war one with another, and entirely devoid of anything like union or cohesion, even under the pressure of a foreign invasion. Their religion was apparently the same as that of the Gauls\*—a dark and gloomy superstition, involving subjection to a priest-caste, the Druids, and requiring the continual sacrifice by fire of numerous human victims for the appeasing of the Divine anger.† Cæsar is not aware that the Britons had a literature, or even letters; he assigns them no science, unless science is included in the religious knowledge, in which he regarded the British Druids as excelling those of Gaul.‡ The only commerce of which he speaks as having come to his knowledge is an importation into Britain of bronze.

Diodorus and Strabo, who wrote in the reign of Augustus, confirm generally the statements of Cæsar, but add various particulars. Diodorus describes the ordinary dwelling-places of the Britons as mere temporary establishments, formed in the forests by enclosing a space with felled trees, within which were made huts of reeds and logs, and sheds for cattle, "not intended to last very long."§ Strabo says the Britons were complete strangers both to agriculture and to gardening, and notes further that they fell behind most pastoral nations, inasmuch as they were unacquainted with the manufacture of cheese.|| Diodorus differs from Strabo in representing the bulk of the British nation as agricultural, and says they "stored the corn, which they grew in the stalk, in thatched houses,"¶ which is perhaps his way of describing ricks. Both Strabo and Diodorus represent the British trade as considerable. They speak of tin as largely exported by the Britons, who also made a profit by the export of slaves and dogs. They imported, according to Strabo, besides bronze, ivory bracelets, necklaces, and various small wares, including vessels of glass.

The unsubdued Britons, whom Tacitus describes, were, according to his accounts, "barbarians," more ferocious than the Gauls.\*\* They had the same re-

\* See his "Gomer" (London, 1850), and also his "Ecclesiastical History of the Cymry" (London, 1844).

† "Eccles. History of the Cymry," p. 30.

‡ *Ibid.* pp. 31-37.

§ See the Preface to the "Ecclesiastical History," p. viii., where Mr. Williams says of the Triads, "Indeed they are the authorities which may be said to impart to this work its peculiar character, or to form the basis on which it stands."

|| "Eccles. History," p. 38.

¶ See the "Commentarii de Bello Gallico," v. 12-15.

\* *Ibid.* vi. 13: "Disciplina in Britannia reperta, atque inde in Galliam translata." Cæsar's meaning would perhaps be doubtful, if we did not find, from later Roman writers, that Druidism flourished in Britain.

† "Immani magnitudine simulachra habent, quorum contexta viminibus membra vivis hominibus complent: quibus succensas circumventi flammæ exanimantur homines." ("De Bell. Gall." vi. 16).

‡ Cæsar assigns some astronomical knowledge to the Gaulish Druids. "Multa de sideribus atque eorum motu," he says, "de mundi ac terrarum magnitudine, de rerum natura, de decurim immortalium vi ac potestate disputant et juvenuti tradunt." (*Ibid.* vi. 14).

§ Diod. Sic. v. 21.

¶ Strab. iv. p. 138.

\*\* Diod. Sic. l. a. c.

\*\*\* Tacit. "Agricola," sec. 11.

ligion as the Gauls, but were even deeper sunk in superstition.\* Their orgies took place in the depths of sacred groves, where the blood of human victims flowed freely upon the altars, and the will of the gods was discovered from an inspection of the still palpitating entrails.† The disunion that had rendered the nation an easy prey to Rome's disciplined bands continued, and it was seldom that any two states could be induced to make common cause against a foreign foe.‡ The style of warfare in vogue was rude and primitive; the chief dependence was still placed on chariots; tactics were ignored; and every battle was an attempt to overwhelm the Romans by the mere preponderance of brute force. The arms of the Britons were contemptible; their swords were unduly long and had no points;§ the size of their shields was small; and they were without breast-plates or other defensive armour. Altogether the picture drawn is that of a race who, if not actual savages, are at any rate not very far removed from the savage condition, and of whom it is quite absurd to say that "they were really an enlightened people, far advanced in civilisation and intellectual improvement."||

Archdeacon Williams endeavoured to meet the argument drawn from the statements of Cæsar, and supported by the general consensus of the classical writers, by asserting that the really civilised Celts had retreated before Cæsar's time into the western parts of Britain, and that he consequently never came into contact with them,¶ but only with some comparatively barbarous tribes, who had recently invaded the island from the Continent. But it is unfortunate for this theory that Cæsar himself distinctly states that the inhabitants of the part of Britain which he invaded were "the most civilised of all" (humanissimi), and that the tribes of the interior were ruder and more backward.\*\* It is also to be noted that his account is corroborated by the later Latin writers, who distinctly show that the Romans, as they advanced into the island, fell in with races less and less civilised, until they came in Scotland to tribes whom they had a right to call absolute "barbarians," the Ottadini, Horestii, and Mœato, who held the country north of the Tyne and Irthing.††

Again, if, discarding the accounts of writers who (it may be argued) cared to know but little of a people in whom they felt no interest, we throw ourselves upon archaeological facts, and inquire what they have to tell us with respect to the condition of the British Celts prior to the Roman invasion, we shall find additional reason to misdoubt the views of the enthusiastic Archdeacon, and to conclude that the ante-Roman civilisation of Britain, if it deserves the name at all, was of a very low order. If we ask a temperate archaeologist‡‡ what ancient remains existing in our island may be reasonably assigned to the pre-Roman Celts, he will point in the first place to the class of megalithic monuments called "cromlechs," and say, "these are almost certainly pre-

Roman;"\* next, he will point to a certain amount of pottery, chiefly sun-baked;† and, thirdly, to various weapons, tools, and ornaments of stone, flint, spar, or bone, which he will say are probably to a large extent pre-Roman, though many, not distinguishable from the rest, may belong to Roman, or even to later times.‡ Finally, he will point, but very doubtfully,§ to the great stones arranged in a circular form, and generally known as "Druids' circles," which occur in various parts of England, more especially in the west and in the north, beginning with a diameter of sixty feet, and with stones of about the height of a man, and culminating in the gigantic monuments of Avebury and Stonehenge, where the area is 1,400 feet, and the height of the largest stones twenty or twenty-one feet. These, he will say, are probably Celtic; but whether pre-Roman or not, he will scarcely venture to determine.

Now, if we allow all those remains, even the last, to be native Celtic—produced, *i.e.*, by the Celts themselves without foreign assistance—what amount of civilisation do they imply? The cromlechs are sepulchral chambers of a very rude kind. They consist usually of four stones, three forming the walls of the chamber, while the fourth serves to roof it in, the remaining side being left open. There has been no shaping of the stones by art; they are as they have come out of the quarry, or as they have been found on the earth's surface. The size and weight of the stones are considerable, but still not such as to imply any very great mechanical skill in those who moved them and emplaced them as they are found. Each cromlech was originally covered by a mound or barrow, which may in some cases have attained a height of fifty feet. Erections of this character are indications of a civilisation very much below that of the Lydians|| of the sixth century B.C., which (as we have seen) was not very advanced.

The pottery of the Celtic Britons is remarkably coarse and rude. The shapes have little elegance; the patterning is of the simplest kind, consisting of dots, parallel lines, crosses, and sometimes zigzags, which are scratched upon the surface, apparently with a pointed stick;¶ handles, where they exist at all, are mere loops, intended probably to have cords passed through them by which the vessels might be suspended. Most of the vessels are merely sun-dried; though some, found commonly in the more southern parts of England, have been placed in a kiln and baked.\*\*

The weapons, tools, and ornaments found with the pottery above described, are for the most part either of stone or bronze. The stone tools and weapons are mostly merely chipped into shape; but occasionally specimens are met with which must have been formed by some machine like a lathe.†† The tools comprise axes, chisels, gimlets, and saws; the weapons are chiefly spear-heads and arrow-heads. These last are sometimes beautifully finished. The bronze implements are most commonly of the class

\* *Ibid.* Compare "Ann." xiv. 30.

† "Crucore captivo adolere aras et hominum fbris consulerre Deos fas habebant." Tacit. "Ann." i. a. c.

‡ Agricola, sec. 12.

§ *Ibid.* sec. 36.

|| Williams's "Eccles. Hist." p. 33.

¶ *Ibid.* p. 49.

\*\* "De Bell. Gall." v. 14.

†† See Dean Merivale's "Roman Empire," vol. viii. p. 324 (edition of 1866).

‡‡ Such as Mr. Thomas Wright, from whose sensible work, "The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon," the following remarks are for the most part taken. The quotations follow the edition of 1873.

\* Wright's "Celt, Roman, and Saxon," pp. 72-73.

† *Ibid.* pp. 93-95.

‡ *Ibid.* pp. 4, 95-98, 116-118.

§ "It is remarkable," observes Mr. Wright, "that the only excavation within the area of Stonehenge, of which we possess any account, brought to light Roman remains" (p. 108).

|| The present height of the barrow of Alyattes is about 150 feet. The sepulchral chamber enclosed within it indicates a civilisation very much beyond that required to construct a cromlech.

¶ Wright, p. 93.

\*\* *Ibid.* p. 94.

†† *Ibid.* p. 98.

which has been denominated "celts," from the Latin *cellis*, "a chisel."\* With these are found punches, gouges, and other similar tools, and also numerous spear-heads and arrow-heads, with an occasional dagger or sword. The swords greatly resemble the Roman, and it is a question whether they were not imported from the Continent. In a few instances traces of armour have been found, and in one the breast of a skeleton was covered with a corslet of thin gold, embossed with an ornamentation resembling nail-heads and lines.†

Finally, with regard to the "Druids' circles," we may set aside the smaller ones, which are at least as rude as the cromlechs, and which appear to have been mere supports, designed to prevent the giving way of barrows or sepulchral mounds, and confining ourselves to the consideration of the larger, such as Stonehenge and Avebury, inquire, Is there anything in them which really implies *great* mechanical skill, or "a proficiency in the science of astronomy"?‡ Now certainly they are in advance of the cromlechs. They "differ from other Celtic stone ornaments in the circumstance that the stones have been hewn and squared with tools, and that each of the upright stones had two tenons or projections on the top, which fitted into notches or hollows in the superincumbent slabs."§ The largest of the upright stones being twenty-one feet in height, and these sustaining imposts of many tons in weight, the architects must have possessed the power of raising such vast masses to the height at which they are found, and of manipulating them at that height, so as to insert the tenons into the mortices. As, moreover, the quality of the stones is in many cases such as is quite unknown in the neighbourhood, there must have been possessed by the builders a power of conveying such masses by land—for water-carriage is out of the question—a very considerable distance, perhaps as much as seventeen miles.|| These are the indications that Stonehenge and Avebury give of mechanical knowledge and skill. We have to consider to what they amount.

Now the conveyance of large masses of stone in a tolerably level country to a distance from the place where they were quarried, implies no very great mechanical knowledge, it is simply a question of the application to the proposed end of a large amount of muscular force, animal or human. Both the Egyptians and the Assyrians conveyed their colossal figures for considerable distances by the simple expedient of placing them upon a wooden sledge, whereto they attached ropes, by means of which gangs of men dragged them to the point required.¶ The weight of the Assyrian colossi is estimated at from forty to fifty tons; \*\* that of the Egyptian is often very much greater.†† The largest of the stones at Avebury and Stonehenge do not, it is probable, exceed half this weight.

With regard to the raising of large stones into

place, the Egyptians, we know, elevated them by means of machines,\* which must have resembled our own cranes; but it is not necessary to suppose that mechanical appliances of this description were in use among the Celtic architects. More probably they employed inclined planes of earth or stone, upon which the blocks were dragged, still on their sledges, and having in this way brought them to the required height, emplaced them by sheer muscular strength upon the uprights. The covering stones of cromlechs were doubtless raised into place by the same means, the mound being then continued above them, whereas at Stonehenge and Avebury after it had served its purpose it was cleared away.

It would seem, therefore, that even the greatest of the Celtic monuments imply no more than a moderate amount of mechanical ingenuity in the people who constructed them. How they can be supposed to indicate "proficiency in the science of astronomy" it is difficult to conceive. Circles of thirty stones indeed are found, in which a lively imagination may conjecture a reference to the lunar month. But on the whole it is only by a series of the most arbitrary and forced interpretations that either the numbers or the proportions can be argued to have an astronomical bearing. It is not unlikely that the circles were temples, and it is quite possible that in some of them the special object of worship may have been the sun;‡ but beyond this we have really no data for determining the aim or intention of the structures in question.

On the whole, the conclusion seems forced upon us that the British Celts, though not absolute savages, had succeeded in developing only a very low type of civilisation before the Roman conquest. They were not, perhaps, wholly ignorant of letters, but they made little use of them; they knew something, but not very much, of metallurgy, of mechanics, of agriculture, of the art of pottery; they had domesticated horses and horned cattle; they could weave; they could construct chariots; but they were wretchedly lodged and clothed; their houses were of the meanest description; they wore war-paint and sought to frighten a disciplined enemy by their cries and shouts; their religion was a debased and gloomy superstition; their political organisation was the weakest possible; their tombs, on which they bestowed great pains, were rude and clumsy; their temples, if the so-called "Druids' circles" are the remains of temples, were grotesque. We can see no sufficient reason for regarding the British Celts as more advanced than their kindred in Gaul,‡ whom no writer, so far as we are aware, claims to have been a civilised nation.

\* Herod. ii. 125.

† The late Professor Phillips (of Oxford) informed me that, in the direction of the main avenue of approach at Stonehenge, and in the position of certain detached stones with respect to the central trilitha, he thought he saw indications of solar worship. That the sun (Apollo) was worshipped by the Celts is stated by Caesar ("Bell. Gall." vi. 17).

‡ In most respects the Gallic Celts were in advance of the British. They had cities, which were strongly walled, and which the Romans had to take by regular sieges ("Bell. Gall." vii. 17-28); they had extensive iron-works (ib. vii. 22); they made use of letters (ib. i. 29, vi. 14; compare Strab. iv. p. 181); they built bridges over their rivers ("Bell. Gall." ii. 5); they had ships in which they were in the habit of crossing the Channel between Gaul and Britain (ib. iii. 8); they possessed a considerable trade (Strab. iv. p. 189; Diod. Sic. v. 22); they had a native coinage before Caesar's invasion (see Mr. Long's note, p. 60 of his edition of the "Bell. Gall."); and they exhibited a general aptitude for practical vocations. On the other hand, their houses were almost as rude as those of the British Celts, being made of branches of trees and clay, and thatched with straw (Vitruv. i. 1); their political organisation was lamentably weak; their religion was the same gloomy superstition which prevailed in Britain ("Bell. Gall." vi. 13, 14). They even looked to Britain as their original instructress in religion, and sent their youths there to be taught the deeper mysteries of the Druidic cult.

\* See Hearne's "Discourse concerning some Antiquities found in Yorkshire," printed as an appendix to the first volume of his edition of Leland's "Itinerary," where the name of "celtes" is first applied to these implements. The resemblance of the word to the ethnic name, Celt, has unfortunately given rise to the wholly mistaken idea that the implements are peculiar to that people.

† See Wright, p. 105.

‡ So Archdeacon Williams ("Eccles. History of the Cymry," p. 30).

§ Wright, p. 79.

|| A portion of the blocks at Stonehenge is thought to have been brought from Devonshire (Wright, p. 83), there being no stone of the quality nearer than that county.

¶ See Layard's "Nineveh and Babylon," pp. 106-110.

\*\* Ibid. p. 110.

†† One Egyptian colossus is estimated by Sir G. Wilkinson to have weighed 837 tons! ("Ancient Egyptians," vol. iii. p. 331).



## ON SNAKES.

III.



THE BOOMSLANG.

PASSING from Asia to Australia, we reach a continent as peculiar in its snakes as it is in the rest of its fauna. In the other great divisions of the globe there are at least six innocuous serpents for every poisonous one, whereas in Australia this comparatively satisfactory state of matters is reversed, for in a total of eighty-three species found there, no fewer than sixty, or about three-fourths of the total, are poisonous. They do not, however, appear to be so deadly as the snakes of India, judging by the frequent recoveries made from their bites. It was announced a year or two ago that Dr. Halford, by the injection of ammonia into the poisoned blood, had at length found the antidote to snake poison, and many eminent Australian physicians, who have employed this remedy, have borne testimony to its very considerable success; but its trial in India has proved a failure, a fact which goes far to confirm the opinion that the Australian poisonous snakes are not so deadly as those of India. Serpent poison undoubtedly differs greatly as regards potency in different species, but it also differs in kind in the two groups of poisonous snakes—the viper-like and the cobra-like: in the former, when death results from the bite, the blood of the victim remains perfectly fluid, while after cobra poisoning the blood coagulates. Australia is the head-quarters of the group of snakes to which the cobra belongs, while of vipers there is only one, but that one the most venomous snake found in the island—the death adder. New Zealand has been called the Britain of the South Seas, but in respect of reptiles it might be termed New Ireland, as it is totally destitute of snakes, and has only one species of frog.

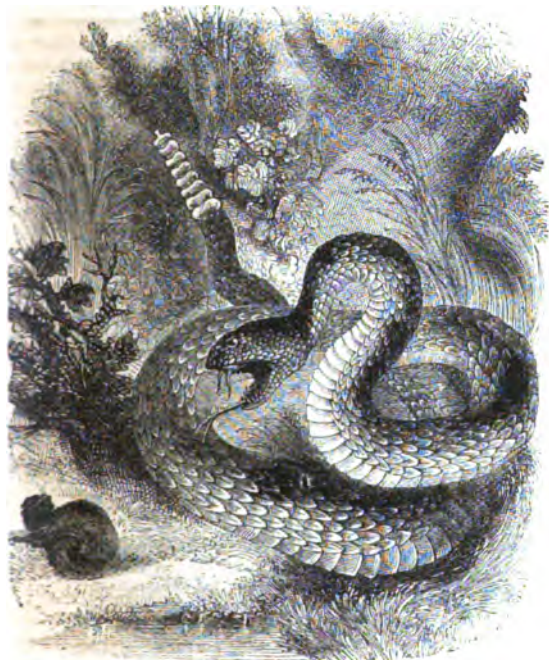
Snakes, both poisonous and innocuous, are abundant in every part of Africa. In the haje, Egypt possesses one which differs from the Indian cobra

only in wanting the spectacle-like marks on the back of its hooded neck. It is a favourite with the snake-charmers of Egypt, who are quite as famous as their Indian brethren, and would probably be the serpent with which Pharaoh's magicians sought to imitate the wonder-working rod of Moses. The haje is generally acknowledged to have been the asp of the ancients, the species by means of which Cleopatra killed herself, in order to escape the indignity of being led captive to Rome. Africa may be regarded as the home of the viper group of serpents. One of these—the horned viper—has two horn-like protuberances on the top of the head, which greatly add to its otherwise forbidding aspect; it is exceedingly poisonous, and is often to be seen in the hands of the jugglers, although it has been stated that a harmless snake closely resembling it is brought from Turkey, and dexterously supplied with artificial horns by the jugglers, who then exhibit it as the deadly cerastes. In the West African Kingdom of Widdah, divine honours are still paid to the serpent, which has its temples, priests, and sacrifices; while by the negroes generally it is regarded with superstitious reverence. "I have seen," says Mr. Conway, "the negroes kill a snake in times of drought, and hang it up, in order to bring rain."

In South Africa the boomslange or tree snake occurs. It has small fangs in the back of its mouth, but these are said to have no connection with the poison gland. It is generally found twined upon the branches of trees, to which it resorts for the purpose of catching birds, and its presence is made known by the piercing cries of the birds, who seem unable to resist the propensity to leave places of comparative safety to collect round the snake, until, says Sir A. Smith, "one more terror-struck than the rest actually scans its lips, and, almost without resistance, becomes a meal for the enemy."

Passing to America, it is found that there is no snake common to both hemispheres, but the Old World snakes are represented by allied forms in the New. The place of the python is taken by the true boas, and the vipers are represented by the rattlesnakes. Among American poisonous snakes the rattlesnakes are best known, extending as they do from Brazil, in the south, to Canada, in the north. They are very poisonous, but are afraid of man; and as they usually make a rattling noise with the instrument at the end of their tails when irritated or even approached, timely warning is often thus afforded the traveller who may have inadvertently crossed their path. No serpent in the Old World possesses this means of warning man of its proximity, although, as was previously mentioned, the halys of India has what is regarded as the rudiment of the American rattle in the little hard knob at the end of its tail. In Ceylon, however, where it is dangerous to go through the forest tracks in the dark on account of the venomous snakes, which, though exceedingly timid, are apt to bite when suddenly come upon, the natives have hit upon the plan of warning off the snakes. This they effect by carrying in front of them a long stick with a loose ring at the end, with which they keep up a constant jingle, and hearing which the snakes glide out of the path into the recesses of the wood. The peculiar apparatus at the end of the rattlesnake's tail, which thus seems to serve the anti-Darwinian purpose of warning off its prey, and thus injuring itself, consists of a varying number of hard horny pieces, loosely

jointed together, which causes them to rattle when the tail is shaken. The snake is said to add a piece to its rattle each season, but this is somewhat doubtful. The snake, however, is not born with this appendage complete, for in a family of rattlesnakes, only a few days old, which the writer has before him, each member has only a single piece at the end of the tail, thus resembling the Indian form already mentioned. There is a snake found in Canada known as the black snake, altogether harmless, but which is often mistaken when suddenly met with for the rattlesnake. Should the person acting on this belief take to flight, as often happens, the black snake appears to enjoy the mistake exceedingly, giving immediate chase, and having overtaken the fugitive, as it soon does, twining itself about the limbs and bringing its victim to the ground, without however doing any further harm. It is very useful as a vermin-killer, but its fondness for creaming the milk-pans makes it no favourite with the dairymaids of Canada. The rattlesnake flies from the sight of a hog, and as the latter invariably accompanies the settler there is a reasonable prospect that as the United States and Canada become peopled, the rattlesnake will share the fate of the red man—extinction. This snake appears to have been the only one to which divine honours were paid by the serpent-worshippers of America, so that both the worshippers and their god are gradually disappearing before a higher race and a nobler faith.



RATTLESNAKE.

South America possesses in the bush-master one of the largest and most venomous of serpents. It attains a length of fourteen feet, but luckily for the inhabitants it is by no means common, nor does it seek to attack man. In Peru a little viper-like snake occurs, which is so poisonous that its bite is said to kill a man in a couple of minutes; and so convinced is the Indian of the hopelessness of his case when bitten by this creature, that he does not seek to apply any antidote, but, recognising his fate, bids his

friends farewell, and lies down to die. It is not to be supposed, however, that one has only to enter the tropical forests of either hemisphere in order to be certain of encountering serpents; on the contrary, they are rarely to be met with. A naturalist and traveller who crossed many years ago from the east to the west coasts of South America through Brazil, for the special purpose of collecting snakes, only gathered ninety-three specimens, and of these but twenty were poisonous.

South America is the home of the true boas. The boa-constrictor—a name loosely given to a great many boas and pythons—is a Brazilian species, often attaining a length of thirty feet, and in its mode of life closely resembling the Old World pythons. The Brazilians are by no means afraid of it, as a good blow on the head kills it. With the natives it is a favourite food, and the settlers have it skinned to obtain a very fine oil which is got underneath. The coral snakes—*Elaps*—are a very poisonous group, found throughout the northern districts of South America, and of special interest to naturalists from the fact that they are closely imitated by several species of innocuous snakes inhabiting the same localities; the harmless mimics, no doubt benefiting by their close resemblance to so dangerous a group by enjoying comparative immunity from the attacks of the enemies of innocuous serpents. Among the snakes of India a similar, but not so striking, mimicry of such noxious species as the cobra, the young hamadryad, and the krait, by harmless neighbours has recently been noticed.

## Varieties.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AT LAKE NYASSA.—The following unpublished letter of Dr. Livingstone will be read with interest in connection with the recent reports of explorations in the region of Lake Nyassa:—

“River Shire, Eastern Africa,

“1st November, 1859.

“My dear,—I might have written to you sooner, but I had a great deal to do, and very little of any importance to say. But now our prospects are brightening in a direction I never contemplated exploring, and I think I see matters verging towards a solution of the great problem of supply of the raw materials of our manufactures without dependence on slave labour. We have just traced this river up to its source in the hitherto undiscovered Lake Nyassa, or Nyinyesi; and we found a cotton-field, of unknown extent, which really seems to surpass the American. We have no frosts to endanger or cut off the crops, and, instead of the unmerciful toil necessary to raise the staple in the slave states, one sowing of foreign seed serves for three years' crops. The foreign seed has been introduced by the natives themselves from the sea-coast and up the Shire, and yields an article equal to the Egyptian. They have an indigenous variety, which, on the highlands, is an annual; and this, like the odd things of Africa, resembles wool more than cotton. There may be evils to counterbalance the advantages which this field possesses, but I am as yet ignorant of their nature.

“Then another point you will understand if I mention the form of the country. There are only thirty-three miles of cataract in the Shire, beginning in 15.55 south lat. And then the river is smooth again, and fit for steam navigation right into the lake, 14.25 south lat. Abreast of the cataracts the land is arranged in three terraces, of different heights; the lower, or valley of the Shire, is about 1,200 feet above the sea, and exactly like the valley of the Nile at Cairo; the second terrace is over 2,000 feet, and three or four miles broad; while the third is over 3,000 at its western edge, and twelve or fifteen miles broad. It is bounded on the east by Lake Shirwa, or Yamandua, and a range of lofty mountains. On the last terrace rises Mount Zomba, which we ascended, and found to be between



7,000 and 8,000 feet in altitude. The terraces are wonderfully well supplied with running rills of deliciously cool water, and cotton is cultivated over them all. We travelled in the hottest season of the year, or that immediately preceding the rains, and called in West Africa "the smokes," when from the burring of tens of thousands of acres of tall grass the atmosphere takes somewhat the appearance of a London fog. The Shire valley was hot and stifling—the water of the river 81 deg. at six a.m.—but as soon as we ascended the first terrace the air felt refreshing, and on the second delightfully cool. The water of a spring was 65 deg., and all the rills were delicious. On Zomba it actually felt cold. But even up there there is cultivation, though not of cotton. I state these points that you may see we have changes of climate within a few miles of each other. Europeans would flourish on the heights, and one of the greatest boons our expedition will confer is the cure of fever, even in the lowlands, without, in general, loss of strength to the patient. We cannot prevent it. Quinine is no prophylactic, but by following the means I adopted when alone it is speedily cured; and this time I have escaped altogether. I am for a mission of our own honest Christian poor, with their religious as well as mercantile establishments. They would do good by their example, and hold up their pastor's hands when opposed by the difficulties of the heathen. They would do good to themselves, to Africa, and ultimately to England. They could soon develop the cotton trade, and prove of immense value in suppressing the traffic in slaves. That I am not visionary, look at another geographical point—the Lake Yamandua is about ninety miles long. There is only a narrow isthmus between it and the Lake Nyassa. No one could tell us 'how far off its head lay,' but both lakes lie parallel with the East Coast, and opposite some notorious slaving ports, and all the slave-trade and other trade must pass the Shire first, near its point of emergence from Nyassa; then go along the partition between the lakes, without embarking on either. We met a large East Coast slaving party there, coming from Cazembe's country with an immense number of slaves and elephants' tusks. Now, an English establishment near would have a chance of all the lawful trade by giving the same prices as native traders can obtain a month later on the coast, and the development of the cotton trade, for which the people are quite ready, would eat out that in slaves. It would be more profitable to cultivate than export. They are great agriculturists, and have no cattle like the Caffres. I wish the Church Missionary Society, which has long been trying to get into Eastern Africa, would begin here. By the Shire they would get away from the unfriendly coast tribes at once. I have proposed a plan to our Government, and hope our efforts will not be hampered by Portuguese pretensions. Their establishments, it is to be borne in mind, are not colonies, but very small penal settlements. No women are sent out to them, and no good is done to the natives by this worn out syphilitic race.

"We could not explore Nyassa, as we left our vessel in a sinking state. The builder deceived us—£1,200 for twelve months' wear—then funnel, furnace, deck, and bottom went down at once. A kind Providence has watched over us at every turning of our path, and circumstances which seemed at first adverse have turned out to be signally advantageous. We did not intend to go up the Shire, but do not regret it now. We proceed up country in about three months. I had to become sailing-master myself, but consider every work of this kind service to our Good Master. His blessing be upon you and yours.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

**AMERICAN TRADE AND LABOUR IN 1876.**—Mr. Archibald, English Consul-General at New York, thus writes concerning the widely-spread depression of trade and commerce in the United States during the past twelve months:—"The falling off in the demand for labour is chiefly to be attributed to diminished production, mainly brought about by the spirit of economy which has been evident everywhere. This has induced a large class of consumers to refrain from purchases which, in more favourable times, would have been freely made. And, with the lessened demand for labour, wages have had to submit to a corresponding reduction. Before 1873, when the unions were in full strength, bricklayers, stonemasons, and carpenters could earn 4 dollars 58 cents to 5 dollars a-day. Bricklayers may now be had for 2 dollars a-day, or indeed any sum that the men will take; for in the present condition of things the unions are nearly powerless, owing to the diminished demand for labour. Stonemasons are somewhat better off than the bricklayers, as their wages are still 3 dollars 50 cents a-day. Plasterers accept 2 dollars a-day where they used to earn 5 dollars, and plumbers are even worse off. The earnings of varnishers and polishers have dropped from 18 dollars to 10 dollars a-week; wages of

paperhangers average from 10 dollars to 12 dollars a-week, but there is little demand for their services. The trades perhaps least affected are the tailors, shoemakers, and hatters, though they, too, have suffered from the general depression and lack of employment. Purchasers now seek a cheaper class of goods than formerly, and especially is this noticeable in the item of ready-made furniture, the demand for which has been almost of the cheapest kind, the better varieties of it being a drug in the market. Contrasted with the showing of some of the trades, the carriage-makers, cigar-makers, and piano makers have been more favourably situated, the falling off in their wages being much less than among bricklayers and mechanics, though carriages, cigars, and pianos may certainly be considered articles of luxury. Upon the whole, the reduction in the hours of labour and in the wages offered indicate economy rather than poverty in the consuming class. Unskilled labour has, of course, had to bear the heaviest pressure. The long-shoremen's or dock labourers' union in this city, formerly so strong, has now but a nominal existence, and its mandates are nearly powerless. The labourers' union is entirely broken up, and the same may be said of other similar societies. In fact, common labourers—in which term may be comprised some who would object to be classed as such—can just now be had for one dollar a-day, where they used heretofore to earn more than double that rate. So soon as a more prosperous condition of affairs arises, and the necessity for the present rigid economy shall have passed away, the tone of the labour market here will doubtless be improved; and the fact that this economy has been and is being practised is one of the most promising signs of a return of prosperity in the future."

**"CLASSICAL" EDUCATION.**—Lord Lyttelton, one of our most accomplished scholars, whose sad loss will long be deplored, when President of the Social Science Association (Education Department), said: "With respect to classical teaching, or at least the teaching of Latin, I must say for myself that I am content to rest the argument for it on somewhat narrower ground than is often taken. I fully admit the force of the direct considerations in favour of classical knowledge, from the immortal beauty and the far-reaching importance of the literature to which it gives access. Still I must admit that when I consider the actual condition of literature as it is, and contrasted with former times—the immensity, the excellence, the value for culture, the practical utility of the literature of the last four centuries—to how great an extent, though no doubt far from completely, the benefits themselves of the classical learning may be attained through the modern languages—and when I consider the conditions of modern society, the multiplied demands on our time, the absolute need of much knowledge and information apart from the old learning, and to many, of the early acquisition of practical and business habits apart from books altogether—I cannot bring myself to the conclusion that in a literary and instructional view the knowledge of Greek or even of Latin is indispensable."

**LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY.**—The following inscription has been placed over the grave of Lady Augusta Stanley in Henry VII's Chapel:—

"Fumus. Sans changer.  
Augusta Elizabeth Frederica,  
Fifth daughter of Thomas Bruce,  
Seventh Earl of Elgin and Kincardine.

The beloved wife  
of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley,  
Dean of this collegiate church,  
For thirty years the devoted servant  
of Queen Victoria  
and the Queen's mother and children.  
For twelve years the unwearied friend  
of the people of Westminster,  
and the inseparable partner  
of her husband's toils and hopes,  
Uniting many hearts from many lands,  
and drawing all to things above.

Born April 3, 1822,

Died March 1st, 1876.

We know that we have passed from death unto life  
because we love the brethren."

**EDUCATION.**—A Parliamentary return shows that the total cost of public elementary education in Great Britain and Ireland for 1874-5 was £5,289,036. Of this sum £2,228,479 was contributed by imperial grants, and £3,060,556 was locally raised—£297,853 being derived from voluntary subscriptions, £1,198,098 from school fees, £118,545 from endowment, and £846,065 from rates. The percentage of the total expenditure locally raised was 57.87.

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"REHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



MR. REED'S TALK WITH THE VICAR.

## THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER I.—THE RECTOR OF HALFORD.

"But Criste's lore, and his apostles twelve  
He taught; but first he folwed it himselfe."—*Chaucer.*

THE only occupant of one of the compartments of a second-class carriage from London, as far as Reading, on a certain day, not many years ago, was an elderly clergyman, old-fashioned as to his costume, and rather quaint as to his general appear-

ance. His coat was straight-cut and short in the waist, his cravat high, and over his shoes he wore black cloth gaiters. He had a fine head, nearly bald, but fringed with snow-white hair; and his countenance was ruddy, clean-shaven, and pleasant to look upon. The Rev. Henry Harte (those who knew him best were apt sometimes to sound the final of his name in speaking of him) was, and had been for more than a quarter of a century, rector of Halford, an old town, or rather an overgrown village



somewhere in the south of England, and on one of the main lines of railway, which we will suppose to be the Great Western. If the name Halford is not to be found in Bradshaw, that is of no consequence; a great many events take place which are not recorded in history, and a great many places and people are connected with them who do not attain the distinction which they merit. Halford may be one of them. It is an old town of very little importance, except, of course, to its inhabitants; and it has been almost eclipsed by a new suburb which, being built on the banks of the little river, now deepened into a canal, which flows past it, goes by the name of Halford Quay.

Mr. Harte had been in London, and was travelling homeward by a slow train. The express would have been preferable in some respects; but those who go too fast may go too far; it would have carried him within sight of his own church-steeple, and then set him down twenty miles or more away from it. At Reading he was joined by a fellow-townsmen, as complete a contrast to himself in manners and appearance as could be well conceived. Mr. Reed—"Alfred Reed, Esq., F.R.I.B.A."—was a young man of sallow complexion, with a profusion of black hair parted in the middle; he wore a short beard and moustache, and had excellent teeth and dark intelligent eyes; there was something just a little foreign and peculiar about his features, but the general expression was pleasant. His figure was light and well formed, and he was fashionably dressed, but not so as to give one at all the idea of a dandy or a fop.

He did not recognise the rector until he had set foot in the carriage, and then held out his hand to him, a little shyly perhaps; but that feeling, if it had existed, passed away under the influence of Mr. Harte's friendly grip, and he sat down opposite to him.

"I began to think I should have no companion all the way to Halford except my own thoughts," said the rector.

"No bad company either, I should think," the other answered.

"I dare say you speak feelingly and from experience."

"Yes, I do; at least I might do so just now."

"Then I congratulate you. It is true, I suppose, that you are going to be married?"

"Yes, I hope so; I don't think there's much doubt about it; only, as you know, there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

"The lady is not of our neighbourhood, I believe?"

"No; she is Irish."

"A Protestant, I hope?"

"No; a Roman Catholic. That's the only drawback. Not that I should think much of it, but her friends are rather disposed to make it a difficulty. They are very bigoted, and she has herself been very strictly brought up, and is, in fact, quite an enthusiast in her way. Still, we are of one mind on most points; and when people come to live together, and all their aims and interests are identical, they are almost sure to agree after a while in their religion also; don't you think so?"

"If all their interests and hopes are one, of course their best and highest can form no exception," the rector answered; "but I don't see how that can be the case where a Protestant and a Roman Catholic

are joined together in marriage. From what you tell me, I should think it much more probable that Miss—"

"Miss Carroll."

"That Miss Carroll will pervert you than that you should persuade her."

"Why so?"

"Because she is, as you say, a devout and zealous member of the Romish Church. She has been educated under its influence, and all the traditions of her family are associated with it. Such strong convictions and prejudices will not easily be overcome. Forgive me if I ask, are you equally in earnest, equally decided as a Protestant?"

"I don't call myself a Protestant. I don't admire the name."

"That is where your wife will have the advantage of you. She has a creed, a distinct and positive creed, and is protected in it by the supposed infallibility of her church, which will render her unswerving and impregnable. You, on the contrary, are unsettled as to the very principles which you should hold, and have, in fact, already advanced half way to meet her. Apart from all questions of truth and error, right and wrong, I have always observed that earnestness arising from conviction will carry the day against indifference, which, in religion, is too often only another name for unbelief."

"You are rather hard upon me. I don't know that I am indifferent. I don't intend to give up anything; certainly not anything that is essential to the faith of a Christian. But, according to my ideas, there is really very little difference nowadays between the doctrines and practices of our church and that of the Catholics."

"Roman Catholics you mean, of course? Tell me, then, is there less difference between truth and error 'nowadays' than there was of old?"

"No; but the boundaries of the true and the false are better understood and appreciated, and men have learnt to be more tolerant."

"I would rather say those boundaries are not so distinctly asserted, and are therefore apt to be lost sight of and allowed to cross each other. I fear it is too true that the ceremonies and doctrines now in vogue in some of our churches differ very little indeed from those of the Church of Rome; but the Church of Rome is not on that account less corrupt, or her work less mischievous."

"Ah, now you are uncharitable!"

"Uncharitable! It is a poor kind of charity that would sacrifice truth for the sake of politeness. St. Paul would answer, 'Am I therefore become your enemy because I tell you the truth?' But the word charity has so many different interpretations. One man throws a penny to a beggar to be rid of his importunity, and calls that charity; another gets up a petition on behalf of a murderer, and calls that charity; another proposes to respect all creeds, however false and wrong, and calls that charity. I should not very much wonder if some one were to argue by-and-by that widows ought to be allowed to bury themselves in their husbands' graves, or that human sacrifices should be permitted at Stonehenge, out of charity and tolerance towards those who might feel impelled to such acts by their religious convictions."

"It's no use arguing with you, Mr. Harte," said his companion; "I know that of old; and, indeed, I am not fond of arguing with any one on religious topics. I don't see the good of it. It is better to

leave such questions to those who have the charge<sup>6</sup> of our religious interests. 'I take my religion from the priest,' as some one very sensibly remarks somewhere, 'just as I take my coat from the tailor.' He knows what to give me better than I can tell him."

"But if your coat should not fit you comfortably, I suppose you would have it altered? Or if you were to find the coat old-fashioned and unbecoming you would return it, would you not, and perhaps change your tailor?"

Mr. Reed winced. He had formerly been a regular attendant at Mr. Harte's church, St. Paul's, but had left it, not very long ago, for the more advanced ritual of St. Michael's.

"Well, you know," he said, avoiding the question, "there is a fashion even in religion. What suits one class of people doesn't suit another; and what satisfies the taste at one period is not sufficient at another. The world does not stand still in religion any more than in other things."

"Do you consider, then, that religion should be accommodated to human tastes and wishes, instead of leading and controlling them? Are we to shape our doctrines and ceremonies to meet the whims and fancies of our parishioners? The gospel, you think, is become old-fashioned! You would have us cut and trim it, and make a new thing of it! If we can make it agreeable to your ideas you will adopt it without hesitation or inquiry; but if not, you will choose a more advanced communion—or, shall I say, a more fashionable tailor?"

"Forgive me, my dear Mr. Harte; it was an unfortunate expression, and I apologise for it. I don't quite take the view of it that you do, though. Did not St. Paul, or somebody, say, 'I am made all things to all men that I might by all means save some'?"

"Ah, yes; but St. Paul said that of himself, not of his doctrine. He would sacrifice his own feelings and prejudices; but he would never alter or degrade the truth to please anybody."

"Well, rector," said the architect, anxious to change the subject, "I hope when I bring my wife home you will come and see her. You must not try to make a proselyte of her, though; you would never succeed if you did. She might, perhaps, come as far as St. Michael's to meet us, because the services there are very like what she has been used to; but she would never go as far as St. Paul's. Why do you shake your head?"

"Because I think that a Roman Catholic would be more easily won over by the simplicity of the gospel, as it is set forth in the Evangelical churches, than by the ceremonies and doctrines of the High Church party, which must seem nothing more than a poor and unmeaning imitation of popery. But you will not be in my parish, you know; and you need have no fear of any attempt on my part to disturb Mrs. Reed's convictions."

"Thank you. I am going over to Ireland tomorrow, and then, I doubt not, things will be finally arranged."

Their conversation was here interrupted by the stoppage of the train and the entrance of other passengers.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the rector of Halford was what is usually called a Low Churchman. It would have been difficult to say in what his lowness consisted, for there can be nothing very low in the pure evangelical doctrine which, in common with others of his school, he held and taught. In con-

ducting the services he was careful that everything should be done decently and in order; not mutilating the liturgy, nor giving undue prominence to one part of it over another. Personally, he was a man of high attainments, a former fellow of his college, a gentleman by birth, a sincere friend, and a cheerful, entertaining companion; he was endeared to his parishioners generally by his faithful attention to his duties, his true-hearted benevolence, and his kind and sympathising manner. His preaching was plain and forcible, and impressed his hearers with a sense of his own earnestness and conviction.

"Si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi,"

said Horace. The people of Halford, who knew very little Latin, spoke in similar yet plainer terms of the rector's sermons: "They come from the heart, and go to the heart." The doctrine had indeed been learnt by heart and cherished in the heart; it might be summed up in few words: Salvation through the atonement and merits of the Redeemer, and a holy, fruitful life as the consequence of a lively faith. That has always been thought low by a certain class of persons, and will be so to the end of the world. Our blessed Saviour and his apostles were reviled for it; and "the servant is not greater than his master, nor the disciple greater than his Lord." As a churchman Mr. Harte was faithful to his ordination vows, or rather tried to be so; he had certainly no low views of the duties which he had undertaken—namely, "to instruct the people out of the Holy Scriptures, and to minister the doctrine and the sacraments as the Lord hath commanded; and to maintain quietness, peace, and love among all Christian people."

Up to within a year or two of the time when our story opens, matters ecclesiastical had gone on very quietly in the parish of Halford. There was but one church, and it was well attended. But as the town extended, and the population increased, it became necessary to provide additional church accommodation. The rector had been one of the first to recognise this; and chiefly by his efforts a new church had been built and endowed, and a separate district assigned to it. He had appointed his curate, the Rev. Alban Cope, whom he believed to be a man of evangelical views, like himself, to be the first vicar of St. Michael and All Angels; and that was the beginning of many new troubles in the town, and many grievous divisions and heartburnings among the inhabitants.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE VICAR OF HALFORD QUAY.

"Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight."—*Pope.*

THE house which Mr. Reed had taken and furnished in the prospect of his marriage was situated in New Street, the principal thoroughfare of the district or suburb above mentioned. At one end of it stood the newly-erected church, dedicated to St. Michael and All Angels; and from his dressing-room window Mr. Reed could see the north porch and some other salient points of the building, which he was accustomed to contemplate with great and unaffected satisfaction; for this church was the first work of any importance that he, as an architect, had produced; and if the truth must be confessed, it was, up to this time, the last also. It was chiefly for this reason that he had taken up his abode at Halford

Quay. It was a rising town, and the new church was really a fine structure, and he hoped would be the means of procuring a good business connection for him in the town and neighbourhood. Meantime it was a pleasant object to look upon, and the services within its walls were performed in accordance with his tastes, and harmonised with the style of architecture and decoration of the interior.

But if the architect and a few others, chiefly of the gentler sex, took pleasure in the new church, there were some to whom it was an occasion of continual regret and mortification. Foremost amongst these was the rector of the old parish. It was at his instance, and chiefly by the liberal assistance of his own personal friends, that the church had been erected. The clergyman whom he had appointed there had previously shown himself a zealous and hard-working man, and though rather young for such a charge, was apparently free from all objectionable peculiarities either of ceremony or doctrine. Mr. Harte had therefore every reason to believe that the gospel would be fully preached in the new church as it had been in the old, and the services conducted in the same spirit. But as soon as the church was consecrated the process of decoration had begun. One "friend" presented a gorgeous altar frontal; another a jewelled cross; a third a set of candlesticks; a fourth some exquisite vestments. At the same time a young curate from Oxford, a Mr. Fleecy, was engaged, who possessed, among his other qualifications, a cultivated voice and a good ear; and the vicar, who had also some talent for music, was soon persuaded to introduce a choral service and a surpliced choir. To make a long story short, the adornment of the chancel, and the æsthetic tastes and propensities of the clergy, became in the course of a few months so pronounced that the interior of the church of St. Michael and All Angels, with its pictures, screens, banners, and other accessories, resembled the inside of a French cathedral in miniature, rather than an English place of Protestant worship.

Poor Mr. Harte remonstrated and protested, but in vain. He appealed to the bishop of the diocese, but could get no redress there. The appointment having been once made, and the new vicar instituted, there was of course no remedy at law; and as for conscience, every appeal to the Reverend Alban Cope on that ground was answered briefly and decidedly. He had enlarged his views; he must act upon his present convictions; he could neither conform to the rector's wishes nor retire from the cure of souls which he had undertaken; to desert his post now would be to leave his people to the dry husks with which, in his ignorance of better things, he had formerly supplied them. No; henceforth there were to be cheerful services, attractive services, Anglican services; the people would be brought to love and reverence the sanctuary; and he even ventured to hope that the example thus set would eventually be followed in the mother church, and that Mr. Harte himself would be one of the readiest, if not one of the first, to acknowledge that he was right.

Cheerful services! Yes, indeed; why not? "Let Israel rejoice in Him that made him. Let the children of Zion be glad in their King. Let them praise His name in the dance. Let them sing praise unto Him with the timbrel and harp!" What greater cause of cheerfulness can there be

than the gospel message, "On earth peace, good will towards men," which inspired the songs of angels for our sake? None are so cheerful as the believer who casts all his care upon Christ with the firm and full conviction that He will undertake for him and save him. But there are other feelings and impressions to be cherished in religion besides cheerfulness; conviction of sin, repentance, a reverential awe, like that of Jacob when he cried, "How dreadful is this place!" It seems hardly consistent for men to confess their sins to soft music, led by the voices of young boys who (let us be thankful for it) have little conception what those sins and transgressions are for which their elders have to ask forgiveness. If sinners cannot be brought to pour out their confessions before God without such pleasant harmony to help them, it may be questioned whether there is much sincerity in their humiliation or much heartiness in their repentance.

Attractive services! Very much to be desired, if only the attraction be of a legitimate and lasting character. But the attractions to which our senses respond most readily are of an opposite kind, unreal, superficial, deceitful; these ought to have no place in the sanctuary where we are to meet our Lord. Pictures, banners, candlesticks, clouds of incense, processions, posturing, these may attract the eyes and please the senses; but what have they to do with the faith of a Christian and the love of a believer for his Lord? Away with such attractiveness! There is but one attraction necessary in a congregation of "miserable sinners," and that is the gospel of the cross of Jesus Christ. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

Neither persuasion nor argument could prevail anything at all with Mr. Cope. The people liked these ornate services, he said. True, his congregation consisted chiefly of ladies, and those, for the most part, of the wealthier classes, who drove in from the country houses in the neighbourhood, and supported him with their patronage and gifts; but he hoped that what pleased one class would in time please another, and that the poor of his own district would ultimately be "attracted" to the church. At all events there was the glorious sanctuary ready for them, and services of one kind or other going on at nearly all hours of the day, and it was their own fault if they came not. The tables of the Ten Commandments were not set up, as they ought to have been, in the chancel, or Mr. Cope might have read there, "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do"—a sufficient reason why working men, and indeed all who have any useful occupation in life, should be unable to avail themselves so freely as he expected of his frequent ministrations in the church. It must be confessed, however, that Mr. Cope did not spare himself any pains or inconvenience to procure their attendance. He was no less diligent now than he had been in the old parish; but it was in a different way. His time was chiefly taken up with the daily services in the church, and his visiting among the poor was in consequence less regular and systematic than formerly. He was too zealous and impulsive, and depended rather upon his own personal efforts than upon any carefully and prayerfully matured plan of action. As an instance of this let us follow him as he walks through some of the by-lanes of his district before going to church on a summer evening. You may know him at a

distance by his long coat and his broad-brimmed felt hat, with its cord and short tassels. Round his neck he wears a strip of white muslin, and from his smoothly-shaven cheeks all traces of the whiskers which he used to wear have been diligently polished off. He walks with a quick but quiet step, and with his eyes bent towards the ground; yet he is evidently aware of all that passes near or around him. Another figure, very like himself in its externals, approaches him, and looking up, he recognises one of the priests of the Roman Catholic church at Peterstowe, a town about twelve miles distant. Mr. Cope has never seen him at Halford before, and wonders what has brought him there; but bows to him amiably and passes on, pleased with the reflection that there are common grounds of sympathy between them, and that he no longer cherishes in his breast those uncharitable thoughts and feelings with which formerly, in the days of his ignorance and prejudice, he was wont to regard a member of the Romish Church. He can look upon a Roman Catholic priest now as a brother and fellow-labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, and wish him Godspeed. He is probably not aware that the priest, with more consistency, looks upon him as an unmitigated heretic, and feels no more sympathy with him, and certainly no more respect for him, than when he stuck honestly to his colours as the Protestant curate of St. Paul's. Presently afterwards Mr. Cope meets the minister of the Wesleyan community in Halford. He knows him very well, and used to be on speaking terms with him; but now he passes him with a distant, scarcely perceptible bow; and thinks, as he walks on, what a pity it is that such a man as that should go about in his parish, hindering the work of the gospel and deluding himself with the idea that he is doing good. No doubt the minister in question is affected with similar thoughts as he responds to the vicar's salutation, and has quite as good reason for them.

Presently Mr. Cope's ear is attracted by the sound of loud and angry voices in a public-house, the Cross Keys, and he sees one of his flock, a man whom he has observed two or three times at church, enter the doors. On the impulse of the moment he follows him. The bar is full of bargemen, drinking, quarrelling, and making a great noise. They look with surprise at the new-comer, wink at each other, and laugh, while two or three of them lour at him angrily, as if disposed to resent his intrusion.

"Now, my good fellows," says Mr. Cope, "listen to me for a minute. There's no harm in a glass of beer, but enough's as good as a feast. Is it not a pity to spend your money in this way, instead of making a rational and proper use of it? You in particular, Hubbard; I thought you had a taste for better things."

"Me!" says Hubbard, the parishioner above mentioned, who objects to this invidious distinction. "I don't pretend to be no better than other people."

"What does it signify to you, parson?" one of the bargemen breaks in, roughly.

Here the landlord interposes, fearing a disturbance; he opens the door of the parlour and invites the Rev. Alban Cope very politely just to step in for a moment; and as soon as he has done so, turns the key upon him.

Mr. Cope, finding himself shut off from the company in the bar, makes his escape by a door at the other end of the room, which opens upon a bowling-

green. Not to lose any opportunity of usefulness, he addresses himself in a familiar and friendly manner to a group of men who are playing there, admiring their skill, and suggesting that, as there is a time for everything, and everything is good in its season, they should go with him, as soon as their game is ended, to "evensong" at St. Michael's. Some of the men are rather taken with him, and ask him to try his hand at the bowls, and Mr. Alban Cope, being proud of his athletics, takes the ball in his hand and makes one or two good shots. The end of it is that he finds himself engaged in a match with a young artisan, the evensong question (whether they shall go to church with him or not) to depend upon the issue of the game. The others standing round bet pints or half-pints on his prowess, and he is so distressed at this, and at the language used in his hearing, that he is very easily beaten, and retires from the ground conscious that they are laughing at him.

As he walks towards the church, crestfallen and alone, he confesses to himself that he has acted with more zeal than discretion. "And yet," he argues, "if I could have beaten those men at their own game they would have had a higher opinion of me, and I should have gained an important influence over them. St. Paul says, 'To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak.' I should not have cared about the means employed to win them, if only I had been successful. I suppose it was a mistake; but one must learn by experience."

Mr. Cope might have remembered, while quoting St. Paul, that though the apostle could take a metaphor from the Isthmian games, neither he nor any other of the apostles ever contended in the lists. *Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis tempus eget.* Let us, however, give the vicar credit for his good intentions and for the courage and honesty with which he endeavoured to carry them into effect. If he would always be as faithful and straightforward as in this game of bowls, there would not, perhaps, be much reason to complain of him. But he has entered upon a difficult and tortuous course in his church and parish; and it will be impossible for him to retain the respect of his people, or even the approval of his own conscience, if, while professing himself to be a clergyman of the Church of England, he departs from the simplicity of the gospel truth, practising a Romish ritual and teaching Romish doctrine.

#### COCKER'S ARITHMETIC.

IN the schools of England Cocker was long the presiding genius of numbers. From his familiar book successive generations of schoolboys were taught the art of cyphering. The name of Cocker was as much bound up with arithmetic as that of Euclid with geometry. From the days of Charles II to those of George III his authority was supreme and undisputed. Towards the end of last century other books began to be used. Walkinghame's "Tutor's Assistant" was a general favourite for a time, and afterwards Guy and Bonycastle grew famous, to be followed, in their turn, by more modern treatises. The class-books of arithmetic at present in use are innumerable. But the fame of Cocker survives, though his book has been superseded. His name is historical; and, what proves a still wider popularity,



it is proverbial. The Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, in his budget speech, has been heard to clinch a financial argument with the remark, "that is right according to Cocker."

Edward Cocker was born in 1632. He was "a practitioner in the arts of writing, arithmetic, and engraving," as the title-page of his works records. He published, during his lifetime, various engraved copy-books; and John Evelyn praised him as "comparable to the Italians both for letters and flourishes." He also published a work entitled, "Tutor to Writing and Arithmetic." But the book with which his fame is chiefly associated was a posthumous publication. It was edited by "Mr. John Hawkins, writing-master, near St. George's Church in Southwark, from the author's correct copy." The licence bears the date September 3, 1677, and the name of the celebrated Roger L'Estrange. In an "epistle to the courteous reader," Mr. John Hawkins says: "I, having had the happiness of an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Cocker in his lifetime, often solicited him to remember his promise to the world, of publishing his Arithmetic, but, for reasons best known to himself, he refused it; after his death, the copy falling accidentally into my hands, I thought it not convenient to smother a work of so considerable moment, not questioning but it might be as kindly accepted as if it had been presented by his own hand." Some doubt has been thrown on the authenticity of the work, but we think without sufficient reason. Hawkins may have made alterations and additions, but he can hardly be charged with forgery, as has been done. Even if it were so, this would prove more completely the early and general fame of Cocker. But he could not have induced so many of Cocker's personal friends to sanction with their names a book of doubtful authenticity. The exact date of Cocker's death is not recorded, but Hawkins seems to have lost little time in bringing out a work "encouraging to his expectation, and the book-sellers too."

Mr. Edward Cocker's proeme, or preface, is a document worthy of preservation. It commences with an invocation, which, let us hope, was more than a mere formalism of usage, but rather indicating a devout dedication of his labours to the great Giver of his useful faculties. "By the secret influence of Divine Providence," he says, "I have been instrumental to the benefit of many, by virtue of those useful arts, writing and engraving; and do now, with the same wonted alacrity, cast this my arithmetical mite into the public treasury, beseeching the Almighty to grant the like blessing to these as to my former labours." He then discourses on the objects, advantages, and dignity of his art; bursting out into poetry, whether original or not we do not know—

"Seven Sciences supremely excellent,  
Are the chief stars in Wisdom's firmament;  
Whereof Arithmetic is one, whose worth  
The beams of profit and delight shine forth;  
This crowns the rest, and makes man's mind complete,  
This treats of numbers, and of this we treat."

Of his own treatise he speaks in terms somewhat boastful, which we almost suspect to be an addition of his editor, and concludes with a defiance to reviewers:—

"Zoilus and Momus, lie you down and die,  
For these inventions your whole force defy."

Whatever reception the book got from the critics of that day, the public gave it immediate and general support. Editions were published in quick succession, and the fame of the work spread far and wide. Our copy is of comparatively modern date, being of the fifty-second edition, printed in 1748, for R. Ware, at the Bible and Sun, in Amen Corner, C. Hitch, at the Red Lion, in Paternoster Row, and J. Hodges, at the Looking Glass, over against St. Magnus Church, London Bridge. It is edited by George Fisher, accomptant; and the book is described on the title-page as "a plain and familiar method of Arithmetic, suitable to the meanest capacity, for the full understanding of that incomparable art, as it is now taught by the ablest schoolmasters in city and country." A



portrait of the author is prefixed, with these lines underneath:—

"Ingenious Cocker, now to Rest thou'rt gone,  
No Art can show thee fully, but thine own,  
Thy rare Arithmetic alone can sho,  
Th' vast sums of thanks we for thy labours owe!"

Professor De Morgan, who collected many curious notices of "Arithmetical Books," inquires when the name of Cocker became a proverbial representative of the art. He thinks that it dates from the appearance of Arthur Murphy's farce of "The Apprentice," played in 1756, in which the old City merchant's strong point is the recommendation of Cocker to an idle youth who wanted to turn actor: "You read Shakespeare! Get Cocker's Arithmetic; you may buy it for a shilling on any stall; the best book that ever was written." We doubt this origin of Cocker's fame very much. It is more likely that Murphy took advantage of a name already familiar to the public, and that the fact of this popularity gave point to the worthy citizen's recommendation.

Nor was the renown limited to England, as the two following incidents prove.

Dr. Alexander Murray, who rose from being a poor Galloway herd-boy to be Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh, in an autobiographical account of his early life, tells how he laid out his first earnings on books, among which one was Cocker's Arithmetic, "the plainest of all books, from which, in two or three months, I learned the four principal rules of arithmetic, and even advanced to the rule of three, with no additional assistance, except the use of an old copy-book of examples made by some boy at school." The Scottish hard-lad certainly knew nothing of Murphy's "Apprentice," yet Cocker's fame and book had travelled to his remote birthplace.

Dr. Johnson bought Cocker at Inverness, and that copy became associated with one of the most pleasant episodes in his Scottish travels. In his narrative of his journey to the Hebrides he describes Anoch, a village in Glenmorrison, of three huts, one of which is distinguished by a chimney. "The house was built of loose stones, lined with turf, and wattled with twigs, which kept the earth from falling." The landlord was remarkably civil; and Dr. Johnson records, with some surprise, that he spoke English well, both as to grammar and accent, while on a shelf were some books, among which was a volume or more of Pridaux's Connexion. "Some time after dinner we were surprised by the entrance of a young woman, not inelegant either in mien or dress, who asked us whether we would have tea. We found that she was the daughter of our host, and desired her to make it. Her conversation, like her appearance, was gentle and pleasing. We knew that the girls of the Highlands are all gentlewomen, and treated her with great respect, which she received as customary and due, and was neither elated by it nor confused, but repaid my civilities without embarrassment, and told me how much I honoured her country by coming to survey it. She had been to Inverness to gain the common female qualifications, and had, like her father, the English pronunciation. I presented her with a book which I happened to have about me, and should not be pleased to think that she forgets me." Dr. Johnson does not name the book, but in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, written soon after, he tells how tea was made in the hut by "a very decent girl in a printed linen gown," and adds, "she engaged me so much that I made her a present of Cocker's Arithmetic." An incident like this could not escape the observation and comment of Boswell. He tells us that the unnamed book gave rise to much inquiry in London, and to some merriment when it was known what it was. Johnson was not pleased with this, remarking that he had no choice in the matter, as he happened to have only that book with him. "One day," says Boswell, "when we were dining at General Oglethorpe's, I ventured to interrogate him, 'But, sir, is it not somewhat singular that you should happen to have Cocker's Arithmetic about you on your journey? What made you buy such a book at Inverness?' He gave me a very sufficient answer. 'Why, sir, if you are to have but one book with you upon a journey, let it be a book of science. When you have read through a book of entertainment, you know it, and it can do no more for you; but a book of science is inexhaustible.'"

There is much entertainment, and instruction too, to be got out of an old arithmetic book, even apart

from the scientific calculations to which Dr. Johnson referred. Without working a single sum, we have often had pleasant meditations over the pages of Cocker. Those examples, composed two hundred years ago, recall bygone times and manners, and awaken many literary and historical recollections. That problem about A starting from London in a post-chaise, and travelling so many miles an hour, pursued by B riding furiously on horseback—in how many hours, and after how many miles of travel, will A be overtaken? How this conjures up the days of highwaymen, and runaway matches, and expresses when telegraphs were undreamt of! And the plain sum in reduction of long measure, "I demand how many furlongs, poles, inches, and barleycorns, will reach from London to York, it being accounted 151 miles?" Imagination sees the great north road, along which Dick Turpin rode and Jeannie Deans trudged afoot, with its stirring traffic, and wayside inns, and busy scenes, now made desolate by the railways. In the questions where merchandise is introduced, we can see from the articles named what were the chief channels of commerce in those days, when the trade with the Indies was yet young, and when traffic ran in courses different from those of our time. Nor are illustrations wanting of subjects of social and political economy, such as of the value of the precious metals, and the remuneration of labour, and the rates of wages, and the interest of money, in former times. And when we look over the diversity of weights and measures in different parts of England, gratifying reflections are suggested on the consolidation of laws, the absorption of local usages into national customs, the increased facilities of intercourse, the progressive civilisation, and good government. There is history, as well as science and art, in Cocker's Arithmetic.

There have been reprints lately in fac-simile of some notable books. Not to speak of such *di majores gentium* as Shakespeare and Milton, we have had John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," George Herbert's "Temple," and Isaac Walton's "Complete Angler." If these have been successful publications, we recommend Mr. Elliot Stock to issue a reprint of Cocker's "Arithmetic," a book which, if not of equal importance, will appeal to a far wider range of intelligence than any that we have named.

We have had before us a copy of the rare first edition. On the title-page it bears that it was published by "John Hawkins, writing-master, near St. George's Church in Southwark, from the author's correct copy, and commended to the world by many eminent mathematicians and writing-masters in and near London." It was "printed for T. Passenger at the Three Bibles on London Bridge and T. Lacy at the Golden Lyon in Southwark and sold by O. Passenger at the Seven Stars in the new buildings upon London Bridge 1678." The prefatory address by John Hawkins is the same that we have already quoted from a later edition.

A copy of the first edition, sold by auction, at Puttick and Simpson's; in 1851, for £8 16s. The publication of the fifty-second edition, in 1748, is hardly consistent with Professor de Morgan's theory of the book being made popular by an allusion of Murphy in 1756. The latest edition of which we have any account was published at Glasgow in 1777. A century after the name of Cocker is still familiar, and it is surprising that the title of the old book has not been retained, with modern emendations.

## THE JEWISH NEW YEAR'S DAY.



IT was in the synagogue of the Polish Jews at Safet that I witnessed the ceremonies performed by the Hebrews on their New Year.

The Jewish year is reckoned by lunar months. The period of its commencement differs according as it is civil or ecclesiastical. The civil year commences with the month called *Tishri*, on

the first day of which the Jews consider that the Creation commenced. All civil matters are dated according to this chronology. The ecclesiastical year begins in the month of *Nisan*, in commemoration of the departure of the Hebrews out of Egypt. All feasts and fasts are reckoned according to this year.

The New Year is regarded by the Jews as a festival; and the month in which it occurs (generally in our September) is looked upon as very sacred, for they believe that the destiny of every individual is now determined, and that the Creator, on the first day of *Tishri*, weighs the merits and demerits of all. Those who are meritorious are sealed to life, and those who are guilty are sealed to death; whilst judgment upon those whose merits and demerits are equal is delayed until the Day of Atonement. Hence the intervening days between the New Year and the Day of Atonement are spent by the pious in praying, fasting, and imploring forgiveness. The day before the New Year is regarded as a fast; and, after morning service in the synagogue, the Jews visit the graves of the dead, upon whom they call for intercessory prayers. In the evening they again repair to their synagogues for vespers and evening prayers; and when these services are over they greet each other, saying, "May you be writ to a good year;" to which is replied, "Ye also." This congratulation, however, is only pronounced in the evening; for as the Jews hold that all pious men are registered in the Book of Life before the dawn of the following day, a repetition of that salutation would imply a suspicion that the one so greeted was not yet enrolled, and hence be a reflection on his piety. On their return home for supper the table is laid with several kinds of sweet provisions, especially apples and honey. The master of the house cuts up an apple, and divides it among those present: each dips his or her piece in the honey, and eats it, saying: "To a good year and a sweet one." During the first two days of this month all sour food and drink are, or ought to be, avoided.

In the morning I attended at an early hour at the synagogue, and saw the Jews continue their devotions till about noon. Various prayers, blessings, and legends were strung together, in addition

to the ordinary morning service, and Genesis xxi. and 1 Samuel i. and ii. were read. After this followed a prayer for the dead, when the precentor called upon each of the departed by name, and implored God to have mercy upon them. Every Jew here offered up a prayer for his deceased friends; and those whose parents were still alive left the synagogue for the time.

And now occurred the most important part of the service—the ceremony of blowing the *Shophar*, or ram's horn. This is founded on Numbers xxix. 1, and Leviticus xxii. 24, on which account the feast is sometimes called the Feast of Trumpets. This horn is blown every morning during the previous month, to prepare the Jews for the important season of the New Year's Day; and at the same time to confuse Satan, so that he may not know which is the first day of the New Year. The horn is the horn of a ram, in remembrance of the ram offered up instead of Isaac on Mount Moriah, which, according to the rabbis, happened on this day. The reasons why Jewish ritual enforces this ceremony are: *Firstly*, because on that day the world was created; and as it is customary at the coronation of kings, and at the commencement of their reign, to sound trumpets and cornets, so the Jews publicly proclaim that their Creator is their King. Hence David says: "With trumpets and the sound of the cornet shout ye before the Lord." *Secondly*, because the New Year is the first of the ten penitential days, the horn is sounded as a proclamation to admonish all to return and repent. *Thirdly*, to remind them of the law given on Mount Sinai, where it is said: "And the voice of the cornet was exceeding loud." *Fourthly*, to remind them of the prophets, who are compared by Ezekiel to watchmen blowing their trumpets. *Fifthly*, to remind them of the destruction of the Holy Temple, so that when they hear the sound of the horn, they ought to beseech the Almighty to rebuild the Temple. *Sixthly*, to remind them of the submission of Isaac to the will of Heaven. *Seventhly*, that the sound of the trumpet may induce them to humble themselves before their God, for it is the nature of wind instruments to produce dread and terror. *Eighthly*, to remind them of the Day of Judgment, on which the trumpet is to be sounded. *Ninthly*, to remind them to pray for the time when the outcasts of Israel shall be gathered together. *Lastly*, to remind them of the resurrection of the dead.

As the blowing of the *Shophar* is a most important act, a well-qualified person is always selected. Four are appointed, three of whom remain stationary, whilst the chief performs the duties. The blasts are thirty in number, each having a proper and distinct name; and whilst the horn is being blown the congregation remain perfectly silent, for every Jew possessed of any religious feeling endeavours to hear its sound.

The synagogue is again visited in the afternoon and evening for service. Here is a specimen of one of the prayers said on this occasion:

"Our God! and the God of our fathers, Oh sound the great trumpet for the enjoyment of our liberties: set up Thy standard to assemble our captivities, and

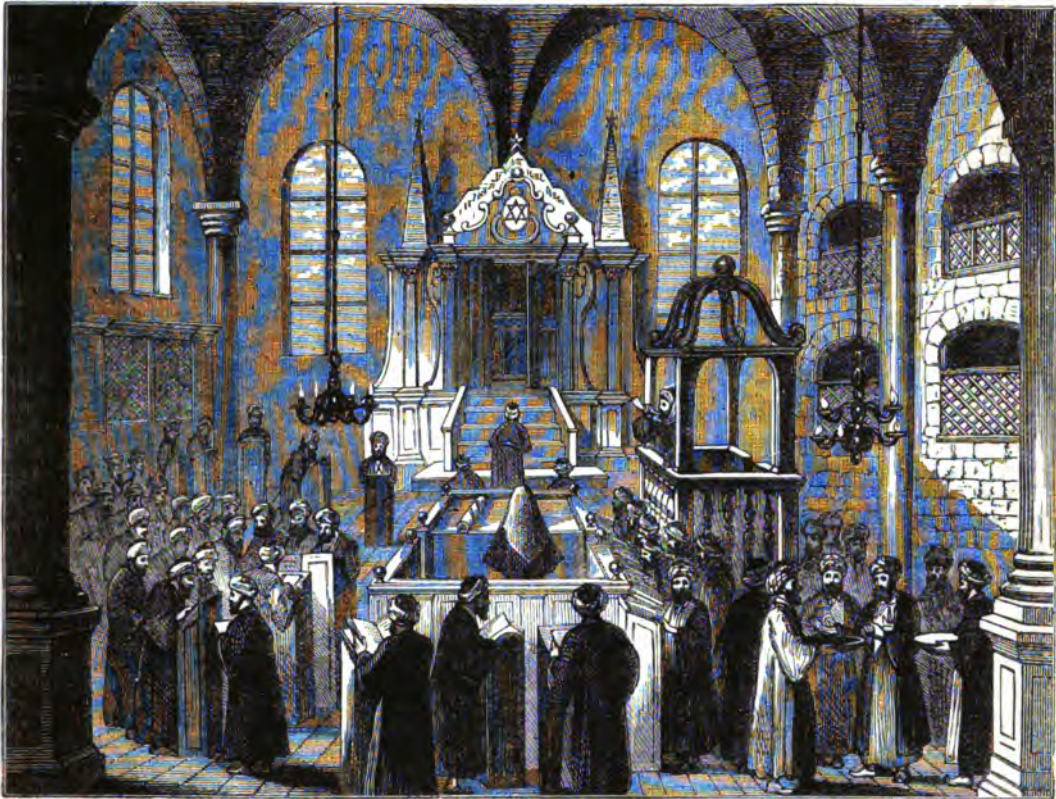


gather together our dispersed among the nations, from the extreme parts of the earth : and conduct us unto Zion Thy city with rejoicing, and unto Jerusalem the city of Thy sanctuary with everlasting joy ; that we may there perform before Thee the offerings of our duty, as it is commanded unto us in Thy law, by the hand of Moses Thy servant. For from the mouth of Thy glory it was said : ' And in the day of your gladness, and in your solemn feast days, and in the beginnings of your months, ye shall blow with the trumpets over your burnt-offerings, and over the sacrifice of your peace-offerings : that they may be to

himself into a deep river, through which Abraham had to wade. As the water reached Abraham's neck, he prayed, " Save me, O Lord, for the waters come to my soul," upon which God showed him a dry road in the midst of the waters, and he passed through with perfect safety.

The next day is kept as strictly as the first.

The first ten days of the month of Tishri are called the Ten Days of Repentance, during which time the Jews are to repent, confessing their sins, and praying to the Almighty to write them down in the Book of Life, and to grant them a happy New Year. The



IN THE SYNAGOGUE AT SAFET.

you for a memorial before your God : I am the Lord your God.' For Thou vouchsafest to hear the sound of the trumpet, and Thou hearkenest to the jubilation thereof, and there is none to be compared unto Thee. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who heareth the voice of the jubilation of His people Israel with compassion."

At the conclusion of the evening service the Jews go down to the banks of the nearest river ; and in the most quiet spot offer up a prayer, whilst shaking the skirts of their garments over the river, to signify that their sins are cast away. This shaking is called *Tashlich* (to cast), and owes its origin to the prophet Micah, who writes, " He will turn again his compassion unto us, subdue our misdeeds, and cast all our sins into the depth of the sea." During this shaking of the garments, if fishes are seen in the river it is considered a good sign, as it is supposed that, like the scapegoat of old, they will bear away the sins of the people. This ceremony is also done in remembrance of a tradition that Abraham, when about to offer up Isaac, met Satan on the road, who changed

Sabbath that falls within these days is called the Sabbath of Repentance, on which day the rabbi delivers a sermon on the subject : " because, as the Hebrew ritual asserts, on the first day of the year it is inscribed, and on the Fast Day of Atonement it is sealed and determined, how many shall be born, and how many shall be abortions ; who shall live, and who shall die ; who shall finish his allotted time, and who shall not ; who is to perish through fire or by water, the sword, wild beasts, hunger, thirst, earthquakes, plagues, or by strangling ; who shall be at rest, and who shall be wandering ; who shall remain tranquil, and who shall be disturbed ; who shall grow rich, and become poor ; who shall be cast down, and who shall be exalted. But penitence, prayer, and charity can avert the evil decree." This averting must, however, take place before sunset on the Day of Atonement ; therefore these ten important days are called *Yamen Noraim*, or Days of Reverence.\*

\* From " The Home and the Synagogue of the Modern Jew. Sketches of Modern Jewish Life and Ceremonies." Religious Tract Society.



## THE GREAT HAILSTORM IN OXFORDSHIRE.

ON the 9th of August, 1843, occurred one of the most tremendous hailstorms that has ever been witnessed in this country, scattering ruin and devastation over an area of about fifty square miles, extending from the parish of Churchill, in the vicinity of Chipping Norton, on the west, to Souldern, in the neighbourhood of Deddington, on the east. We have already given ("Leisure Hour" for 1874, p. 509), under the title of "Thunderstorm of 9th August, 1843," an account of this great tempest, from the pen of Mr. Glaisher, the distinguished meteorologist, who witnessed and described the phenomena when he was Assistant at the Cambridge Observatory. The report of the Rev. Leonard Jenyns, vicar of Swaffham Bulbeck, will be found in the same article. For comparison with what was observed in Cambridgeshire, the reader may like to have a report of the storm as it broke over Oxfordshire.

The whole of the preceding spring and summer had been characterised by unseasonable weather. The month of March, when dry weather is so much desired by the husbandman, had been throughout wet and ungenial; and during the greater part of April, when showers are looked for, continual drought had prevailed, marked by thunderstorms of a severe character. May was wet from beginning to end, more rain having fallen in that month than had fallen during any single month of the preceding twenty-five years. The downpour of May continued far into June, so that there were over six weeks of rain altogether in those two months; and for nearly the whole of that time the land in the lower levels of the district had lain under water. July was not specially remarkable, though the grain-crops, which had suffered from the continual wet, were but scanty, and there was a prospect of a late harvest.

Some days previous to the great storm a sudden depression of the thermometer took place, accompanied by a chilly temperature, which, to those acquainted with the causes of such atmospheric changes, sufficiently indicated the approach of some considerable elemental disturbance. On the 7th of the month the thermometer rose as suddenly as it had previously fallen, and for two days the atmosphere was oppressively heavy and hot, at times to a degree almost stifling, while scarcely a breath of air was stirring. On the 8th deluges of rain were falling in neighbouring counties, accompanied by thunder and lightning; and this state of things continued during the night.

"Early on the morning of the 9th," says a clergyman of Enstone, who, being almost in the centre of the area visited by the storm, was able to mark its rise and progress, "I heard distant thunder in the north-west. From five in the morning to about eleven thunder was constantly heard in the same quarter, although the storm showed no appearance of approaching us. Its dark clouds were discernible above the horizon, but not so as to indicate any great propinquity. During this time it was, in seaman's phrase, 'brewing up.' About half-past eleven the oppressiveness of the atmosphere became very great. Sitting in the house, I endeavoured, by opening windows and doors, to obtain a draft, but

the air was stagnant. The thunder had by twelve o'clock become *incessant*, and I never heard before such continuance of it. There was no single interval of time at which there was any cessation of its hoarse and rolling sound, peal answering peal in such quick succession that the deafening roar was unintermitted. The storm rose very slowly and majestically, and *directly in the teeth of the wind*, which, though imperceptible in the slightest degree, was shown by the weather-vane to be in the east. About half-past twelve it seemed approaching us, which until now I had hardly anticipated, so distant did the thunder seem. At length it increased very sensibly indeed in intensity, and the flashes of lightning began to be distinctly forked or zigzag upon the pitchy background of the storm. I now took my station at the west window, and watched its steady approach, expecting some grand electrical display, but never anticipating the terrific scene that followed. Two things struck me as remarkable at this time—that though the storm approached, there was no change in the wind, nor any violent puffs such as generally herald similar storms; and that the lightning, though very vivid and distinct, was by no means near. In fact, during this part of the day the storm rode extremely high, and I felt relieved from all fear of the lightning, so that I watched its progress more freely.

"The country over which I looked was quite open, and bounded by a line of hills about a mile distant. Along the top of these, thick heavy clouds were advancing in rapid succession, but with the greatest steadiness and order. They were rolling by from north to south, apparently an offshoot from the body of the storm, which still continued to rise towards the zenith—the weather-vane still indicating the wind with us to be due east. They were dense, heavy, massive clouds, such as are seldom seen, and, what seemed singular, they had faint smearings of blue and red light over their pitchy rolls. The whole atmosphere was as dark as if a pall overhung it; and looking back from the window where I was stationed, I was surprised at the darkness of the room. All the while the horizon along the tops of the hills presented a band of light of a sombre hue, relieving the darkness of the clouds, and forming a light ground for the exhibition of their extraordinary changes as they rose and fell, assuming all varieties of forms.

"Up to nearly a quarter past one the storm had not ascended more than half way towards the zenith; the clouds still driving from north to south, without rising over us or apparently extending any distance. The lightning now became very vivid, and the thunder increased in sharpness and rapidity of detonation. It was no longer rolling, but a series of loud crackling explosions. At about a quarter-past one the weather-vane shifted suddenly from due east to due north. I was at once satisfied that we were in the wind of the storm and must expect its fury. My attention, however, was arrested by an extraordinary and awful sound in the air, such as I had never heard before. It resembled in some degree the roar of the ocean, or the noise of an ascending bore in

a river; it came on steadily for between five and ten minutes, increasing in intensity as it approached, until at length I saw, at a considerable height in the air, long descending streams, dancing as it were, or rising and falling in lines, of what seemed to be dense rain or hail. I now thought it time to close the window at which I was sitting, and to see that all others in the house were also shut, and this was only just accomplished when the rain and hail were upon us in the most furious form. At first, the hail was only of an ordinary size, but soon some stones as large as pigeons' eggs began to fall, to strike the ground with great force, and to bound up again to the height of four or five feet. These were succeeded by great balls, of the average weight of two ounces, which burst in through the north windows of the house, leaping and bounding about in all directions. This continued for about a quarter of an hour, when the fury of the storm abated.

"But though the hail and the rain ceased, and the storm seemed to have rolled on to the eastward, it left us in the very embrace of clouds that were discharging lightning accompanied with deafening thunder from every quarter of the heavens. The whole afternoon this continued, and the scene was very grand—the fiercest lightning and the loudest thunder occurring about three o'clock, when a cloud came over us from the south-west and delivered most tremendous peals. Again at six in the evening there seemed to return upon us from the south-east a repetition of the noonday visitation, and the rain fell so fast, and such large hailstones appeared, that I thought it prudent to close up all the south windows, fearing we should have to sustain an assault similar to that we had before experienced. From this, however, we were spared, and although the thunder and lightning which I had heard from five in the morning continued till ten at night, nothing more serious and alarming took place.

"It was a melancholy scene that presented itself to view on the first subsiding of the storm. Immediately adjoining my own premises was a tract of about fifty acres of barley, which had been throughout the season the pride of the cultivator, and the admiration of all who had seen it. In the brief period of twenty minutes this had been utterly destroyed, and where but half an hour before all had been smiling and hopeful nothing was to be seen but desolation and ruin. This instance is not at all peculiar, inasmuch as along the whole route of the storm—that is, for nearly twenty miles in a somewhat winding course—the standing crops were beaten to earth, and the hopes of the husbandman destroyed. But the effects of such a visitation are perhaps better judged by other incidents than the devastation of crops. Thus cattle betrayed great terror both immediately previous to and during the storm. A man who had gone into a field to see after some young colts found them so distressed and alarmed that they came round him as if expecting protection from him against the impending danger, and plainly manifesting great fear. A gentleman who was caught on the high road riding, in the very middle of the storm, dismounted, and crept for shelter under a hedge; his horse, a mare of great courage and blood, was so cowed that she crept down on her knees into the ditch beside him, quaking in every limb with fear. I had watched some teams at plough as the storm came on, and wondered that they had not gone home, but they withdrew to a rick in the middle of the

field; and the last thing I saw as the storm descended in that direction, was all the teams loose and tearing in confusion about the hills. The smaller animals and birds were killed in great numbers. A man told me that as he sat for shelter under a hedge, he saw ten or a dozen hares running about, and one after another was struck by hailstones, leaped up as if shot, tumbled over, and fell dead. A leveret was found cut completely in two. Great numbers of crows, pheasants, and partridges were killed.

"I went into some of my low buildings, where the hailstones were breaking in through the slates, in order to judge of the noise, and such was the tremendous clatter on the roof that I could not make my voice heard. Several houses had their roofs completely destroyed; for, having been slated with indifferent slates, the roofs were entirely pounded to pieces, so as no longer to afford the least protection to the building. But even the hardest slates were materially damaged. Those of my own house, which were some of the best procurable, were many of them broken, and the slater assured me that he could not, with a stone as large as his fist, strike a blow, by throwing it, of sufficient force to break the slates as the hailstones did. The leaden roof of the church was so indented with them as to present, at a little distance, the appearance of a face strongly marked with the small-pox. My grass-plot was remarkably firm and hard from frequent rolling, but the hailstones cut into it everywhere to the depth of an inch and an inch and a half, the holes being about two inches in diameter. The garden itself was completely dismantled. All the flowers and vegetables were cut to pieces. Thick substantial cabbage plants were struck, and the hearts cut out and scattered around. All my young fruit trees were so seriously injured by the bark being stripped off them, that they could not recover, but had to be cut down to produce new shoots. Large branches were severed from the trees, and more than half their foliage stripped off them. A lane which had a number of fine elms growing along it was swamped with leaves and small branches, which lay at least a foot deep throughout it, and many miles of road were strewn in a similar manner. Where the hailstones descended the chimneys, as in many cases they did, their size and force of descent were so great as in some instances to cut through the kettles boiling on the fire; in one which I saw the hole was about an inch and a half long. In a valley at Great Tew the flood of rain, carrying with it the immense hailstones, was so great, that it swept down a strong wall, and the hailstones accumulated in so large a quantity, that they had not entirely melted away a fortnight after."

Chipping Norton, which stands on a hill, and faced the storm, experienced some of its most destructive effects. The loss, by broken windows alone, in that small town of less than three thousand inhabitants, was over a thousand pounds. In the house of a single tradesman from four to five hundred panes of glass were smashed in a few minutes. The gardens, flower-beds, borders, and young fruit trees were crushed and beaten to fragments; roofs were battered in; tall trees were stripped of their terminal branches, and shorn, as it were, into new and unnatural proportions. A gentleman who witnessed the rise of the storm as it approached the town, described the preceding noise in the sky as the most awful, portentous, and fear-inspiring sound, such as no man could conceive who had not heard it. Had

the heavier masses of ice rushed down suddenly, it was his opinion there must have been serious damage to life and limb; but the prelude showers had driven everybody to a shelter, and so no very serious personal calamity occurred. These minor effects of the storm, however, though they are most characteristic of its power and fury, are matters of small account in comparison with the overwhelming devastation which marked its course along a tract of twenty miles in length and some three or four miles of average width. Its centre seemed to be in the parish of Tew, where the standing crops were not only thrashed as they grew, but the stalks were cut down, and the straw driven into and buried in the soil.

Two strange and unusual phenomena were connected with this terrible tempest—viz., the size of the hailstones, and the extraordinary roar that heralded their descent. The average size of the stones I measured was a circumference of six inches, although some were as large as seven and eight inches round. At a first glance there appeared nothing remarkable in their structure and formation. A common observer might have stated them to be masses of smaller hailstones congealed together, but such was not the case. Each hailstone was a separate and independent crystalline formation. One which burst through the window, leaped downstairs, and fell at my feet broken, I picked up and examined, both externally and internally, as I did many others. Their centre consisted of a white opaque mass, like compressed snow; the diameter of this snowy nucleus was about one-fourth the diameter of the whole, it was enclosed by a band, which was about one-eighth of the diameter, and of a radiated structure converging towards the centre. A second band, enveloping the first, was of a totally different character, being veiny, the course of the veins being that of the circumference. The second band was covered by a third of similar width, partly veiny, and spread over with protuberances giving to the external form the appearance of conglomeration. The general figure of the stones was an oblate spheroid, very much compressed at the poles—a figure plainly due to their rapid revolution while in course of formation. The polar compression was very great, the diameter through the minor axis being over one-fourth less than through the major. The progress of their formation was probably as follows: The storm at its greatest height consisted of snow in massive flakes; these descending came in contact with moisture or rain. The incessant discharge of the electric fluid would occasion rapid disengagement of caloric from the moisture of the atmosphere, which thus froze around and enveloped the flakes of snow that presented the nuclei for the sudden congelation of the moisture into ice. Being now no longer buoyant in the air, as the snow had been, they commenced their descent towards the earth; in their fall they took on a rotatory motion, which diverted the radiation of the freezing particles into a veiny form, and at the same time gave the stones their oblate spheroidal shape. Their external roughness would be due to their meeting with drops of rain that settled on them and froze at the moment of contact.

The cause of the extraordinary roar that was heard in the upper air, immediately preceding the descent of the hail, gave rise to various theories and conjectures among those whom it had so strongly impressed. One theory attributed it to the crackling sound said

to be produced by the sudden congelation and crystallisation of water. Another ascribed it to the rapid rotation of the hailstones in their descent, taken in connection with their rough exterior; while a third suggested that it was due to the collision of the huge hailstones brought about by the conflict of two currents of air at a great height, which would produce a violent tornado, and the consequent clashing and commingling of the descending masses. This last-named theory seems, on the whole, the most plausible, when we take into account that the roaring is said to have lasted from five to ten minutes, and the fact that so soon as the northern current had gained the mastery the noise ceased and the storm began to abate.

Such are a few memoranda of one of the most furious hailstorms that ever visited this country.

#### QUEENSLAND.

QUEENSLAND is one of our youngest colonies, dating only from the year 1859. It has an area ten times as large as that of England and Wales. Its seacoast extends for a distance of 1,550 miles, and about two-thirds of that sea-line lies under the tropic of Capricorn.

The climate is hot, with a mean temperature of about seventy degrees, or a similar heat to that of the Island of Madeira. But though hot, it is not unhealthy, being generally dry, and in many places tempered by the fresh sea-breeze. The total rainfall at Brisbane for fifteen years was 769 inches, or a mean of about 51 inches. In some years the fall was as high as 80 inches, in others as low as 24.

Almost all the productions of the tropics, and very many fruits and vegetables of temperate zones, may be grown here. The cultivation of sugar is now a very large and important industry, and this will increase steadily as capital and labour flow into the colony. The vexed question of labour is not yet settled. Europeans cannot work in the sugar-fields under a tropical sun, and there is some difficulty in importing a sufficient supply of Polynesians, although these islanders are admirably adapted for the purpose. Undoubted instances of gross abuse have occurred in this traffic, nor could it be at all satisfactorily carried on except under the strictest Government supervision and control. Probably the sugar planters will have to resort to Chinese or Indian coolie labour when the manufacture is more largely developed.

The Chinese immigrants already abound in Queensland, as in all other Australian colonies, and a very useful class they form, as their industry is most painstaking and thrifty. By nature the Chinese are market gardeners. Wherever a small colony of white men plant themselves, there quickly follow them the inevitable "heathen Chinese." And there, too, wherever he "squats" himself, appears in a marvellously short time a little oasis in the dry and stony land. The industrious Chinaman always erects his bark "humpy" by the side of a stream, or near a permanent water-hole; or, if unable to do this, he digs a narrow race, and conducts the water for a distance of a mile or more from some neighbouring hill. Water he must have, and this he distributes three times daily to all the plants he grows, quite regardless of the scorching sun. The result is that splendid English cabbages may be bought for about

threepence each in many a quiet corner of the Queensland "Bush;" whilst various other vegetables are to be had at reasonable prices. It is, however, too hot to grow potatoes, which must be imported from the more southern colonies.

A long range of quartz-bearing and more or less auriferous mountains runs through Queensland from north to south. Their height is seldom more than about 3,000 feet, and they slope down to the sea-board. Beyond this range is a wide extent of table land, of which the beautiful and almost treeless grassy plain called the Darling Downs is an example. Copper is found in many parts of the range, and in some places large copper mines are worked to advantage. Gold is found almost throughout the colony, but not always in payable quantities.

With the exception of the "Downs," where few trees are met with, nearly the whole of Queensland is what may be termed "bush," that is to say, it is an almost uninterrupted continuation of rolling country filled with the irrepressible and unpicturesque gum-tree. But it is in this "bush" that the squatters have their extensive sheep and cattle "runs," for the gum-tree, though growing thickly throughout nearly the whole country, does not form forests nor prevent the growth of herbage. Its leaves are thin and pendulous, and allow the sun to pierce through its thickest foliage, so that grass may be seen growing close to the very stem of the tree. To an Englishman nothing can be more dreary than the scenery of the Australian bush. The tall, lank gum-trees, with their scanty crowns of long and narrow leaves, afford no shelter from the almost vertical sun, whilst the interminable vista of smooth white stems on every side, shutting out, as they do, all other prospect but themselves, produces a feeling of intense loneliness. Yet through this apparently trackless solitude the experienced bushman will find his way with unerring precision, often driving before him large "mobs" of cattle or sheep, which have to be delivered at some spot two or three hundred miles distant. At night he camps out under the blue sky, sharing with his men the watch over the cattle by turns, and sleeping in his blanket before the fire, at which he has previously boiled his "billy" of tea and baked his "damper."

There is one brilliant set-off to this rather monotonous picture. Along the banks of the many large rivers which abound in Queensland are broad belts of rich black alluvial soil, often covered with the thickest imaginable vegetable growth. This is called Scrub. In these fertile and watered regions there is really a tropical verdure. Lofty and graceful palms rear aloft their crowns of feathery beauty, whilst tall trees of endless variety spread out their branches, affording a solid rampart against the rays of a vertical sun.

Beneath them is a vigorous undergrowth utterly impenetrable without the aid of the tomahawk, and creepers covered with exquisite flowers bind the whole into one tangled mass of various colour and of every conceivable tint of green. It is on the cleared Scrub land, near the banks of rivers, that sugar is now grown to such advantage to the colony, nor does there at present seem much necessity to guard against exhaustion of the virgin soil—though the employment of artificial manures must some day follow as a matter of course.

A great portion of Queensland is mapped out into sheep and cattle runs, and some of these are of vast extent, employing boundary-riders, stockmen, shep-

herds, and many other kinds of workmen. The head station comprises dwelling-houses, store, shearing-sheds, stock-yards, and other buildings, and often looks like a small village, sometimes supporting both school and church.

The intending emigrant will probably ask, "What field is there in Queensland for labourers and artisans?" To this question I will reply by pointing out some of the modes of life open to a person landing in the colony without capital. Supposing the emigrant to be an unskilled labourer with a large family, what would be his first step? If he have any grown-up girls who can claim the smallest pretension to the common acquirements of a domestic life, they will be engaged, almost as soon as landed, as general servants, in either town or country, and at wages averaging from 10s. to 15s. a week, *all found*. For himself, if he is strong and *steady*, there will soon turn up some kind of ordinary town work, with wages of about 30s. a week; or he may drive a bullock-dray into the interior, or hire himself out to shear sheep, or go to some of the large mining districts, where he may obtain good wages, though the work is hard.

Many prefer the uncertainties of gold-digging, but this cannot be recommended to a new arrival from England. Gold-digging, like everything else, requires to be properly studied, and to do this a man, however strong, must expect to wait some time for success, and should therefore have a little capital to fall back upon. To skilled artisans, such as carpenters, builders, blacksmiths, and many others, there is a fair field, and the wages are often as high as 10s. or 12s. per day, but even in these branches the emigrant must be prepared to find sometimes that the supply exceeds the demand. This much, however, may truly be said to almost every class of working men—viz., *that unvarying steadiness, and a determination to avoid all intoxicating drinks*, will be almost certain to procure to any labourer or artisan some employment that will enable him to live comfortably. In a new country, and under a burning sun, too many are induced to indulge in what are called "nips and noddlers," for spirits are the cheapest form of strong drink in the tropics, where beer cannot be brewed, and so not only health but wages melt away, and poverty soon stares him in the face.

Tea is the proper beverage in Queensland, nor do the squatters indulge much, as a rule, in any other stimulant. In nearly all stations you find tea on the table at *every* meal, and bushmen are, generally, very temperate men; nor does the hot sun appear to harm them any more than the camping out in the cool nights.

In the towns this salutary example is not so strictly followed, and much of the misery endured by emigrants of the working class, who are disappointed and disgusted with their lot in the colony, is due more to the pernicious habit of spending their wages in the drinking-saloons, than to any want of opportunity of acquiring sufficient to live upon in comparative comfort. Many a shearer, after working like a slave in the shearing-shed, and living a hard and temperate life there, leaves his work at the close of the season with a cheque in his pocket for £60 or £70, and only too often he spends the whole, or the greater part of it, at the first public-house he puts up at. You cannot help such men, nor would they be likely to do much good in any country.



I believe that it is easier for a working man to *live* in Queensland than it is in many parts of England. In the first place, the climate is in his favour. He has not to maintain a constant struggle, during five or six months of the year, to keep out the cold. Some of the costly necessities of life in this country are not required in Queensland. He does not want a warmly-built cottage and plenty of fuel and thick clothing; on the contrary, he likes to have the air blowing through his dwelling. If he is at work in or near any town, he may generally "squat" on some of the outlying municipal land, where, with his own hands, or with the help of two or three of his "pals," he may run up a "slab" hut in a very few days, at an almost nominal cost. "Slab" huts are simply rough-hewn planks of hard wood, put together without any precise notions as to fitting very closely—for you can generally see daylight through the chinks—the floor is the dry earth, and the roof is mostly made of a few sheets of galvanised iron. There may be one room, or two, but there is no fire; the cooking is done outside, either on the ground, or in the hollowed stump of some old tree. Even if put up for you by other persons entirely, the cost need not be more than about £10, and there are neither rent nor rates to pay! Your boys can out firing out of the "bush," or you may hire a "blackfellow" to "cut waddy," as he terms it, but with this disadvantage, viz., that he will do the least possible amount of work for the money. The cost of actual living—for food and clothing—is probably less than in England; you require so much less clothing, as it is not often necessary to keep out the cold; a pair of moleskin trousers, with a leather belt and pouch, a crimean shirt, a wideawake hat, and pair of stout boots, comprise the ordinary wardrobe of the colonial working man. He is not troubled with coat or vest, even on Sundays. If on the tramp, he will carry a red woollen rug, in which to roll up his "swag" by day, and to cover himself by night.

Provisions are not dear. Flour is about the same as in England; tea may be had at almost any price, but is not, as a rule, quite so good as we buy at "home"; meat is very much cheaper, the usual price for prime joints being from 4d. to 5d., but many portions may be bought at 3d. per pound; beer is mostly bottled, and is of course expensive; hence the pernicious practice of drinking pale brandy, as it goes so much further for the money, and hence, too, one cogent reason for confining yourself to a tea diet.

Certainly there is a great improvement in this matter of dram-drinking, and there are now several vigorous and numerously-supported bodies of the "Good Templars" in various parts of Queensland. Men are also beginning to appreciate the fact that spirits are very apt to induce susceptibility to sun-strokes, a not infrequent source of danger in this tropical country. The working man frequently receives part of his wages in "rations,"—generally so on a station—and in that case he easily saves money if provident. On most large stations a "store" is kept, where not only rations are served out, but clothes and other necessary articles are kept for sale at fair prices, thus saving the labour of a long journey to the neighbouring town, which may be a few hundred miles away.

Each man receives a weekly allowance of so many pounds of flour, tea, and sugar, and he generally has a fair quantity of either mutton or prime old

cow beef, no squatter being extravagant enough to kill his splendid fat bullocks for station use, not often for his own table even. These valuable beasts are sold to the butcher, who fetches them himself, and pays the price down on the nail. As a rule a squatter does not care to sell less than twenty or more head at a time, as there is very little more trouble camping and selecting, and then driving out 100 head, than there is in bringing up a very small mob. In any case, three or four horsemen must be employed for the best part of a day, so that the more he sells at once the better it pays him. Fat cattle, weighing 900 lbs. or 1,000 lbs. were sold to the tallow-boilers a few years ago at £3 10s. and £4 per head. This induced several meat-preserving companies to start work in Queensland. The natural result soon followed—fat cattle became scarce, the price rose rapidly, and the size of the beasts fell off, owing to younger animals having to take the place of the fine picked mobs of older cattle. Thus it soon became a losing business, and the factories were shut up. Cattle will now rapidly increase in numbers, especially since the late opening up of enormous tracts of fine grazing land in the far-off west and north—but population also increases, though hardly, perhaps, in the same ratio. By the last official estimate there were in Queensland about 200,000 inhabitants, exclusive of the aboriginals. The horned cattle were about 1,400,000, sheep 8,000,000. Gold exported in 1874 amounted to three quarters of a million sterling, against £25,000 in 1866. Wool exported in 1874 amounted to considerably over one million sterling. Sugar manufactured in 1874, 14,000 tons, worth £25 per ton there in the colony. Some of this was exported to foreign parts. Emigrants received from England alone in 1874 and 1875 were over 13,000 adults.

Nothing has been said about the new "Land Act," nor will it be possible in the limits of this paper to do more than allude to it briefly. Any person wishing for fuller information on this subject is recommended to apply at the offices of the Queensland Government, Charing Cross, where handbooks relating to matters specially interesting to intending emigrants may be obtained. The clause in the Land Act most important to the small capitalist, is that called the "Homestead Clause." The object of this clause is to allow persons of small means to acquire land in Queensland on very favourable terms. It allows any one who is head of a family, or is of the age of eighteen years, to enter upon 80 acres of *agricultural* land, or 160 acres of *pastoral* land, open to selection, on payment, *annually* for five years, at the rate of ninepence per acre for the former, and sixpence per acre for the latter description of land. Residence on the land is required, and one-tenth portion must be cultivated, or the whole be securely fenced. Proof of this being given, a Crown grant is issued to the holder, the price then being just 3s. 9d. per acre for agricultural, or 2s. 6d. per acre for pastoral land.

It may be pointed out how admirably this clause will suit the requirements of those who act as carriers in the colony. A little capital expended in a dray and team of working bullocks would soon repay the outlay, as in most places wool has to be carried from the distant stations to the shipping port, and all supplies, etc., have to be carried back to the station. A man of this class, after selecting his land and fencing it in, would have a paddock in which to keep his bullocks when not working them, and around the little

"humpy" which he would erect for his family he would enclose a small plot of land, in which he would be able to grow a goodly crop of plantains, pine-apples, or other tropical products, which, when once planted, require a very small amount of attention. Cotton and maize may also be grown very easily; but unless the emigrant have several children to do the cotton picking without payment of wages, this small cotton crop would hardly pay expenses. The sugar districts of Queensland are very rich in thick alluvial black soil, that will no doubt give good crops for several years without the necessity of any great outlay in artificial manures. Large additional tracts of land are taken into cultivation every year, and enough sugar is now grown to supply all the wants of the colony.

Many new gold-fields have been discovered in Queensland during the past few years, as may be seen at a glance by any one asking for one of the "Handbooks for Emigrants," distributed gratis at the Government Office, Charing Cross. In the map attached thereto, Mr. Daintree has marked nearly thirty small spots in yellow. Each of these represents a separate gold-field, either alluvial or quartz.

When a new field is discovered, as some time ago at the Palmer River, in the extreme north, a wild and senseless rush is made by excited diggers from all parts of Queensland, and even from the older colonies. Disappointment and distress invariably follow, for the unwonted stream of population into a barren country, where hitherto only the wild blacks, or at most a few scattered stations, were able to exist, quickly absorbs all the resources of the district. Great privations, if not absolute starvation, soon follow—the rainy season sets in, streams are swollen into great rivers, the bush tracks become swamps and bogs, impassable to heavily-laden drays, flour rises to 3s. 6d. a pound, and the digger would gladly barter his gold for a good wholesome meal. Gold-digging ought not to be lightly undertaken in a new country, but the pioneers should be men accustomed to the work, and with some little capital to fall back upon in case of need.

Fever-stricken and half-starved hundreds return disappointed and broken down, and thus a most important industry is retarded and brought into evil repute.

In 1866 about £25,000 worth of gold was exported from Queensland, whilst in 1874 this had risen to at least three-quarters of a million sterling! and with every prospect of a large annual increase.

I have thus briefly pointed out a few of the various ways in which the emigrant from England may find a living in Queensland, but many other forms of industry have not even been touched upon. I am assured by the Agent-general for the colony that working men and skilled labourers have no occasion to fear that they cannot find employment at fair wages. There are more miles of railway already open in Queensland, *per head* of the inhabitants, than in any country in the world, and many more lines are in process of making.

The vast interior, lately an undiscovered district supposed to be a waterless desert, has now been taken up and stocked with cattle and sheep, for a distance of nearly 1,000 miles inland, and a great portion of this country will soon be brought by means of railways into easy communication with the seaport towns. Brisbane, the capital, with a population of over 15,000, is now likely to find a rival in Rock-

hampton, the next largest town, standing on the Fitzroy River, the second largest in Australia, whilst all along the coast towns are springing up, and an easy outlet is thus formed for the vast mineral wealth of the northern portion of Australia, the development of which is but in its infancy. My own opinion, formed from personal observation, is, that in Queensland there is a good field for the capitalist, and the labouring classes, if these latter are industrious and steady; but clerks and young gentlemen without means and without special aptitude for any particular calling are not in request in that portion of the world, and had better remain at home. Domestic servants are at a premium, but so they are in England, therefore there is no necessity to urge them to try their fortunes abroad. Many individuals of all classes will, of course, be disappointed and disgusted with the rough life of the "bush," and the many disagreeables of a tropical climate; but these are generally persons who go to the colonies with conservative ideas, and wish to carry their English home, snail-like, upon their backs. Such persons would be disappointed anywhere, and ought never to dream of pitching their tent beneath the glories of the "Southern Cross."\*

## Varieties.

ADVANTAGE OF SPACES.—An intelligent foreigner, passing through the streets of Philadelphia, took out his note-book at the end of a long walk, and made the following memorandum:—"Eighty-nine per centum of the population of Philadelphia are members of the powerful family of Roomstolet."

### OLD SOLDIER'S SONG.

My way leads forth by the gate on the North;  
My heart is full of woe,  
I hav'n't a cent, begged, stolen, or lent,  
And friends forget me so.  
So let it be! 'tis Heaven's decree,  
What can I say,—a poor fellow like me!

The King has his throne, sans sorrow or moan;  
On me fall all his cares,  
And when I come home, resolved not to roam,  
Each one indignant stares.  
So let it be! 'tis Heaven's decree,  
What can I say,—a poor fellow like me!

Each thing of the King, and the fate of the State,  
On me come more and more,  
And when, sad and worn, I come back forlorn,  
They thrust me from the door.  
So let it be! 'tis Heaven's decree,  
What can I say,—a poor fellow like me!

—Dr. Legge's *Specimens of Chinese Poetry*.

LIVERY COMPANIES.—The bodies, as originally founded and endowed, devoted their money to useful civic objects—as the development and protection of trade, the relief of the poor, and the education of youth. And still a small—a very small—proportion of their vast accumulation of property is devoted to such objects. But as to the great bulk of their expenditure, the less it is investigated the better for their reputation. They form a body of compact, wealthy, and vested interests, so powerful as to have resisted successfully every effort hitherto made to reform them, whether in Parliament or elsewhere. The very idea of reform is most repugnant to them. At a recent dinner of one of these companies, which already spends upwards of 25 per cent. of its income in wine alone, one guest ventured to suggest the allotment of a grant for technical

\* We are indebted for this article to Mr. C. H. Allen, F.R.G.S., author of "A Visit to Queensland" (Chapman and Hall).

education, whereupon a liveryman roared out, "*We don't want no technical education, we want more wine!*" Some of these companies, originally formed for the benefit of drapers, tailors, goldsmiths, etc., now contain scarcely any real members of the trade which still gives it name to the respective bodies.—"*The Friend*," in review of "*Municipal London*," by Joseph B. Firth (Lengmans).

PRESIDENT GRANT'S ADVICE TO SUNDAY-SCHOLARS.—The "Sunday-School Times" published the following message from the President of the United States to the Sunday-school children of the country. It is worthy of the head of this great Christian nation :—

"Washington, June 6, 1876.

"To the Editor of the 'Sunday-school Times,' Philadelphia :

"Your favour of yesterday, asking a message from me to the children and youth of the United States, to accompany your Centennial number, is this moment received. My advice to Sunday-schools, no matter what their denomination, is :—

"Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties ; write its precepts in your hearts, and practise them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for all the progress made in true civilisation, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation : but sin is a reproach to any people."

"Yours, respectfully,

"U. S. GRANT."

RITUALISTS DESCRIBED BY A ROMANIST.—Father Bowden, of the Brompton Oratory, in replying to Earl Nelson's piteous plaint about the reception of his son into the Romish Church, said :—"Mr. Nelson informs me that the clergyman to whom he was in the habit of confessing during the last three years, and who, Lord Nelson says, quieted his doubts, never entered into controversy with him, but, on the contrary, encouraged him in the practice of his favourite Roman devotions, a system of direction which I cannot undertake to explain. As long as certain members of the Church of England are in the habit of imitating the Roman devotion of celebrating Mass, invoking the saints, oral confession, reciting the rosary, and the like, conversions will follow which, sudden as they may appear, are but the necessary consequences of such a line of conduct." The "Times" remarks that "The public can only see in this incident a fresh illustration of facts which are quite independent of the particular details in conflict between Lord Nelson and Mr. Bowden. No case of this kind ever comes to the light without revealing incomprehensible weakness on the one side, and an almost revolting greediness for proselytes on the other. The reader can draw for himself the picture of the young gentleman who, according to his father's account, submits his religious convictions to the influence of a clandestine correspondence with a nun, and who afterwards slips away without his father's knowledge to a Roman Catholic priest. They will also know what to think of the discretion of relations who could remain for years, and up to the very moment of 'reception,' in ignorance of the young man's real sentiments. But, above all, they will know what to think of a system of proselytism which dares not submit a young man's convictions to the open influences of parental authority, which snatches him at the first opportunity behind his parent's back for fear lest, if left to himself and to his friends, he should escape."

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH.—Of his character and his abilities the reader will judge by his own letters, and by his doings : yet a few words may here be said of some of its most marked traits. Some of his friends have spoken of his tenderness, his almost womanly power of sympathy ; others of his force of character and his grasp of mind. Others well able to judge have called him a strong and trusted leader ; a man dauntless, self-sacrificing, and resolute ; watchful and far-seeing—looking to the future no less than to the present of his profession, his constant anxiety being to elevate the religious and intellectual condition of the men under his charge, and especially the young officers, to whom he both felt and acted as a father ; while, again, the strictness, amounting at times to severity, of his discipline, and the uncompromising firmness and decision of his actions, which formed so marked a characteristic in him, and which were as clearly seen in his countenance as was the opposite quality of extreme gentleness, cannot be left unnoticed. But perhaps the most strongly marked features of his character were the loftiness of his aspirations and the disinterestedness of his aims. It was hard to him to understand that men should act from interested motives ; it was impossible to him, when a duty lay before him,

even to apprehend whether it would affect him personally, and it gave him almost physical pain when he was brought face to face with dishonest or self-seeking intentions in any one with whom he was dealing. He believed in—and he clung to his faith in truth and honesty, and in human nature ; and this made him singularly impatient of anything approaching scandal, or even gossip ; and it was this faith that enabled him to see the best side in other men's characters, and to draw out the best points in those he associated with, making them, as has been said by a distinguished man, "feel themselves distinctly the better for his interviews and intercourse." And yet, mixed with these great and even stern qualities, there was in him, when he was free from the cares or weight of work, a cheerfulness amounting to gaiety, a light-hearted joyousness, which enabled him to derive intense pleasure from the smallest things, and which made him enjoy a holiday with a brightness and merriment not surpassed by the youngest of his midshipmen.—*Memoir by his Widow.*

FATHER O'KEEFE.—The P. P. of Callan has had to succumb to his adversaries. That his submission was enforced, not voluntary, a letter to the papers proves, in which he says :—"I sued the Cardinal for having libelled me ; but, pending the case, I am overpowered by the Board of Education and the Board of Poor-law ; the former withholding salaries from the teachers in my schools, and the latter my own salary as work-house chaplain. I have been rendered unable to prosecute my suit to a final judgment ; my chapels have been forcibly taken from me ; my house has been broken over my head ; and I have been now for more than twelve months a close prisoner, deprived of all my ordinary means of living, and hoping to be given relief from suffering in this world by the advent of a speedy death. I have struggled against overwhelming force put in action against me by secret working with Government boards, and yet Parliament is informed that my oppression is a voluntary act of submission, which the Government cannot interfere to prevent ; but I say that if a subject of this realm were treated by a foreign State as I have been by my own, thousands of lives and millions of money would be very freely expended to defend the right of a peaceable and loyal man to live under the protection of British law."

LOANS TO INDUSTRIOUS POOR.—Lord Shaftesbury, in speaking of the good services of the Charity Organisation Society, said : "It would be well if the objects of the society were fully understood. Not only did it expose fraud, but, in deserving cases, it gave a beneficial relief ; it encouraged habits of thrift, of industry, of cleanliness, in fact, of everything that could minister to the upraising of the people. A leading feature was to promote, as far as possible, the institution of loan funds. After much experience, he believed there was no one form of benevolence which could so help the poor as that of granting them small loans without interest. He had perceived the operation of the principle on a large scale. There were in London some 3,000 or 4,000 girls who at different times of the year sold various commodities—sometimes flowers, sometimes periwinkles, sometimes coffee. The subject having been brought before him several years ago, he was enabled to establish a loan fund for the benefit of this class. People would imagine that here were specimens of society the most reckless and untrustworthy. The result proved the very reverse. Fifteen hundred of them were on the loan-fund books, and to these had been issued sums varying from 5s. to £2, to be repaid by instalments. In the course of four years of this issue, the total loss was under £4, and that arose, not from dishonesty, but in consequence of two or three of the poor creatures suffering from incurable sickness, and thus wholly incapable of restoring the money." We sometimes hear complaints that the society but imperfectly supplements the work of private benevolence, and that something of the coldness of our official system attaches to its work. The truth is, no institution can ever be the almoner of those sympathies which are so important a part of true charity. The society will do well to guard against any tendency which would reproduce the defects of poor-law administration ; but in such operations as Lord Shaftesbury describes, it has a wide sphere of usefulness and a just claim upon the support of the public.

LATIN QUOTATIONS.—Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech in a small village. Just as he was concluding, some one, who sat behind him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, general. They won't be content without it." Jackson instantly thought upon a few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up his speech by exclaiming, "*E pluribus unum—sine qua non—ne plus ultra—multum in parvo—nil desperandum!*" The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for miles.

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



FATHER GEHAGAN'S ADVICE.

## THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER III.—PAT HOURAGAN'S PLEDGE.

"But where you feel your honour grip  
Let that eye be your border."—*Burns.*

**B**ALLYKILLEENA PARK, County Cork, the seat of Squire Martin, was not a park at all, any more than Ballykilleena itself was a *polis* or town, as its name Bally would have implied. There are so many things in Ireland, as well as in other parts of the

world, which are called by names too great for them. The estate was large enough, to be sure, extending over several thousand acres, but by far the greater part of it was mountain, moor, or bog. There were also woods, and meadows, and land under plough, but the extent of these was comparatively small. Squire Martin was bent on reclaiming as much of the waste land as possible, and had borrowed money under the Encumbered Estates Act for that purpose. He had built himself a new house, too, so new that



it was not yet finished, and an extensive range of farm buildings; and these, with sundry cottages, a bridge, new roads, etc., had given occupation for some time past to a large number of labourers, and required also the occasional supervision of an architect. Our friend Mr. Alfred Reed came therefore at intervals from Halford Quay, *via* Bristol and Cork, to Ballykilleena; and as the works approached completion his visits became more frequent and of longer duration. That was natural enough; and it was of course only by a chance coincidence that at the same time Squire Martin's niece, Margarita Carroll, whose home was at Mary Cross in the same county, came to visit her uncle, and was staying for several weeks in the same house with the architect. Miss Carroll possessed neither the lively manners nor the personal attractions which usually belong to girls of her nationality at the age of nineteen or twenty. She was, on the contrary, quiet and reserved, and, as has been already hinted, strongly imbued with the traditions and superstitions of the Romish Church, in which she had been educated. It could never have been anticipated that she would have yielded her affections to an Englishman and a Protestant, and that after only a few weeks' acquaintance. The retirement of a convent might have been judged more congenial to her tastes; but nothing is strange in love or courtship; and from the time when Margarita Carroll first met Alfred Reed at Ballykilleena Park an attachment sprang up between them which quickly ripened into love. There was as yet no positive engagement between them, but this was only a question of time; and Mr. Reed was now on his way to Ballykilleena to make his final survey of the works which were approaching completion, and at the same time to bring to a decided issue that other affair which he had taken in hand on his own account, and upon which, as he told himself, the future happiness of his own life, and that of one yet dearer to him, was to depend.

Bianconi's car dropped him at the lodge just finished, half an Irish mile from the hall. A smaller conveyance of the same type with a pair of wheels and one horse was waiting for him there, the driver of which, a tall, sprightly-looking "boy," greeted him as an old friend, taking off his hat with a graceful sweep, and exclaiming in hearty tones, "Long life to your honour and long may you live! Give me the portmanteau here on my shoulder," he said, as he took it down from the car; "sure I know it of old; and the tin box that might be full of goold by the weight of it. Good luck go wid it."

"So you've got back to the stables, Pat?" said Mr. Reed, when they were both seated, and were bowling swiftly down the "avenue."

"I have, your honour."

"I hope you'll manage to stay there this time."

"I will, your honour; annyhow I mane it."

Pat Houragan, it must be told, was a handy "boy," two or three and twenty years of age, and six feet some inches high. He could drive, groom a horse, clean harness, do anything in short in the stables, having a natural fondness for horses. Indoors, also, he could make himself generally useful; the cook liked to get hold of him as kitchen boy; the footman set him to clean knives and shoes; he was not a bad carpenter, and could bore a tree and fit it as a pump almost as well as if that had been his only trade. Yet Pat's usual occupation was of a more humble and less artistic kind than any of these.

He was generally to be found on the land, digging with a queer sort of implement, shaped like a heart and handled like a hoe, taking up a few ounces of soil at a time; or sitting upon a heap by the road-side breaking stones; or cutting fuel on a bog. For this waste of his natural abilities he would say nobody was to blame but "the craythur." At present Pat was rising in the scale, "by rayson of the pledge," which he had taken for the second time, and was bent on keeping to the letter of it; therefore he had been trusted with a young and spirited horse to drive, which he could manage as well as any one when he was sober.

"I'm glad to see that you continue steady, Pat," said Mr. Reed. "What does Biddy say to it?"

"Oh then, your honour, Biddy is too bad entirely. She won't look at me, just because I was overtaken onst—you know all about it, sir—after I had took the pledge the first time."

"I remember; you broke your oath you know; that's a very serious matter. She thinks you may do the same again."

"Broke me oath, your honour; sorra a one o' me! Sure it's a thing I'd scorn to do, if it wot to save me life. Sure it happened just this way. I took the pledge never to dhrink a *dhróp* of whisky nor ale nor wine—wine wasn't likely—for a twelve-month and a day. But there was Dan Conolly's wake fell out. How could I help that? Sure it wasn't my fault at all that Dan Conolly went and got himself killed at the pattern, and me his first cousin. But I didn't break the pledge, your honour, for all that. I never dthrank a dthrop that night. I only sopped me bit of bread in it and ate it up. Sure I didn't tell no lie about it, and I wouldn't not to save me life."

"Well, Pat, I agree with Biddy. I don't see the difference. Truth doesn't consist in words, but in the intention. You meant when you took the pledge that you would not get drunk, and you deliberately planned and contrived to do so. It must have taken you a long time to sop the bread and eat it."

"Sure it took the best part of a loaf, your honour, and I had hard work to manage it then."

"And all that time you were acting a lie. In my opinion that's worse than telling one."

"Sure your honour is harder wid me than Father Murphy was; and by the same token it's he that likes a dthrop himself. I wonder, if he took the pledge as I did, would he keep it anny stricter? I'm all right now, annyhow; and if your honour would spake a word for me to Biddy—but she's not here now, more's the pity."

"Not here! where is she then?"

"Gone off to Mary Cross wid the young mistress."

"You don't say so!"

Pat looked at Mr. Reed for a moment with a comical expression. "Now, beggin' yer pardon, sir," he said, "is that what you call truth—telling me 'I don't say so,' plain to me face, while the words is still upon me lips? Sure, if that ain't a— But I don't wish to say anything impolite."

"It was only an exclamation, Pat—a manner of speaking; you couldn't be deceived by it. It's the intention makes the lie, not the words."

Pat screwed up his mouth as if he were whistling, but said nothing.

"When did they go?" Mr. Reed asked, presently.

"Yesterday. Maybe your honour will be going

after them. Sure I could drive you over in two hours wid this stepping mare."

Mr. Reed had not expected this; but on reflection he was not surprised. He had written to Miss Carroll and to her uncle also before leaving England, and it was natural that the latter should choose to see him and confer with him alone on the subject of his proposed marriage. It was also natural and right that Miss Carroll should under such circumstances return to the protection of her aunt, Miss Egan, who was her nearest relative. But it was a disappointment for the ardent lover, and he hardly knew whether to regard it as auguring well for his hopes, or the contrary. While he was thinking the matter over the fast-trotting mare brought him to the door of Ballykilleena Hall, and he alighted.

Squire Martin was a gentleman of good family, as most Irishmen are. He could trace his descent indirectly from the kings of Munster, and could go back directly to a still greater antiquity, like the subject of the epitaph—

"John Carnegie lais beer,  
Descendit of Adam and Eve,  
Gif ony con gang hieher,  
Is willing give him leve."

His estates, too, had stood on the same spot where they then were, and in nearly the same condition of mountain and bog, longer than any one could tell. But, though proud of his ancestry, he did not, like many of the squireens around him, disdain to occupy himself with business matters, but spent all his time in trying to improve the condition of his property and of those who dwelt upon it. Avoiding politics, the only question of home rule which he ever entertained was how to manage his own house and its belongings, and to assist the domestic economies of his poorer neighbours. All the newest and best implements of agriculture were brought to Ballykilleena, and the peasantry instructed in the use of them; and by constant personal assistance and supervision, many of them were found to answer almost as well in the hands of his labourers as the old-fashioned tools to which they had been accustomed. In course of time he did not doubt they would receive a fairer trial and a more general approval; at all events he went the right way to work to bring about such a result, and gave every encouragement to those who were disposed to help him.

Squire Martin had been twice married: his first wife had been sister to Miss Carroll's mother; sister also to the Miss Egan of Mary Cross, under whose motherly care Margarita Carroll had been educated. His second wife was a tall, bony, good-tempered, active woman, with a strong voice and a fluent tongue. Mr. Reed was rather afraid of her on account of her extreme affability and friendliness, which rendered her attentions to a guest almost overpowering. She welcomed him on the present occasion at the door of her house, and preceded him to her own room, talking all the way.

"The squire was waiting for him in the book-room," she said; "but she wanted to have a word with him first, and to tell him he had made a bold stroke for a wife; and for her part she hoped he might succeed. She was a Catholic herself, but not one of them that went all lengths; she did not approve of shutting up young girls in convents; and that was what Margarita would have before her if she were not to marry; and how could she ever

marry in that out-of-the-way place at Mary Cross with her old maid aunt, where nobody ever came to see anybody, except perhaps Father Gehagan and some other priests and missionaries, very good men all of them, no doubt, but not marriageable, of course. There was work enough in the country for every lady of them all, if they would but do it: look at the girls on the land, and the women and children in the cottages and holdings. If all the poor were to get married in their teens, and all the 'good families' to go into convents, what would be the end of it? But Mr. Reed would have to go and see Miss Egan and make his case good with her, and that would be no easy matter, for she was of a different way of thinking."

Mr. Martin came presently to join them, and when an opportunity was given him of putting in a word, confirmed what his wife had said; but he was more reserved and less sanguine as to the results of the marriage; Margarita being so strict and zealous as a Roman Catholic, and he, Mr. Reed, a Protestant.

Mr. Reed corrected him. "No, not a Protestant," he said; "I don't call myself by such a name as that; an Anglo-Catholic, if you please."

"Don't you belong to the Established Church then?"

"Yes, but—"

"Ah, come then! if you arn't a Protestant you ought to be. I might as well say I'm not a Catholic; but I'd be ashamed to deny it myself."

Mr. Reed endeavoured to explain, but the squire could make nothing of it. "There's only Catholics and Protestants," he said, "in a Christian country; you must be one or the other. There are honest men on both sides, no doubt; but as for the mongrel half-and-half men, I really don't know what to think of them."

"I'm not a half-and-half," said Mr. Reed, indignantly; "of course I belong to the Reformed Church, and have no idea of leaving it."

"And Margarita belongs to the Roman Catholic Church; and you may be sure she won't leave that. So if you make a match of it, it must be on that understanding, and without prejudice to either side. But I suppose that you already understand one another?"

"I think so," Mr. Reed answered, with a smile; "and I promise you, on my part, that your niece shall have the free and full enjoyment of her religion, and that I will never suffer her to be annoyed by any attempt to turn her from it. Her faith, her opinions, her duties and habits as a Roman Catholic shall always be respected."

"Miss Egan would never forgive her if she were to change her creed, or even to grow careless about it," Mr. Martin replied; "it will be a sore trial to her that she should wish to marry a Protestant; but she will perhaps get over that. I don't think she would ever see her again, or leave her a penny of her money, if she were to turn Protestant, or whatever else you may call it; but I dare say she will let you know her intentions on that head."

"I need hardly say," said Mr. Reed, drawing himself up, "that whatever Miss Egan's intentions may be with regard to the disposal of her property, it will make no difference to me, nor, as I firmly believe, to Miss Carroll, as far as our marriage is concerned."

"I should hope not," said the squire; "I did not mean to imply that it would. You will be sent for

in a day or two to Mary Cross I have no doubt, and then you will know more about it; that's where everything will have to be settled."

#### CHAPTER IV.—FATHER GEHAGAN.

"The Catholic Church exacts such implicit obedience, that if any member, however valuable, falls away from his belief in any one point, he is cut off without reserve."—*Cardinal Wiseman*.

If one may judge by the excitement and consternation which have prevailed at Mary Cross ever since Miss Carroll's return thither, it is not likely that the settlement referred to in the preceding chapter will be accomplished without some difficulty.

Margarita had not found courage to tell her aunt the exact state of the case; and the few hints which she dropped on the day of her arrival were either not understood, or were received with so much coldness as to prevent any further confidences at that time. The next morning, when the letter-bag was opened at the breakfast-table, Miss Egan turned over the letters, wondering, after a habit of her own before breaking the seals, whom they could be from and what could be their contents. She came at length to Mr. Martin's envelope, in which Mr. Reed's letter to the squire on the subject of his proposed marriage was enclosed. Margarita sat at the opposite side of the table watching her aunt with breathless anxiety, and saw by the changes of her countenance as she perused the letter, how curiosity gave way to surprise, and surprise to indignation, and indignation to pain and anger.

"Why, goodness gracious me!" she exclaimed at length, "is the man mad? what can he mean? who is he?"

Margarita, who had by this time risen from her chair with a vague idea that she must go away and hide herself somewhere, turned at this appeal and answered—

"Mad! no indeed; why should he be?"

"Do you know what is in this letter?"

"Yes—no; at least I can guess it."

"And you can stand there and say so! You approve! you consent! What is this that he says? 'Reason to hope my suit accepted; difference of religious views no obstacle.' Are you mad also, Margarita? who is this—creature?"

The last word was uttered with such an emphasis of scorn that Margarita stood speechless, repressing with difficulty the fierce angry words which would have broken forth if she had suffered her lips to move.

"'Anglo-Catholic,'" Miss Egan continued: "what does he mean by that. There's only one Catholic religion in the world, and that's the Roman. Oh, Margarita, how could you ever have anything to say to such a man as this? and without telling me, or even Father Gehagan; for I'm sure if you had made your conscience clear with him about it, he would have stopped it in a moment; and that is what you ought to have done."

"You forget, aunt, that I have not seen Father Gehagan for several months."

"You might have seen him; or—or Father Murphy even."

"Father Murphy! He is not the sort of man you would wish me to speak to, aunt, if you knew him. Mr. Martin would not allow him to enter his doors, though I believe he does come sometimes to the servants' hall without his knowledge."

"Mr. Martin is too free in his opinions, too careless in his duty to the Church; and his wife—his present

wife—encourages him. So different from my dear sister dead and gone. I fear I have done wrong in letting you stay with them. I fear that you also are growing lukewarm. Everybody used to call you Sister Margarita; everybody thought you had a call to a holy life and would go into a convent; and now you talk of being married; and as if that wasn't bad enough, must choose a Protestant! Oh, Margarita!" And the good lady rose from her chair and walked about the room in great perturbation.

"You don't know Mr. Reed. Let him come and see you, aunt; I am sure you have not the least idea what he is like, or what are his opinions. It hurts me to see you so vexed. Do let him come. He's not at all like a Protestant; indeed he hates the very name of Protestant, and thinks the Reformation was a mistake and a great sin. He is what they call a High-Churchman and a Ritualist; he has built a beautiful church, and you could not tell it from one of our own, he says; there really is very little difference in the services. You may be sure I shall never change; and very likely he will, after we are married; though he would not do it for my sake, of course. If you would but send for him!"

"Married! Has it come to that? Is everything settled and decided, and—"

"Nothing is settled, aunt; nothing will be settled without your consent."

"Oh, my consent! I suppose, then, this man knows how you are situated; he has no doubt inquired and found out all about it, and what are your expectations from me. I meant to have left you all I have, that you might do good with it in the Church. But you can tell him that the Protestants, the heretics, shall never have Mary Cross; perhaps that will alter him."

"You do him injustice, aunt; you are very unkind. Mr. Reed has a good business as an architect, and does not want your money. I can't stay here to hear you talk like that. I thought you loved me too well to—to—" And the poor girl bursting into tears, hastened towards the door.

"It is because I love you, Margarita, dear, because I love you, and for the sake of your dear mother, now, I hope, in glory—" She hesitated for a moment, but resumed: "Yes, I will hope so, that I—I—I—" And then she also broke into sobs, and the two women, running together, threw their arms about each other's necks, and sat down on the sofa side by side, and every spark of anger and resentment which had begun to kindle in their hearts, was quenched at once in the tears of human sympathy and affection which they mingled.

Very little more was said about the contemplated marriage that day, but a little while before post-time Miss Egan said to her niece, "I have written to Father Gehagan to ask him to come and see us; you know we have always looked up to him for advice, and he is so different from anybody in this neighbourhood, though, of course, a priest is always a priest, however poor and lowly his position may be. You will like to see Father Gehagan, will you not?"

Margarita assented. She was glad that some one should mediate between herself and her aunt; and though she was rather afraid of Father Gehagan, she hoped that when he had heard all that she could tell him about her suitor he would give his sanction to the match. As for the money question, she was quite prepared to give up all her expectations if necessary; Miss Egan's property might be devoted to

pious uses; her intended husband would make no difficulty about that, she felt certain.

Father Gehagan wrote a few lines immediately in reply to Miss Egan's invitation, and followed his letter to Mary Cross after a few days. He was a man of education and a gentleman, very different indeed from what may be called the peasant priesthood of Ireland. He had spent several years at Rome, had studied politics as well as theology, and social science, or at least that branch of it which consists in making oneself agreeable in society, as well as deeper mysteries. Miss Egan lost no time in making him acquainted with the circumstances which had led her to desire his presence, and they were closeted together for a long time, so that Margarita did not see the priest until they met at the dinner-table. He talked, and laughed, and joked about all sorts of things, and helped them to pass a very pleasant evening, notwithstanding the weight of anxiety and suspense which rested upon both their hearts; but he did not make any allusion to the occasion of his visit, and when he told them that he should be obliged to return to Cork early the next morning, Margarita hoped that he had taken a favourable view of her affairs, and that she should be spared the unpleasantness of any conversation with him on the subject.

The next morning she rose betimes, having passed a sleepless night, and went out for a walk in the shrubberies. Father Gehagan, who was also on the alert, saw her from his window, and finishing his toilet in haste, followed her. Margarita had stopped to speak to a boy who was gathering up the grass which had been cut with the dew upon it, lawnmowers not having yet come into use at Mary Cross, when she heard a light quick step behind her, and, looking anxiously round, recognised the priest.

"You are up betimes, Miss Carroll," he said. "Nothing is better for the health, and the morning glow upon your cheeks shows how well it suits you. Let me share your walk this once; it is not often that I have an opportunity of seeing the dew glittering in the early sunshine, or the shadows melting away from the eastern hills under the opening eyelids of the morn."

Margarita felt that the "morning glow" was not upon her cheeks only; but that her whole face was suffused with it. Her heart beat rapidly, and as she could not command her voice sufficiently to speak without a quaver, she only bowed her head in acknowledgment of Father Gehagan's rhapsody, and continued her walk by his side.

"I am glad to have this opportunity of speaking to you alone," he said, when they had gone a few steps. "You are contemplating an important change in your manner of life, I am told; one upon which all your future happiness in this world will depend, and perhaps, too, all your well-being in the next. I have known you a great many years, and knew your dear mother: let me be your friend now, Margarita—Sister Margarita, as we used to call you. Take me into your confidence. I will give you the truest and the best advice and sympathy in my power."

His manner was so pleasant and encouraging, and the interest he manifested in her welfare so kind and fatherly, that Margarita felt herself drawn towards him; she forgot that the elderly celibate who walked by her side, adjusting his steps to hers, could not be expected to feel any real sympathy with her young

and ardent nature; and she opened her heart to him without reserve.

"There is one thing," said the priest, "in which, I think, you have done wrong, and I must tell you so. You should not have allowed your friends to remain so long in ignorance of what was going on."

"It broke upon me so suddenly," said the girl. "I had scarcely begun to think of it—to think of it, I mean, as likely to lead to anything—before Mr. Reed made his offer, and then I answered on the impulse of the moment; not, of course, promising anything, but betraying myself—letting him see that I did care for him, though I had scarcely felt how much until that moment. Then he went away to England, and did not even write to me until that letter which came with Mr. Martin's. I wish I could have spoken of it earlier to my Aunt Egan. I ought to have come home at once; but it would have made no difference; I could not be false to my own heart, never, never!"

The priest glanced at her sideways, and read in her flashing eyes, her compressed yet trembling lips, and the general expression of her face, now pale and drawn, but with a glowing crimson spot upon each cheek, that it would be useless to attempt by argument or remonstrance to move her from her purpose. And why should he? He had made it his business before coming to Mary Cross to obtain full information as to the character, the position, and the prospects of Mr. Alfred Reed. He had learnt that he was a man of artistic tastes, fond of music, devoted to church architecture and decoration; that he had advanced by rapid steps from Protestantism, which he now utterly repudiated, to Ritualism, and had more than once attended, on some special occasions, the Roman Catholic services at Peterstowe. It was not unlikely therefore that after marriage he might be won over to the "Catholic" faith. But if that should not happen, supposing even that his wife should be led away in an opposite direction, then he was assured that the Church would be no loser in the end. "No Protestant," Miss Egan had said again and again, and he quite believed her, "no Protestant should ever have Mary Cross." It would be sad, of course, to lose one soul from their communion, but there would be a gain of property and power which might be the means of winning many other souls instead. On the whole, Father Gehagan was inclined to think that the proposed alliance might not be undesirable, but that, with proper management, the interests of Holy Mother Church (which must ever be the first consideration) might be as much promoted by permitting as by opposing it.

"Ah, well," he said, after a pause, "it's the old story! Human nature, human nature! A frail thing, but it will have its way! I could have wished that you had felt yourself called to a higher destiny, and had chosen a better bridegroom; but it is not to be. We must be content to have you a follower of holy and godly matrons. I am sure, at least, that you will never forget your duty to our Holy Church. If this Mr. Reed had been a Catholic I could have been better satisfied. You must endeavour to bring him into the right way; not by arguing with him, that would be a fatal mistake; never dispute with any one on questions of faith; but by a gentle persuasion, a constant influence, such as you alone can exercise, being always with him. Let him feel the comfort of being at one with you even in little things, and so lead him on to greater.



Remind him as opportunity occurs, and with as much delicacy as you can, that it will be for his temporal as well as spiritual advantage to join our communion. You understand me; for you know what Miss Egan contemplates with reference to her property. Don't interrupt me; every motive, however unworthy in itself, may worthily be used for a good and holy end. It is only by winning your future husband over to the true church that you can certainly make your own peace with heaven for joining your lot with his, and so making yourself one with an infidel."

"No, Father Gehagan," cried Margarita; "Mr. Reed is no infidel; he is not even a Protestant; he is an Anglo-Catholic, a branch of the same church, a confessor of the same faith, or nearly the same, as ours; it will be but a step, a little step, for him to take to join us; but if he should never be persuaded to do that, he is no infidel, no heretic."

"A little step! no heretic! Do not think of it thus, my dear young lady. Whosoever is not for us is against us. 'Anglo-Catholic' do you call him? You ought to know that there is really no such thing; we recognise no church but that of which his holiness the Pope is head. Our church is everything or nothing; out of her pale men may call themselves by any name they please, Protestants, Lutherans, Mohammedans, Bhuddists, Infidels; there is practically no difference; they are not Christians, and they cannot be saved. Alas! I say it even weeping! 'Without are dogs.' Whosoever is not wholly and unreservedly a 'Catholic' is wholly and, for the time, hopelessly a heretic. Anathema maranatha! that is the inevitable sentence against every one of them."

There was no tear visible in the priest's eye, as, with sudden vehemence, he uttered these last words, but an appearance as of fire rather than of water. His usual meek demeanour was for the moment laid aside, and his lip quivered with excitement. After a few moments he recovered himself. "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing," he said; "otherwise I should feel it necessary to apologise for my warmth. Do not, I entreat you, Miss Carroll, fall into the dangerous error of supposing that the difference between your holy faith and that of your future husband, as long as he remains unreconciled to the church, can be slight or of little moment. It is a great gulf, which must separate you for ever in another world unless you can bring him across it now. Do not be deceived by the outward imitation of our ritual or the seeming identity of doctrines and creeds of which the High-Church party, so called, make their boast: at best it is but a pleasant sham; you must bring your husband into the bosom of the only true church or he will perish body and soul for ever. Promise that you will do so."

"I will do my best," Margarita answered; but she spoke thoughtfully and sadly, for she could not enter so fully into the spirit of her father-confessor now as when he had spoken with more gentleness and kindness. Yet she endeavoured to submit her judgment to his, and suppressed the words of remonstrance which were trembling upon her lips. Soon afterwards the priest left her, and after another lengthened interview with her aunt the car was ordered round, and he took his leave.

## HARVEST-HOME.

THE fierce heats of summer are over, and have given place to a mild and even temperature. The sky is of a deeper blue, and instead of the light vapoury clouds that lately lay almost motionless in the loftier regions of the air, there are solid, rocky-looking masses constantly changing their outlines, which seem to rest their bases on the not very distant horizon, while projecting their sun-lighted crags towards the zenith. For September is now well on, and ruddy, rosy-faced summer is gracefully retiring from the scene, and giving way to advancing autumn. All around the village of Longlea the crops, with few exceptions, have been gradually reaped, and mown, and carried, and stacked. Now, look which way you will, the fields that a few weeks back were waving with the golden wheat and the bearded barley, which rustled and whistled so musically, and presented such a charming succession of varying tints as its undulating surface rose and fell at the touch of the passing breeze, no longer present such an agreeable picture. They have lost their summer glory, and are as bare as so many new-mown chins, bating the short and stunted stubble spotted here and there with the delicate-flowered bird-weed and flame-coloured poppy—stubble in which the poor partridge, with her inexperienced brood, find but a temporary and sorry shelter. There is not nearly so much of the music of the small birds and finches as there was a month ago; the songsters have pretty generally done with the cares of the nest nursery, and their young ones for the most part are

off to shift for themselves; but they do not sing in every hedgerow as they did—for ever since the fatal first of the month they have been smelling gunpowder, for the odour of which they have no relish. and you see them hurry-skurrying this way and that from the frequent crack of the fowling-piece. For the sportsmen are abroad with dog and gun, and you hear the sudden reports, now in one direction, now in another, and see the white puffs of smoke curling away among the stubble and the turnips. while now and then a half-destroyed covey of birds comes whirring along above your head in the hopeless endeavour to escape from their persecutors. The poor partridge tribe will be awfully thinned during the next few weeks, seeing that there is at this crisis a kind of pause in the labours of the husbandman, so that even the farmer himself can turn sportsman for a season, and will hardly fail to kill his share of the game.

But to-day is harvest-home at Longlea, and harvest-home, as all the world knows, means a general holiday and a general festival, with plenty of eating and drinking, and frolic, and games, and music, and the good-humour and good-feeling which tend to bring rich and poor together. You might almost imagine it was Sunday, for there is no farm-work doing, and the labourers and their wives are all in Sunday garb of clean white smock-frocks and gaily-sprigged cotton gowns; and the children, also in their best, have that self-satisfied look which tells of anticipated pleasure. Only the sounds you hear

are not at all suggestive of Sunday; there is the bawling of big voices, the banging of hammers, and the clumping of hob-nailed heels in Farmer Brown's big barn, with occasional bursts of loudest laughter following the explosion of some venerable rural joke. Amidst the din of voices, moreover, you hear at intervals the shrill squealing of a clarinet in unprofessional hands, the twang of horn, the blast of brazen trumpet, and the bomb bomb of the great drum, all which you may receive as unmistakable intimations that inside the barn certain important preparations are making, and that there the village band are tuning-up and making ready to lead off the procession to the church.

At church this morning a thanksgiving sermon will be preached by the rector, and it is expected that all the farmers and a good many of the landed gentry of the neighbourhood will be present. Whoever is present will witness a very agreeable spectacle, for during the last two or three days the interior of the church has been undergoing a revolution, which has transformed it into a vast bower of verdure, redolent of fragrant odours, and splendid with rich contrasts of colour. This green and floral adornment is the work of the ladies of the district for the most part, who seem to have lavished on the work the wealth of their gardens and greenhouses without stint. The old stone pillars of centuries ago are wreathed about with the evanescent foliage of yesterday; the pews of the gentry are so many blossoming alcoves; the pulpit and reading-desk are more than half buried in leafage, and bountiful samples of the ripened fruits and grain are conspicuous on all points of vantage.

And now there is a gradual gathering on the village green, the cottagers flocking thither in response to the appeals of the band, who have taken up a position in the centre, and are blowing vigorously at their brazen tubes by way of rehearsal. The service commences at eleven, and before the bell has warned, the villagers have assembled in a sort of extemporised order, very like disorder to look at (for they have not the remotest idea of drill), and which is rather a straggling group than anything else. But they all fall into something like step as the band strikes up a marching tune, and away they go towards the old church, whose grey square tower just lifts its battlements above yon group of old elms near the summit of the hill. The brass band stops playing as they enter the churchyard, where the rector and the gentry are awaiting them; and after the exchange of many hearty greetings and shaking of hands, and kind inquiries between the patriarchs of the district, the bell, with a few faltering tankles, stops tolling, and the whole assembly vanishes within the porch. The service is exceedingly brief—not much more than an hour altogether—the preacher probably imagining that a short discourse is much more likely to be remembered on such an occasion than a long one.

After the benediction the musicians are the first to emerge, and as they leave the ground they strike up a lively tune, played with remarkable vigour and gusto, so that one might hear it half a mile off. They are evidently proud of their performance, and they prolong it for the best part of an hour, parading the whole of the village, and stopping now and then at certain homes of their employers to regale them with some favourite air, and give them a taste of their quality.

Meanwhile the preparations for dinner in the big barn are completed, and when all is ready the Union Jack is run up on the flagstaff which surmounts the gable-end—a signal for which a good many eyes have been watching, and which is hailed by a hearty cheer from a good many throats.

And now, if you will enter the barn, you will hear grace said, and will see the rector himself at the head of one of the long tables, the curate at another, and Farmer Brown at a third—all three armed with knives—such knives—and cutting and slicing away at the smoking-hot joints as if working for dear life. There is no small confusion, and rather a portentous clatter of sounds, as the guests crowd in, each man with his wife or his sweetheart, and bustle about for places. But there is a soothing influence in the savoury and satisfactory odours that assail their senses, and in a very few minutes the confusion and hurry subside, the noise is hushed, and all are engaged in the interesting occupation of doing justice to the harvest cheer. And capital cheer it is—roast beef and boiled, and mutton to match, and succulent tender pork with crisp brown crackling, and puddings and pies in proportion, and the excellent vegetable dishes for which Longlea is famous, and foaming mugs of Farmer Brown's mild October, and apples and pears and plums in plenty for the dessert. By-and-by, as the appetites become assuaged, there is a partial revival of conversation, and courtesies are exchanged which somehow were not thought of before. Then a few toasts are given, and the healths of the donors of the feast are drunk, not without three cheers, and three more, and then again three more, as due honour is done to one after another. Then the curate returns thanks, and the major part of the assembly file off by degrees, and betake themselves to the green, where the games are already beginning, and where the children, who have had their treat in the schoolroom, are already assembled.

The evening comes on while the games on the green are in full swing, and the broad disc of the harvest moon looms up, red as fire, in the eastern horizon, and looks the crimson sun in the face for a few moments ere he dips below in the west.

While the twilight is melting into moonlight the band plays one old-fashioned harmony after another, the boys and girls skipping merrily to the music, which elicits now and then a vocal chorus from the auditors. At the same time lights are twinkling in the big barn, where a score or so of willing hands have been busy for the last few hours in setting things in order for the evening's entertainment. If you look in you will see that the long dinner-tables have all disappeared; that in their places are rows of benches brought from the schoolroom, supplemented by a liberal contribution of chairs lent by all who had them to spare; and that at one end of the barn a kind of stage or platform has been erected. On one side of the stage stands a grand-pianoforte, and in the centre is a strange-looking apparatus, which those who know what's what affirm to be a magic-lantern; and this time, at any rate, they are in the right. At the other end of the barn a broad white sheet, whose proper function is to cover a corn-rick, has been stretched, and is an object of no small mystery to the younger part of the villagers, who, as the twilight grows deeper, begin to crowd in and occupy the chairs and benches. As no printed programmes were distributed, nor any-

thing in the shape of an advertisement, we are not able to describe the entertainment exactly in detail. If, however, we are to judge of it from the pleasure it imparted, measured by the storms of applause it elicited, it must have been of a high class indeed. There were overtures and sonatas on the piano; there were old English madrigals and glees by the Longlea Glee Club, and solos by labouring men, not forgetting "Tom Bowling" by a sometime tar who had turned agriculturist; and these musical displays were alternated by readings and recitations—some most touching and pathetic, which cause the women and girls to feel for their pocket-handkerchiefs, and others as specially comical and funny, which drew roars of laughter from the men and boys, with such a clattering and clumping of heels on the floor as none but a rural audience could possibly produce. Then, when the music and the readings were done, the candles were all put out, and a white light, like a pale sunshine, streamed from the magic-lantern on to the stretched sheet in a broad circle of almost dazzling brightness. On this clear surface were displayed a succession of charming scenes in bright colours—views of London, of Paris, of Rome, the earthquake at Lisbon, Vesuvius in eruption, a terrible storm at sea, Caves of Elora, Falls of Niagara, the whale fishery, the North Polar Sea, with occasional changes from striking views like these into colossal portraits of celebrated persons, the last transparency being that of a portrait of her Majesty seated on her imperial throne. As the capital of British India faded out, and the features of the Queen came into focus, the band struck up the national anthem, the vocalists gave it forth right loyally, and the whole assembly joined manfully in the chorus, and renewed it spontaneously as they left the place, well pleased with the entertainment afforded them.

The harvest moon was a good way up in the sky as the assembly separated into different family groups and returned to the cottage homes. There had been no quarrelling, no wrangling, no ill-temper—simply because there had been no intemperance or opportunity for intemperance. It will be a good time for old England when as much can be said for all our harvest-home festivals.

## AMERICAN MYTHS:

### AS RELATED TO PRIMITIVE IDEAS OF RELIGION.

BY J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S.

#### III.—THE INSTINCT OF IMMORTALITY.

AS we prefaced the discussion of the Idea of God with an extract from Cartier, giving the creed of the ancient Stadaconians, we may in like manner introduce that of the doctrine of a future state with an extract from Carver, who visited the tribes of the great plains at the head of the Missouri in 1766 to 1768. He thus states the creed of one of the tribes of Dakotas or Sioux, a people then altogether unacquainted with any foreign religion. "They acknowledge one Supreme Being or giver of life, who presides over all things. The Chippeways call this being Manitou or Kitchi Manitai; the Nundowessies

Wakon or Tongo-Wakon,\* that is, the Great Spirit; and they look upon him as the source of good, from whom no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad spirit, to whom they ascribe great power, and suppose that through his means all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. They held also that there are good spirits of a lesser degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the happiness of mortals. To all of these they pay some kind of adoration. They doubt not but they shall exist in some future state; they however fancy that their employments there will be similar to those they are engaged in here, without the labour and difficulty attached to them in this period of their existence."

I give this extract more especially because it is the fashion at present with a certain school of archaeologists to eliminate from the American religions the ideas of a Supreme Being, of good and evil, and even of immortality. Cartier and Carver, and a host of other unexceptionable evidences, could be quoted against this stupid sacrifice of facts to a prevalent but transient theory.

Among rude peoples the belief in immortality exhibits itself chiefly in their treatment of the bodies of the dead, and in the rites connected with burial, and it is information of this kind alone that we can have regarding prehistoric men; thus funeral rites must occupy a prominent place in this paper. We must expect to find many of them crude and childish in the extreme; but we need not wonder at this when we think for a moment of the mixture of forms, heathen, mediæval, and scriptural, and the strange compound of grief, hope, and pageantry which attend burial among ourselves, with all our greater knowledge and more rational belief of immortality.

The Americans universally held the posthumous life and separate existence of the soul. When questioned as to the nature and properties of the disembodied spirit, they were like ourselves unable to give any definite answer, and compared it to a shade or ghost of the body, to a breath, air, or mist, or to the appearance of a bird—all, however, ancient and familiar representations among the nations of the Old World. They also most naturally believed that the tastes and desires of the dead were the same with those which had actuated them in life. Hence it was proper to bring offerings of food to the grave, and to bury with the corpse what the person had valued during life, or some model or miniature representation of it. In the case of eminent persons, costly gifts might be given by friends or dependents, or even by tribes and nations, for this purpose. They also believed that for a time after death the soul hovered over or remained with the body, before taking its final departure for the world of spirits, and it was supposed by some that the funeral feast held in honour of the dead was that which gave it its passport for the long journey.

The soul having thus departed was believed to make its way to the happy land, and the path thither was provided with accessories similar to those with which ancient mythologies have rendered us familiar. Some believed in the simple pathway of the stars, to which I have already referred. Others believed in a long and dangerous journey, or in a

\* Wakon or Augha is the same with the Canadian Ogi or Agni; and the prefix Tongo may be compared with Mongolian Tong and Tang, and Chinese Tien, the name of the Sky-God.



river of death, whose Charon used a stone canoe, or which was crossed by a narrow and slippery bridge. There was a Cerberus also to be contended with, and the souls of the wicked might either perish altogether in the attempt to surmount these difficulties, or might be punished for their sins before entering the Elysian fields.

The happy land was usually in the far west, because thither the orbs of heaven went for their rest, and because the sunset sky daily opened up

oratory and song were not rare among the Americans, nor are they rare among other rude tribes. Though without a written language, they had already entered on the path of literary composition, and such orations and songs as have been preserved to us are sometimes by no means despicable efforts. The dying speech having been finished, presents were given to the sick man by members of his family, and the relatives took their last farewell, wishing him a happy journey, and consoling him with the hope of



Fig. 7.—CHIPPEWA GRAVES AND MOURNERS. (From a photograph taken by photographers on the B.N.A. Boundary Commission, 1878.) In front of the nearest grave is seen the grave-post with leaves, and a vessel for offerings tied to it. In the end of the wooden structure covering the grave is a hole for inserting offerings of food, and at top it is ornamented with leaves. At the side is hung the worked knife-case of the deceased, and above is a head-dress of feathers. The Indians represented belong to a decaying tribe, now poor and degraded by intercourse with the whites, but still retaining to some extent its ancient customs and beliefs, among which are Feasts for the Dead.

the glories of heaven's portal, to delight the eyes of men and to beckon them to immortality. Among the Americans as among the Greeks there were stories of adventurous men who had voluntarily descended into Hades to rescue the souls of their friends. Charlevoix found one of these stories, which he compares to that of Orpheus and Eurydice, and Schoolcraft has preserved two of them, which, as products of imagination, are not unworthy of a place beside classical stories of this type, themselves probably older than the times of Greek civilisation.

The belief in future happiness beyond the grave was not a shadowy imagination, but a firm and practical conviction. The early Jesuit missionaries record with wonder the stoicism and stern joy with which the savage met death, and his certain assurance of a blessed hereafter. If the dying man was the head of a family, he chanted in advance his funeral song or oration, giving parting advice to his children and sorrowing friends, as in that wonderful death-song of Jacob preserved to us in Genesis. It may be well to remark here that the gifts of

the joys at its termination, and with the assurance that his children would sustain the reputation of his name. Among one northern tribe, according to Charlevoix, it was believed that when old persons survived until their dotage, they would have to begin their new life in the other world as mere infants. To avoid this, so strong was the conviction of eternal life, old persons verging on decrepitude were in the habit of beseeching their relatives to strangle them, that they might enter the future life in the full possession of their powers.

The faith of the survivors in the immortality of their deceased friends was exhibited in the care of the body, and in the simple rites and offerings by which they hoped to promote the welfare of the disembodied spirit. First among these may be mentioned the securing of companions and assistants to the departed shade. The terrible expedient of immolating prisoners, slaves, and wives on the tomb, so prevalent in the Old World, was not unknown in the New. Among the northern tribes, their only domestic animal, the dog, was obliged to accompany his



master into the land of death, just as among the ancient Scythians and some modern Americans the warrior's horse was slain to bear him on his long journey. The dogs, killed immediately after death, usually formed a part of the funeral feast, but this did not conflict with the idea that the spirits of these sagacious animals might guide the shade to its final abode. Cranz, a Greenland missionary, relates that it is a practice with the people of that forlorn region to place the head of a dog in the tomb of a child, "in order that the soul of the dog, which can always find its way home, may show the helpless infant the way to the country of souls." Some of the arctic navigators who have opened Esquimaux graves confirm the statement of the missionary. Nilsson quotes this touching instance of care for the soul of the deceased child in illustration of the fact that skulls of dogs occur in ancient burial-mounds of the Stone Age in Sweden, which in many other respects resemble the burial-places of the Greenlanders. A similar association of remains of the dog with those of man has been found in a prehistoric Irish tumulus,\* and in Peru the skeleton of the same faithful friend of man is sometimes found in the family sepulchre.

To return to the funeral ceremonies. Among the Canadian tribes the corpse immediately after death was placed in a sitting posture at the door of the hut, its face painted, dressed in the best robe of the deceased, and with his weapons beside it. Thus seated in state it was visited by friends. It was then taken to the place of burial, and laid in a grave carefully lined with the richest furs, as if the last resting-place were to be a bed of peaceful sleep. The grave was covered with a rough roof of split wood or bark; a post was set up, on which were carved the emblems of the dead, and some rude marks to indicate his actions. (Fig. 6.) And on this, over the grave,

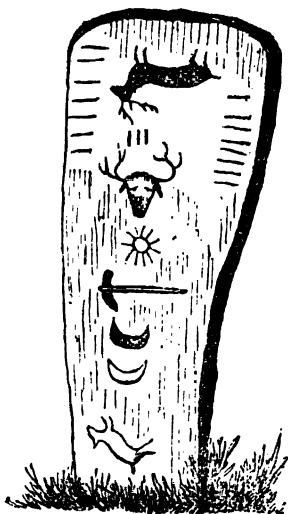


Fig. 6.—ADJEDATIG, OR GRAVE-POST OF WABOJEEB THE "WHITE FISHER," a Chippewa Chief, who died in 1793, from Schoolcraft. The reindeer at the top is the totem of his family; it is inverted to indicate death. The horizontal marks denote the number of his war parties and other military achievements. The three perpendicular lines indicate three wounds received in battle. The head of a moose commemorates a combat with one of these animals. The other emblems are supposed to indicate his influence as a ruler, and the animal below is perhaps his dog, represented as dying with his master.

were placed offerings to the spirit, as weapons or useful utensils; while for the time when the spirit was

supposed to haunt the grave, daily offerings of food were supplied. In the case of infants, mothers have been seen to shed the milk from their breasts on their little graves; and I have been informed that among some tribes there is more mourning for the death of a child than for an adult, on the ground of their greater helplessness in the lone land of spirits. The woodcut (Fig. 7) of Chippewa mourners is from a photograph, and shows the roofed grave with objects suspended on it as offerings, and an opening to introduce supplies of food, and the grave-post whereon to hang other offerings or emblems. After the funeral, presents were given to the relatives of the dead by their friends or by the tribe collectively, and a funeral feast was held by the family. This was accompanied by games, ending, says Charlevoix, who records these rites, with songs and cries of victory.

Last of all came the great octennial or decennial feast of the dead, most important of all the national ceremonies of the St. Lawrence tribes. Arrangements were made as to the time and place, and a master of the ceremonies was appointed, and friends were invited from neighbouring villages. When all was ready, they proceeded in procession to the cemetery, disinterred and cleansed the bones, amidst the lamentations of the women, wrapped them in new furs, and then, with many ceremonies, feasts, dances, and games, conveyed them to the great national pit or ossuary, where they were finally interred with the richest funeral gifts, and covered with the heaped-up soil.

The arrangements of burial differed among different tribes. In ancient Micmac graves, in Prince Edward Island, the bones have been found wrapped in birch bark, and with a little parcel of arrow or spear-heads interred with them. Some of the western tribes leave the corpse and its property in its lodge, which thus becomes its tomb. Some raise the bodies of the dead aloft on stages, a custom which prevails as far off as Papua, where the people have also long, communistic houses, inhabited by many families, like the Iroquois and Hurons. Some tribes buried their dead in caverns, and the old Alleghans, and other agricultural tribes of the west and south, erected great mounds over the dead, some of which, as the Grave-Creek Mound, in Virginia, seventy feet in height and a thousand feet in circumference—are among the greatest burial tumuli in the world. The elaborate subterranean sepulchral chambers of the old Peruvians are well known, and are, like the graves of the Greenlanders and the "gallery graves" of the ancient Scandinavians, miniature houses, furnished with the utensils or weapons of the dead.

Such differences in manner of burial might depend merely on difference of circumstances, and various modes might prevail among the same race. It is probable that the extinct Beoties, or Red Indians of Newfoundland, were not an Algonquin people, but an eastern extension of the great Chippewyan or Tinné race, intermediate between the Algonquins and the Esquimaux, and entering America from the north-west. These people were destroyed partly by European settlers and partly by their hereditary enemies, the Micmacs of Nova Scotia. In 1827 an expedition was fitted out under the auspices of the Newfoundland Government by the explorer, McCormick, with the view of ascertaining if any remnant of them existed. He penetrated to the Red Indian Lake, their former head-quarters, but there found nothing but the ruins of their huts and their graves.

\* Knock Maraidho, Dublin.

The interments had been of various kinds; some were in carefully-built huts of bark, others on stages of poles, others under heaps of stones. The body of an unfortunate young woman, taken prisoner by the whites, among whom she died, and after death left to be recovered by her tribe, was recognised by the remains of European clothing which these poor savages had scrupulously buried with her. If we ask the reason of this variety, the climate affords a ready answer. In Lower Canada at this day, the bodies of those who die in winter are preserved in vaults until spring, when they can be properly buried; so among the Red Indians, any one dying in winter could not be interred in the frozen ground or buried under stones, but must be placed in a bark cabin or on a stage. In like manner it is quite conceivable that under different circumstances the same tribe might bury their dead, or dispose of them by cremation, as the Kutchin of North and West America, a branch of the same stock with the Boëotics, now do.

But however different in details, all these modes of burial rested on the belief in immortality, and on the idea that the care of the body and the provision of suitable offerings had a connection with the soul's welfare in a future life. A further illustration of this, and also probably of some dim notion of a resurrection of the body, is afforded by the desire of the American Indian to be in death "gathered to his fathers." A touching instance of this feeling is afforded by the story of the aged Micmac Sachem, or Sagamo, Mambertou, a man of high character and influence among his people, and evidently of great personal qualities. He became an early convert of the missionaries, and when attacked with his last illness was carried to Port Royal for medical assistance; but finding this of no avail, and his end approaching, he asked the Governor, Beincourt, to promise that his body should be taken to his native village and buried with those of his ancestors. The promise was given, but no sooner was it known to the Jesuit missionaries, than they were filled with horror; their noble convert could not be buried with infidels, his bones must lie in consecrated ground. Beincourt suggested that they might consecrate his grave in the Micmac burial-place, but this was out of the question, unless all the old infidels in the cemetery could first be disinterred and removed. The quarrel threatened to be serious, and the angry monks withdrew, and declared that if Mambertou persisted in his unreasonable wish, they would have nothing to do with his death or burial, and would withhold the rites of the Church. No modern Ultramontanes could display more faithful ritualism or more genuine antagonism to all that is holy and spiritual in religion and in man; and the Jesuit narrative records with satisfaction that their firmness triumphed; for the dying chief, unable to struggle against their fanaticism, quietly gave way, and his bones lie in the old French cemetery of Port Royal.

#### A TRIP TO JAVA.

I.

AFTER a residence of some time at Singapore, and when the sense of novelty which at first attaches one to a strange country had worn off, I felt a strong desire to shift the scene and proceed to some

fresh place. Whilst in this state of mind, the Dutch mail steamer arrived at Singapore, whither she had been despatched from Java to await the arrival of the European mail, and to bring over the Dutch portion of it to Batavia. I at once decided to avail myself of so good an opportunity for visiting an island whose picturesque scenery and productive powers I had always heard spoken of in terms of the highest praise.

The passage between the two islands rarely occupies more than three days, and being in smooth water throughout, land being kept in sight the whole way, there were none of the horrors usually attendant on sea-voyaging to be encountered. Besides the very pretty scenery which continually presented itself to the eye as we threaded our way through the numerous little islands which lay upon our route, there was not in the little world itself in which we moved any lack of subject calculated to interest or amuse. It was, indeed, a strange and motley crowd that was gathered together on board that old Dutch steamer, embracing, as it did, persons of almost every creed and colour, each speaking his native tongue, English, French, Dutch, Portuguese, Chinese, Malay, or Hindostanee.

Leaving the little island of Rhio, we threaded our way by the light of the moon through the narrow yet beautiful strait of the same name, and passing thence into the Straits of Banca, anchored the following day at Mintok, a barren and miserable-looking place, whose only value consists in its extensive tin mines, which are a rich source of revenue to the Dutch government, yielding annually, it is said, about fifty thousand pickuls of that metal. The mines are worked entirely by Chinese, who receive nine rupees for each pickul they deliver at the government stores. Quitting the Straits of Banca, we emerged on the fourth and last day of our voyage upon the Java Sea, and after a few hours' steaming came in sight of the city of Batavia, the capital of Java.

The approach to Batavia is cheerless in the extreme, the town being situated in the centre of a low marshy jungle, the very hotbed of malaria; but, in spite of its well-known unhealthiness, the settlement, which was founded nearly three centuries ago, gradually rose into such importance as to acquire for itself the designation of the "Queen of the East."\* It is reached by a canal which flows through the heart of the town, and for several miles beyond into the interior of the island.

The climate of Batavia has always proved especially fatal to Europeans, and even at the present day it is only the native portion of the community that can remain in the town after nightfall. The European population reside entirely in the country, and the merchants and others who have business to transact in Batavia go up to their offices daily at an early hour of the morning, and by three o'clock in the afternoon all business has ceased, and every office in the town is closed. The hotels, which are all situated out of town, are comfortable enough, being in their construction and internal arrangements specially adapted to the requirements of a tropical climate. The charge at these establishments, which is fixed by law, is the same all over the island, and is very moderate, being at the time I visited it only five rupees per diem for each person.

\* See "Leisure Hour" for 1876, page 461.

Carriages and horses are kept at all the hotels, and form by no means an unimportant part of the establishment. The carriages are all of a uniform description, being a small phaeton, drawn by a pair of ponies, and the coachman and the grooms wear the livery of the hotel to which they belong. These vehicles look very neat, but they are fully as rough as a Calcutta kranchie. They are precisely the kind of carriage into which one would put a man who had been bitten by a snake, or taken an overdose of laudanum, for if anything human could keep him awake, it would be a Java pony-phaeton. Very few of the carriages in Java are provided with lamps, the custom being for the groom to stand at night upon the hind part of the vehicle, carrying a large torch as long as himself, which does the duty of a pair of lamps. The objection, however, to this plan is, that on a windy night the inside of the carriage receives quite as much of the smoke of the flambeau as the outside.

Travelling in Java is very expensive. The roads, however, are excellent, as are the horses also, the usual travelling pace of the latter being fully ten miles an hour. Post-horses are only obtainable by application to the government, whose sanction is also necessary before the visitor will be permitted to quit the capital. This is given as a matter of course, unless some special cause should exist for its refusal. The visitor then receives a passport, which holds good for twelve months, and for which he has to pay a fee of two-and-a-half rupees.

Horses are maintained upon only two lines of road, viz., Marshal Daendel's famous coast road, which traverses the entire length of the island from Aujer on the west coast to Banjoewangie at the eastern end of it, a distance of more than eight hundred miles, and upon the post road, which connects the northern and southern coasts, and traverses the native states of Djojokerta and Solokerta. Upon the other lines—and there are several that intersect the interior in every direction—horses are only obtainable by favour, or through the official influence of the district authorities. Before the formation of Marshal Daendel's great road, the communication between the capital and the eastern districts was necessarily very uncertain, being chiefly maintained by small coasters. The construction of this splendid highway, therefore, though it is said to have cost the lives of some twenty thousand persons, has proved of inestimable advantage to the island by enabling the government to communicate at all times of the year with its most distant provinces in the short space of three or four days.

If desirous of seeing the interior of the country, the visitor will find no difficulty in suiting himself with a travelling carriage, every description of vehicle being procurable in Batavia, from the well-stuffed britzka down to the island-built charabanc. As I contemplated an absence of several weeks from the capital, I found it would be the most economical plan to purchase a carriage, and I was fortunate enough to meet with a first-rate britzka, formerly the property of the Duke of Devonshire, and fitted with every possible convenience for travelling, and for which I paid the very moderate sum of £53 only.

My arrangements completed, I lost not a day in exchanging the suffocating heat of Batavia for the cooler and purer atmosphere of the country. There was something so exhilarating in the rapid pace at

which the Java ponies flew along with our heavily-laden carriage, and the mountain air felt so fresh and invigorating, that, under these life-restoring influences, I already felt better than I had done for months. The Bengal ayah alone, who sat crouching in a remote corner of the roomy coach-box, seemed unable to participate in these feelings. Though she was riding for the first time in her life upon a duke's carriage, though the scenery was highly picturesque, and the weather delightful, and though strange scenes and objects were presented constantly to her view, still they failed, one and all, to awaken in her the slightest emotion.

The forty-mile journey to Buitenzorg was performed in four hours—the usual time allotted for reaching that place by post. Here we remained some days, during which we received much kindness and hospitality from his Excellency the Governor-General and his amiable lady, to whom we had brought letters of introduction from our friends at Singapore.

The climate of Buitenzorg is much healthier than that of Batavia, and from being more than a thousand feet above the sea, it is necessarily much cooler; at the same time we found it rather damp. The mornings and evenings, however, were delightful, and with the thermometer no higher than 75°, we were enabled to ride or walk with real enjoyment. A stranger, however, would soon tire of Buitenzorg, for there is literally nothing to be seen there except the Botanical Gardens, and with these he would probably be disappointed, as, though they contain a rich and rare collection of tropical plants, the gardens are not laid out with any artistic skill, nor are there enough men employed to keep them in any kind of order. There is a stiffness, too, about the long, straight walks, which is the reverse of pleasing; and these, again, instead of being laid with gravel, are covered over with loose pebbles, which make walking upon them very fatiguing.

It was a clear, fresh morning when we stepped into our ducal carriage in order to continue our progress up the country. The scene before us was beautiful in the extreme. Immediately in front of us was the richly-wooded Megameddon, over which, some four hours later, our carriage would have to pass at an elevation of more than four thousand feet above the sea. A little to the right, and already enveloped in mist, rose the lofty Simoet. On the extreme left, and occasionally exhibiting its crest through the white fleecy clouds that were sporting around its summit, stood the noble Salok, at an elevation of seven thousand feet. Beneath us, and now gradually receding from view, were the many picturesque, though low hills, which almost encircle the town of Buitenzorg. And far, far away, and for many a mile, stretched the verdant plains which lie betwixt the districts of Buitenzorg and Batavia.

The road begins to ascend almost immediately on leaving Buitenzorg, and the surrounding hills gradually closing in upon it, disclose to view an occasional native village or planter's villa, nestling in an orchard of fruit trees. But the most striking features in the landscape are the terraces cut in the hill-sides, and which in some instances are carried nearly half-way up the hill. These terraces are highly cultivated, and produce an effect that is as singular as it is pleasing. The view of the Priangen districts, from the summit of the Megameddon, when the weather is clear, is magnificent. We had had a shower of

rain before reaching the top, but it cleared just in time to give us a splendid prospect of the plains below us. A descent of about a thousand feet brings the traveller to Tjipanas; here there is a private bungalow, belonging to the Governor-General, a small botanical garden, and a hot spring. A further descent of two thousand feet and the traveller reaches Tjanjore, the head-quarters of the Resident of the Priangen.

In the administration of the government of their Eastern possessions, to which of late attention has been specially directed by the war in Sumatra, the Dutch have always proceeded on the principle of giving their native subjects a share in the management of the country. The same policy has recently been recognised and acted upon in India, where for the last fifty years the natives have been gradually admitted to fill posts of trust and responsibility in every branch of the public service. Pursuing this system in Java, the Dutch allow the native chiefs of every degree of rank to take a part, more or less, in the conduct of public affairs. To the princes of the land, under the title of "Regent," is delegated the control over the different districts of the island. But associated with the Regent there is a European officer, styled a Resident, who is practically, indeed, the real ruler in the district, for though he does not interfere directly in the management of the province to which he is attached, he is expected and enjoined to suggest for the Regent's consideration and adoption any measures or changes in the administration which he might deem necessary for the good of the district over which he is set. And, as a rule, any such suggestions, when made by the European Resident are at once acted upon by the Regent.

The revenue system in Java is a very peculiar one. The gross produce of each district is annually estimated by the local officers at the commencement of the year. The government then puts an arbitrary valuation upon the produce of each, two-fifths of which form the demand of the State in lieu of a land-tax. The average rate at which this demand falls upon the cultivated area of the whole island is, I understood, about eight rupees the *bae*.\* In the districts of the Priangen a different system of assessment exists. In those districts the agriculturist is allowed to retain the entire rice produce of his land, but, in lieu thereof, he is bound to furnish annually to the government a certain quantity of uncleaned coffee, the amount being fixed by the district officer at the beginning of the year. The price the cultivator receives for his coffee is absurdly small, being only three rupees per pickul, or about one halfpenny per pound. In the other districts every family is bound to grow a certain quantity of trees, varying in number from five hundred to a thousand, and for every pickul of uncleaned coffee the cultivator may take to the government storehouse he is entitled to receive ten rupees.

The Java coffee has never enjoyed a very high reputation, but there seems no reason why it should not be produced of a quality equal to the finest specimens grown in Bourbon or Mocha. In Java, however, little or no attention is bestowed on the cultivation of the plant, and after the trees are once planted they are left to take care of themselves, and suffered to grow as they will. An interval only of

from six to eight feet is allowed between them; the sun and air, therefore, can never reach the plants, and a Java coffee garden accordingly has all the appearance of an unreclaimed jungle. The Dadap, or silk-cotton tree, which is invariably planted along with the coffee shrubs in order to screen the latter from the sun and wind, is admirably suited for this purpose, being a large but not too thickly-leaved tree, and attaining a height of from twenty to twenty-five feet.

Leaving Tjanjore after breakfast, we reached Bandong the same afternoon. This place well deserves the character it bears of being the Montpelier of Java. During the fortnight we spent there the weather resembled that of an English summer, the thermometer never rising above 75° at the hottest time of the day, and frequently falling as low as 68° before sunrise. The town stands at an elevation of two thousand two hundred and forty feet above the sea, and in its immediate vicinity are several lofty mountains, amongst the number, the Goonangago and the Goonangrang-rang, which rise respectively to the height of seven thousand five hundred and six thousand eight hundred feet.

Though not so large as Tjanjore, Bandong is still a place of considerable size, and its inhabitants wear about them an air of comfort and contentment which affords the surest evidence of its thriving condition. The town is very neatly laid out, the several streets intersecting each other at right angles. The houses are mostly tiled, and being constructed upon a uniform plan, present an appearance which is very pleasing. The roads are wide and well kept, and the different shops, with their varied contents, offer to the unaccustomed eye of the stranger a sight that is as interesting as it is novel. On one side you may see a choice collection of Javanese hats of all colours and sizes, varying in diameter from one foot and a-half to three feet, but all having the usual characteristic shape of an inverted washhand basin. These curiously-shaped hats are made of bamboo, the outer side being covered with a thick coating of varnish, which renders them impervious to rain. The wearer of the Javanese hat, therefore, needs no umbrella. The drapers' shops are not less attractive, with their endless variety of chintzes and dyed cottons, amongst which the most prominent and favourite colours are blue and scarlet. But perhaps, to the eye of a stranger, the most curious and interesting of all are the eating-booths. Here, amid the varied display of savoury viands which assail the senses, the most fastidious taste might chance to be suited—here, for a few pice, the traveller may dine on Kabobed meats and curry, roasted Indian corn, and risolles of coloured rice, with vegetables, fruits, pickles, and sweetmeats; if he would desire fish besides, he could have it, but he must eat it in a putrid state, as the Javanese will not touch it in any other condition.

The environs of the town are almost exclusively occupied by coffee gardens, each plantation being fenced in with a closely-cut hedge of the scarlet hybiscus, which here grows in the greatest luxuriance; but in order to obtain a good view of Bandong and the country around it, the visitor must ascend one or other of the heights above the town, and then, if the weather be clear, he would be rewarded with a fine panoramic view of the surrounding hills and the valley below him, in the centre of which lies the little town embosomed in its numerous coffee gardens, and luxuriant with a perpetual verdure.

\* The *bae* is somewhat larger than the English acre.





LORD PALMERSTON'S correspondence, when read, serves to account at the same time for his popularity and his authority: the mixture of pleasantry with satire—of good-humour with censure—of friendliness with command. The kindly tone of refusals, the full and ample expression of thanks, combine in a singular manner to exhibit the minister who, without exciting our imagination as the ideal of a statesman, orator, or hero, satisfied our mind with the reality of an able, practical, good-tempered man who loved his country and his countrymen, did his business with zeal and pleasure, liked a joke, would not be trifled with, and never showed a disposition either to cringe or to offend.

He had a good-natured, gay way of giving reproofs when he did not mean them to be severe, of which every one who had much correspondence with him will recollect some example. "Put a little more starch into your neckcloth, my dear —," he said to a favourite diplomatist who he thought did not hold up his head high enough at the court where the minister represented us. To a member of the Government who had been making promises as to measures in perspective, he closed a letter by observing, "I must say that the established practice for members of a Government is to speak of what the Government of which they are members has done, but not to tell the world of what that Government means to do."

It must often happen to a diplomatist who has any intellect to differ from some of the views which the Minister of Foreign Affairs may have conceived, because the Minister of Foreign Affairs cannot know all the local circumstances to which his views have to be applied so well as the man on the spot. I have always considered it a duty in such cases to express my own opinions fearlessly, and in doing this with Lord Palmerston I never found him displeased. At times he yielded or modified his previous instruc-

tions; at times he persisted in them; but he never, as far as my experience goes, rebuked an agent, who had anything to justify his sentiments, for expressing them.

But he hated anything like a subterfuge, and saw at once through a device which some clever diplomatists practise of putting their own opinions into somebody else's mouth.

On one occasion a *charge d'affaires* who was told to carry out instructions he disapproved of related his conversation with the Minister on whom he was told to urge them, and gave the Minister's arguments in reply with all the skill and force he could supply.

Lord Palmerston, after answering these arguments with his usual ability, closed his despatch by these quiet observations:—"It may be, and no doubt is, the duty of a diplomatist in reporting a conversation with a member of the Government to which he is accredited to report the nonsense, however great it may be, that may be said to him, but it would be more to the credit of his own sagacity if he took care in making his report not to let it be supposed that he did not see the absurdity of the things that had been said to him."

To one gentleman who was perpetually pressing on him some claims of his father to a peerage, which claims had been frequently put aside by him, after reminding his correspondent courteously of this fact and of the reasons for it, he writes, as if relieving himself from a disagreeable thought:—"I confess I cannot see what advantage or satisfaction can accrue to your father from drawing from me at repeated intervals a repetition of this statement."

I cannot refrain from mentioning an instance of the scrupulous justice with which he distributed the patronage at his disposal.

An intimate friend of mine, who, in addition to a certain position in the diplomacy, had, from his birth, fortune, and talents, considerable claims to the attention of Government, and for whom Lord Palmerston himself had a great partiality, begged me to ascertain whether he would obtain a certain appointment, then vacant, if he asked for it. I spoke to Lord Palmerston in the sense desired; and at my first doing so he seemed well disposed to give me a favourable answer; but, after a little consideration, added, he would think over the matter, and let me know in two or three days. In two or three days we met at Hatfield; and then, taking me aside, Lord Palmerston said he had been reflecting on the services of those who might expect the place I had spoken of, and that he was sorry to say that there was a gentleman who had far stronger claims than the friend I had mentioned, whom he should like very much to oblige, but he felt he could not, in such a case, merely please his own feelings.

Nothing more annoyed him than that an agent should show indifference to the ill-treatment of a British subject; and he pushed this laudable feeling at times further perhaps than the general principles of international law would strictly allow. An Englishman who goes to reside in a foreign country must be held undoubtedly subject to the laws of that country, and can only claim that such laws in his case should be fairly carried out. But Lord Palmerston did not always abide by that rule. "As to the laws of Venezuela," he observes in one instance, "the people of Venezuela must of course submit to them:

\* Extracted by permission from vol. iii. of the "Life of Lord Palmerston." By the late Lord Dalhousie and the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P. (Bentley & Son).

but the British Government will not permit gross injustice to be done or gross oppression to be exercised on British subjects under the pretence of Venezuelan law."

I remember, early in life, making a great mistake, of which I not unnaturally apprehended the consequences. I consulted a man, more able perhaps than any other from his knowledge of the world and of affairs—a knowledge for which he was not always sufficiently given credit—Baron James Rothschild. "Pho, pho!" he said; "no man need ever care about one mistake; it is number two that signifies;" and he then showed me how a considerable success might be derived from the very error I had committed. There never was a more striking example of Baron James's maxim than that furnished by incidents in Lord Palmerston's life.

I remember a keen observer of mankind saying to me when I was a youth, "Remember that what you do now and then may get you momentary reputation or applause, but what you do every day will be the basis of your character and ultimate reputation." I have often heard persons express their surprise at Lord Palmerston's great popularity. I could not myself altogether account for it until I read his correspondence.

It is said that M. de Talleyrand had a formula for answering literary men who sent him their works, which he said that he received with a satisfaction which he felt sure would be increased on reading them. But Lord Palmerston goes heartily into the author's feelings. He sees the trouble he must have had, the hopes he entertains, the reputation he desires to establish.

The following letter to Mr. Wade\* is an example of the manner in which he encouraged a meritorious writer in his labours.

"94, Piccadilly, Sept. 23, 1859.

"My dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for the highly interesting volume which you have been so kind as to send to me. I have received it with great pleasure, not only on account of its intrinsic merits, but because it is a proof that ability and perseverance may succeed in conquering the formidable difficulties of the Chinese language.

"The importance of the conquest, however, is fully greater than even the difficulty of its achievement.—My dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"Thos. Wade, Esq." "PALMERSTON.

The letter offering Mr. Cobden a seat in the Cabinet, in 1859, strikes me also as singularly happy. The allusion to Mr. Milner Gibson, whose accession to office Lord Palmerston mentions as a favour conferred on himself, and not as a favour he was conferring, indirectly but gracefully suggests to Mr. Cobden that the Premier is soliciting a favour from him also, and is the more flattering from the delicacy of the flattery.

"94, Piccadilly, June 27, 1859.

"My dear Sir,—I understand that it is likely that you may arrive at Liverpool to-morrow, and therefore wish that this letter should be placed in your hands upon your landing.

"I have been commissioned by the Queen to form an administration, and I have endeavoured so to form it that it should contain representatives of all sections of the Liberal party, convinced as I am that no Government constructed upon any other basis

could have sufficient prospect of duration, or would be sufficiently satisfactory to the country.

"Mr. Milner Gibson has most handsomely consented to waive all former differences, and to become a member of the new Cabinet. I am most exceedingly anxious that you should consent to adopt the same line; and I have kept open for you the office of President of the Board of Trade, which appeared to me to be the one best suited to your views and to the distinguished part which you have taken in public life. I shall be very glad to see you, and to have personal communication with you as soon as may be convenient to you on your arrival in London, and I am, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"Richard Cobden, Esq." "PALMERSTON.

Two other letters I quote, one in which he expresses his regret at not being able to offer a gentleman an appointment. One in which he gives an appointment to a gentleman. These two letters seem to me models of their kind.

The gentleman who got the appointment, and who might have thought it through a private friendship for his father, is expressly told that he owes it to his own merits; and the gentleman who is not appointed would have shown the refusal with as much pride to his mother or his wife as if it had been the offer of a lucrative place.

"94, Piccadilly, Dec. 14, 1859.

"My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your note of the 12th. I can assure you that it gave me great pleasure to find myself able to do that which was agreeable to the son of a much-esteemed and highly-valued friend; but at the same time it is due to you to say that I should not have been guided by my personal feelings in this respect, if I had not thought that you were the fittest person I could choose for the office to which you have been appointed.—My dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"Col. J. H. Stuart." "PALMERSTON.

"94, Piccadilly, June 24, 1859.

"My dear Sir,—I return you the enclosed, and beg at the same time to express my regret that it has not been possible for me to avail myself of your very valuable assistance in regard to the arrangement which I have had to make, as I am well satisfied that any public duties which you might have consented to undertake would have been performed by you with that ability which you are known to possess.—Yours faithfully,

"B. Gregson, M.P., 32, Upper Harley Street." "PALMERSTON.

Lord Palmerston was not a democrat. He did not think a democracy the best Government for a people, and he wished to maintain an aristocracy as a part of ours. But all his feelings and sympathies were of a broad, popular kind. I find instances, in looking through his correspondence, when Secretary of War, of his interest in the private soldier's comfort and moral improvement. As a landlord he showed a constant attention to the comfort, education, and improvement of the peasant. But I do not know that I could find anywhere a more complete exemplification of his feelings as to the happiness and enjoyment of the great masses of the population than in two letters to Sir Benjamin Hall, at that time First Commissioner of Works, with respect to the management of the parks.

"94, Piccadilly, Oct. 31, 1857.

"My dear Hall,—I cannot agree with you as to the principle on which the grass in the park should be treated. You seem to think it a thing to be

\* Now British Minister at Peking.

looked at by people who are to be confined to the gravel walks. I regard it as a thing to be walked upon freely and without restraint by the people, old and young, for whose enjoyment the parks are maintained; and your iron hurdles would turn the parks into so many Smithfields, and entirely prevent that enjoyment. As to people making paths across the grass, what does that signify? If the parks were to be deemed hayfields, it might be necessary to prevent people from stopping the growth of the hay by walking over the grass; but as the parks must be deemed places for public enjoyment, the purpose for which the parks are kept up is marred and defeated when the use of them is confined to a number of straight gravel walks.

"When I see the grass worn by foot traffic, I look on it as a proof that the park has answered its purpose, and has done its duty by the health, amusement, and enjoyment of the people.

"In the college courts of Cambridge a man is fined half-a-crown who walks over the grass-plots, but that is not a precedent to be followed.—Yours sincerely,

"Rt. Hon. Sir B. Hall." "PALMERSTON.

"94, Piccadilly, Nov. 12, 1857.

"My dear Hall,—I have been much surprised this morning at seeing a party of labourers employed in trenching a large piece of the Green Park. As head of the Government, I have a right to expect that essential alterations should not be made in the spaces allotted for the enjoyment and recreation of the public without my previous sanction and concurrence, and I entirely disapprove of the restrictions which you are imposing upon the free enjoyment of the Green Park and Hyde Park by the public.

"Your iron hurdles are an intolerable nuisance, and I trust that you mean shortly to remove them. To cut up the Green Park into enclosed shrubberies and plantations would be materially to interfere with the enjoyment and free recreation of the public; and I must positively forbid the prosecution of any such scheme. As head of the Government, I should be held by the public to have authorised these arrangements, and I do not choose to be responsible for things which I disapprove.—Yours sincerely,

"PALMERSTON.

"Rt. Hon. Sir Benjamin Hall, Bart."

There is earnestness and determination here. There might have been a different way of looking at the subject. It might have been contended that pleasure may be derived from the eye—that the working man might be gratified by seeing pretty patches of flowers, and walking down nicely-gravelled walks; and the popular philosopher might have theorised on this subject with much grace and plausibility. But what the simple glance of Lord Palmerston saw was the labouring man, relieved from his toil, strolling with his wife as he listed along the broad common, sitting down under the trees, playing with his children, enjoying the free air and the open space in careless independence; and when he says that he likes to see the grass worn, because it is a proof that the people have been enjoying themselves, we feel how completely his heart beat, even on the most ordinary questions, with the great public heart of the country—how much in reality he was one of the many, and concentrated in his own mind the feelings of the many.

It was this identity which he felt with the English people that made him so proud of their strength and so jealous of their honour.

It is singular how this feeling in a Minister—this feeling which distinguishes the great Minister from the ordinary one—raises his country, and elevates all those in its service by a sort of magical influence that is felt both at home and abroad. Chatham was in the soul of Wolfe, and his son in that of Nelson. Mr. Canning's high bearing and splendid words gave to a few guards sent to Lisbon a force which may be said to have paralysed the power of the great military monarchies of Europe.

Lord Palmerston had not the genius of these men, but he had the spirit and the sentiment, and he took care that no one who served under him should be without them.

## Varieties.

MISSIONARIES DESCRIBED BY LIEUT. CAMERON, R.N.—The gallant explorer, whose muscle and pluck enabled him to cross Africa, met with some curiosities worthy of Baron Munchausen. He came upon some "missionaries," or people who called themselves so, who were "half-bred and drank their champagne." Upon which the captain said (it was at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Society, reported in the London papers), "He would allow that a great deal of work had been done by the missionaries, but a great many men who had gone out there were not fit to be missionaries at all. The fact was the black man knew a gentleman when he saw him as well as any one else, and the men who went out there should be thorough gentlemen by birth and breeding. Those who went out to teach trades were not expected to be gentlemen. As missionaries it was no use sending half-bred men, or men disappointed as haircutters, or a man who had been seventeen years a cobbler, and who then suddenly discovered that the spirit moved him. Such men, upon £300 or £400 annually, lived comfortably, drinking their champagne, and in course of a few years retired, returning to this country to make a sensation, and talk of the hardships they had endured for the poor negro. The latter would be much better had he not seen so many of such missionaries, and if more would return home to follow their legitimate pursuits." Mr. Cameron's strange remarks were not allowed to pass without censure, some of the Colonial men present saying that very odd seamen as well as missionaries might be met with over the world, but that a charge of this sort should not be made without stating who these missionaries were, and by what Church or Society sent out. Considering that Mr. Cameron himself was sent in the track of Livingstone, and remembering what Moffat and others have done for Africa, the speech was not judicious or generous, to say the least of it. Did he refer to Dr. Carey, one of the first and best of missionaries in India, when he spoke of "a man who had been a cobbler"? Some of the earliest Christian missionaries had been fishermen, tent-makers, and engaged in other "legitimate pursuits," before going forth as heralds of the cross.

NEWS FOR SCOTLAND.—The "New York Observer," usually a well-informed paper, among recent varieties, says that "in Shetland, which is the part of Scotland whence Shetland ponies originally came, some of the ministers live on 100 dollars a year. They are expected to be as hardy as the ponies, and to live as cheaply. One minister, who has a wife and four children, gets about 125 dollars. There is no great rush of candidates for the ministry in Scotland." The Rev. Mr. Ingram, minister of the poorest and most northerly parish in Shetland, last year completed his hundredth year, and is therefore older than the American Republic itself. Cheap living, the "New York Observer" may further inform its readers, does not seem to curtail the longevity of Shetland ministers.

REVENUE.—It may be interesting to see the actual proportion each of the principal articles bears to the total revenue collected, which stands as follows:—

Tobacco .....	39½ per cent.
Spirits .....	30½ "
Tea .....	18½ "
Wine .....	8½ "
All other articles .....	3½ "

If comparison be made with only a decade since (1865), it will be found that the proportion that tobacco bore to the total collected was then only 27 per cent., and spirits 14½ per cent.



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Cooper.*



"SO THEY MARRIED, AND WERE (UN)HAPPY."

## THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER V.—A "FAITHFUL PROMISE."

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practise to deceive."—*Scott.*

MISS EGAN could not feel at all satisfied with the result of Father Gehagan's visit. After his departure she sat for a long time in the little room upstairs, which she used as a boudoir, and which communicated by folding-doors with a private oratory, alone

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and in deep meditation. Then she rose and went to an old-fashioned chest in which many of her treasures were deposited, and having unlocked it, drew forth a paper parcel, carefully tied round with a riband. She opened it with trembling fingers, and disclosed a small, thick book, plainly bound in black leather, and with two silver clasps. Then she sat down again, and contemplated it till tears began to overflow from her eyes and trickle down her cheeks. Wiping her eyes and putting on her spectacles, she

R R

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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opened the book. On the fly-leaf a name was written—"Margaret Carroll"—and underneath it in the same handwriting, but in characters less firm and distinct—"To my dear, dear Margarita, with her mother's dying prayers and blessing." Turning over the fly-leaf after a time, the title-page revealed the book—yes, *THE BOOK*; the Holy Bible—with the imprimatur of the British and Foreign Bible Society at the foot.

The reader will not require to be told now that Margarita's mother had died a Protestant. Almost with her last breath she had entreated her sister, Miss Egan, to whose guardianship the child was committed, to allow her to be brought up in the Protestant faith; and she had entrusted this Bible to her care, exacting from her a "faithful promise" that she would give it to her child, a mother's bequest, as soon as she should be able to read it. How had this promise been fulfilled? Literally, but not truly.

With much reluctance, and after consultation with Father Gehagan, Miss Egan had brought the book one day to her little niece when the priest was present, and had given it into her hands. Almost immediately the priest had taken it away again, to look at it, as he said, and had never returned it; he had brought her a book of "Selections" instead, with which the child, who had not seen what was written on the fly-leaf of the Bible, was equally satisfied; the binding was similar, and she did not know that any change had been made. The priest took upon himself the whole responsibility of this artifice, and persuaded Miss Egan that she had done her duty in a literal sense by presenting the book, and in a much more important manner by guarding the child from error and bringing her up in the faith of the true Church. He had only returned the original volume to the aunt's care under a promise that she would keep it out of sight and under lock and key.

Miss Egan's conscience pricked her a little now, as she thought over the past; and the "faithful" promise which she had made to her sister on her death-bed troubled her. At the same time she felt absolutely convinced that she had done what was best for the child's interests; only she wished she had never made the promise. She turned over the leaves of the sacred volume with mingled feelings of respect and fear; there were many passages marked in pencil in the margin, and others underlined, by her sister's own hand, of course. Glancing from one to another of these, her eyes fell upon a passage which was not marked.

"He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house: he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight."

A feeling of sickness came over her as she read these words. Had she not done this very thing—*working deceit*? Had she not conspired with her priest how she might break her promise to her dying sister and be blameless? With her priest! Yes; there was comfort in that thought; it was his doing, not hers; she had but consented. At all events, no blame could rest on her since it had been done by his "direction," and against her own instincts. And, after all, might it not be for the best? Her niece had been brought up in the true faith, and would not easily be turned from it now. She had never known that her mother was a Protestant. If she were to marry this heretic she would be prepared, at least, against the temptations by which her new path of life would be surrounded.

With these comforting arguments, which were, however, scarcely sufficient to salvo her conscience, Miss Egan tied up the Bible again in its wrapper, sealing it this time for greater security, and having locked it up once more in her chest, descended the stairs.

She found Margarita anxiously waiting for her in the morning-room. "Well, my dear child," she said, "Father Gehagan has not prevailed with you, I fear?"

Margarita shook her head, but kissed her aunt affectionately.

"Well, then, we must send for this gentleman—this Mr. Reed. I do not promise to be very civil to him, but he can come and see me if you wish it."

"When shall he come, aunt?"

"Whenever you like. You can write to Mrs. Martin about it."

Margarita wanted no second permission, but wrote that same night, and the next day the fast-stepping mare, driven by Pat Houragan, drew up at the door before noon. Miss Egan had entertained a secret hope that Mr. Reed had been attracted to her niece chiefly by the prospect of pecuniary advantages which such an alliance offered; and she trusted that a plain statement of her own intentions as to the disposal of her property might go far towards breaking off the match. In this she was disappointed. Mr. Reed protested, and with truth, that he had never entertained any idea of inheriting Miss Egan's property; and as to that which belonged to Miss Carroll in her own right, which was but a little, he was quite willing that it should be tied up in any way her guardians should think proper. "He loved her for her own sake," he said; "he had a fair business and good prospects, and would marry her without any dower at all." In a word, there was nothing that Miss Egan could take hold of as a ground of objection except the fact which she already knew too well, that he was not a Roman Catholic, and that he wished to rob her of her niece.

"And that is sufficient," she said to herself again and again. "Marriage was instituted out of regard to human infirmity. Margarita ought to be above such weakness. Is it possible she can really love this man? If he had been different, now!" and she fell musing, musing upon years long past; upon the green time of her life, which had not been entirely destitute of its romance; and upon the weaknesses of her own heart, which had been subdued, not with her own consent, but by the force of just such interference on the part of others as she was now attempting, and had left her—what? a dry tree, desolate, without any object in life except the care of this young girl, who would presently be taken from her. As she communed thus with her own heart, she almost resolved to offer no further opposition to the hated marriage. If Mr. Reed had only been a different kind of man, fair-haired instead of dark, tall and broad-shouldered instead of slight and "finikin;" if he had been an Irishman of the Irish instead of a stranger; above all, if he had been a "Catholic" (and the living picture of what a lover and a husband ought to be rose up before her mind), she could have rejoiced to let him marry Margarita; but this man, sallow, dandyish, and a heretic! "No!" she exclaimed aloud, "they shall not be married from my door. If I cannot prevent the marriage, I will at all events not sanction it. Margarita will always be my niece, my child, my darling, unless—unless this man should win her over to his

own vile heresy! But, no; that will never be. Margarita will, I am sure, be faithful to her creed whatever happens. Yes, yes; bless her! bless her! bless her!"

## CHAPTER VI.—A DOUBLE KNOT.

"An honourable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocence."—*Form of Solemnization of Matrimony.*  
 "A great sacrament."—*Douay Bible.*

THREE months have passed quickly away, and great preparations are being made at Ballykilleena Park for the marriage of the squire's niece, which is to take place there instead of at Mary Cross, Miss Egan having expressed herself, kindly but resolutely, averse to taking any part in the proceedings, or to even being present at the ceremony. This is a trouble to Margarita, but a relief to nearly everybody else, as it was known that Miss Egan was not in the habit of practising much reserve or self-control when her feelings or prejudices were concerned; and the more she thought of Mr. Alfred Reed as a husband for her niece, the less she liked him. Such a marriage, she told her neighbours, was a subject for condolence rather than congratulation; and if she had had the management of it, it is quite possible that the usual festivities might have been celebrated in a fashion quite out of keeping with Irish ideas, or perhaps even dispensed with altogether.

"I don't see the good of being married twice over in one day," said Biddy, Margarita's maid, to Mr. Caffyn, butler at the Park. "If Father Murphy isn't good to marry a couple fast and firm, I don't think the Protestant minister will be much better. Not that I'd choose Father Murphy neither, if I had my way."

"Some people don't see the good of being married on't," murmured Pat Houragan, who was employed indoors just then.

"Whisht, then, Pat," said Biddy, "and mind what I tell't ye."

Pat, it must be told, had had more than one long talk with Biddy, but, notwithstanding his most eloquent appeals, he could not prevail upon her to marry him just yet. She had agreed to go to England with her mistress. If she should hear a good account of Mr. Houragan a year or two hence, and he should find himself in the same mind then, perhaps she might be induced, she told him, to look favourably upon his suit; but not if he should lower himself again to be overtaken by "the craythur."

"Father Murphy, ye see, is the parish priest," said Mr. Caffyn, "and, in coorse, it's his place to 'ficiate; and he wouldn't be likely to give it up at such time as this, when there's a rare lady to be married. It's he that will do the marrying itself; for he's a true priest of the Church, whatever else he mayn't be. Mr. O'Neil, the Protestant minister, will only go through it afterwards as a matter of form, just to satisfy the gentleman and them that belong to him on the Protestant side. Not but what I'd rather have to do with Mr. O'Neil in any other business; for he is a gentleman, every inch of him, and Father Murphy don't pretend to be, and couldn't be if he tried."

No, Father Murphy was certainly not a gentleman, but he was priest of the village of Ballykilleena, and stood upon his rights. The ceremony was to be performed by him first, and afterwards repeated in the Protestant church. There had been

some difficulty in deciding which of the two rites should take precedence, but Mr. Reed had conceded the point; it was not of much consequence, he thought, and he would have yielded at once if Margarita herself had wished it; but he did not like being dictated to by her friends, and he was afraid lest one concession should lead to another, and so he might find himself priest-ridden in his own house, a state of things which he was resolved to prevent, if possible. At home in England, and away from his wife's connections, there would not be so much danger of this. So he had given way with a good grace, and had gone to see Father Murphy to make the necessary appointment with him.

He had found the priest in bed, suffering from the effects of a fall which he had met with, as he said, a fortnight back, coming home from a christening. It had given him a concussion of the brain, and he had had his head shaved; but he meant to be up and ready for the important occasion, and must take good care he didn't get another fall after that. "The church," he said, "was not fit for use; the roof had fallen in, and the repairs were not yet finished; but that was of no consequence. He could marry a couple anywhere—under a tree, for that matter, by the roadside, provided the fee was ready. Five pounds would be the amount on this occasion."

Mr. Reed had remonstrated; not that he would have grudged a liberal fee, but he did not like to be imposed upon; and the priest had then consented to take three. He would see about a convenient place for the ceremony, he said, and let Mr. Reed know. And so Mr. Reed had left him, wondering whether a convenient "tree" would be the place selected.

Ballykilleena had not been so lively for many a long year as it was on the day of that wedding. A large party assembled at the Hall, and all the outside "kyars" in the neighbourhood were drawn up in the road before it. A dozen or more squireens had put on their best coats and hats, and, mounted on their favourite hunters (the one which each happened to possess was always the favourite), were parading in front of the house, refreshing themselves with occasional stirrup-cups, and waiting to escort the wedding party. In due time the bridegroom joined this company, and rode away with them, the bride and her bridesmaids following at a proper and becoming interval in a post-chaise, drawn by four white horses; other carriages and cars succeeded, while a troop of ragged boys and girls trotted along on either side, uttering their felicitations as often as they could find breath to do so.

The procession stopped at a small whisky-shop at the entrance of the village, where the landlord, Daniel Lump, and a picturesque group of peasantry, most of them wearing long great coats with capes, were waiting for them in the road. They alighted here, and, with ill-concealed disgust, Mr. Reed followed the landlord up the narrow staircase into a room of the very smallest proportions, wretchedly furnished and offensively dirty, where he was requested to take a seat upon the bed, which filled up one end of the room, until all should be ready.

All was ready as soon as the party was assembled. Nothing more was wanted; no altar, no vestments, no acolytes, no incense, none of those accessories which might have been expected in the performance of an important rite by those who teach that marriage is a sacrament. The spectators crowded in till there

was scarcely room for them to stand, and then were crowded out again to make room for the priest, and for a little circle in the middle, where, with the bride and bridegroom before him, he might do his office. Father Murphy was "to the fore," as he had promised. He wore only his usual every-day costume, which was not distinctive of his calling, but assumed for this occasion a coloured ribbon, which, passing over the collar of his coat, hung loosely down in front, as if it had been a stole, which, perhaps, it was. His hair, short and of recent growth, stood upright all over his head, and his finger nails appeared to be in mourning for his lost respectability. The ceremony was fortunately extremely brief, for the atmosphere of the little room soon became almost insupportable. A few sentences, nearly the same as those appointed in the marriage service of the Church of England, were spoken; the priest's hand was crossed at his request with a piece of gold, which at such a time he was allowed to retain, in addition to the fee already paid; the ring was placed upon the finger, and the bride was charged to honour and obey "holy mother church" and her husband, and then all was over.

Margarita was glad to escape from the humiliating position in which she felt she had been placed. She was vexed, and could have wept, that her husband should have been made a witness and participator in a ceremony so sordidly and shamefully performed, and so different in all its parts from what she could have shown him in any of the town churches of her land; yet this was her marriage bond, the valid act, according to her view, by which they were united man and wife! A few congratulations were spoken when she descended the stairs, but the company were much less demonstrative than usual upon such occasions, and it was with a feeling of relief that they resumed their seats in the carriages or on horseback, and proceeded towards the Protestant church for the supplementary and superfluous part of the proceedings to be accomplished there.

This was a small building of rough stone, with no architectural pretensions, but covered with ivy, standing in the midst of its burial-ground, which was studded here and there with grave-stones, for the most part very plain—mere slabs of slate. But the wall which enclosed it was in good repair; the grass within was short and even, and a few evergreen shrubs and well-kept flower-plots bordered the gravel walk leading up to the church door. The clergyman, in a clean surplice, met them at the entrance, and walked before them up the centre aisle to the chancel, and then knelt down for a few moments before beginning the service. All present followed his example: by far the greater part of them had never been inside a Protestant place of worship before, and some of them would not venture beyond the doorway, but stood there peering over each other's shoulders, as if to enter it would be a sin. The crack of a whip was heard afterwards, and these outsiders were observed to slink away, for Father Murphy had arrived on his way home, and was scattering the troop of ragged boys and girls with angry words, and yet more practical and touching arguments, from which even the men who happened to be within his reach were not exempt. But he passed on, and those within the church continued undisturbed. The service was conducted solemnly, and with feeling. Mr. Reed would have preferred a choral service, with an Anglo-Catholic mass at the

conclusion, but nothing of this kind was to be had at Ballykilleena, so there were only prayers and psalms, and exhortations, and many excellent blessings, with which the "Form of Solemnization of Matrimony" abounds; and of course the giving and receiving of a ring, and the joining of hands, and those mutual declarations which constitute the solemn contract, followed by the solemn charge addressed to all the world—"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Then the names were entered in the register, and the maiden name written for the last time, and attested by two or three witnesses, and the ceremony was at an end. Very little was said as the company returned down the footpath to the place where their conveyances were waiting for them. The ragged children had returned to the gate, and greeted the married pair with noisy congratulations, mingled with jokes and laughter, finishing, of course, with urgent requests for sixpences, or even pence or halfpence, to remember them by; and, pursued by a score or more of swift-footed young enthusiasts, the whole party drove quickly back to the Hall.

There was a great breakfast, of course, and many facetious and witty speeches. Each of the twelve squireens had intended in his own mind to say something about the double ceremony, and the advantages of being married twice over in case of a flaw in the original process, but somehow they shrank from alluding to the subject, and with Irish facility found plenty to say without it, whether to the purpose or not mattered little. There was laughter and applause, and what more could be desired? Mr. O'Neil struck a graver note when his turn came, and spoke feelingly on the duties and privileges of married life, the severing of old ties and the welding of new, and of the sanctifying influence of religion, which alone could ensure those blessings which had been invoked that day, sweetening every joy and softening every sorrow. He, too, was heard with attention, and found a ready and feeling response to his gentle earnest words, and was voted, in an undertone, "a good and right-meaning man, whatever you may call him," and "one you couldn't help respecting, for all he might not think as you did;" while all agreed in confidence that it was "too bad, entirely, of Father Murphy, and that he ought not to be allowed in the Church, and that they never felt so much ashamed of their religion in their lives, seeing the two services set side by side;" and so forth. But Father Murphy was not there to hear them, so there was nothing but concord and harmony until the bride rose and left the room to prepare for her departure.

Out of doors, too, in one of the barns, there was a merry party; the tenants and cottagers breakfasting together, plainly but plentifully, which was enough to constitute a feast, and a rare one too for many of them, without delicacies. The ale circulated freely, and after that the whisky. Of course the health of the newly-married couple was proposed, and received with acclamations. As the glasses were being filled, bumpers all round, Pat Houragan, who had tasted nothing but water all day, and very little of that, sprang to his feet, unable to restrain himself any longer. "Wait a minute," he cried; "sure I must dthrink that toast if I never dthrink another. Wait till I schame it! Sure it was 'not another dthrop to go down my throat, sitting nor standing, indoors or out of doors.' Would I tell a lie to save me life?"

Sorra a one of me! But I must dthrink that toast anny way." So saying he hastened to the window, and opened it. "Now for it, boys," he cried, "Miss Carroll and her husband—Mr. and Mrs. Reed, I mane; long life to them, and long may they live!" Then throwing himself across the window-sill, half in the room and half out of it, with his head hanging down towards the ground, he emptied his noggin of potheen, nearly choking himself as he did so. "Sure it went up me throat," he cried, "not down it," and returned to his place amid the applause and laughter of his companions, who were as obtuse as himself as to the guilt of falsehood acted as well as spoken. Such is the result of evil training and example.

How often the process was repeated in the course of the afternoon and evening it is not for us to tell; but long before the party broke up, poor Pat Houragan was carried out of the room, and deposited for safety in an outhouse, and for weeks and months afterwards found his employment on the fields or roads instead of in his favourite stable-yard.

"Poor Pat!" said his master, Squire Martin, when he heard of it; "honest as the day to everybody else, but a cheat and a liar to himself. 'Neither in the house nor out of the house,' did he say? It reminds me of Mr. Reed (though he would not thank me for the compliment), neither Catholic nor Protestant; one foot inside our Church, and the other out of it. It's to be hoped he won't come to grief between the two, like Pat!"

When the happy couple took their leave all the company turned out to wish them "Godspeed" on their way to Cork. Biddy went with them, as had been previously arranged; and she looked around her shyly, wondering where Pat Houragan could be, and hoping that he had not been overtaken again, but unable to account for his defection by any other theory. Perhaps she had been too hard with him, she thought, and had driven him to it. She had meant to say a few kind words at parting. She did not like to ask if any one had seen him, and so went away full of sad forebodings. Three cheers were given as the party drove off, and an old shoe was thrown after them for luck, and then the company returned within doors to drink their health once more.

As evening approached the tables were cleared away in the barn, and a fiddler tuned his strings and set all the party on wires. They came crowding into the room, chose their partners in haste, and stood up, two here, two there, two everywhere, toeing and heeling, shuffling and stamping, twisting and bending, with a heartiness and vigour worthy of a better cause. Those who, from age or infirmity, were past dancing were ranged along the walls, two or three deep, treading on each other's toes, or sitting in each other's laps, and enjoying it vastly in spite of the heat and dust and darkness visible, which, as the night closed in, reigned over them by the agency of a tallow candle stuck in an empty bottle here and there.

Meanwhile the lonely aunt, tender in heart, yet firm as a devotee, knelt before the altar in her little oratory at Mary Cross, or sat in dreamy silence gazing from the window into the gathering darkness, and wept and prayed alternately; now giving way to feelings of resentment against the child whom she had nourished and brought up only to disappoint her pious hopes and purposes; now blaming herself for

her want of honesty and candour towards her, and now praying the Blessed Virgin and all the saints to forgive them both, and to preserve the young bride in the midst of all the dangers and temptations which would beset her in her new life of strange and unsanctified alliance, and to overrule all things for her good and for the glory of holy mother church. And when her tears flowed most freely at the thought of her own loneliness and sorrow, then she prayed most tenderly for her lost child, and murmured in the midst of her sobs, "Oh, Margarita darling! Bless her, bless her, bless her!"

## A TRIP TO JAVA.

### II.

THE drive from Bandong to Somadang—twenty-nine miles—is exceedingly pretty, particularly that portion of the road where the traveller commences the descent to Ising Koep Port; the scenery from thence to Cheribon—fifty-nine miles—is of a very varied character. During the first half of the journey, and till the river is crossed, there are several steep hills to be surmounted, from the summits of which some fine views of the country are obtained. After passing the river, the road runs along the lowlands, passing through extensive sugar farms, on which hundreds of Chinamen may be seen pursuing their occupations with untiring industry, presenting by their habits of diligence a marked contrast to the indolent Javanese, who take no thought beyond the present moment. Cheribon is a dismal-looking place on the sea-coast, with a miserable hotel, from which we were glad enough to make our exit on the following day *en route* to Tagal.

In their personal appearance, the Javanese have certainly not been favoured by nature. They have large, coarse features, and an expression of face that is most unpleasing; in figure they are short and thick-set, and their movements are awkward and ungraceful. The women are even more forbidding than the men; and if it were necessary to specify a particular class as a personification of female ugliness, I should be disposed to assign the honour to the women of Cheribon. The females of that district have a singular way of confining their hair, which they fasten up by means of a wooden stick or skewer at the back of the head.

Leaving Cheribon, we arrived, after a journey of about five hours, at Tagal, where we merely remained one day to allow of the necessary arrangements being made for our progress by a mountain road to Banjoemas, where we had promised to pass a few days with the Resident, Mr. H—, from whose relatives we had met with much kindness during our short stay in Batavia. On arriving at that place, however, we were disappointed to find that the Resident was absent with his family at the sea-coast, some twenty miles away, and that he had received no intimation of our intended visit. In his absence, however, we were received and entertained in the most hospitable manner by his secretary, of whose kindness and urbanity I shall ever retain a most pleasing recollection.

An uninteresting drive of thirty-eight miles brought us to Kuboومان, a small district in charge of an Assistant-Resident. We were very kindly received by the officer in charge (Mr. Petel), who accompanied



us in the evening to see a review of some Javanese troops belonging to the native chiefs of the neighbourhood, who were practising a variety of evolutions for a public entertainment, to be given by the Assistant-Resident at the close of the Ramzan. Shortly after our arrival on the parade-ground, the Regent of Kubooman made his appearance, mounted upon a bright bay horse, small, but of exceeding strength, the trappings of which were of wrought silver. No sooner was the figure of this important personage distinguished by the crowd of retainers and others assembled on the plain, than the whole living mass sank simultaneously to the ground in token of the respect that was due to his superior rank. The Regent then rode slowly forward to a raised platform that had apparently been erected for the occasion, and having dismounted from his horse, took his seat amongst the party of the Assistant-Resident. No sooner was he seated than a hundred human beings were seen to emerge from the prostrate crowd, and with their hands still resting on their heels, to shuffle themselves along the ground with surprising quickness till they had arrived in front of the platform, when they ranged themselves in a semicircle before the Regent, still taking care not to quit the unbecoming and degrading posture above described. No stranger can have been a week in Java without having had occasion to notice the servile deference that is paid by the Javanese to superior rank. The Chinese evince their respect for rank by removing their hats when a superior passes by; but the Javanese testify their respect for him by assuming the peculiar squatting posture above noticed. All orders are asked and received in this humiliating position, and no servant or other inferior would durst assume any other posture whilst in the presence, or within sight, even, of a superior. The custom is so intimately mixed up with the institutions of the country that it would be a difficult matter, perhaps, to effect its abolition. But we learn from Raffles that during the brief rule of the English the practice was in some measure discontinued. Another custom, and one even yet more degrading, perhaps, is the use by an inferior, when addressing a person of superior rank, of an arbitrary dialect termed, *par excellence*, "Bara Krama," or "the language of honour," the ordinary vernacular tongue, copious as it is, being considered incapable of conveying an adequate idea of the great social gulf that separates the man of rank from his lowly dependent.

Passing through Poorwardjoe, the head-quarters of the Bagelain Residency, we arrived at Magelang, twenty-seven miles farther on, where we made a halt of two days to complete the necessary arrangements for a visit to the ruins of the far-famed Boro-Bodor and Mundoot temples, situated about ten miles from Magelang. Neither history nor tradition supplies us with much information respecting these singular and highly-interesting remains. All that we know regarding them is that they are of Boodhist origin. Of the two ruins, the Boro-Bodor are by far the most extensive, but the figures in the Mundoot are much more perfect than in the former. The latter temple was only discovered about forty years ago by the late Resident of Koodoo, Mr. Hartman. This gentleman at the period referred to had occasion to visit this neighbourhood, when one of his attendants happened accidentally to trip against a piece of stone which was hidden from view by the thick bushes which had sprung up on all sides of it. On exami-

nation, this stone proved to be a piece of sculpture, similar in character to the rude sculpture of the neighbouring Boro-Bodor ruin.

Mr. Hartman, who was a bit of an antiquarian, directed the ground around the spot to be excavated, when his labours were rewarded by the discovery of the Temple of Mundoot. He made drawings of the figures, some of which are in an imperfect state, having been unfortunately destroyed during the work of excavation.

"It seems to be the general opinion," writes Raffles, "that the large temple of Boro-Bodor and several others were sacred to the worship of Boodh. The style and ornament of this temple are found much to resemble those of the great Boodhist temple at Gyah, on the Continent of India. The date of several inscriptions in the ancient Javanese character, found in the central part of Java, is supposed to be in the sixth century of the present Javanese era; and the traditions of the Javanese concerning the arrival of certain enlightened strangers, and an intimate connection betwixt Java and Continental India, refer this intercourse to the sixth and three following centuries. It is probable, therefore, that the whole were constructed about the same period, or within the same century, or, at any rate, between the sixth and the ninth century of the Christian era." At Mundoot we met with an Italian artist, in the employ of the Dutch government, who had already made four hundred drawings of these interesting ruins.

Having examined these interesting ruins, we resumed our journey the next day, *en route* to Samarang, a large town on the sea-coast, and next to Batavia the most important settlement in the island. After passing a few days at that place, it was our intention to return to Batavia by sea, so as to have the opportunity of seeing the coast scenery between those two towns. Our road lay through the Salatiga district, and on reaching the frontier post we were met by the unwelcome news that there were no post-horses to be had, the only available ones being already bespoken for the Resident's own use. Fortunately, this officer happened to be in the immediate neighbourhood, so I sat down and wrote him a few lines, expressing a hope that he might be enabled so to arrange matters as to allow of our continuing our journey so far, at least, as the village of Salatiga. In less than an hour the messenger whom I had dispatched with my note returned, bringing orders from the Resident that the post-horses should be placed at our service. A few hours later I had an opportunity of thanking this gentleman for his considerate kindness in surrendering the horses to us, whereby he had subjected himself, as I subsequently discovered, to a detention of several hours on the road.

Samarang is about thirty miles from Salatiga, a descent nearly the whole way. The heat of this place has not been exaggerated, and it may probably lay claim to being the hottest place in Java. In the time of the old Dutch government, Samarang was a place of great importance, being the place of residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the eastern districts and the members of his Council. These appointments, however, have long since been abolished; the administration of the country under a separate Governor and Council not being found to work well. That the administration should have been impure and inefficient can, however, excite but

little wonder, when we learn that in those days no fixed salaries were given to the officers of government, but in lieu thereof they were allowed certain prerogatives, the burden of which, as a matter of course, fell heavily upon the people subject to their authority.

"How do you find the country?" is generally the leading question which every Dutchman in Java puts to you on your first introduction to him; and then, without waiting to receive your reply, he will proceed to answer his own query by telling you that it is the finest and best governed country in the world, and the climate unrivalled. Without going quite so far as this, I am free to admit that I know of no country more highly favoured by nature than the Island of Java; but under the proverbially inert administration of the Dutch little progress has as yet been made in developing its vast resources. Little more than a fourth of the island has been brought under cultivation, though such is the natural richness of the soil that it scarcely ever needs manure, and year after year the same land is made to yield a double crop. Numberless rivers and streamlets intersect the country, affording abundant means of irrigation to the agriculturist. Several of these are navigable for boats of considerable burden at all times of the year, and many more might, at a trifling cost, be made available for the transport of produce during the wet season, if the government could be induced to incur the expense of removing the banks of mud with which the mouths of many of those streams are at present choked. The cost of the work would soon be repaid to the State in the large addition it would derive to its revenue from the magnificent teak and other timbers that are now rotting in the central forests in the island.

Most of the roads are impassable during more than half the year, and the only ones that are not so are the government post-roads, but these are not available to the agriculturist for the transport of his produce. It is difficult to understand upon what ground of expediency these highways are closed to the growers of produce. I have been told it is owing to the rude construction of the native cart, the wheels of which being only one inch thick would be sure to cut up the road wherever they might pass. But if this be the only ground of objection, an easy remedy for the evil might surely be found in the substitution on these roads of a cart of a different and less objectionable construction; and it is only reasonable to suppose that the planters and others possessing an interest in the agricultural prosperity of the country would gladly accede to such an arrangement in order to secure increased facilities for sending their produce to market.

Had this island remained a British possession, as it would had Sir Stamford Raffles's advice been followed, matters would have been very different from what they now are. The silly, vexatious passport system would have ceased to exist; travelling would have been made available to every class; English capital and English enterprise would have destroyed all monopolies; and private competition would long since have lowered the expense of posting to such a rate as to enable persons of moderate means to indulge in it. As matters now stand, however, the rates are so high as to put it out of the power of all, save those who are in independent circumstances, to see anything of this most interesting country.

It is strange the government does not see that the whole system is rotten, and that the circumstance of the State being obliged to pay the innkeeper instead of the latter paying the State is a conclusive proof that monopolies do not answer. I cannot but think if government were to reduce the present posting charge one-half, to abolish the passport system, to throw open all the post-roads, under certain conditions, to the growers of produce, and to give some encouragement to private enterprise, that travellers would greatly multiply, that the accommodation and table arrangements at the hotels in the interior would speedily improve, and that the government exchequer would benefit very considerably by the change of system.

In Java the proprietary right in the soil is invested exclusively in the governing power. This principle appears to have been fully recognised and acted upon in all ages and on all occasions. The notion, therefore, of a right in the soil independent of that of the sovereign has never been entertained by a native of Java; nor could he be made to understand, perhaps, the possibility of such a right co-existing along with the proprietary right of the ruling power.

A family or an individual may have reclaimed a tract of waste land, and by hard industry may have rendered it a means of subsistence or a source of profit; the same land may have remained for generations in the occupancy of their descendants; yet, by no law or custom of the country could the occupants of such lands be held to have acquired a proprietary right to them, such right being vested, as I have said, in the sovereign alone.

The Dutch government has always been very tenacious of this right, and nothing would induce it, I believe, to alienate its right in the soil or any of the privileges connected with it. During the brief administration of the British, private individuals were permitted, nay, encouraged, to purchase land, and several sales were made accordingly; and when the island was again transferred to the Dutch it was stipulated that these sales were not to be disturbed.

Government can claim the services of every native male adult for one day in each week. This feudal right is often exercised, I was told, with an inconsiderate rigour, and not unfrequently it presses with extreme severity upon the people. For example: a certain road, fort, or other public work needs repair; the requisite number of labourers are collected and sent to the spot by the district officers, but no allowance is ever made for the distance the workman may have to travel to the scene of his labours. In rendering this one day's service, therefore, it often happens that a labourer loses two or three days in the week. Under the old Dutch government, the system of taxation was very arbitrary and oppressive. The most singular tax of that period was the one that was levied on the queues of its Chinese subjects. The amount of the tax was regulated by the length of the tail, but at what rate the ell, I was unable to learn. Under the present government the taxes are not generally burdensome. The heaviest of all is the one on the transfer of property, being 6 per cent. on the sale price of the property sold or otherwise transferred. It has been calculated that from this tax alone in Batavia the government realises every twentieth year a sum that is equal to the value of the whole house property in that city.

But though the taxes are not so heavy now as they were during the earlier days of the Dutch occupation, the system of administration has undergone but little change in other respects. A monopoly of the trade of the country, the exaction of *forced labour* from the inhabitants, and a grasping and despotic rule, still constitute the leading features of the Dutch colonial administration. It being the avowed policy of Holland to keep its Asiatic subjects in the same state of ignorance as that in which it originally found them, it has never made any real effort to improve their moral condition by imparting to them the benefits of knowledge. In the belief of the ignorant population the government of the country is still administered by the native chiefs, who, as we have already explained, hold, as a rule, the principal appointments in the different districts of the island, and are far more liberally paid than the European officials, by whom they are treated with the utmost deference, whilst these are the real executive by whose instrumentality the whole business of the country is carried on. In these days of almost universal progress, no government conducted on such principles as these can ever be deemed secure; and the movement still going on in Sumatra against the Dutch may possibly have some indirect effect upon the servile Javanese.

In the abundance and variety of its vegetable productions, few countries in the world can compete with Java. Rice, of which there are about a hundred varieties, is the grand staple. These belong severally to one or other of the two great classes called "Sawah" and "Tagal," the former being the irrigated lands, the latter the unirrigated. The rices of the former are transplanted, but not those of the latter. The Sawah lands, besides their annual crop of rice, produce a crop of cucumber or beans; and with the Tagal rice it is usual to raise a variety of vegetables, and sometimes a crop of cotton. The rices of both classes are eaten as soon as they are cut. The other chief products are Indian corn, coffee, pepper, indigo, sugar, tea, wheat, potatoes, yams, and other tuberous roots, together with a variety of oil plants. Amongst the indigenous fruits are the mango, of which there are about thirty different sorts, the mangustin, the durian, the jack, the bread-fruit, the guava, the plantain, the custard-apple, the pine-apple, the pomegranate, the orange, lemon, pumpkin, pumple moose, and many others. And in the more elevated parts of the island the fruits of Europe, which are being gradually introduced, have been found to attain the highest perfection—particularly the strawberry, the plum, the peach, and the apple.

The Javanese profess the Mohammedan creed, but that they were formerly Hindoos (whether followers of Boodh or Brahma, or of both, is not so clear) is proved by evidence that must be held to be conclusive. Independent of the testimony furnished by their own language, which abounds with Sanscrit words, we have the clearest evidence of their Hindoo origin in the traditions which still exist respecting their ancient faith in many of their religious observances at this day, in the numerous temples and idols peculiar to the worship of Boodh and Brahma which are scattered over various parts of the island, and in the fact of there being still amongst the wild and little-frequented range of hills called the "Teyugar Mountains," a class of people known under the name of "Bedui," who still continue to follow the doctrines of the Hindoo mythology.

We arrived at Batavia just in time to take advantage of the Dutch mail-boat, then on the eve of departing on its fortnightly trip to Singapore to bring over the mails and passengers to Java, which were expected to reach the former port in the ensuing week from Europe. Having secured our berths accordingly in the mail-boat Batavia, we left the roads on the following day with a fair wind and fine weather, and before evening we were abreast of, and within a quarter of a mile of, the North Watch, a small island and well-known landmark, situated about sixty miles from Batavia.

The captain had gone below to take his *siesta*, and the ship's crew and passengers had done the same, when the repose of the steamer was suddenly disturbed by a rude shock which was imparted to the starboard side of the vessel; the steamer at the same moment toppled heavily to larboard, and there she lay, with her starboard paddle-box clean out of the water, and every now and then scraping her keel against a hard substance, which I was not long in discovering was a coral reef. For several minutes the whole ship was in a state of complete consternation; the captain ran backwards and forwards, and seemed scarcely to credit the astounding fact that we had struck upon a rock.

Matters, however, happily did not turn out so serious as might have been anticipated. The vessel, after making a few more scrapes, was safely backed out of its awkward position, and in a very few minutes we had given the North Watch a pretty considerably wide berth.

On the evening of the fourth day after leaving Batavia, we anchored once more at Singapore, after an absence from it of two months, during which, in our brief and hurried visit to Java we had been introduced to scenes and objects in nature and art which, in spite of the inconveniences and privations incidental to travelling in a rude and little-frequented country, we can never recall without a feeling of interest and delight.

C. W. K.

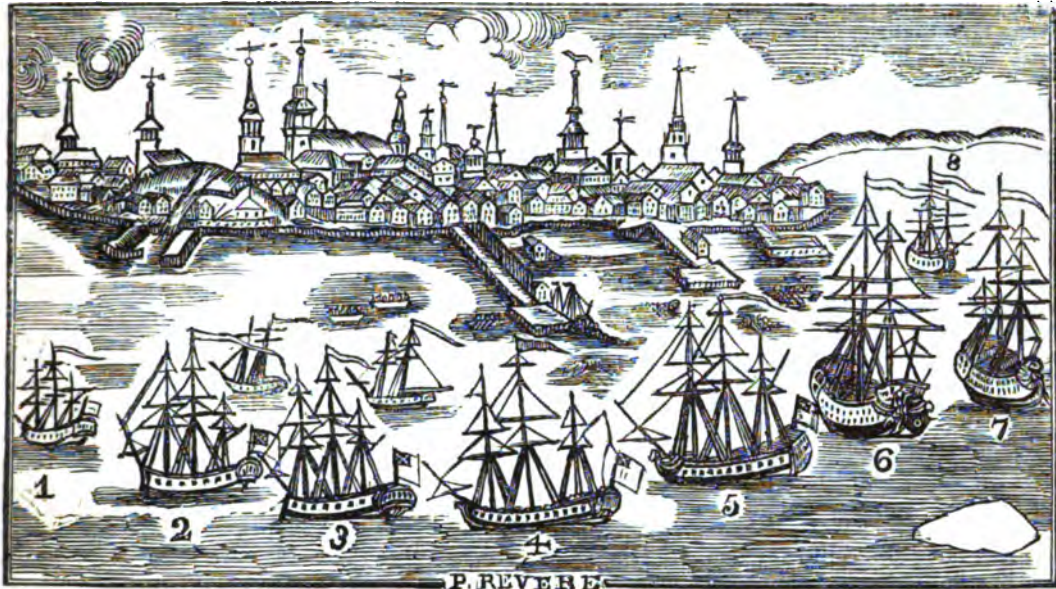
## AMERICAN CARICATURES.

### I.

THE Pilgrim Fathers, when they sailed from England to find new homes in the distant West, carried with them one thing at least which was not set down in "the manifest" of the Mayflower. Stout Miles Standish, we may believe, had no small quantity of it concealed beneath his doublet, and many of his companions were doubtless equally well provided, albeit their grave faces and decorous language gave no token of its possession. This was humour, which in after-times Judge Halliburton was to make us familiar with, and, still later, was to reappear under new conditions in the writings of Mark Twain and Artemus Ward. The germs which were carried over in the Mayflower survived amid all the terrors and hardships of the new colony in bleak Massachusetts. It was an unmistakable gleam of humour which prompted Captain Standish to mount his only cannon in the tower of Plymouth Church for the defence of the infant settlement against hostile Indians, and, as Longfellow tells us, to send conviction "right into the hearts of the heathen." Rarely have the canons of the Church been more respected. Even the peace-loving Friends who



settled along the banks of the Delaware, could at least appreciate humour if they seldom indulged in it, as when Benjamin Franklin, with his shrewd wit finding expression. Readers of Franklin's autobiography will call to mind the description given by him of the state of society, both in his native city of



BOSTON IN 1708.

and homely wisdom, came from Boston to settle among them, and the quaint utterances of Poor Richard found an eager and appreciative audience among the "drab men" of Pennsylvania.

Boston and in Philadelphia, when in the year 1760 he visited the latter in search of employment as a printer. Material prosperity was abundantly visible, but in the whole city, he tells us, there were but two



CELEBRATION OF THE SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

The condition of the English colonies in America for many years after their foundation was such as to preclude the possibility of the humour of the people

printing-presses, and those but indifferently supplied with work. Boston, it is true, was somewhat better provided, as two newspapers were published there,



but neither in Massachusetts nor in Pennsylvania was much encouragement afforded the colonial printers. Without the aid of the printer, humour, under its pictorial form of caricature and burlesque, could of course find no expression, and it is not until the year 1765 that the first rude attempt of the caricaturist is to be met with. In order to understand more completely the spirit of the early American caricatures, it will be necessary to enter somewhat fully into the different events with which they were connected. Early in 1765, Parliament had imposed a tax upon the colonists under the form of a Stamp Act, which was most distasteful to those upon whom it fell. Newspapers were among the list of articles to be taxed. On the 31st of October, the day before the Act came into operation, the "Pennsylvania Journal" appeared with a rudely-drawn heading, representing the top of a tombstone, appended to which was a notice from the publisher, William Bradford, announcing the demise of his paper as one of the victims of the obnoxious Act. The design bore skulls and crossbones, and other emblems of mortality, while various legends expressed the dismal forebodings which prevailed relative to the effects of the new measure. The publisher tells his readers that, being unable to bear the burden of the Stamp Act, he is obliged to suspend the issue of his paper, but he hopes to continue its publication at some future time, and meanwhile appeals to subscribers who are in arrears to discharge their liabilities, that he may be enabled to support himself during the interval. The execution of the caricature is exceedingly rough, but it is curious as being the first attempt of the kind ever made in what are now the United States.

The Stamp Act did not remain very long in force. The opposition it met with in the colonies, together with the efforts of London merchants, who found their trade with the colonies seriously impaired, and the representations of Franklin before the parliamentary committee, soon brought about its repeal. The joyful news reached Boston in May, 1766, and was made the occasion of public rejoicings on the part of the citizens. A wooden obelisk was erected to commemorate the event, on the sides of which were depicted various figures typical of the cause of its erection. One of these groups has been preserved in a drawing by Paul Revere.



America, represented by a female, is lying in a

distressed condition beneath the branching limbs of Liberty tree, and suspended in the air immediately above her is the mythological goddess of freedom. Of the four men who are contemplating, with evident satisfaction, the prostrate figure, an Englishman and a Scotchman represent Great Britain, in the persons of Granville and Lord Bute, the two foremost members of the British ministry.

The Indian relates to the savage allies whom the authorities had enlisted, and the monk is typical of religious intolerance, a danger which the colonists seemed to think was impending. Over the group flutters a malignant spirit, holding in his hand a roll on which is inscribed the now obsolete Stamp Act.

Paul Revere, the artist to whom we are indebted for the preservation of this design, was famous not only as being one of the earliest of the American engravers, but also for the part he took in the revolutionary war. Revere was of French origin, and was born in Boston in January, 1730. He was brought up to his father's trade—that of a goldsmith, but while quite young taught himself the art of engraving on copper. His performances with the graver are exceedingly crude, and without the least pretensions to artistic merit; but such of them as have been preserved are interesting, because they illustrate some of the chief events in the history of the times. The fracas which took place in Boston between some citizens and a party of soldiers, in which several persons were killed, obtaining thereby the grandiloquent title of "the Boston Massacre," supplied the subject of one of Revere's most famous engravings. In the French war of 1756, which culminated in the overthrow of the French power in America, Revere served as a lieutenant in the colonial artillery. At the close of the war he returned to Boston, and soon made himself conspicuous by his hostility to the British authorities. He was one of the chief actors in the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbour, and was afterwards chosen as one of the two messengers sent to warn the people of Concord of the expedition planned by General Gage to destroy the military stores collected there. Longfellow, in one of the poems comprising his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," has commemorated Revere's ride:—

"So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm."

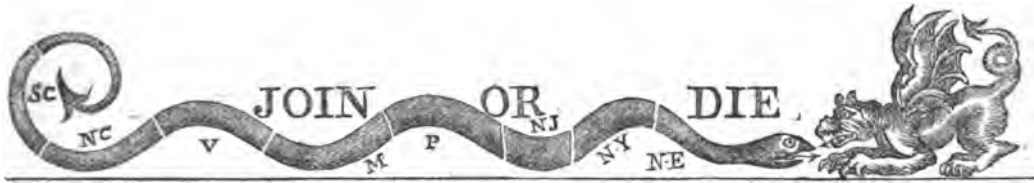
Revere's campaign against the French seems to have given him a taste for soldiering, and on the breaking out of the Revolution he again took service, receiving the commission of a lieutenant-colonel. Much of his time during the war, however, was employed in manufacturing gunpowder for the colonial forces. At the conclusion of hostilities he engaged in casting cannons and church bells, instruments of widely different character, in which occupation he accumulated a considerable fortune. He died in 1818, and has enjoyed the posthumous honour of having one of the largest hotels in Boston named after him.

The picture on the preceding page is a fac-simile of another of Paul Revere's engravings, which originally appeared in Edes and Gill's "North American Almanack and Massachusetts Register" for 1770. It is described as a "Prospective view of the town of Boston, the capital of New England,

and of the landing of troops in the year 1768, in consequence of letters from Governor Bernard, the Commissioners, etc., to the British Ministry."

The extraordinary number of church-steeple visible in Boston is not due to the artist's imagination, but in all probability represents the actual

headed by a roughly-executed caricature indicative of the general feeling with which the public regarded the convention. The colonies were represented by a rattlesnake, but in disconnected sections, as they had hitherto been, by the petty rivalries which had grown up between them. The letters indi-



APPEAL FOR UNION.

number of churches with steeples then existing in the city. There were at the time 18 places of worship—the artist shows 13; but of the whole number, several were meeting-houses of the Friends, and therefore had no steeples. The names of the British ships are as follows:—(1) Beaver, 14 guns; (2) Senegal, 14 guns; (3) Martin, 10 guns; (4) Glasgow, 20 guns; (5) Mermaid, 28 guns; (6) Romney, 50 guns; (7) Launceston, 40 guns; (8) Bonetta, 10 guns. Mr. Drake, the historian of Boston, suggests that these were not all the vessels, but only as many as Revere could find room for in his picture. The rest, however, were probably store-ships and transports.

The Stamp Act was largely instrumental in effecting a union of the various colonies. For the first time the importance of united action presented itself, as it became clear that the efforts of each colony to obtain the repeal of the Act would be futile unless all should act in concert. Massachusetts had become the chief theatre of the contest between the real or pretended rights of the colonies and the authority of the Home Government. A garrison of four regiments of British troops had been quartered in Boston for the evident purpose of overawing the citizens into submission. Massachusetts had boldly assumed the leadership in resisting what its citizens conceived to be the unlawful aggressions of the British Parliament, and it became important to learn how much reliance might be placed upon the support of the other colonies. Promises of assistance were freely given by the leaders of the patriotic party, and henceforth "united action" became the watchword. The importance of unity became still more strongly manifested as time went on, and new causes of discontent presented themselves. More troops had been concentrated around Boston, the civil power had been suspended, and General Gage appointed military governor of the colony. But on the 17th of June, 1774, the Massachusetts House of Representatives, with doors closed against the possible admission of the governor or his emissaries, passed a resolution approving of a meeting of committees from the several colonies at Philadelphia on the 1st of September following. The purpose of the convention was, to quote the words of the resolution, "to consult upon wise and proper measures to be recommended to all the colonies for the recovery and establishment of their just rights and liberties, and the restoration of union and harmony between the two countries, most ardently desired by all good men." The day on which the continental delegates met in Philadelphia, the "Massachusetts Spy," a Boston journal, appeared,

cate the position of the colonies in the order in which they occur in the map—New England at one extremity and South Carolina at the other; New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina intervening. The formidable monster on the right, who is preparing to make a vigorous attack upon the snake, is supposed to represent the aggressive policy pursued by the British authorities. The name of the artist who drew this design has not been preserved, but it is not unlikely to have been Revere, or possibly Nathaniel Hurd, a contemporary artist, who died in Boston in 1777.

The work of the convention went on most harmoniously, and we find Mr. John Adams, one of the delegates from Massachusetts and afterwards President of the United States, making an entry in his diary, under the date of the 17th September:—"This day convinced me that America will support Massachusetts or perish with her." Boston, groaning under a military dictatorship, was to be encouraged to persevere until the united efforts of the colonies should bring about a change in the policy of Great Britain.

The "solid men" of Massachusetts, encouraged by the result of the Philadelphia convention, were now ready to push things to a crisis, and the action of General Gage soon furnished them with an opportunity. Skirmishes at Lexington and Concord had taken place early in 1775 between the colonists and the troops, and civil war appeared to be inevitable. The excitement throughout the colonies was approaching its culminating point. In April, 1775, one



VIRTUAL REPRESENTATION.

of the best of the early American caricatures was

published in Boston, entitled "Virtual Representation," which very cleverly represents the state of affairs at that time.

Figure 1 is intended for King George III, who is attempting by forcible means to coerce two American colonists, figures 5 and 6, into the payment of the taxes which figure 4, personifying the British House of Commons, has assumed the right to levy. Figure 7 represents Britannia, blind to her own danger, falling into the pit which she has permitted to be dug for the Americans. The figures 2 and 3 on the left represent King Louis XVI and the Catholic priesthood, and relate to the efforts which were then being made in Canada by the British governor to enlist the sympathy and support of the French-Canadian population. In the background, numbers 8 and 9 represent Boston in flames and Quebec triumphant, one of the possible consequences of British success. It is executed with a very fair amount of artistic ability, but is deficient in the vigorous humour which characterised the designs of Revere. The artist, whoever he was, took care to preserve his incognito, for which he doubtless had excellent reasons. The military governor exercised almost despotic power, and an offence of this kind was not likely to escape notice. The Bostonians themselves were not quite unanimous in their opinions, and the Tories—for such the adherents of the British were termed—were quite ready, when chance offered, to denounce over-zealous patriots.

The spirit of resistance was now fully roused, and within two months after the appearance of this caricature the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought just outside Boston. The Congress at Philadelphia, to again quote the words of Mr. Adams, "made choice of the modest and virtuous, the amiable, generous, and brave George Washington, Esq., to be general of the American army." The war between England and her rebellious colonies began in earnest, and on the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed by the colonial delegates assembled in the old State House in Philadelphia.

While the war lasted, the colonists found themselves with too much serious business on hand to afford time for amusement. Jest was turned to earnest, and those who might otherwise have been cultivating the arts, found themselves involved in the horrid vicissitudes of civil strife. For a considerable period the three chief cities—Boston, New York, and Philadelphia—were occupied by the British forces. Martial law prevailed, and if efforts were hazarded to give expression to the feelings of the people, they were no doubt quickly suppressed. The difficulties in the way of the caricaturist did not, however, apply in equal degree to literary effusions, as the songs of Philip Freneau, written about this time, abundantly testify. It is probable that many of Freneau's most popular revolutionary ballads and satirical pieces existed only in manuscript, or were even committed to memory by the singers, and were thus preserved, to be afterwards collected and printed. If, however, the colonists had no opportunity to caricature their opponents, there were plenty of interested spectators on this side of the Atlantic to supply the deficiency. The Dutch had not forgotten the loss of their settlements on Manhattan Island and along the banks of the Hudson. There were ties of kinship existing between many of the Knickerbocker families of New Amsterdam and the people of Holland, besides which the embarrassments caused

to the maritime trade of England by American cruisers might be turned to profitable advantage by the merchants of the Hague. These causes combined to make Holland view the struggle between England and her colonies with satisfaction. The feelings which prevailed found expression in a number of caricatures, which both illustrate the events of the conflict and reflect the spirit with which it was regarded.

The engraving on page 633 is copied from a print in the British Museum—one of the series issued in Holland at about the time when the fortune of war seemed to have turned in favour of the Americans. The date of publication is not given, but as one part of the composition relates to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, which took place on the 19th of October, 1781, the print must have appeared some time after that date, probably on receipt of the news from America. The picture we have selected is the second of a pair, both nearly relating to the same subjects. In the first, the British cow is being milked by a Dutchman, while a Frenchman and a Spaniard stand close by, each with a bowl of milk, and an American colonist is engaged in sawing off the cow's horns, with which she might have protected herself. The British lion quietly sleeps in the foreground, and near him an Englishman wrings his hands at the manner in which the cow is being treated. A town marked Philadelphia is represented in the distance, and an English ship, typical of commerce, is stranded on the beach. In the second picture here given, the cow, bereft of its horns, lean and wretched-looking, has been milked dry by the Dutchman, whose satisfaction appears to be shared by the Frenchman and Spaniard, each of whom is well provided with milk. The lion, an undignified and decidedly mongrel brute, is bellowing with rage, and an English merchant on his knees bewails the loss of his bank-notes, which have been eaten up by the Hanoverian rats. On the other side of the water, Lord Cornwallis and his companions are seen meekly surrendering to Young America, who it will be observed has already assumed that attitude of easy self-assurance which has since become a family trait. He does not seem to "scare worth a cent" at the presence of Justice, who, with sword and scales, stands at his right, nor at his left-hand support, "grim-visaged War." The fleet sent by France to co-operate against her hereditary foe, is seen in the offing, bearing the flag of the ancient *régime*—a flag which was destined soon afterwards to be rent in fragments by a far more terrible revolution than that which it had just helped to accomplish. The British vessel represented in the first picture has become a total wreck, a hazardous prediction into which the Dutch artist was betrayed, no doubt, by his patriotic aspirations, but which history has yet failed to verify. Without intending it, perhaps, he has paid us a compliment by showing the British colours still fluttering a proud defiance over the stern of the wreck.

#### THE NEW GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

LONDON has been compared to a forest, with its dense growth above, and its inextricable tangle of roots, ever thrusting down deeper and deeper into the soil beneath. It has been compared to a vast and complicated machine, ever whirling and

thundering on with irresistible might and a merciless regularity of motion, beneath which, hour by hour, human lives are crushed out and quivering hearts are broken. It is like a human body, with its strangely-complicated organism and its multifarious needs. It takes food and drink; it has its hours of rest, its times of mirth and festivity, and its seasons of sorrow and despondency. Who that has stood for a moment and peeped down into one of those mysterious little channels sometimes revealed beneath the pavement in the street, full of the insulated wires of the telegraph, has not thought of them as nerves permeating this huge metropolis, and making of it one great sensitive mass—one great body, throbbing with life and nervous sensibility?

The centre of the nervous system is the brain, and yet they tell us that this organ, to which all sensations are conveyed, and from which all volition emanates, is itself a body without feeling, or nearly so. And so one thinks is the telegraphic brain of London, the central-point of that intricate tissue of wires stretching through the air, underlying our feet, and creeping about our office walls. Here it is, a vast space into which, day and night, the whole civilised world is continually flashing brief, piercing sentences, and from which they are continually being sent forth again—tidings of births and deaths, of accidents and sickness, of floods and fires, of wreck and ruin—tidings that make brains reel, and hearts sick, or send the blood through the veins, bounding and tingling with delight. Yet here they are, these telegraphic operators—a busy hive of workers, nearly a thousand of them all in one room—some of them chatting, some taking their tea; the majority transmitting or receiving messages, and all of them apparently as placid and undisturbed by the sensational spasms that they themselves are there to receive and communicate as though they were engaged in spinning cotton or plaiting straws.

We are a little out of order, however, in getting up to this floor by the telegraph wires. It would never do for the authorities to permit any stranger who chanced to see an opening in the pavement to take advantage of it for the purpose of transporting himself to their "instrument galleries" as we have done. We will withdraw, therefore, and present ourselves at the entrance to the new building in St. Martin's-le-Grand, where a magnificent officer, all gorgeous in scarlet and gold, graciously condescends, on behalf of her Majesty Queen Victoria, to examine our credentials, and out of the plenitude of his knowledge to give us such directions as our benighted ignorance seems to him to require. It is a huge building. The department of the premises we have come to see lies right on the top, and we may as well perhaps beguile the tedium of getting upstairs by discussing a few facts and figures.

One moment, however—just a peep down into a mysterious chamber beneath the entrance-hall. This is really the heart of the whole system, the fountain of its life-blood, without which its network of wires, its complicated mechanism, and, in short, the whole of the vast organism would be a dead body, perfect in all its parts—all but the life that gives to those parts their use and their meaning. This is the "battery-room," where they generate the electric currents for which all the wires are so many pathways, and all the instruments in the rooms we are about to visit but so many contrivances for directing and controlling. It extends right across the base-

ment, a silent and rather gloomy-looking chamber, fitted up with tiers of shelves, on which the "Daniel" batteries—merely small earthenware jars, containing acids and slips of metal—are ranged. There are 24,000 of these small jars, or "cells," as they are termed, and the shelves on which they stand are nearly three miles in length. The rooms would afford accommodation for nearly 40,000 "cells."

Now for our four or five flights of stairs, and our facts and figures about the building.

The new General Post-Office is a handsome Portland stone structure covering about an acre of ground, and containing altogether some two hundred rooms. In its original design it was to have been merely an addition to the post-office on the opposite side of the way. Upon the purchase of the telegraphs by the Government, however, arrangements were greatly modified. The letter-carrying branch of the service is still carried on in the old quarters opposite, and the new building is chiefly devoted to the telegraphic department, and to the various offices connected with all branches of the service. Passing in from the entrance-hall, we find ourselves in a spacious corridor extending all round the building, and communicating with similar corridors on the floors above by a noble staircase at each end of the pile. On our left hand are the different offices; on the right are windows looking into a small open quadrangle, in the centre of which is a chimney-stack towering up to the height of a hundred and thirty feet. This is pronounced by competent judges to be one of the finest specimens of its kind in London; though to the uninitiated it must be confessed it looks as much like all other chimneys of its size as one grenadier guard looks like another. Down in this quadrangle there are two steam-engines, designed chiefly for pumping water from an artesian well, which is at present unfinished, though it has already reached a depth of four hundred feet. This well is intended to supply hydrants for the extinction of fire all over the building, as well as to meet the requirements of the establishment in all other ways, including the supply of four large boilers beneath the engines. In connection with the furnaces under these boilers, there is one very interesting feature. The boilers, it should be observed, are very large ones, as they supply the motive power to these two engines, and to three other magnificent engines of fifty nominal horse-power each—the use of which we shall presently see—in a corresponding quadrangle at the other end of the building, and they require, of course, a very considerable quantity of coal. Without special arrangements, the supply would not only be attended with a deal of noise, but that huge chimney-shaft we have noticed would be for ever pouring out dense volumes of smoke. To avoid both these evils, "mechanical stokers" have been adapted to the mouths of the furnaces. The loads of coal are shot from the street into bunkers underneath the building, and from these receptacles it is forced along a large tube by means of a screw, and so brought to the furnace mouths, where the mechanical firemen take it in hand, and so nicely adjust the supply to the requirements of the fire that scarcely any of it is allowed to escape in the wasteful form of smoke.

And all this time we are laboriously climbing a broad stone staircase, winding by short flights round a central well, over which is a lantern, designed at once to afford a light to the staircase and thorough ventilation to one-half the entire building. We are



laboriously climbing this staircase, whereas if we had only been small enough we might have popped into one of the iron tubes to be seen here and there about the corridors, and have shot up like a pea in a pea-shooter, or, more correctly perhaps, might have been sucked up just as water is sucked into a water squirt.

The pneumatic dispatch service, of which these tubes form a part, is a very interesting and ingenious system of leaden tubes with iron casings, along which written messages—the actual papers on which messages are written, that is to say—are blown from point to point by compressed air, or are sucked along by the creation of a vacuum in front of them. This curious system of underground railways comprises some twenty miles of pipes, radiating from the instrument galleries here to eighteen or twenty important telegraph stations in London, besides affording a ready means of transmission between different parts of the building below. By way of an illustration of its working, suppose a telegram is handed in at the public office on the ground floor here for transmission to Birmingham. It is at once folded up, tucked into “a carrier”—a small guttapercha case covered with felt—and by a simple piece of mechanism placed inside a tube about an inch and a half in diameter, running up to a central table in the galleries at the top of the house. At the same instant a telegraphic signal is sent to an attendant at the other end of the tube, who “puts on the vacuum,” that is to say, adjusts the apparatus so as to exhaust the air from the pipe, and up darts the carrier with its message, and the next moment comes with a thud into the end of the pipe hanging over the table in the middle of the room. It is, however, still some distance from that part of the room from which messages are transmitted to Birmingham, and if, as fast as telegrams were shot on to this table, messengers were sent to distribute them about, this floor would be the scene of a good deal of confusion. To obviate this the tubes are again called into requisition. From this table in the centre—to which by means of the large engines all carriers are sucked by exhaustion, and from which they are all blown by compressed air—pneumatic pipes extend in various directions underneath the floor. Our carrier is promptly taken out of one tube and popped into another, gives one dive under the flooring of the room and emerges near the instrument by which its burden will be telegraphed to Birmingham. Similarly a telegraphic message received from Birmingham for delivery, say to the west end of London, as soon as committed to paper would be sucked to the central table, transferred to another tube, and blown away to Charing Cross, burrowing its way along underneath the street pavements, with their busy crowds, of whom but one in ten thousand is aware that while electric signals are flashing with the speed of lightning over their heads these odd little budgets of news are darting about immediately beneath their feet. These outside tubes are somewhat larger than those inside the building, having a diameter of from two and a quarter to three inches.

Till very lately the distances over which these messengers could fetch or carry had been practically very limited, the speed becoming greatly reduced as the journey was protracted. In London the longest existing tube is that between St. Martin's-le-Grand and Charing Cross, a distance of just about a mile and a half, and which the carriers traverse in four

minutes. This has hitherto been regarded as about the greatest distance to which the system is applicable with any advantage. Recently, however, a very ingenious method has been devised for giving a fresh impetus to the carrier at certain points along the tube, and by this means direct pneumatic communication has, we believe, lately been established between Paris and Versailles, a distance of about twelve miles. There would now indeed be no practical difficulty in constructing a line of the kind twelve times twelve miles long. It is, however, enormously expensive, and for communication between points at more than a certain distance apart would be altogether at a disadvantage as compared with the telegraph. The system is therefore not likely ever to become more than a very humble auxiliary to the telegraph except under very special circumstances, such as those existing in the case of Paris and Versailles, where the transmission of actual documents is often a desideratum, and the cost quite a secondary matter.

One great advantage in the employment of these curious telegraph messengers, is that they are all but absolutely reliable. There is no loitering on the way; no losing of messages. It does happen occasionally, however, on some systems, that a carrier sticks fast in the pipe. This is a very troublesome matter when it does occur. It involves the opening of the pipe, and, what is far more difficult, the previous determination of the precise spot where the delinquent is fixed. Several methods of doing this have been devised. One is especially ingenious. A delicate elastic skin is stretched over the end of the tube in which the stoppage has occurred in such a manner that any motion of the air within the tube will cause a slight vibration of the skin at the end of it. A pistol is now fired near this delicate membrane, and the explosion causes a great wave of air to roll along inside the tube until it strikes the defaulting carrier, is reflected back, and produces a tremulous motion in the skin. Now it is very clearly established that a sound—or a motion in the air, which is the cause of sound—travels at the rate of 1,142 ft. in a second, so that by carefully noting the number of seconds elapsing between the report of the pistol and the return of the wave, the distance of the obstruction in the pipe is easily calculated. Thus, if the sound has taken ten seconds to go and return, it must have taken five seconds in reaching the carrier, and in each of those five seconds it will have travelled 1,142 ft., or a total distance of 5,710 ft., and at that distance along the pipe the truant messenger will certainly be found. It is, in fact, on precisely the same principle as that by which we calculate the distance of a mountain by the echo it sends back, or the distance of a lightning discharge by the interval between the flash and the thunder. This, we believe, is the method adopted on the French line, to which reference has been made, and on some others. The pneumatic system, centring in St. Martin's-le-Grand, however, has been singularly fortunate in this respect, and during the whole time it has been in operation has never had a single stoppage of the kind. This is attributed to the fact that the tubes are lined with lead instead of being wholly of iron, as in some other cases.

The pneumatic dispatch, however, is after all but the servant of the telegraphic system of the country, of which the room we have now reached is the centre.

It is rather a bewildering place for a stranger to

find himself in. Imagine a floor which would require about a mile and a quarter of carpet a yard wide to cover it, and on which there is nearly a mile of tables, bristling with complicated instruments, some of them sending messages, some receiving messages, and some doing both at once. This "duplex telegraphy" is now an accomplished fact, and is regularly carried on in this room—a message being sent simultaneously from both ends of a single wire. It is reported that on the Madras railway telegraph even this has been surpassed, and a system of *quadruplex* telegraphy has been devised, two messages being sent in the same direction from each end of a line eighty miles long, and that the extension of the system to lines of greater length is simply a question of additional condensers and battery power. Our readers may perhaps be disposed to think that one message at a time is quite enough for the comprehension of ordinary mortals—even if the writer does not—and we will therefore turn our attention more particularly to the achievements of the most advanced of the single-message instruments. There is one just near the door by which we have entered. This is a "Wheatstone Automatic," and as we come up to it is merrily chatting with some distant part of the country at the rate of 120 words a minute, or as fast as a tolerably rapid lecturer will speak. It must be explained, however, that it cannot do this without assistance. The messages have to be previously prepared, and it will perhaps be better for us first to witness this preparation. We move on, therefore, to a neighbouring instrument, a prominent feature of which is a key-board, very similar to that of an organ or piano, but with only three or four keys in it. At this key-board the operator is sitting, with the message to be transmitted supported in front of him, just as his music would be at the piano, and he is rattling off—*not "leider ohne worte,"* not songs without words, but words without songs—at the rate of some thirty or forty words a minute. He is not actually telegraphing, but he is punching holes by pneumatic pressure in a strip of paper half an inch wide, and apparently endless. Here is the representation of a bit of it when it leaves his instrument.

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In this strip dot dot dot dot means *h*; dash dash dash means *o*; dot dash dash means *w*, and so on throughout "How do you do?" a practised operator of course reading off these dots and dashes with the greatest ease and rapidity.

It is rather a formidable-looking instrument—this "Wheatstone Automatic"—for a novice to attempt to understand in detail, and any description of it would be quite beyond our space, and perhaps would not be very intelligible. The principle of it, however, is very simple, and may easily be comprehended.

The electricity, as we have seen, is generated in those earthenware "cells." From these, two wires extend, one leading down into the earth here in London, and the other running right away and connecting with the earth at Newcastle. These wires and the earth form what is called a "circuit"—a pathway round which the electric current can freely circulate, and around which it *will* freely circulate unless interrupted. Along this road, however, are two turnpike-gates—the transmitting instrument here in London, and the receiving instrument in Newcastle. The first is merely an apparatus for breaking up the current into little pieces, so to speak—for breaking it into dots and dashes; and the second is an apparatus for making these little dots and dashes represent themselves on paper. If the "transmitter" that we have just been looking at be set working without a strip of paper, the electric current will flow through continuously. If a strip of paper without holes in it be passed through, the current will be entirely broken off; but if a perforated strip be passed through, the holes will form so many little vents through which the current will escape in sections, and will of course reach Newcastle in sections precisely corresponding.

There are a great many different kinds of instruments at work here, and amongst them is one which sends these dots and dashes direct from the operator's hand without any previous perforating, the making and breaking of the circuit which, in the one we

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The sentence that has been placed before him is, "How do you do?" and the black dots represent the holes that he has punched in the paper by merely tapping on his key-board. The first eight large holes stand for *h*; the next group of six represent *o*; the third group, also comprising six holes, is *w*, and so on. This punching, it will be seen, is a mere mechanical operation, quite independent of telegraph wires, and having nothing to do with electricity. It merely puts the message in proper form for the telegraphic instrument—the "transmitter"—which we noticed just now, and to which we now return, carrying our sentence with us. One end of our perforated strip is inserted in the instrument, and—*wh-r-r*—it is gone to Newcastle almost before we could have uttered the four words. At Newcastle a "Wheatstone automatic receiver" has spun off a similar slip of paper, but instead of holes there will be dots and dashes, in groups, thus:

have noticed, is performed by the paper and the holes being here accomplished by the operator simply tapping a button. This instrument, without any previous preparation of the telegram, will send, perhaps, thirty words a minute, so that in the same time four operators could send 120 words. By the first instrument it would also take three or four operators to send 120 words a minute, two or three to punch out the sentences, and one to transmit them. Notwithstanding this, there is an advantage in the instrument first noticed, because, although three or four persons would be required to keep up a speed of 120 words, only *one* wire would be requisite, while in this case it would take two wires, as well as two operators. This of course is a very important consideration, though as "duplex" and "quadruplex" systems of telegraphy become developed the cost of a line of wire will obviously become less in proportion to the work that can be performed by it.

It seems possible indeed that even quadruplex telegraphy is by no means the final triumph of telegraphic science. While we write there comes the rumour of an invention, or rather discovery, which will entirely dispense with wires, and permit of signals being sent by the conductive power of the earth alone. What degree of truth there may be in the rumour we are unable to say, though it seems to have attracted some attention. To telegraph through the earth or the ocean has long been the dream of inventive electricians, and there have been many rumoured successes of the kind. It is very curious to notice that this very power is a feature of the earliest mention of anything at all corresponding to the modern electric telegraph. In a work by Father John Laurechon, a Jesuit, printed in 1624, we find this curious passage:—"It is stated that by means of a magnet, or any kind of the kind of loadstones, absent persons could communicate with each other. For example—Claudius being in Paris and John in Rome, if each had a needle rubbed with some stone having the power, as one needle should move in Paris the other could move correspondingly at Rome; Claudius and John could have similar alphabets, and having arranged to communicate at a fixed time every day, when the needle had run three times and a half round the dial, this would be the signal that Claudius wished to speak to John and to no other; and supposing that Claudius wished to tell John that the king is at Paris, he would move the needle to the letters 't' 'h' 'e,' and so on. The needle of John agreeing with that of Claudius would of course move and stop at the same letters, and by such means they could quickly understand and correspond with each other." This passage is brought very forcibly to mind in another part of the room where a number of instruments of the older kind—those with needles oscillating to and fro on a dial—are still in use. Had some keen student of nature really invented a magnetic telegraph, and was it stifled and stamped out by a world that was not ready for it? "This is a fine invention," adds Father John, "but I do not believe there is in the world a loadstone having such a power; and besides, it would not be expedient, as then treasons would be too frequent and too secret."

The "instrument galleries" may be roughly described as consisting of two long rooms united by a large square central space, the whole forming one great apartment, the various parts of which are devoted to the different sections of the telegraphic service. Thus the central square is set apart for circuits extending into various parts of England and Wales; the north-east and south-east wings are for the suburbs of London; the north-west for Scotland and Ireland, and so on. In all these divisions together there are, during the busiest part of the day, nearly a thousand clerks employed, male and female, working together, and here and there apparently doing a little flirtation together. As a general rule, however, business seems to be the prevailing order of the day, the inexorable requirements of the service apparently leaving but little leisure for anything else. The employment of male and female clerks indiscriminately has long been adopted in this branch of the public service, and in every respect is said to have proved entirely satisfactory. During the night there are 300 clerks employed here, including a special staff for newspaper work, between 5 p.m. and 2 a.m. This news staff

consists of operators selected from among the most rapid and experienced in the service. What amount of work they can achieve under pressure may be given in the words of the Postmaster-General. "On one occasion," says Lord John Manners in his report for 1875, "when an important debate took place in Parliament, and when in addition there was an unusual number of interesting occurrences in different parts of the country, nearly 440,000 words—equal to about 220 columns of the 'Times' newspaper—were transmitted from the central station in London in a single night."

## THUNDER AND HAIL STORM AT TOTTENHAM.

ON Sunday, July 23rd, 1876, a storm of unusual severity broke over this place. Its area was limited to a mile and a half, and its duration was very brief. Having been a personal witness, and a great sufferer, my house being in the very centre of the storm, a few notes may be of public interest.

Coming over the crown of Stamford Hill at eight o'clock in the evening, I saw a storm-cloud of the densest kind gathering over Hornsey and Wood Green. In five minutes the storm broke, and at once, without any raindrops, hailstones as large as bullets were driven with great force, so great as to crash every window facing N. and N.E. These stones increased in size, and they came down in a thick close hail, driving every foot-passenger and vehicle off the high road. I picked up several of these stones, as large as small walnuts, and in five minutes the roads were covered with them as thick as hoar-frost. In corners they remained unmelted for twelve hours. The inside of the stone was of bottle-green colour, and the crust was frosted like an acidulated drop.

It is stated that in Tottenham the loss to private owners and market gardeners would not be covered by £10,000. All common glass went directly, and in my own case, thick, rough glass in skylights was broken. The force of the hail is shown by the fact that unripe pears were split in two, and in one case a stone was found lodged in the centre of the fruit. The whole district was covered with leaves and broken boughs, birds on the wing were killed and lamed, and every bedding plant was destroyed. The temperature of the earth being high, after a sultry day, a steam, equal to fog, rose over the whole surface of the district on which the ice-cold shower fell. The lightning was most vivid, and the thunder-peals rapid, accumulated reverberations increasing the noise.

During the whole time the wind was most violent, driving with tremendous gusts, breaking down trees and branches. So sudden as well as severe was the tempest, that the terror of the people was indescribable. Persons waiting at the railway-stations for trains refused to go, and it is stated that some fell on their knees to pray, and screams were heard on every hand.

In this neighbourhood no such storm has ever occurred within the memory of man, and the devastation is greater, considering the limited area, than any within my knowledge. The entire storm passed over in twenty minutes, and the stars were shining with provoking calmness before the half hour had expired.

Earlmead, Page Green.

CHARLES REED.



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



SOMETHING WRONG.

## THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER VII.—MR. LINTEL, OF EITHERSIDE.

"Sailing under false colours."

THERE were very few Roman Catholic families either in Halford or Halford Quay, consequently there was no Roman Catholic chapel and no resident priest. Mrs. Reed had been prepared for this, but she hoped to be able to go sometimes to Peterstowe, which was accessible by rail, and to

receive occasional visits at home from the priest who officiated there. Father Gehagan also had promised to call whenever he passed that way, as he did sometimes, though not very often, on his way to London. Practically, however, Mrs. Reed found after she was settled in her new home that she, with her maid Biddy, were almost entirely isolated from the services and ministrations of their Church. Mr. Reed had taken her, of course, the day after her arrival, to see his great work, St. Michael's Church, and had pointed



out its chief architectural features. She was captivated with its beauty, and especially with the decoration of the interior, which surpassed in her opinion anything of the kind that she had ever seen in Ireland. Once, to please her husband and to gratify her own curiosity, she had attended service there, and she sighed to think that she might not join in the devotions of those who were kneeling around her, nor worship under the same roof with him to whom she had given her heart; especially as the high altar, the candles glimmering at noonday, the paintings, the incense, the music, and the varied forms of imagery, seemed to realise all that she could conceive, and more than she had ever witnessed of the luxury and beauty of her own church ceremonies. But Mr. Reed had told her that though the difference between the Anglican and the Roman faith was rather nominal than real, he could not ask, nor even allow her to attend this church with him; he would rather she should maintain her own principles; it would be painful to him if her friends should have reason to think that he desired to exercise any control or influence over her in the matter of her faith. And she remembered what Father Gehagan had said, and was herself fully persuaded that the distinction existing between the Church of Rome and every other church was great and absolute; and that no mere imitation of her ceremonies, no confession even of her doctrines, would be of any value as long as her outward supremacy was not acknowledged. "Anathema maranatha!" These words rang in her ears as she recalled her interview with the priest at Mary Cross. No, she could not enter this building; she could not attend these rites; she must do the best she could without a church and priesthood; the Anglo-Catholic, as it was called, was nothing—worse than nothing—unless, indeed, it should be the instrument, as Father Gehagan had suggested, of bringing her husband, step by step, to her own creed. She must hope and pray for this; she would pray the Virgin and all the saints to promote this; meantime she would count her beads at home, and go as often as she could to Peterstowe to confession and mass, and take poor Biddy with her.

Mrs. Reed had not many friends in Halford Quay. On her first arrival there, those of her neighbours who were her equals in station had called on her, some of them led by curiosity, anxious to see what the architect's new Roman Catholic wife was like, and how she would "go on;" others half afraid of her; others again eager to show by their politeness and attention that they were above the vulgar prejudices of their neighbours, and esteemed all religions alike, especially that of their new townsman. But Margarita formed no intimacies, for it soon appeared that she had very little in common with any of them. The rector, Mr. Harte, called once, and Margarita thought him very kind and agreeable; but she was not one of his parishioners, and he did not repeat his visit. The vicar, Mr. Alban Cope, on the contrary, came frequently, and did not fail to let Mrs. Reed know that he considered it his duty to do so. She was his parishioner, he told her, and he regarded her as one of his own flock, and though she did not suffer that to pass without a protest, he was not to be repulsed. He did not wish to proselytise, he said, but they were members of the same Catholic church, and there was much in common between them; he hoped she would assist in his schools, and even take a district as visitor in his parish, assuring her that he

should value her co-operation quite as much as that of any other parishioner. Margarita told him on one of these occasions, that though she would like to assist in any charitable works, she could not take a prominent part in them, nor identify herself with those which properly belonged to members of his—"congregation."

"Of my church, you were going to say," he replied, with a smile. "Why will you not say church?"

"I would rather not discuss the question," she answered; "you must make allowance for my prejudices, as you will call them."

"Prejudices! No, convictions. I respect them; I would not disturb them for the world. But there are some things susceptible of explanation which—pardon me, you do not quite understand; another time," he continued, glancing towards her husband, who just then entered the room, "I shall be glad to have a little quiet conversation with you."

"No, Mr. Cope, thank you," said Margarita, firmly; "I must decline, once for all, every approach to controversy. You must be good enough to leave me to my convictions—such as they are."

"Ah! Cope," said Mr. Reed, "you are too bad; I told you you would find no favour here; but you are irrepressible. Joking apart, you must be more discreet. Mrs. Reed will, I have no doubt, be glad to welcome you here as my friend, but she does not want you as a father confessor. Why will you not take a hint?"

Mr. Cope bowed and smiled, and there was an awkward silence for a few moments.

"By-the-by," said Mr. Reed, anxious to change the subject, "have you seen that extraordinary statement in the papers about Mr. Lintel, the vicar of Eitherside, who is lately dead? Five and thirty years or more a priest of the Anglican Church, as every one supposed; yet on his deathbed he declares himself a Roman Catholic, is openly received into the Roman Catholic Church, and buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery. It afterwards comes out that he had been for many years previously a Roman Catholic in everything but the name, holding all Romish doctrine, practising all Romish ceremonies, and even doing homage to the Pope, yet all the while holding a benefice in the English Church, receiving its emoluments and ministering in its offices."

"Yes," said Mr. Cope, looking out of the window, "I saw some account of it. I suppose he thought that he might do more good by remaining at his post than by giving it up to some one else. They might have had a low churchman there, or even a no-churchman; and that would have been a sad change for his parishioners."

"He should have allowed others to judge of that," said Mr. Reed, "instead of going on under false colours. When a member of parliament who has been elected upon a certain exposition of his principles changes his politics, he feels bound in honour to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, in order that his constituents may have an opportunity of choosing some one else in his stead. The obligation is much stronger in the case of a teacher of religion. It is inconceivable that any man of common honesty should continue to hold office in the Church, and to receive its emoluments, after having forsaken her communion."

"Spoiling the Egyptians, that's all," said Mr. Cope, facetiously. "You know that the Israelites borrowed what they never meant to pay, and were

justified in doing so. Mr. Lintel acted, no doubt, upon the same principle, regarding the Church which he had virtually quitted as heretical. Faith is not to be kept with heretics, you know; all is fair against them."

"As for the Israelites, you know as well as I do," said Mr. Reed, seriously, "that they did not borrow in the sense which you imply; they made no false pretences; they asked (that is the right word, I believe), and the Egyptians gave, neither expecting nor desiring to see their jewels or the Israelites again. They were too glad to get rid of the latter at any price, for they said, 'We be all dead men.' You speak lightly of this matter, but to me it seems utterly dishonest and incomprehensible."

"I don't wish to treat it lightly," Mr. Cope replied, altering his manner; "but there are two sides to every question; you are looking at the moral aspect of it, and that, perhaps, is not the highest."

"I prefer that view of it to the immoral."

"Decidedly; but I was about to say that there is a higher law even than that of morality. The interests of religion—that is, of the Church, are paramount. Mr. Lintel conceived, no doubt, that he was serving the Church more effectually by concealing the change which had taken place in his convictions than by prematurely making it known. At all events, he was not personally responsible for the course which he had adopted; for it is not to be supposed that the authorities of the Church—the Roman Catholic Church, I mean—were ignorant of the step which he had taken; and he must have had their sanction and authority for acting as he did. From the moment when he joined that Church, secretly or openly, he was under the direction of his superiors; his first duty was obedience, and without regard to his own credit or good name, he practised it."

"He has found a good apologist, at all events," said Mr. Reed, looking at the speaker with surprise. "I hope there are not many of those obedient Lintels in our Church. I can respect a Roman Catholic as such, and love a Roman Catholic with all my heart"—glancing at his wife—"but honesty and truth above all, say I, in every profession! I don't think much of any one's religion where these are wanting."

Mr. Alban Cope looked first at the ceiling and then at the floor, and was evidently very uncomfortable. "Well," he said at last, "I don't pretend to give an opinion. I wish to take a charitable view of the affair; that is the best thing to do in all such cases. Charity, you know, thinketh no evil. Good-bye; try to forget Mr. Lintel. He was an advanced Anglo-Catholic, and did not think, perhaps, that it made much difference to any one whether he went to Rome or not; he taught the same doctrines and maintained the same ceremonies as before; it was only like changing his regiment in the same army. Why should we judge him?"

"I can't agree with you," said Mr. Reed. "At all events, I can't go so far as you do. If I did, I don't see what should hinder me from going a little farther; only I would do it openly, and not like Mr. Lintel."

"I like your priest less than ever," said Mrs. Reed to her husband after Mr. Cope was gone. "A man must have very depraved ideas of truth and honesty to argue as he does. I am sure Father Gehagan would not support such opinions."

"I should hope not," said Mr. Reed; "I wish

Father Gehagan had been here to answer him. Is there any probability of his coming?"

Mrs. Reed did not answer for a few moments. "It's possible he may come by-and-by," she said, "if—"

"If what?"

"If there should be a christening in the house?"

"As there will be before long."

That was what they were both hoping and expecting now. It had been agreed beforehand, and so written in the marriage settlement, that if any children should be born to them, the males should be educated by the husband in his own faith, and the girls brought up as Roman Catholics under the direction of the trustees, of whom Father Gehagan was one. It was probable, therefore, that if Mrs. Reed should present her husband with a daughter, Father Gehagan would come himself to perform the baptismal ceremony.

"Father Gehagan would be a much better friend for you—or for any one—than Mr. Cope," said Mrs. Reed, timidly. "You will never get much good from him."

"Oh, that's another question altogether. We must not look to the man, but to his office. Mr. Cope is a priest of the Church; that is enough for me. If he were really a bad man, which I am sure he is not, he might still perform all his priestly functions as effectually as if he were a saint. Your own Church holds that."

"Does it?" Margarita asked, thoughtfully.

"Why yes, and a very good thing too. The Romish system is so entirely sacramental, that if the validity of its sacraments depended upon the character of its priests there would be no assurance for any one; but such is not the case, either in our Church or yours. I remember reading, for instance, of a priest in France who was condemned to death for his crimes. He was utterly hardened and impenitent, and could even make a jest of his priestly functions in the act of performing them. On his way through the streets to the scaffold, a baker's cart full of bread happened to come near him. The priest, by way of a last joke, or perhaps in a miserable attempt at bravado, stretched out his hands, it is said, over the bread, and pronounced the magical words, '*Hoc est corpus*,' etc. In an instant the whole contents of the cart were transubstantiated: there was no reason to doubt the intention of the celebrant; that, indeed, is always assumed; nor was anything wanting to render the consecration of the element incomplete. The bread, or rather the host, was therefore taken in charge by the priests, who were not a little embarrassed to know how to dispose of it. But look again, nearer home. That old worthless priest at Ballykilleena; what did he do for you, and, above all, for me? Why he married us, did he not? It was wretchedly done, to be sure. Nothing could have been worse; but it was a valid marriage after your view, just as the other ceremony was valid after mine; and why? Because of his office. If the validity of such ceremonies were dependent upon the character of those who perform them we should never know who were really married, or baptized (or buried, I was going to say), and who were not."

"I suppose you are right. I am sure you are right so far," Margarita answered, looking up into her husband's face; "but I have not much faith in Mr. Cope, and I don't think you have either. But dear me, we have been treading all this time upon for-

hidden ground! If Father Gehagan had indeed been here he would have silenced us long ago. You know we were not to discuss religious questions, were we? though I am sure no harm could come of it. Nothing would ever create a difference between me and you, would it?"

"Never, Margarita," said her husband, "never! We know each other's hearts too well for that."

And any one who could have seen the young wife gazing with loving confidence into her husband's eyes as he bent fondly over her to kiss her, would have said the same.

CHAPTER VIII.—"LOOK AFTER YOUR MISTRESS."

"A chieft's amang ye taking notes."—Burns.

"Av ye please, ma'am," said Bridget Doolan to her mistress, about the time when the conversation related in the preceding chapter took place—"av ye please, ma'am, it's haythenish-like living as I do. There's not a craythur in the house, barrin' yourself, nor a neighbour anywhere at all that a body can spake a word to for the good of a body's sowl. Praists was plenty enough in Ireland. Glory be to Him as sent them. The only fear there was that one might have too much of them; but sorra a one have I set my eyes on since three months gone or more—not an inch of one did I see in the street nor nowhere, barrin' Reverend Cope, which isn't a praist at all, but only a make-believe. What's to become of me in another world, wid nobody to say to me, 'You must ate no salt wid your mate for a week, Bridget, and dthrink no sugar in your tay, or do some other good and blessed work for the sake of your immortal sowl'? It's a good thing my sins is nayther many nor great, for how I'd get indulgences for them here in a haythen land would be a puzzle for annybody. I used to be able to repate the *Craydo* all through without missing a word, down to 'bite'em and turn'em, Amen' (*in vitam eternam*); but now I misremember half of it; and used to go to confession once a month at least—'wipe off old scores and begin again,' as Father Murphy used to say at Ballykilleena. And there's that poor darkened craythur, Jane, always going to her church as she calls it, on Sundays, and talking about the beautiful praying of her minister, and wishing I could go with her, though I'd scorn to enter the doors of them Protestant heretics if there was none else in all the world."

"Jane goes to the old church, does she not, Biddy?" Mrs. Reed asked.

"She does, ma'am. She used to go to St. Michael's, where the master goes; but she couldn't make it out, she says, at all at all; and there was no gospel there; thrue for her, no doubt; but what would she know about the gospel? Then she wanted to go with her father, small blame to her for that if she went at all; but they wouldn't let her sit within sight of him, but he must go to one side of the church and she to the other. So they gave that up, and go to the old church, St. Paul's they call it, and Jane is never tired talking of it. Mr. Harte does seem a nice sort of a man, by all she says; but that's no good to me: it's just as his riverence Father Gehagan said it would be. I'm like a pelican in the wilderness and a howl in the desert."

"Well, Bridget, I can feel for you; I have the same cross to bear. I would have taken you oftener to Peterstowe, but you know how inconvenient it is. There are so few trains on Sunday, and we have to

leave home so early and return so late. Half the day is lost in waiting about either in the town or at the stations, and it is so uncomfortable for Mr. Reed, whether he goes with us or stays at home. However, I must go again soon now whilst I am able, and then perhaps Father Gehagan will come and see us."

"Sure, mistress, dear, it's meself that will be glad to see him, then, and doubly glad for the cause that will bring him. You must take care of yourself, mistress, dear, and not go to Peterstowe, nor anywhere else, tiring the life out of ye. Sure, I wouldn't have said the word if I'd thought of it; but I could go by meself, and get safe back again aisy enough, just for onst."

Mrs. Reed said no more then; but the next fine Sunday her husband hired an open carriage, and drove over to Peterstowe in time for service there, and went to church, while Mrs. Reed and Biddy went to chapel. They dined at an hotel and returned in the evening; but it was a long day's work even then, to say nothing of the expense, which did not signify for once, but would have amounted to a good deal if often repeated. After that Mrs. Reed did not leave the house until the great event which they had been anticipating came to pass. Mr. Reed was, perhaps, a little disappointed that his firstborn should be a daughter; but he got over that before he had quite finished writing the letter, which he posted that same evening, to inform Miss Egan of the fact; and to everybody else it was a matter for unqualified rejoicing. Father Gehagan came in good time, and brought with him many congratulations and much news from Ireland. Miss Egan would have accompanied him, but she was just then a little out of health, and feared the long sea-passage. She sent a cloak and hood, and an ivory crucifix, which had been blessed at Rome, to be fastened to the child's cradle, and a present of money to be invested in the savings bank for its future use, and wrote to her "dear niece" every day for a fortnight, which, as she had been in the habit of writing only once in a month, was stronger proof than any other of the great interest she took in the little stranger. She was to be its godmother, of course, and would charge herself, she said, with its future welfare, if the precious infant should be spared to grow up in the true faith, and should continue faithful in her riper years to Holy Mother Church.

Father Gehagan's visit, though short, was a time of refreshing for Margarita, and for Biddy also. The latter felt her own importance very much increased when the priest, after the usual private interview with her, in which all questions of salt and sugar, and "indulgences" of another kind, were, no doubt, satisfactorily disposed of, enjoined her to keep a special watch over this new member of her Church, and to make its spiritual as well as its temporal welfare the subject of her cares and prayers. What questions he asked her, what information he elicited, and what conclusions he formed, it is not for us to tell; but he warned Bridget in the strongest terms to beware of false teachers, not to be deceived by any outward show of goodness, and above all, to hold no conversation with her fellow-servants on religious subjects. "Don't listen to Jane, or to anybody else," he said, "when they talk to you about their ministers and their churches and their Bibles. Never forget that they are Protestants and heretics." Biddy thought he was going to spit upon the floor when he

uttered these words, as she had seen Father Murphy do, but she did him injustice. "Not only so," he proceeded, "but look after your mistress also: stand by her in all the temptations to which she is exposed in her present manner of life; be bold, and speak a word in season to her. And if ever you should see, or think you see, that she is in danger, wavering or growing lukewarm in the faith, write a line to me at once. You can write, can't you?"

"I can, your reverence," cried Biddy; "Misthress Reed herself taught me that."

"Show your gratitude to her, then, by using this talent for her good; write to me whenever there is anything to tell. I will come over to her at once, or send some one, and it will never be known that you had anything to do with it. You may thus be the means of saving your mistress, as well as this little child, whose nurse you are to be, from perdition."

Biddy promised, with the utmost sincerity and ardour, and was thus installed as a spy upon her mistress, without the least thought of anything dishonourable in the office. Father Gehagan went on his way to London, where he had business, and Biddy moved about the house with a secret sense of dignity and importance, attending to her mistress and the child, and keeping her eyes and ears open and her lips shut.

Mr. Reed was unremitting in his attention to his wife during her recovery, and very proud and fond of his little daughter, to whom he devoted a great deal of his time, nursing it, and playing with it, and hushing it to sleep when it was troublesome. He had given Father Gehagan a hearty welcome, and seemed pleased to take part in the ceremony which the priest had come to perform; and Mrs. Reed felt more than ever hopeful that the double ties by which her husband was now bound to her would ultimately prove strong enough to draw him away from the last remains of his Protestantism, and unite him for ever to the Church of Rome, of which his wife and child—almost the only relations that he had in the world—were members.

Within a year from that time a little boy was born. But Mrs. Reed's Irish friends troubled themselves very little about him. He was christened at St. Michael's, his mother being present at the ceremony, though she adhered strictly to the rule laid down for her by Father Gehagan, and endorsed by her husband, never to enter the walls of that or any other Protestant place of worship, unless on some occasion altogether exceptional, such as this. Mr. Alban Cope displayed the greatest interest in his little parishioner, and called frequently to inquire after his health and developments. If Father Gehagan was to have charge of the little girl, he said, it behoved him to be doubly zealous in his care of the boy; but Mrs. Reed gave him no encouragement, and always avoided seeing him if possible.

The visits to Peterstowe were repeated from time to time, but were attended with so much inconvenience that they became rarer and rarer. Mr. Reed accepted office as an acolyte at St. Michael's, wore a fancy dress, and was required to attend service there on Sundays and saints' days; he could not, therefore, accompany his wife to Peterstowe, as formerly. Sunday was, according to his ideas, a Christian festival. To sanctify it by early celebrations and the usual public services was sufficient; after these had been duly performed, it was not so much a holy day as a holiday. He was in the habit, therefore, of inviting one or two

friends to dine with him on Sunday afternoons, and it did not suit his convenience that his wife should be absent at such times. Mrs. Reed could not fail to perceive this, and eventually she ceased to say anything about going to Peterstowe on Sundays, and was fain to be satisfied with such opportunities as offered when her husband happened to be away from home on business. That was but seldom; his work in Ireland was already completed, and although he sent in designs for competition for several important works in London or elsewhere, he was not successful, so that his chief employment during the first three or four years of his married life was in his own home and neighbourhood.

On one of those rare occasions when Mrs. Reed and Bridget had been detained later than usual by some difficulty about the trains, they found that Mr. Reed had unexpectedly arrived before them. He had been disappointed in the object of his journey, and was not in a very good humour.

"Oh, Alfred," cried his wife, "I am so glad you are come home; we did not expect you till to-morrow. I am so sorry I was absent. We have been to Peterstowe."

"I thought so," he answered; "all right, only I wish, when you go out, you would leave the keys at home. I did not bargain for this sort of thing: an empty house, no dinner, and no comfort when one comes home cold and tired: if you had only told me you were going I would have stayed away."

"I'm so very sorry," his wife answered. She could not trust herself at that moment to say another word. Her husband had spoken unkindly to her; it was the first time he had ever done so, and his words fell like a chill upon her heart. She busied herself to provide dinner for him, even at that late hour, and when it was served, sat down with him; but she felt as if she could not eat a morsel.

"I cannot sit here and eat by myself," he said, pushing away his plate; "it is not Friday, or one of your fast days, is it? Why don't you get some fish, or something, if it is?"

"What has happened, Alfred?" Mrs. Reed asked, at length. "You are annoyed about something, I am sure; it is not my going to Peterstowe that has vexed you; not that only, I mean. What is it?"

He muttered something impatiently in reply—it sounded like "Bother!"—finished his dinner, drank three or four glasses of wine, and sat by the fire reading till bedtime. Then, as Mrs. Reed passed near his chair, he caught hold of her dress, and drew her towards him. "It's all my fault," he said; "don't think any more of it; it was a great shame, but I was cold and cross, and everything has gone wrong with me to-day."

"I knew it; I was sure of it!" she exclaimed; "tell me what it is that troubles you."

"Nothing to tell, dearest; trifles, mere trifles; no excuse for me at all; unless you are really vexed at my ill temper; that would be no trifle." So he laughed it off, and the little cloud that had arisen between them passed away; but Mrs. Reed resolved that she would never run the risk of annoying him again, and said to herself, with a sigh, that she must go no more to Peterstowe. Nor could she divest herself of a certain feeling of anxiety about her husband, who, she fancied, had been of late a little out of spirits, as if something in his business—or could it be in his home? she dared not think of that—had disappointed, or gone wrong with him.



## ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

## October.

THE endless tints of the "fading and many-coloured woods," at this season of the declining year, are of so choice and brilliant a character as to render our autumnal scenery one of the most pleasing and charming sights in the works of nature. Indeed, it has justly been remarked that nature now seems to bestow all her best and choicest colours on the forest foliage, and for a while to cast a glory and beauty on the landscape that is unrivalled. Thus the poet, contrasting springtime with autumn, says:—

"Those virgin leaves of purest vivid green,  
Which charm'd ere yet they trembled on the trees,  
Now cheer the sober landscape in decay:  
The lime first fading; and the golden birch,  
With bark of silver hue; the moss-grown oak,  
Tenacious of its leaves of russet brown;  
The ensanguin'd dogwood; and a thousand tints  
Which Flora, dress'd in all her pride of bloom,  
Could scarcely equal, decorate the groves."

Leigh Hunt, speaking of Spenser's descriptions of the months, says that "he drew them from the world and its customs in general; but turn his October wine-vats into cider-presses and brewing-tubs, and it will do as well."

In some of our old Saxon calendars we find this month symbolised by the figure of a husbandman carrying a sack on his shoulders, and sowing corn, in allusion to the practice of sowing the winter grain, which takes place in October. In other old almanacs the sport of hawking has been adopted as emblematical of this, the last month of autumn. ("Book of Days.") By our ancestors it was called *Wynmonat*—i.e., "Wine-month," and by the ancient Germans *Winter-fyllith*, on account of the approach of winter.

At Nottingham a great goose fair takes place on the 2nd of October, unless that day falls on Sunday, and generally continues eight days. The origin of this fair arose from the large quantities of geese which were driven up from the fens of Lincolnshire for sale in the market-place. Briscoe, in his interesting little book entitled "Nottinghamshire Facts and Fictions" (1876, p. 16), relates an amusing old legend or story current in that district, and which ascribes the origin of the fair to the following circumstance. An angler was engaged in angling in the Trent, near Nottingham. In course of time he felt or saw a bite that had been made. Unlike modern anglers, he jerked the line high up in the air, together with the catch, which proved to be a large pike. A wild goose happening at that time to be flying overhead, espied the fish in the air, which he at once secured. Not content with the pike, he carried off with him the rod, line, and angler too. The story goes on to tell that when passing over the Nottingham market-place, either from fatigue or some other cause, the goose dropped his booty of man, fish, and tackle. Very strange, indeed, to relate, the hero of this adventure alighted unhurt. To celebrate this good luck on his part a holiday was proclaimed, amid great rejoicing among the good folks of old Nottingham.

At Great Crosby, a suburban village, about seven miles from Liverpool, early in this month every year

there is held a local festival, which goes by the appellation of the "Goose Fair." The feast takes place when the harvest is gathered in about that part of the country, and so it forms a kind of "harvest-home" gathering for the agriculturists of the neighbourhood. Curious to say, however, the bird in question is seldom, if ever, eaten at these feasts.\*

About the year 1760 it was customary with the burgesses of Liverpool, on the annual election of a mayor, to have a bear baited. This event generally took place on the 10th of October, and the demonstrations of rejoicing lasted for several days. The animal was first baited at the White Cross, at the top of Chapel Street, and was then led in triumph to the Exchange, where the conflict was again renewed. A repetition of the same cruelties was likewise exhibited in Derby Street, and the diversion was concluded by the wretched animal undergoing reiterated assaults at the Stock Market, opposite the top of Pool Lane. The bear was assailed separately by large mastiffs, and if any dog compelled him to yell, or was able to sustain the conflict with superior address, he was rewarded with a large brass collar.†

Pack-Monday Fair was formerly held at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, on the first Monday after the 10th of October, and was ushered in by the ringing of the great bell at a very early hour in the morning, and by the boys and young men perambulating the streets with cows' horns. According to tradition, this fair originated at the termination of the building of the church, when the workmen who had been employed about it packed up their tools and held a fair or wake in the churchyard, blowing cows' horns in their rejoicing.

At one time a curious practice existed in Hull of whipping all the dogs that were found running about the streets on the 10th of October, and so universal was the custom that every little street boy considered it his duty to prepare a whip for any unhappy dog that might be seen wandering about on that day. The practice is said to have originated in the following way. Previous to the suppression of monasteries in Hull, it was customary for the monks to provide liberally for the poor and the wayfarer who came to the fair held annually on the 11th of October; and on one occasion, while busy in the necessary preparations the day before the fair, a dog strolled into the larder, snatched up a joint of meat, and decamped with it. The cooks gave the alarm, and as soon as the dog ran into the streets he was at once pursued by the expectants of the charity of the monks, who were waiting outside the gate, and made to give up the stolen joint. Consequently, after this occurrence, whenever a dog made his appearance whilst this annual preparation was going on, he was instantly beaten off. Eventually this was taken up by the boys, and until the introduction of the new police was rigidly put in practice by them every 10th of October.‡ A similar custom seems to have prevailed in York on St. Luke's Day, and Drake tells us that it was known as Whip-Dog Day. He gives the following traditionary account of its origin. "During

\* "Notes and Queries," 3rd, vol. iii. p. 158.

† Corry's "History of Liverpool," 1810, p. 93.

‡ "Notes and Queries," 1st series, vol. viii. p. 409.

the Roman Catholic times of this country a priest, whilst celebrating mass on St. Luke's Day, accidentally dropped the host after consecration, which was immediately snatched up and swallowed by a dog that lay under the altar table. The profanation of this sacred mystery occasioned the death of the dog, and a persecution began among the canine race, which was ever after continued on the anniversary of this festival." Hampson says that the same custom existed at Manchester on the fair-day of Acres Fair, which was held about the same time.\*

St. Etheldreda or Audry, commemorated in the Romish calendar on the 23rd of June, but in the English calendar on the 17th of this month, was daughter of Annas, king of the East Angles, and born about 630 at Ixning, on the western borders of Suffolk. She founded the convent and church of Ely on the spot where the cathedral was subsequently erected. Formerly, at Ely, a fair was annually held, called, in memory of her, St. Audry's Fair, at which much cheap lace was sold to the poorer classes, which at first went by the name of St. Audry's lace, but in time was corrupted into *tawdry lace*. Various allusions occur in Shakspeare to this lace. In an old ballad, too, we find the following:—

"One time I gave thee a paper of pins,  
Another time a tawdry lace,  
And if thou wilt not grant me love,  
In truth I'll die before thy face."

Formerly, on St. Luke's Day a fair was held at Charlton, in Kent, and commonly called "Horn Fair." Every booth had its horns conspicuous in the front. Brand tells us that at this fair rams' horns were sold, and every sort of toy made of horn. Even the gingerbread, he adds, was marked with figures representing horns. Every kind of licence seems to have been permitted, which in consequence gave rise to the proverb, "All is fair at Horn Fair." The origin of this custom seems to be found in the fact that the recognised mediæval symbol of St. Luke—the patron of the fair—was a horned ox.

In some parts of the country curious love-charms are invoked, of which the following is a specimen:—

"St. Luke, St. Luke, be kind to me,  
In dreams let me my true love see."

In many places St. Crispin's Day (Oct. 25th) is a great holiday among the shoemakers, owing according to tradition to the following circumstance. The brothers Crispin and Crispinian, natives of Rome, having become converted to Christianity, travelled to Soissons in France, in order to preach the gospel. Being desirous, however, of rendering themselves independent, they earned their daily bread by making shoes, with which, it is said, they furnished the poor at an extremely small price. When the governor of the town discovered that they maintained the Christian faith, and also tried to make proselytes of the inhabitants, he ordered them to be beheaded. From this time the shoemakers have chosen them for their tutelary saints. In the town of Hexham, Northumberland, the following custom is, or was, observed. The shoemakers of the town meet and dine by previous arrangement at some tavern, a king Crispin, queen, prince and princess, elected from members of their fraternity of families, being present. They afterwards form in grand procession (the ladies

and their attendants excepted), and parade the streets with music, etc., the royal party and suite gaily dressed in character. In the evening they reassemble for dancing and other festivities.

Formerly at Tenby, on the evening preceding St. Crispin's Day, an effigy was made and hung on some elevated and prominent place (the steeple, for instance). On the morning of the saint's day it was cut down and carried about the town, a will being read in doggerel verse, purporting to be the last testament of the saint, in pursuance of which the several articles of dress were given to the different shoemakers. At last nothing remained of the image but the padding, which was kicked about by the crowd. As a kind of revenge for the treatment given to St. Crispin, his followers hung up, on St. Clement's Day, the effigy of a carpenter.\*

Brand gives an amusing love-charm for St. Simon and St. Jude's Day (October 28th). He says, "Take an apple, pare it whole, and holding the paring in your right hand, stand in the middle of the room, repeating the following lines:—

'St. Simon and Jude, on you I intrude,  
By this paring I hold to discover,  
Without any delay, to tell me this day  
The first letter of my own true lover.'

Turn three times round, and cast the paring over your left shoulder, and it will form the first letter of your future husband's surname; but if the paring breaks into many pieces, so that no letter is discernible, you will never marry."

Allhallowe'en, or Hallow Eve (October 31st) is so called from being the vigil of All Saints' Day, and is a season abounding in superstitious observances. On this night the young people in the north of England dip for apples, or catch at them with the mouth only—the hands being tied behind, and the apples stuck at one end of a kind of hanging beam, at the other extremity of which is fixed a lighted candle. From the custom of flinging nuts into the fire, or cracking them with their teeth, it has also been called "Nuterack Night." Under this name it is thus amusingly alluded to in "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1735:—"This quarter begins the 12th September and holds till the 11th of December, in which time the landlord has a quarter-day, as he has in every one of the other quarters. This quarter also affords a *term begins* for the lawyers, a Crispin for the shoemakers, a Lord Mayor's Day for the citizens, a nutcrack-night for young people and sweethearts; it brings on a winter, and long dark nights for tallow-chandlers and linkboys, and concludes with a shortest day for everybody on this side the equinoctial." Burns mentions the burning of nuts as being a favourite and very popular charm. They name, he says, the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtships will be. Charles Graydon has written a pretty little piece of poetry on this subject, entitled, "On Nuts burning, Allhallows Eve":—

"These glowing nuts are emblems true  
Of what in human light we view;  
The ill-matched couple fret and fume,  
And thus in strife themselves consume;

\* "Medii Ævi Kalendarium," vol. I. p. 360.

\* Mason's "Tales and Traditions of Tenby," 1833, p. 23.

Or from each other wildly start  
And with a noise for ever part.  
But see the happy, happy pair,  
Of genuine love and truth sincere;  
With mutual fondness while they burn,  
Still to each other kindly turn;  
And as the vital sparks decay,  
Together gently sink away:  
Till life's fierce ordeal being past,  
Their mingled ashes rest at last."

In Nottinghamshire, if a girl had two lovers, and was desirous of knowing who would be the most constant, she procured two brown apple pippins, and sticking one on each cheek (after having named them from her lovers) while she repeated this couplet:—

"Pippen, pippen, I stick thee here,  
That that is true thou mayst declare,"

patiently awaited until one fell off, when the unfortunate swain whose name it bore was instantly discarded as being unfaithful.\*

In the Isle of Man, on Hollantide Eve, as this night is called, the boys go about singing a doggerel, of which the following is an extract:—

"This is old Hollantide night:  
The moon shines fair and bright;  
I went to the well  
And drank my fill;  
On the way coming back,  
I met a pole-cat;  
The cat began to grin  
And I began to run;  
Where did you run to?  
I ran to Scotland;  
What were they doing there?  
Baking bannocks and roasting collops."

For some peculiar reason, says Train ("History of the Isle of Man," 1845, vol. ii. p. 123), potatoes, parsnips, and fish pounded together and mixed with butter, form always the evening meal.

The ancient custom of providing children with a large apple on Allhallows Eve is still kept up at St. Ives, Cornwall. "Allan Day," as it is termed, is the day of days to hundreds of children who would deem it a great misfortune were they, Mr. Hunt† tells us, to go to bed on Allan Night without the time-honoured Allan-apple to hide beneath their pillows. Consequently, a large quantity of apples are for this purpose disposed of, the sale of which is termed Allan Market.

In North Wales it is customary to kindle a large fire, under the name of "Coel Coeth," in the most conspicuous place near each house, and to keep it up in the night for about an hour. When the fire is nearly burnt down, each person throws into the ashes a white stone, which he has previously marked, then (all having said their prayers as they walk round the embers) they go to bed. In the morning, as soon as they are up, they come at once and search for their stones, and if any one of them is missing it is believed that the person who threw it in will die ere he sees another All Saints' Eve.

A similar custom exists in Scotland. A bonfire is set up in some villages, and when consumed, the ashes

are carefully gathered together into the form of a circle. A stone is then put in near the circumference for every person of the several families interested in the bonfire, and whatever stone is moved out of its place or injured before the next morning, the person represented by the stone is *devoted*, and is supposed not to live twelve months from that day.

In Ireland, many highly superstitious practices are also kept up. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" (4th series, vol. iv. p. 505) tells us that in some parts the women take the yolk from eggs boiled hard, fill the eggs with salt, and eat egg, shell, and salt. They are careful not to quench their thirst until morning. Hemp-seed is sown by the young women, who believe that if they look back they will see the apparition of the man intended for their future husband.

Before closing our remarks on this subject, we would allude to a custom observed at Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, in the papal times, of ringing bells at Allhallow-tide for all Christian souls. Bishop Burnet gives a letter from King Henry the Eighth to Cranmer "against superstitious practices," wherein "the vigil and ringing of bells all the night long upon Allhallow Day at night," are ordered to be abolished, and the said vigil to have no watching or ringing.

## SORRENTO.

THE special charm of Sorrento, set as it is amid all the capricious loveliness of Nature, where all things—sea, island, shore, far as the eye can scan, are beautiful exceedingly—is the spirit of summer quiet that pervades the place. Some half-dozen white cities, studded here and there along the shore, sparkling like gems in the broad circlet of the Bay of Naples, claim sisterhood with Sorrento. But Sorrento holds its position towards them much as Sunday does to the days of the week—I mean as to its pervading quiet. Baiæ, Puteoli, Naples, Resina (upon Herculaneum), Castella Mare, are noisy and gay, either in their existence of to-day, or in their ancient memories of fashionable Roman dissipation. But Sorrento, embowered in its greenery of orange and olive groves, breathes of nothing but rest. Sorrento is on the extreme of the southern horn of the bay, reaching out a hand to the little purple islet of Capri, of blue grottoes and rosy cliffs; Baiæ is on the northern horn. An imaginary line drawn from one to the other (about twenty miles), thus making a chord of the arc, would shut the fantastic islands of Ischia and Procida out at sea, and shut in the great swell or circlet in which the cities of the bay perpetually mirror themselves in the ever trembling tide. Whether you climb the hills behind Sorrento, or loiter upon the brink of its olive and orange-crested cliffs, the view of all this is ever before you a vision of wonder. Moreover, as a background to the picture, Vesuvius slopes up, as if glooming in guilty sullenness over the cities which it has buried—Vesuvius, like an angry giant with his passion only half subdued, still muttering inwardly. Lie down for a moment in the leafy shadows on this wooded cliff which climbs sheer up from the low rocks on the shore, where the lazy waves, fifty feet below, sway themselves to rest with an undying lullaby of sleepy sound. Scarred, and streaked, and furrowed are these rocks interspersed with shingle, honeycombed by constant lap-

\* "Journal of Archaeological Association," 1853, vol. iii. p. 280.

† "Romances of the West of England," 1871, p. 388.

ping of the restless sea ; rocks white as marble, tufted with corallines and seaweed in the little pools where anemonies lurk, and sea-crabs, and now and then a hippocampus ; but dry and hard above highwater mark, spite of the storms which now and then roar and rage over the beach, and pour in crystalline waves, flecking the whole coast with fleecy foam. Lie down for a moment and look round upon this grand sweep of the bay.

reveal sunken rocks, glistening like sapphire in places where the sun's rays penetrate. And what is curious, you see here and there the foundations of houses of ancient Baiæ beneath the blue water. Baiæ was the fashionable seaside resort of the elegants of Rome. Horace, lashing at the unbridled luxury of the Romans, tells them that they build palaces without thinking of their tomb ; and because there is not room at Baiæ for fresh houses, they must



SORRENTO.

First there is Baiæ, blinking and trembling in the distance across the bright summer air. You can distinguish Baiæ now as a little village. There is an osteria, or inn there, planted most picturesquely on a projecting ledge of rock over the sea. Holiday-makers go from Naples there to dine. They give you oysters at this inn from Lake Lucrinus hard by. The famous oyster-bed is still there which furnished supplies for Lucullus' feasts, and provoked classic satire on the prevailing luxury of Rome. Outside the osteria a pergola of vines and trailing creepers gives pleasant shade to a long terrace, where you may eat your dinner *al fresco* if you will, or sit and dream of the past. Over the parapet you look down into the blue depths, which in their transparency

needs build them into the sea, driving out the landmark of the shore.\*

There is a world of classic memories floating about Baiæ. In the curve of the little bay—for the head of the promontory is opposite Puteoli, forming a little bay—there runs a ravine inland, which brings you to Lake Avernus. Here you are at once in the *locus* of the Sixth Book of Virgil :

"Avernus the innavigable lake,  
O'er whose unhappy waters void of light,  
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight."

\* " *Marisque Bæjis obstrepentis urges  
Summovere l.tora.*"



The lake now is a great oval, with banks sloping up all round like the seats around the arena of an amphitheatre. Low shrubs and underwood cover these banks, but probably in classic times great and umbrageous trees grew there, and overshadowed the lake, so making its twilight waters gloomy, as the poet says. However, now it is bright enough, with lilies swimming on its face, while all manner of summer wild flowers, cyclamen, anemone, cistus, star the banks, and smile away all the old dreams of fear.

When we were there it was basking in sunlight and glittering in exceeding brilliancy of colour. But, indeed, the old opening to the "downward way" is there still; we found it among the tangled brushwood. Here is the very cave leading to the dark precincts of Acheron, where fabled Æneas descended into the shades,—

"Betwixt whose regions and our upper light  
Deep forests and impenetrable night  
Possess the middle space."

To what a hoar antiquity must this cave belong! One day we took three great torches to explore it. After entering, all traces of daylight were soon lost. For more than a quarter of a mile, I should think, we trod by an easy descent a broad, downward passage, cut, it would seem, through rock.

"Facilis descensus Averni."

Virgil must have composed that line in this very place. At last, in the black darkness, we came to water, which our guides ferried us over—in fact, they took us on their backs till we reached the door of a grotto. There were chambers there and passages knee-deep in water, stirred by our torches into wavelines of light, and a tessellated floor, out of which bubbled a crystal spring. They showed us also the throne of the Sibyl—the very machinery, in fact, of the oracle. Subterranean noises, too, are continually heard—volcanic, of course—which give colour to the myth. I do not know how much farther the passage goes, but they say it runs through the hill, and some enterprising explorers have even got out on the other side where the Elysian Fields are, a valley of Cumæ of surpassing loveliness lying to the west,—

"Where long-extended plains of pleasure lie,  
The verdant fields with those of Heaven may vie."

Baiæ and all its surroundings breathe utterly of the classic and Greek. There is not a colour of the mediæval feeling so common to most parts of Italy; the heart of the Greek took nature and deified it—not as a whole, but he made a god of every force and feeling, a god for every glade. The Greek mind evolved tales and stories out of every bright landscape, out of every gloomy forest, out of every dewy hollow, out of every flowery glen. There was something behind nature everywhere; but, alas! that something was not God. Instead of nature being the mere vestibule to infinite mysteries of wisdom and goodness and power standing behind it, the Greek mind stopped at the threshold, and would not go into the temple. There was a spiritual world behind the natural world everywhere, but a world of the intellect and fancy, not of the heart. Thus his religion was powerless to influence a man's life. The spirit of the glade was the Hamadryad, not the One all-seeing and omnipotent, whose goodness was manifest to Isaac meditating in the fields at eventide.

You lose much of this Greek feeling at Puteoli. Puteoli is now a rather important and populous fishing port, and the memories of St. Paul stand out so prominently in the history of the ancient city as to push aside other memories, whether classic or Greek. In the old times it was the great landing-place for travellers from Alexandria and the East, and now it is rather a flourishing fisher village. The modern town is like an ant-hill of white houses, dominated here and there by a church-tower, built on a mound of rock by the sea. The remains of ancient Puteoli run along the shore. There is a temple of Serapis now half standing, and innumerable relics of baths and sulphur springs abound, and you can go and dabble your hands in the bubbling water if you choose to brave the sulphurous steam and can bear a scalding temperature. Seneca, Ep. 77, tells you how he stood on the ancient pier at Puteoli, and watched a fleet of vessels come in from Alexandria, certain of them sailing in gallantly, with a sail called *supparum*, as heralds of the rest; and what a pretty sight it was. One might almost dream that St. Paul's vessel, the *Castor* and *Pollux*, came into port about that time, and that the great stoic got some of his wisdom from meeting with the prince of the apostles at Puteoli. The harbour at Puteoli must have been a busy sight, and wherever the merchandise of the East went, there Jews were sure to be found in colonies. Philo, with his fellow Jewish Ambassadors, had an interview with Caligula here. So that we can well understand how Paul should find brethren at Puteoli hospitable enough to press him to tarry with them seven days (Acts xxviii. 13). The great road to Rome—the Appian Way—joined on to the Puteoli road at Capua, so that from this seacoast town the traveller of to-day may follow St. Paul almost step by step, by way of Appii Forum and the Three Taverns to Rome.

Naples you see flashing in the sunlight to the south of Puteoli. Naples, the imperial modern city of the bay—Naples, the city of indolent pleasure, of elegant dissipation—Naples, the prodigal who has secured his portion of goods, and is now squandering them with light-hearted mirth, careless of the present or the future. From far away, Naples looks somewhat like an avalanche or gleam of white buildings poured over the commanding hill, St. Elmo, and which has flowed down the slope and spread along the shore to right and left for miles. Interspaces of green chequer this white expanse of houses and palaces here and there—gardens by the seashore—avenues of trees and flowery terraces hanging midway up the slope. Naples is emphatically the City of Flowers. For six miles along the shore to southward the houses and streets run on without intermission till they intermix with the straggling villas in the suburbs of Resina.

Resina by the seaside is built over the grave of Herculaneum. From the cellars of one of its houses they dug down and found the buried city. Two reasons, however, will always keep Herculaneum from being fully laid bare. One is that the modern city, with all its palaces, would first have to be pulled down, for it exactly covers the old city. When you sleep in Resina you have the consciousness that so many feet beneath your bedchamber, through the hard lava, there may be the bedchamber of some ancient citizen, whose family, perhaps, are still asleep in their beds, and will sleep on undisturbed till the last trumpet shall awaken them. Another

reason why Herculaneum will never be unearthed is that the lava is too hard to be cut through without great difficulty. You may cut a shaft, as people have already done. They lighted upon the old theatre by a happy chance, and the modern visitor may now go rambling about by torchlight through its old corridors, and on the stage, and in the public stalls. But the toil of uncovering the whole city would be overwhelming. Pompeii, on the contrary, which is inland on the slope of Vesuvius, was covered with light ashes, which are removed without difficulty; and so Pompeii will soon be all laid bare.

But in all these memories of the past and fancies of the present we are forgetting Sorrento. Sorrento has no memories, but is simply a lovely and secluded nook in this pleasant land. Lying under these trees on the cliff, or dabbling in the sea, or climbing up the hills, where little mountain streams tumble among the wild flowers, under the shadow of olive or pine, we almost lose the sense of reality amid all this inconceivable loveliness of nature, of landscape, and sea, and sky. Yet the inhabitants of Sorrento are very simple folk. Two industries are prominent. The orange-gatherers you see everywhere—in the gardens outside the town, or on the hills—women and young girls (often too young), with great baskets of the heaped-up fruit nicely balanced on their heads. Flecked with the pale green lights and shadows, they flit about under the trees, gathering the harvest of golden fruit; or upright as a dart, steadying the basket with one hand, file down, like graceful canephoras, through the valleys to the seashore, where, in little craft with lateen sail, the fruit is shipped away to Naples or more northern ports. One other important industry of Sorrento is the making of delicate inlaid work in precious woods. All manner of household things—small tables, desks, writing utensils, cabinets—are framed in olive or orange, and inlaid with many-coloured designs in various woods. The inhabitants of Sorrento certainly seem to be a more industrious folk than those of any other town in the south of Italy.

HOWARD HOPLY.

## EARLY CIVILISATION.

IX.—THE ANTIQUITY OF THE CHINESE.  
BY THE REV. DR. EDKINS, PEKIN.

CHINA has a very old look. The walls of its cities make the traveller think of Old Testament times. The character of the people belongs more to the middle ages than to the nineteenth century. It appears wonderfully stereotyped. Change proceeds among the people, but it is not so perceptible nor so rapid as elsewhere. Tennyson wrote, "Better thirty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." Evidently the poet thought it preferable to live in a country where progress is swift. All, however, cannot live in Europe, and one advantage that those possess whose lot takes them to "the gorgeous east" is, that they can study the old world in new times.

The reason why the Chinese continue to remain so much what they have been, and take a certain pride in opposing all tendency to progress, is to be looked for in national character and isolation. Had they mingled in the stream of history, had they been

spectators of the world's revolutions, and shared in them, had they travelled much in foreign countries, and learned to live in foreign ways, and practised foreign usages, they would not have hung back so much as they now do in the rear of the rest of the world upon the onward path of change.

The native character has not a little self-confidence, which is justified by their past. They can now look back on four thousand years of history. During this time the Chinese have made steady if slow advancement in enlightenment, and in the discovery of the means by which the realm of nature could be subjugated to human uses.

The national spirit, when looked at broadly, is really civilised and progressive, or they would not have such a noble history of useful inventions to be proud of. We are too ready to pity and despise as barbarism that which is in reality a type of progress more steady and long-continued, though less brilliant and energetic, than our own.

Fifteen centuries ago they used pencils for writing made of weasels' hair, as they now do, and wrote with characters of the same shape and size as at present. This is a remarkable instance of slowness in changing. But then they have during that time originated the practice of printing books, and that, too, four centuries before the commencement of European printing. This is a proof of progress still more remarkable. The critical foreigner complains that they still hold to the use of hieroglyphics. He thinks that after four thousand years they might be willing to make a change, and that they ought to admit the undoubted superiority of an alphabet. But they may say in defence of themselves that their written characters are more suited for perpetuity than the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, and that their language not being polysyllabic, there is much to be said for their continuing to use a system of separate signs for every word.

This singular civilisation, coming down from high antiquity, seems to bring Egypt and Babylon before us in contemporary form. The artisans of Thebes and Memphis may be seen to live again in Canton or Soochow. The turning lathe, the potter's wheel, and the weaving loom in modern Chinese cities show us what the streets of the cities on the banks of the Nile and Euphrates would now be if the ancient inhabitants of those regions had, like the Chinese, found out the secret of perpetuating themselves.

The credibility and age of the first Chinese books, the time when writing originated, the possibility of the separation on safe grounds of early myth from genuine history, are all matters most desirable to be known. They may, with many kindred subjects, receive illustration from a brief general inquiry into the antiquity of the Chinese.

Opinion has oscillated in a singular way on this question. The Jesuit missionaries commenced their work in China three centuries ago, and when they entered on the study of the literature, they became filled with admiration of it. The intelligent and educated natives who at that time in considerable numbers received Christian baptism, never parted with their reverence for the character and teaching of China's ancient sages. They communicated their regard for the history and literature of their country to their European instructors. Catholic Europe, and especially France, became in the seventeenth century, through the productions of Jesuit authors upon China, imbued with a high feeling of admiration for the

wisdom and intelligence of the Chinese, and the trustworthiness of their history. Down to the end of last century European acquaintance with the country went on increasing, aided by the translations made of the classical books in French and Latin, and the numerous descriptive works and essays published to illustrate the ancient and modern condition of the people whom we have fallen into the habit of calling, with a tone of pleasant sarcasm, the "Celestials." Many of the men who held up China to the world's admiration lie buried in the two chief Catholic cemeteries in the west of Peking, not far from the city walls. There are the tombs of Ricci, Schaal, and Verbeist of the older time, and Gaubil and Amyot of the more recent.

Down to the time (twenty years ago) of the publication of Legge's Chinese Classics and the works of Biot, it was the custom among many sober judges to accept the ancient history as given in the classical books. The "Book of History," for example, commences with the reigns of the Emperors Yaou and Shun, B.C. 2356 and 2255, and contains an account of a most destructive deluge which occurred at that time, and from which the country was freed by the diligence, energy, and skill of a heroic man named Ta Yü, who became emperor B.C. 2205. This deluge was not like that of Noah, except in its being said that mountains were covered by the rising floods. The sober student of these days will not follow the example set by some Roman Catholic missionaries in former times who identified the deluge of Noah with that of the Chinese Yü. The human population was not destroyed in the Chinese deluge. There was no ship. The time that it lasted was nine years. The deluge of the Bible and of the Babylonian tablets would seem to have taken place long before that of China, and to have been wider spread and more devastating in its effects.

The Emperor Yü was one of a group of sages, several of whose sayings have been preserved. They are couched in words which, while very archaic, are not the words of a different language. The Chinese language, in its vocabulary and laws of arrangement in words, as well as in its being monosyllabic, was the same then as now, except that it was less developed and contained many obsolete expressions.

Yü was the first emperor of the Hea dynasty, and founder of an imperial line which continued for sixteen descents till B.C. 1766. This to the Jesuits seemed all to be trustworthy history, especially as there are passages in the early parts of this most interesting old book which tell of determinations of the times of the equinoxes and solstices from the observed places of certain stars, either in the morning or evening, or at midnight of the four days on which they occurred. The emperor's words, when giving the order to the court astronomers to go and make these observations, are carefully recorded. Then there is a solar eclipse of about B.C. 2000. Astronomical data like these are not found in the Vedas, or the Zendavesta, or in the Books of Moses, or in Homer or Hesiod. They seemed to give a special character of authenticity to this book of old Chinese history.

Du Halde's work on China is unequalled for copiousness, and contains a vast amount of correct information; but the way in which it speaks of early Chinese chronology is much more in accordance with the time when it was compiled than with our own.

He writes: "Two hundred years after the Deluge the sons of Noah arrived in North-Western China." This is neither scripture nor is it science. It is a rough-and-ready attempt to reconcile the Hebrew account with early Chinese tradition. In this age we proceed more cautiously.

Du Halde goes on to say: "From the reign of Yaou, which began B.C. 2357, their history is very exact. We find the names of emperors, with the length of their reigns, and an account of the troubles, revolutions, and interregnums that have happened, all set down very particularly and with great fidelity." "The Chinese historians," he says, "appear to be sincere, and to regard nothing but the truth." He then describes the burning of the books, and the restoration of literature fifty-four years after under the Emperor Wen te, who ascended the throne B.C. 179.

In this way of treating Chinese chronology Du Halde accepts the "Book of History" as good authority. It begins with the reign of Yaou, and so does he. The fact is, however, that the ancient chronology does not rest only on the testimony of this book, but also upon the views held by the astronomers of the period introduced by Wen te. They formed a chronology based on a study of the "Book of History," as the Rabbis who formed the Jewish chronology did upon a comparison of the dates contained in the Old Testament. A historical work called, from the material on which it was found written, the "Bamboo Books," also contains a system of ancient chronology; and, as it dates from the time of the Chow dynasty, before the burning of the Confucian books by the first emperor of the Tsin dynasty, introduces new elements into the general question, something in the same way as happens with the Hebrew chronology through the existence of that of the Septuagint and that of the Samaritan Pentateuch.

The Han dynasty chronology became current in China, and has satisfied most native scholars down to the present time, as it did till recently European scholars.

The grounds stated by Du Halde for giving credit to the accepted native chronology are that it is very self-coherent and substantial; that it has not, like the Greek and Roman history, the air of a fiction at the beginning; that it has an important verification in a solar eclipse at a very early date; that the historians were witnesses of the events they related; that Confucius, as his words show, regarded it as deserving of confidence; and that Mencius says a thousand years elapsed between Shun and Wen wang.

Since Wen wang lived about B.C. 1100, the testimony of Mencius makes it clear that in his day—B.C. 300—the accepted chronology, as far back as to the time of the Emperor Shun, was much the same as afterwards determined by the Han scholars, and as that contained in the "Bamboo Books."

Du Halde proceeds to remark that later Chinese historians have noticed unsatisfactory points in the received chronology even of the Chow dynasty, and that at the same time they have, in accordance with the traditions retained in the "Book of Changes" and other works, classical and non-classical, commenced their narrative of the History of China with the time of Fuhe, B.C. 2852.

The reason that they have gone back nearly five hundred years was probably threefold. They wished

history to embrace the great legendary personage Fuhe, who is regarded as the first Chinese emperor. They wished to honour Fuhe as the maker of the Pakwa and the author of the "Book of Changes" in its primitive form, when it was merely a collection of symbolic strokes. They wished to respect the judgment of Confucius, who, while he commenced the "Book of History" with Yaou, inserted in his supplement to the "Book of Changes" a passage commemorating the services of Fuhe, Shin nung, and Hwang te, venerated through all antiquity as the founders of the Chinese civilisation.

"Anciently," says Confucius, in this passage, "Fuhe, in ruling the world, evoked to the lights of heaven, the laws of earth, the marks on birds and beasts, with the signs capable of being noted on the human body and on all material objects. He then invented the Pakwa or eight diagrams, the art of writing by means of knotted cords, and the methods to be pursued in hunting and fishing. After him came Shin nung, who taught ploughing and hoeing, marketing and trading. Houses, boats; the use of the ox and horse as beasts of burden; the art of grinding corn; the use of the bow and arrow; the introduction of coffins and burial for the dead; and the change of knotted cords into the use of a written character, soon followed; and in the time of Yaou the features of the old Chinese civilisation were complete."

This view of the early growth of Chinese polity presents to us Confucius, a grave, erudite, and sober-minded sage, looking upon the third millennium before Christ as the period when his countrymen emerged from barbarism into civilisation. He knew of no foreign origin to the Chinese people, nor did he regard it as necessary to assign any of the elements of their early culture to a foreign source.

Before Fuhe everything is to him a mysterious unfathomed depth. All he knows is that a succession of wise men appeared B.C. 2850 to B.C. 2350, who, one after the other, instructed the people in the useful arts, in morality, and in the philosophy of nature. No theory of creation had ever, so far as we know, been suggested to him. He had before him, to be taught and explained by his philosophy, the visible universe in a state of incessant changes. The former sages, Fuhe, Hwang te, and Wen wang, had taught a theory of transformations. It accounts for all phenomena of the world political and the world material, for man as an animal and as a social and intellectual being. This was enough.

The native view of the first beginnings of the Chinese race should be allowed. The legends that go before Fuhe do not deserve so much attention. They rest on a less respectable authority.

It is now about fifteen years since the publication of Dr. James Legge's translation of the "Book of History." He arrives at a conclusion unfavourable to its historical character. In his "Prolegomena" he represents it as half legend, and suspects that the names of many emperors were invented by subsequent writers. The Rev. J. Chalmers examined the astronomical data, and pronounced them unsatisfactory. In his dissertation, inserted after the "Prolegomena," he declares them to be wanting in all essential points. The question of the antiquity of the Chinese assumed a new shape. The credible and self-consistent history of ancient China was believed by many, from the time that this change in opinion took place, to date no earlier than B.C. 751, when the

history written by Confucius commences. There can be no doubt of this historical fragment being fairly within the historical period, for authors were then rife, chronicles were kept at the courts of kings, astronomical records were preserved, eclipses were noted; all events were chronologically arranged. The question is not, can this be accepted? but, can it be right to treat all the preceding Chinese history as half mythical? Mr. Mayers does so in his "Chinese Readers' Manual," published in 1874. The period from B.C. 2852 to 1154 he terms the legendary period. From B.C. 1154 to 781 is in his nomenclature the semi-historical period. Trustworthy history only commences, in his opinion, from B.C. 781. This mode of treating early Chinese chronology occurs in a highly useful work by a writer whose name carries with it no little authority.

An opinion very different from these writers has been recently adopted and promulgated by Dr. Gustave Schlegel. His studies in the nomenclature of the stars and the peculiarities of the Chinese zodiac have materially affected his opinions. He adopts the extraordinary view that the stars were named by the Chinese 17,000 years before the Christian era. His principal reason for this novel doctrine is that the zodiac of twenty-eight constellations commences with the bright star Spica in the sign Virgo. Dr. Schlegel thinks that the sun was in Virgo in the spring when the Chinese stars were first named, and that if he were not in that position, the ancient Chinese would not have begun the zodiac there. When the Greeks took over the Asiatic zodiac which their neighbours communicated to them, they commenced the series of twelve months with Aries. The sun in spring is now thirty degrees behind Aries. The interval represents in time two thousand years, and one twelfth of the zodiacal circle. Twelve times this number of years makes the cycle which represents the time the sun must take to run his course backward round the zodiac.

Since the time of Hipparchus and the change of the sun's place among the stars at the vernal equinox from the Ram to the Fishes, certainly the period that has elapsed seems very long, and the science of astronomy has gone through a great variety of remarkable phases. But this is quite a short term of years compared with that which has been recognised by Dr. Schlegel as having passed away since the first Chinese astronomers divided the stars into groups and gave them names. All that the Chinese themselves claim for their astronomy, is an antiquity of 4,000 years, when the sun had just entered Taurus, being sixty degrees in front of his present position. They will be astonished when they find that, among the foreign students of their ancient books, there is one who believes that their names for stars are more than four times older, and that since the primeval mapping of the constellations, the sun has slowly travelled backward through nine signs of the zodiac to the point where he now is.

The argument of this author is expanded into two octavo\* volumes, and illustrated from a rich variety of sources, Chinese and European, in the most learned manner.

The reasons against the acceptance of his hypothesis are very strong. The names of stars embrace the whole imperial régime of ancient China, with a

\* "Uranographie Chinoise." Printed at the expense of the Royal Dutch Institute for Ethnology, Philology, and Geography, 1875.



multitude of details all harmonising with what we know of the country from the classical books. The ancient ideas of the Chinese about government, their modes of naming officers and court buildings, their sacrifices, derivation of houses, agriculture, markets, and many circumstances of popular and official life, are reflected in the stellar nomenclature. We see there the old customs as they were during the time of and after Yaou and Shun. The supposition that this régime should have lasted in the same form through nearly twenty millenniums seems very unreasonable, and contrary to the lesson derived by history from the past of every other country, that incessant change is the law of all human affairs.

This author has made a careful study (and he is probably the only European who has done so) of the old Chinese astrology. In books written about 2,000 years ago, the stars are described with a great multiplicity of lucky and unlucky indications. The classics are several centuries older, and the astrological indications are not found in them. Yet the classics speak in such a way that both magic and astrology must have existed. To say, however, as Dr. Schlegel does, that the identical astrology which is contained in books of the Han dynasty still extant, was a prime element in the knowledge of those who made the names of the stars, and that it existed in their day in much the same form as at the court of the emperors of the early Han dynasty, is to maintain the incredible, and to invite adverse criticism.

It is marvellous that a man of great ingenuity and learning should originate a hypothesis so difficult to defend. In justice to the author, let me here mention what appears to me one of his most plausible arguments.

Among the twenty-eight groups of stars which constitute the Chinese zodiac, and roughly represent the place of the moon every day in one lunation, are the two well-known and beautiful constellations called by the Greeks, Pleiades and Hyades, the latter so named because its appearance indicated the arrival of the rainy season. In China the Hyades are called Pi, and in the "Book of History," the most important of the classics, Pi is called "Ruler of Rain." Schlegel says, that since Pi was, in the time of the "Book of History," a spring constellation, as it is in the Greek astronomy, it could not have been called the ruler of rain because it then indicated the rainy season, the spring of North China being dry. It must have been so named, he thinks, at that immensely ancient date when it was an autumn constellation, the sun having had time to travel, in the interim, through more than half the zodiac.

The coincidence is certainly most remarkable that the Hyades should rule the rain in both Greece and China. To explain this coincidence without the hypothesis of Dr. Schlegel is, perhaps, not impossible, though beset with difficulty. But it should be remembered that about the Mediterranean Sea, spring is rainy and autumn fair, while in China the reverse is the case. Let it then rather be supposed that the Hyades were named first in western countries, and communicated, in some manner unknown, to China while the "Book of History" was being written; or let it be supposed that the Greek word Hyades meant originally, as some say, "the little pigs," and that the coincidence is accidental.

Dr. Schlegel has felt encouraged to adopt the extravagant opinion that the Chinese names of stars

were made seventeen thousand years ago, by the speculations of writers favourable to the Darwinian account of the origin of man. Between the dawn of humanity and the dawn of history a vast chasm yawns. Some Darwinians say that men were cannibals for many millenniums before they became civilised. Others say they were without articulate speech for many millenniums, and that they became separated into great families before they attained the power to express themselves in words. Our author thinks he has found in the zodiac of China a safe basis for a theory which extends the history of that country back to a time which agrees with the requirements of Darwinian writers, and might lend support to the most incredibly ancient of the Egyptian dynasties.

The Chinese themselves, however, do not thus read their old records, nor has any foreign student of Chinese yet come forward to announce his conversion to this author's view.

But while early Chinese history cannot lend much aid to views now current on the antiquity of the human race, it seems to indicate the need of a longer scripture chronology than satisfied the theologians of other days. To allow for the natural development of language, and of the differences found to exist between races in the various climates of our globe, we may require an age for the human race considerably more lengthened than that which Archbishop Usher adopted.

Yet there is nothing in the Chinese classics which demands a longer period for the presence of the Chinese in their own country than 2,800 years.

## NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

### HELVELLYN AND THE FAITHFUL DOG.

A CORRESPONDENT sends some interesting particulars about the faithful dog of Helvellyn, and the event made memorable by the pen of Sir Walter Scott. The interest in, and pity for, this devoted creature is heightened by the fact that near the remains of her dead master was found the body of a little puppy, born soon to die amid those bleak surroundings. The fate of the unfortunate tourist was not known until more than three months from the time of his disappearance. The account of this tragical event was communicated to Sir Walter by Thomas Clarkson, the friend of the enslaved African, who was in the neighbourhood about the time the remains were discovered.

These are the facts. On the morning of April 17th, 1805, the deceased, who was considered venturesome, was met by one of the mountain guides, and warned by him that it was too early in the season to be safe, as the snow was still on the mountains. This he admitted, but said he would chance it. Later in the day he took refreshment at an inn in Patterdale, and thence set out for Helvellyn to fish. Probably none marked particularly his comings or goings, or a search would have been immediately set on foot. About the middle of July following, a shepherd found, at the foot of the great rock of Helvellyn, the remains of the unfortunate tourist, who, it was supposed, had slipped and fallen about one hundred feet, as on further search a stick, a great-coat, etc., were found *above* the spot where his fishing-tackle, his pocket-book (by which he was identified), a watch, and other relics had previously

been discovered. The poor dog barked at the strangers who thus intruded on her melancholy vigil. How this faithful animal had lived through the long weeks and months during which she had thus guarded the poor relics of "the friend of her heart," who shall tell? She was greatly attenuated by famine or grief, and bleached by long exposure to the bleak mountain blasts. A gentleman who visited the spot took her away with him in his carriage, probably with the view of restoring her to the mother of her dead master. S. H. S.

#### SWARM OF BEES FOLLOWING MUSIC.

Mr. Frank Buckland, Director of the Natural History Department of "Land and Water," formerly Assistant-Surgeon to the 2nd Life Guards, received the following interesting communication from his friend, Colonel Stewart, commanding officer of his old regiment:—"I know you are fond of curious facts—allow me to retail one for your information. While the 2nd Life Guards were returning from a field-day this morning down the Long Walk, a swarm of bees, attracted by the music, followed us all the way into the barracks over the heads of the band. On coming into the barrack-yard, the band formed up to play the regiment into barracks. The bees followed their example, and formed up also, settling upon the branch of a chestnut-tree over their heads. We have taken them prisoners, and they are now in a hive in a barrack-yard. They followed us for nearly a mile. I used to think the old woman with the tin-kettle and the key an idiot, but have changed my mind. It was fortunate they did not select the head of the bandmaster as a resting-place, for the swarm is a very large one, and would have made an unpleasant head-dress." The above communication will be most interesting to naturalists. "May we not conclude," says Mr. Buckland, "from the facts so praiseworthily put on record by Colonel Stewart, that bees have the power of hearing? In the most magnificent monograph on the anatomy and physiology of bees by Mr. Michael Girdwoyn I do not find that the ear of this insect is figured at all. Bees communicate their ideas by sound, and I understand that bee-keepers can often tell what is going on in the hives by the noise the bees happen to be making at the moment. The bandmaster of the 2nd Life Guards should be proud of his power to charm bees. He is a modern Orpheus."

#### VARIETIES OF INSTINCT.

There are three creatures—the squirrel, the field-mouse, and the bird called the nuthatch (*Sitta Europea*)—which live much on hazel-nuts, and yet they open them each in a different way. The first, after rasping off the small end, splits the shell in two with his long foreteeth, as a man does with his knife; the second nibbles a hole with his teeth as regular as if drilled with a wimble, yet so small that one would wonder how the kernel could be extracted through it; while the last picks an irregular ragged hole with its bill, but as this artist has no paws to hold the nut firm while he pierces it, like an adroit workman he fixes it, as it were, in a vice, in some cleft of a tree or in some crevice, where, standing over it, he perforates the stubborn shell. We have often placed nuts in the chink of a gate-post where nuthatches have been known to haunt, and have always found that those birds have readily penetrated them. While at work they make a rapping noise, which can be heard at a considerable distance. These diverse modes of getting at the kernel might seem

to be the result of intelligence and ingenuity, but they are instinctive, since we find every individual of the species, from its earliest days of self-foraging, acting in the same manner.

#### RAT CUNNING.

A farmer had rats in his sty, and shot some in the trough. They never came again unless the pigs were feeding. R. W.

#### A KNOWING DOG.

Being a sincere lover of "our four-footed friends," I am desirous of adding my mite to the fund of authenticated interesting anecdotes. When I first made the acquaintance of my friend "Bob" he was a handsome mastiff, of about six years old, broad-chested though tall, with a thick, curly, dark-grey coat, and short bob-tail. He divided his time pretty equally between my brother's house and my own. We lived a quarter of a mile apart. Meal-times at each house were at the same hours, except on Sundays, when my brother and his family dined earlier than we did, but Bob's activity and punctuality always enabled him, when at home, to get a dinner at each house every day, by dropping first into my brother's and then trotting down to my house, never letting the difference in our week-day and Sunday time put him out in his reckoning.

He and the cats and kittens at both houses were always on the most affectionate terms, and nothing pleased them better than to crouch up to his warm curly coat and have a snooze. He always received these attentions from his frisky friends with great kindness and condescension on his part, but I am sorry to say he was guilty of a good deal of hypocrisy towards them and their mother. He would never drive them from a dish, or a dripping-pan, or anything else. Oh, no! but when he happened to see them eating out of either he quietly, but quickly, walked up to the coal heap, and picking up as large a lump as he could well hold between his teeth, he would walk gently up to where his friends were feasting, and drop the lump of coal into either basin, dish, or dripping-pan, looking quite innocent all the time. Pussies immediately licked their mouths and walked away, while their amiable friend finished their meal for them.

One of Bob's duties was to accompany our waggons on their journeys in taking out our goods (we were manufacturers). This he did not at all approve of, and in order to shirk his duty he at first absconded as soon as he saw any signs of packing and loading of the waggons, and would not be found till after he knew that waggons and waggoners were gone and at a safe distance. This he must have learnt by watching them off. He then returned to society, looking as amiable and as affable as ever. But, being of a social disposition, he got tired of secreting himself in solitude, so in order to escape the toil of travel and to enjoy the pleasures of society he adopted another expedient, for which, I think, he merits the title of being "a very knowing dog." It was this: his inquiring eyes were always on the watch, and after he had given up absconding, whenever he saw packing and preparation for a journey going on, he became distressingly lame, first with one leg, then with another, but with one or other constantly, frequently lying down as if too lame to stand, much less to walk. But as soon as the waggons were well away Bob's lameness vanished, and he could walk and run as well as ever.

Newport, Monmouth.

J. G. W.

## Varieties.

### PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Declaration of Independence .....	July 4, 1776
General Washington first President .....	1789 and 1793
John Adams .....	1797
Thomas Jefferson .....	1801 and 1805
James Madison .....	1809 and 1813
James Monroe .....	1817 and 1821
John Quincy Adams .....	1825
General Andrew Jackson .....	1829 and 1833
Martin Van Buren .....	1837
General William Henry Harrison (died April 4) .....	1841
John Tyler (elected as Vice-President) .....	1841
James Knox Polk .....	1845
General Zachary Taylor (died July 9, 1850) .....	1849
Millard Fillmore (elected as Vice-President) .....	1850
General Franklin Pierce .....	1853
James Buchanan .....	1857
Abraham Lincoln (assassinated April 14, 1865) .....	1861 and 1865
Andrew Johnson (elected as Vice-President) .....	1865
General Ulysses S. Grant .....	1869 and 1873

In regard to the next Presidential election, it is pleasant to read words so generously disinterested as those of the "Montreal Witness":—"Canadians might well wish for Democratic success in the approaching contest, for a more enlightened and liberal foreign trade policy—which is that part of the government of the United States which most affects Canada—might be expected from the Democrats than from the Republicans. The latter, however, have much the best set of principles for the United States on other matters than foreign trade, and these are most important to the American people at present. Although, also, there are many good men in both parties, there is no doubt that the larger proportion of the dangerous element is included in the Democratic party, and that the greater number of honest, upright men are among the Republicans. There is, therefore, little reason to doubt that with better general principles, and with a better general class of men to carry them out, the Republicans are most deserving of success."

**CIRCASSIAN<sup>2</sup> IN BULGARIA.**—Dr. Humphry Sandwith (of Kars celebrity) thus described in the "Times" this Asiatic colony in European Turkey:—"About twelve years ago these Circassians were planted in Bulgaria precisely for the service they have so well performed—to terrorise the Christian population. There were abundant lands unoccupied for them in Asia Minor, but they were politically wanted in Bulgaria. They did not build villages; the Christians were made to build houses for them; and ever since this Asiatic immigration complaints have been incessant of the plundering propensities of these mountaineers. These facts are so notorious that no one knowing that country can read the Prime Minister's words without astonishment. Mr. Baker, who wrote to the 'Times' on the subject of these atrocities, gives the Circassians the character they deserve, and he has lived years in Bulgaria. I myself travelled in Bulgaria about two years ago, and heard the same stories everywhere of the savage and turbulent propensities of 'Mr. Disraeli's lambs.' They were the terror of the country, and no redress could be obtained for any outrage on their part, as they were so well protected by their women friends in the harems of the capital."

**FOOD SUPPLIER.**—Indian corn, or maize, says "Land and Water," has now acquired a permanent footing in this country as an article of food. Most of what we get is sent from the United States, the total import for 1875 being 20½ million cwt., or three times greater than the import ten years ago. The quantity of cheese imported has nearly doubled during the last eight years, the home supply being wholly inadequate to meet the ordinary requirements for our consumption. Eggs were sent to us last year—chiefly from France—to the number of 741 millions—that is, nine per cent. greater than the quantity sent in 1874. Five years back the number was but 400 millions, and this rapid increase still continues, although poultry farming is now being more carefully attended to among us than it used to be. The price of eggs, however, has fallen from 8s. 7d. per long hundred to 8s. 8d. More potatoes arrived here in 1875 than in the previous year by 710,000 cwt. Most of these potatoes are set down as coming from France, but a considerable quantity come really *via* France from the South of Europe;

and we may here mention—what is not generally known—that there is a fixed uniform charge of £40 a ton made for conveyance of the costly fruit and vegetables from Marseilles to London. This arrangement, of course, much facilitates the trade in such things as early asparagus, peaches, and so forth. The consumption of cocoa increases rapidly, having nearly doubled in the space of ten years; the duty is only 1d. a pound, so that the cocoa trade only yielded £31,659 to the revenue. Currants, raisins, and dried fruits, it was formerly imagined, were an index to the well-being of the working-classes, who were supposed to buy these in large quantities when wages were good. But this view is an exploded one. What really affects the dried fruit trade is the abundance or otherwise of fresh fruit at home; thus in a good apple year currants and raisins are much less in demand. As to wheat, we may mention that in 1869 the Government abolished the small remaining import duty on breadstuffs which had been left at the time of the repeal of the corn laws; not at all so left as a source of revenue, but as a means of keeping an accurate record of the quantities imported. This duty was 3d. a cwt. on grain, and 4d. on meal, and so great has been the growth of our import of corn from abroad, that if this small duty still existed it would yield £1,382,889 to the Exchequer annually.

**TIT FOR TAT.**—An American judge was obliged to sleep with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued:—"Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a judge: would you not, Pat?" "Yes, yer honour," says Pat; "and I think yer honour would have been a long time in the old country before ye'd been a judge too."

**ENGLISH INFLUENCE IN INDIA.**—At the annual distribution of prizes at the Royal Engineering College at Cooper's Hill, Lord Napier of Magdala gave some excellent advice to the students about to leave on the completion of their course. He said he felt it a great privilege that he was permitted to address a few words to his brother engineers at the commencement of their career—a career which offered them such a very honourable prospect of being serviceable to their country and to India. It was a matter of very great congratulation that they had the advantage of studying their profession under an officer (Colonel Chesney) who himself had struggled over the difficulties of an engineer in India, and who knew so well the points to which to direct their attention. The noble lord who had just spoken had directed their attention to the one point especially upon which he himself desired to give a few words of advice. Lord Salisbury had just said that their influence would be very great, and that the responsibility upon them was very great also. They would be spread over every part of the land. They would be exceptional people. Every action and every word would be noticed by those about them, and by those who had a very keen appreciation of character. For their success very much would depend upon manner—upon the way in which they treated the people of India. He had felt it his duty, ever since he had come to the time to reflect upon his position in India, to endeavour that no native should leave him except with the feeling of having parted from a friend. He thought that was a national duty, and he could safely assure them that he had never done a kindness to a native of India which was not repaid a hundredfold when there was an opportunity. If they wished to do their works cheaply, as Lord Salisbury had told them was necessary, they could not attain that object without the assistance of the natives of India; and he could say that he had always found the greatest support and assistance from intelligent natives; but the success of those before him would depend upon their maintaining the self-respect of the natives they employed. Europeans were apt sometimes rather to despise the people of India for apparent inferiorities, which, however, often arose from the two sets of individuals not thoroughly understanding each other's language. It would be their first duty to make themselves well acquainted with the language. The career they were entering upon was one which had great pleasures, excitement, and rewards. They had the satisfaction of knowing they would benefit thousands, and would establish, as he hoped, lasting monuments of the greatness of the British nation, and of the skill of its engineers.



# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



AN INTRUSIVE VISITOR.

## THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER IX.—PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

"Where secrecy or mystery begins, vice or roguery is not far off."  
—*Johnson.*

**W**EEKS and months passed rapidly away with Mrs. Reed after the birth of her two children. Her time was fully occupied with domestic duties, and with the exception of a short visit to the seaside in the summer, she had very little change or excite-

ment, and did not wish for more. Mr. Reed's business was, she hoped, prospering; he was not quite so much at home as he had been in the first year or two of their married life, but that was a good sign if not a pleasant one. He did not talk to her much about business; it had never been his habit to do so; but sometimes he showed her plans or drawings which he had made for some public building or other, and she felt sure that they must be universally admired and approved, though, as it usually happened



that she heard no more of them, and her husband avoided speaking of them, she was forced to the conclusion that they had been set aside for others less deserving. Mr. Reed often remarked that it was no use competing, as everything worth having went by interest in these days. However, they had enough to live upon, and Mrs. Reed at least was quite contented, and would have been perfectly happy if it had not been for a certain growing appearance of anxiety and care which she fancied she could detect upon her husband's usually cheerful features now and then.

A monotony of quiet and pleasurable duty is far from wearisome. Time glides away imperceptibly when there are no unusual or startling incidents to mark its course. So it was with Mrs. Reed; her daughter was already four years old, and her little boy nearly three, at the time when the events now to be recorded happened, to disturb the even tenour of her life.

It was summer time, drawing towards autumn; there had been the usual holiday-making, and folks were settling down again after their excursions. Mr. Cope, it was rumoured, had been to Rome—not a long journey for him, some of his parishioners remarked. Mr. Reed was in London, not holiday-making, but on business; it was expected that he would be absent three or four days, but Margarita did not venture to make another expedition to Peterstowe. One of the priests of that town had promised to call upon her, and one afternoon she caught sight of a straight-cut coat approaching the house, and presently afterwards heard the door-hall ring. But when the visitor was announced, to her great disappointment and surprise, it was not the person she had expected, but the Rev. Alban Cope who entered the room. He had called once or twice before in Mr. Reed's absence, and Margarita had declined to see him. She was annoyed therefore at his persistence, and did not offer him a seat, but herself continued standing.

"I am very glad to find you alone at last," said Mr. Cope; "I have for some time past been anxious to have some conversation with you."

"Mr. Reed is not at home," she began.

"I know it," he answered; "my visit was not intended for him, but for yourself. Hear me for one moment," he continued, seeing that she was about to reply; "you think me intrusive, but that is only because you do not understand the purport of my visit."

Mrs. Reed moved towards the door, as if about to quit the room, but Mr. Cope had taken his station in front of it, and did not offer to make way for her to pass.

"Allow me to explain," he said. He was very pale, and seemed to have a difficulty in finding words to express himself. "Do you remember," he said, at length, "the subject of our conversation almost the first time I had the pleasure of seeing you?"

Mrs. Reed remembered it, but she would not condescend to answer; she was surprised that he should thus recur to it.

"We were speaking of the case of Mr. Lintel, vicar of Eitherside. I see you recollect it now."

Mrs. Reed bowed, but said nothing.

"You expressed yourself rather strongly on that occasion; that is my chief difficulty now. If you would sit down and listen to me I should be able to satisfy you, I think, that, as a Roman Catholic, Mr.

Lintel—or let me call him Father Lintel—did nothing wrong in concealing the fact of his conversion and continuing to hold his preferment."

"I would really rather not hear any more about Mr. Lintel," Mrs. Reed exclaimed, impatiently; "you must excuse me, Mr. Cope, I cannot understand your object."

"Then, without further explanation, allow me to hand you this letter; you know the handwriting, I presume—Father Gehagan's."

Mrs. Reed did know it, and looked upon it with extreme surprise.

"It is addressed to me," said Mr. Cope, "but concerns yourself, as you will perceive if you will do me the favour to read it."

With a trembling hand Mrs. Reed received the letter, the envelope of which was already open. Words cannot describe the varied emotions which were manifested upon her usually calm, quiet features as she read the contents. Glancing up for a moment at Mr. Cope, and then again at the letter, she turned it over and over in her hand as if utterly at a loss what to say or do, while the priest stood gazing steadily at her, watching the play of her features.

"Give me a little time," she said, to consider this. "I did not know you were acquainted with Father Gehagan."

"I have been in correspondence with him for some time past," Mr. Cope replied; "I met him first at this house on the occasion of your daughter's christening."

Mrs. Reed remembered that they had then become known to each other; at all events there was no doubt that this was Father Gehagan's letter.

"I am so taken by surprise," she continued; "be kind enough to leave me now. I will write to you."

"Do so," said Mr. Cope; "but give me the letter if you have done with it; I must be careful of it; and remember that you are to guard the contents as a profound secret; not a creature must be informed on the subject; not even to your husband must you breathe a syllable about it, on peril of your soul!"

She had read that in the letter, and it was the chief cause of her perplexity and trouble.

"You are too well instructed in the tenets of our Church to disregard the solemn obligations here laid upon you. I will leave you now, since you wish it. To-morrow, perhaps, I may find you at home about this hour?"

"Yes—I don't know—I'll write or send," said Mrs. Reed.

The priest advanced and took the letter, which she still held, as if unconsciously, in her hand, and then, after a pause, replied, "Be it so," and, with a significant gesture, turned and left her.

The reader has perhaps already guessed the nature of the communication contained in Father Gehagan's letter. The Reverend Alban Cope had followed the example of the Vicar of Eitherside, and though ostensibly exercising the office and actually receiving the emoluments of the Church of England as by law established, was now in reality a member of the Church of Rome. The letter, so far at least as it concerned Mrs. Reed, was to the following purport:

"If you think it will be a comfort and help to Mr. Reed, and tend to the furtherance of the important work which you have in hand for our Holy Church, that you should introduce yourself to her *privately* as a member of our communion, you may make use of

this letter by way of credential from me. Of course you will impress upon her the great importance of absolute secrecy, and will let her know that, with all the authority I possess, I solemnly charge it upon her not to let the fact of your conversion to the true Church be known to any one whomsoever, *not even to her husband*; the success of that important movement which has been set on foot at Halford depending for the present upon the discretion and fidelity of those to whom the facts have been confided. Mrs. Reed will probably be able, as you anticipate, to help forward that movement, and will of course find pleasure and advantage to herself in doing so; but the greatest caution is required that no hint of it may prematurely get abroad. I need not, however, urge that upon you; for you are quite alive to the importance of it, and I have no doubt that when you have shown this letter to Mrs. Reed, she will be equally impressed with the necessity of guarding everything that is entrusted to her knowledge with the most jealous care. To fail in this would be a sin of no slight magnitude, since it would cause irreparable mischief to our Holy Church, and would be the occasion of great triumph to our adversaries; while, on the other hand, to help in bringing to a prosperous end those efforts which are being made for the extension of her power and influence, will ensure indulgences and blessings of the most exalted kind, both in this world and the next. I leave you to acquaint Mrs. Reed with all details of those plans and purposes in your own time and manner, and have only written thus, at your request, to certify her of the genuineness and sincerity of your professions—an assurance which, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, may not be altogether unnecessary."

Not altogether unnecessary! Did Father Gehagan mean to be satirical? Who can tell? "Satire," we are told,

"should, like a polish'd razor keen,  
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen."

#### CHAPTER X.—"AFTER NO GOOD."

"These sorts will turn themselves into several forms; with the heathens a heathenist; with the atheists an atheist; with the Jews a Jew; with the reformers a reformer."—*Sermon by the Archbishop of Dublin, A.D. 1651.*

It was a long time before Mrs. Reed could sufficiently recover from the surprise and consternation with which Father Gehagan's letter had overwhelmed her, to reflect upon the consequences which this new condition of affairs would probably entail. Her first wish was that her husband had been at hand. Nothing, she thought, should induce her to withhold from him a secret of so much importance; and probably if Mr. Reed had at that moment entered the room, she would have told him all that was in her heart. But Mr. Cope had chosen his opportunity with discretion. Mr. Reed was engaged at a distance, and would most likely not return for two or three days. A much shorter interval than that was sufficient to convince Mrs. Reed, on reflection, that it would be better, for the present at all events, to observe the solemn injunction and command of her priestly adviser in regard to secrecy. In truth, she dared not disobey it. Father Gehagan's letter was decided and authoritative. To betray confidence in such a case would be to render herself obnoxious to the severest penalties of the Church, and after all it might be of very little use. Mr. Cope had taken Father Gehagan's letter away with him, and if he should choose to deny to

Mr. Reed and to others the confession he had made to herself, what proof could she adduce of the truth of her assertion? How could she satisfy her husband or any one else that she was not under a delusion? All day long she thought and pondered, till her head ached; and all the following night she lay awake, weary in body and mind, but thinking, wondering, fearing, grieving still.

The next day Mr. Cope called again, without waiting for the promised message. Mrs. Reed heard him at the door, asking for her husband; and on being informed that he was still from home, he said he would see Mrs. Reed, and was shown into the parlour where she was sitting. He greeted her with much kindness of manner, regretted to see her looking so pale and ill, and began to speak at once on the subject which was uppermost in his own mind as well as in hers.

"You have been thinking a great deal about the letter which I showed you yesterday," he said. "I was anxious that you should know how I am situated and what is going on around you, chiefly under my direction, because I felt sure it would contribute to your happiness and welfare. You were, as you imagined, cut off from all intercourse with those of your own communion—excommunicated, one might almost say. It will comfort you, I am sure, to know that there is a fair prospect of all this being changed."

Mrs. Reed bowed, but said nothing; she was anxious, yet almost afraid to hear what assistance was required from her, and with whom she was to co-operate in the secret work alluded to in Father Gehagan's letter. The details of that work need not be here described. Suffice it to say that a chosen band of perverts were being gathered from among the most advanced worshippers at St. Michael and All Angels'; that by the help of a sisterhood, some of whom had already followed Mr. Cope's example, the way was being prepared for a considerable secession from the Anglo-Catholic Church to the Church of Rome, and that funds had been partly provided and other steps already taken for the erection of a Roman Catholic church or chapel at Halford, of which Mr. Alban Cope hoped in due time to be appointed priest in charge.

"Then you will have the sacraments and ritual of the true Church brought almost to your own door," said Mr. Cope, after he had described what was in contemplation, and the machinery by which it was to be brought to pass. "The site we are anxious to obtain for the chapel is at the end of this street—an open space between the old town and the new, convenient for both; and one reason for observing the strictest secrecy is that the land in question belongs to a rabid Protestant, one Fairlight, who would rather give it away to one of his own clique than sell it to us at any price. But we are negotiating through a channel that he does not suspect; and I hope we shall make sure of it before he finds us out."

"In the meantime," Mr. Cope continued, "I shall be at hand to advise and direct you as occasion may require. And you can co-operate with myself and others of our communion in various ways to propagate the faith. We cannot do much openly at present, but must accommodate ourselves to circumstances, condescending to the infirmities of those who are still wavering, for instance, and seeming to meet them half way; though, as you know, there is really no half way between the Church and heresy."

"You must be more explicit if you wish for my co-operation," said Mrs. Reed. "I do not understand you."

"The services at St. Michael's, for instance. I, although a true Catholic, still officiate there. Why should not you sometimes attend? It will help in the minds of some to bridge over the distance between our creed and theirs; it will gain you their confidence and good will and enable you to exercise a useful influence over them."

"Confidence! Influence! I should be utterly unworthy of it!" cried Mrs. Reed. "Would you have me go into God's house—well then, if you object to that term, into a place where God is worshipped—only to deceive, and pretend, and to act a lie, as you yourself are doing? Forgive me for saying so; but is it not the truth?"

"You must not talk of acting lies," said the priest, rising up hastily, and walking about the room. "I thought you had learned to view these matters in a different light, and to surrender your own private judgment to the higher wisdom of your teachers. We follow the dictates of our superiors, the directors of our Holy Church. That ought to be enough for you, as it is for me."

"Mr. Reed would think that I had apostatised from the faith in which I was brought up, and I should not be at liberty to undeceive him. You would have me worship in the same church, and kneel at the same altar with my husband, knowing all the while that he is deluded and betrayed, and that I am a chief instrument in the deceit."

"It will be for his good in the end. Does not St. Paul boast himself concerning the Corinthian converts, 'Being crafty, I caught you with guile'? Would you be better than St. Paul?"

"St. Paul never sought to gain his ends by unfair means. 'It was *slandorously* reported' of him that he said, 'Let us do evil that good may come.'"

"Where did you learn that? Why will you put your own construction on the words of Holy Scripture, instead of leaving the interpretation of them to the Church, which is the only competent expositor—the pillar and ground of truth?"

"Truth! truth! Almost you make me cry, as Pilate did, *What is truth?* The truth in this instance would come to light sooner or later, and then my husband would despise me, and I—I should well deserve it."

"You must take calmer views of these questions, and be less opinionated. As for your husband, we shall bring him over to the Church before any discoveries are made; and then he will see and confess the wisdom and faithfulness which you have shown in your behaviour towards him. You will think over these things, will you not?"

"I shall think of nothing else," Mrs. Reed answered. "I will try to do right. I will try to be obedient, and submit myself as a true daughter of the Church; but I am sore troubled. My burden is almost greater than I can bear."

"Alone you are not required to bear it. Holy Mother Church will give you strength. Cast all your care upon her, for she careth for you."

During all the time of this interview one very anxious thought weighed upon Mrs. Reed's heart. In what light was she to regard this Mr. Alban Cope henceforth? Would he be her priest, her father-confessor? She scarcely dared to ask the question, but could not rest until the doubt was solved. At

length she ventured to inquire whether the Vicar of Halford Quay was also at that time a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. The answer was reassuring. No: there were certain rites to be performed before he could be qualified to exercise the functions of a priest. He had been to Rome, he told her, and it was only a question of expediency how soon he should be admitted to the priesthood: at present he was more usefully employed in a lower sphere of duty.

Mr. Cope had had an interview with his holiness the Pope, and had enjoyed the privilege of kneeling at his footstool and performing the customary act of homage. He showed Mrs. Reed a medal which had been blessed by the Pope, and which he now wore always next to his heart. Mrs. Reed was carried away by the old sentiment of reverence for everything connected with the head of her Church, and forgot for a moment who and what manner of man this was who now stood before her, with the sacred medallion in his hand, on which the profile of the Pope wearing the triple crown was engraved, and she instinctively knelt down to kiss it.

When she looked up again she saw, standing at the open door, her servant Bridget, with eyes wide open, and a look of blank amazement in her face.

"Sure if Father Gehagan could see that now!" she muttered to herself; "the mistress kneeling down before that Protestant heretic! Didn't I say, when I opened the door for him, 'It's afther no good he is, coming here when the mather's out?'"

"Open the door for me now, Biddy," said Mr. Cope, smiling affably, as if he had not overheard her. "You are a true daughter of the Church, and so is your mistress. You and I will understand one another better some day."

"'Biddy,' indeed!" she cried, when he was gone. "Is that your manners? 'Biddy!' from the likes of him! I can't make it out, mistress dear. What does it all mane, then?"

"I can't tell you just now, Bridget. I can only beg of you to take no notice of what you have seen to-day, and to say nothing about it to any one, not even to—" Mrs. Reed hesitated, and felt the colour burning in her cheeks.

"Is it to the mather you mane?"

"Yes; at least, to no one: promise me. Mr. Cope brought me a letter from Father Gehagan. You will know all about it one day, but just now it is to be a secret."

"Sure I'm no tell-tale," said Bridget; "if you bid me not to spake to the mather, I'd bite me tongue out first."

"Thank you, Biddy."

Biddy retired, shaking her head pensively; and Mrs. Reed, vexed and humiliated, hastened upstairs, and locking herself into her own room, threw herself upon a couch, weeping and sobbing as if her heart would break. At that moment she felt that she was unfaithful to her husband. She could not reconcile her duty to him with the line of conduct urged and forced upon her by her spiritual advisers. She had surrendered her own judgment, and submitted to become the tool of others, and her sense of duty to the Church left her no alternative. Where was it to end? The double dealing on the part of this Anglo-Roman priest also offended her; it was opposed to all her ideas of honesty and sincerity; and though she could not venture to condemn that which her superiors in the Church had approved, yet

she felt instinctively that it was wrong. She had, however, no choice, but must follow the course of events, and act her part as others should dictate, and not as her own heart and conscience would have prescribed.

Mr. Reed returned home the next day. Mrs. Reed had heard from him, and knew at what hour she was to expect him; but she could not look forward to the time, nor watch for his coming, with the pleasure which she had been used to feel on such occasions. On the contrary, she almost dreaded it, knowing that she could no longer meet him with that absolute sincerity and unreserve which had hitherto formed a great charm in their wedded life. Her first impulse, when she heard the cab drive up to the door, was to flee to her own room; her second to go and meet him as usual, and as if nothing had occurred. While she was hesitating the door was opened, and he entered the house, looking for her. Then she hastened towards him, forgetting for the moment everything else but that he was at home again, and bringing the children for him to fondle and admire; so the first awkward moment passed away, and she had neither given way to tears nor betrayed herself in any other manner. But during the evening she found it necessary to be continually on her guard, and in the course of conversation felt repeatedly that she was awkward and embarrassed. Her husband would perhaps have observed this more readily but that he was tired and jaded. He was more taciturn than usual, and seemed out of spirits. Margarita longed to ask him if he were unwell, or if anything had occurred to trouble him; but she dared not seek for any confidence from him, since it would be impossible for her to return it. He thought her manner strange, and felt a little offended that she did not manifest more pleasure at his return, but would not make any remark; altogether they spent a very uncomfortable evening, and it was a relief for both of them when they heard the servants locking up at bedtime.

Next morning matters were not much improved, and Margarita began to fear that all the sunshine was gone out of her life. She busied herself with her children, and saw very little of her husband, except at meal times. But she felt that it would be impossible to go on long with this feeling of estrangement, this cold shadow of concealment lurking between them. It was her own fault, not his. But what could she do? What remedy was possible? If she could have seen Father Gehagan she might perhaps have persuaded him to admit her husband to a share of the weighty confidence which had been imposed upon her without her own wish or consent; but it was scarcely probable. The interests of Holy Mother Church were paramount, and the domestic happiness of one of her humblest daughters would weigh as nothing in the scale. No; there was no remedy; the only hope that yet remained for her was in that distant possibility to which Mr. Alban Cope had alluded, and towards which all her efforts must now be directed—namely, that her husband might be won over to the Church of Rome, and, as a Roman Catholic, might approve that line of policy and conduct which, as an honest man, he could not but abhor.

About this time a church in the neighbourhood, which had been closed for a few weeks during some repairs and alterations, which had been carried out under the direction of Mr. Reed, was to be reopened, and the architect and his wife were invited to be

present. Harvest-time was just over, and there was to be a thanksgiving service and a general festivity on the same occasion.

"You won't mind going to church just for once," Mr. Reed said to his wife. "People of all denominations will be there. It will not be what I should call a nice service, I dare say; for the Vicar of Marton is rather low; he would not let me do half what I wanted to his church; but I should like you to go with me; it is a nice drive, and you would spend a pleasant day."

Margarita hesitated for a moment. She would have said "Yes" at once if she had felt that she was free to act upon her own judgment. A few days ago she might have done so, but now the thought occurred to her that she was under surveillance, and might perhaps be expected to ask Mr. Cope's opinion on the subject. It was but a momentary doubt, but her husband noticed it.

"Don't go if you would rather not," said he, coldly; "you need not consider my wishes."

"I will consider my own," she replied, instantly, "and will go with you, as I should like to do everywhere and always."

He looked at her quietly, and with his old bright smile upon his face. "Would you indeed?" he asked. "I had almost begun to fear that I was sometimes a little in the way."

She yearned at that moment to tell him everything, and felt that she had been on the very point of doing so; but she checked herself in time, and then trembled to think how nearly her secret had escaped her.

"Oh yes," she said; "I shall like very much to go with you."

But her manner was constrained; her eyes were turned away, and could not meet his, and a bright flush had risen to her forehead. Mr. Reed let fall the hand which he had just before clasped, and the look of pleasure faded from his face. Just then a servant entered the room, and Margarita was glad of an excuse for leaving it. But she resolved that she would accompany her husband to Marton and attend the harvest thanksgiving in the church. She would take counsel with no one on that point, but with her own heart only.

## THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH.

BY AN OLD CADET.

IN these days, when the attention of the public is more than ever directed to the efficiency of our military power, and schemes for army organisation are cropping up on all sides, a short sketch of life at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich may not be found wholly uninteresting, especially since many of our most celebrated officers have been educated there; and it has been honoured by the presence of at least two cadets of royal blood—H.R.H. Prince Arthur and, in later years, H.I.H. the Prince Imperial. Perhaps no simpler method of briefly explaining the customs and institutions of the Academy can be chosen than that of describing a few of the most important incidents in the life of a cadet, from the time when visions of warlike glory first begin to assume a palpable form in his imagination, to the longed-for moment when, a commissioned officer, he goes forth into the world to take his part



in all that may require him, after the manner of Carlyle's "unaccredited heroes."

The aspirant for admission to the Academy, having in most cases spent some months in a course of instruction at one of those abodes of study significantly termed "crammers," and in return for a copy of his baptismal certificate proving him to be between sixteen and eighteen years of age, and sundry "good characters," having obtained permission from the Secretary for War to compete for admission, presents himself on a certain day in January or July at the gates of the Academy for the preliminary medical examination. For this purpose he is ushered into the School of Arms, which is a lofty and spacious building, containing some fine old trophies and an excellent gymnasium. Here he is subjected to a strict medical examination to ascertain whether his sight, hearing, and general health are suited to the requirements of the service. Should no fault be found, the candidate's measure is taken, with a view to having uniform ready for the new cadets soon after they arrive; this part of the process tending much to raise the spirits of those who see in the measurement a happy omen of their success. When "the medical" is over the candidate returns to London to compete at an examination, which may be considered a strict test of the knowledge and abilities of those concerned, and is, indeed, one of the most difficult of all competitions. Having done his best, our hero returns home, and awaits, with what patience he may, the appearance of the list of successful candidates, which will tell him at a glance whether he has become a *bonâ fide* cadet or must wait for another half year, with the possibility of failure altogether, as only three trials are allowed to any individual.

Supposing our aspirant to be successful, he now receives a bundle of documents informing him of the articles necessary to be taken to Woolwich, a statement of the payments required from him (generally £125 per annum), and a printed letter of really valuable advice, addressed to his parents, containing cautions as to extravagance, which, to the young man flushed with the joy of success, often appear foolish and unnecessary, but of which in after life he usually finds the value. After spending a couple of months at home, he then, in pursuance of his orders, starts for Woolwich, arrives at the station, drives up to the Academy, and there, being immediately confronted by a sergeant of artillery, recognises perhaps for the first time that he is actually what he has long hoped to become—a gentleman cadet.

At this stage of our friend's career he is apt to have a rather exalted opinion of himself and of his consequence to people in general, to which state of mind the congratulations of his relations and friends have not a little contributed. He has yet to learn his true position, not only in the Academy, but in the service; that he is no longer his own master, responsible only to himself for his actions, but a military unit, known to the authorities as a "last joined," and to the cadets generally as a "snooker." The first shock which his feelings receive is when, after having with some trouble found his house and room, he opens the door and beholds the interior, consisting of four whitewashed brick walls, a table, four chairs, four beds to match, turned up on hinges in the centre, as also four basins and a tin can, technically known as a "tosher." This spectacle to one who has all his life been accustomed to comparative luxuries and comforts is rather alarming at first, since

it is not till after a closer acquaintance that the beds are found to be extremely comfortable, and the room airy in summer and warm in winter. However, the "snooker" remembers all that he has heard of military "roughing it," and makes up his mind to adapt himself to circumstances. The senior cadet in the room now takes him in hand, and explains to him the customs and manners of the Academy, and the duties which devolve upon the last joined, these latter not being very onerous, as the principal one consists in going to the baths first in the morning, and then awaking his comrades.

A band plays for an hour in the School of Arms four days in the week, and on the evening of the arrival of the last joined there is a gathering of almost all the cadets in that building, it being the custom for them to ask any of the new comers whom they may chance to know, to join the promenade with them round the room. Thither then our hero directs his steps, and being taken in charge by some friend spends a very pleasant evening, and returns to rest betimes, "roll call" being at 10 P.M., and "lights out" half an hour afterwards.

At 6 A.M. the Réveillée sounds, and the "snooker" not being yet conversant with the bugle-calls, probably jumps out of bed in a great hurry, but is told by some wiser cadet that it is only the warning for extra drill. In fact, those unfortunates who have been awarded that punishment for not being smart on parade or other offences, parade at 6.15 with carbines and in full dress, and are marched up and down the parade-ground for the space of half an hour by a "corporal." These corporals are chosen from the two senior classes for their progress in study and general fitness, and are distinguished from the other cadets by wearing some extra gold lace on collar and sleeve. Extra drill is not at all a severe punishment, but the early rising which it entails is quite sufficient to make cadets avoid it by every means in their power. Indeed, some such institution would be much to be preferred if adopted at our great schools in place of the present system of "impositions," which have a tendency to spoil the penmanship of those on whom they are inflicted.

At 7 A.M. the bugle for breakfast parade sounds and the cadets fall in on the parade-ground, the last joined forming a company by themselves, and looking very conspicuous in their plain clothes and tall hats. After calling the roll they are marched into the dining-hall, a magnificent room with twelve windows of stained glass, each representing some great battle, the walls being adorned with trophies of old weapons, and with the arms and swords of governors of the Academy who have died in office. Such a room cannot fail to have an effect on the minds of the new cadets, making them consider the importance of the services into which they wish to enter, and the responsibility of their position as cadets; and such impressions are helped by one or two beautiful mottoes which are placed in conspicuous positions, such as, "Through obedience learn to command," "Steadfast faith leads on to victory," etc.

Study takes up six hours per diem, the course of instruction being very varied, comprising Fortification, Artillery, Mathematics, Modern and Ancient Languages, Chemistry, and Physics, each subject having an able professor, and the most important ones two or more instructors to teach them. There is an examination at the end of each term, the marks of which are carried on to make a grand total, according

to which the cadet is placed on leaving the Academy, the first on the list having the option of being commissioned either in the Royal Engineers or in the Royal Artillery.

At the commencement of each term cadets are expected to bring letters from their parents, stating the names and addresses of those friends whom they wish their sons to visit; and on presenting a written invitation from any one of these persons, leave is granted from 2 P.M. on Saturday to 11 P.M. on Sunday night. The fact of requiring such guarantees of the manner in which a cadet spends his leisure time points to a strict state of discipline, and thus the order kept in the Academy is very good indeed, no espionage being allowed, but an entire reliance being placed on the honour and good sense of the cadets, who are generally found fully deserving of the confidence placed in them. Indeed, the severer punishments, such as rustication and expulsion, are very rare, though sometimes required for grave offences, and for conduct which, while showing no great depravity on the part of the offender, yet would be completely subversive of military discipline if allowed to pass unnoticed. As an instance of this we may mention a somewhat amusing event which took place many years ago. The contractor for the mess had been in the habit of providing the cadets with bread so bad as to be almost uneatable, and though complaints had been made to the governor, he had taken no notice of them. Accordingly, some ingenious young men put their heads together and concocted a notable plan of reprisals, which was duly carried out. Having loaded one of the old carronades which still stand in front of the Academy, with a charge of powder and a couple of the obnoxious loaves, they fired the contents into the window of the governor's house, with the immediate result of breaking several panes of glass, and the ultimate effect of the expulsion of the valiant cannoneers.

The immediate government of the Academy is performed by a governor of the rank of general, a major or colonel, and four subalterns, one of whom performs the duty of adjutant, whilst the others have immediate command of the three divisions of the cadet company. These divisions are called respectively, "A," "B," and "C," the "A" division containing the most advanced cadets, and being also known as the "commission class," and the rest of the Academy being divided equally between "B" and "C." The present governor, General Sir John Adye, R.A., K.C.B., is a man eminently fitted for the duties of his position, and deservedly popular among the cadets.

The ordinary course of study for a cadet is two years and a half, after which time, in the event of his having passed his examinations satisfactorily, he receives his commission. This period of two and a half years is divided into five classes, of which the highest, as before stated, is the "A" division. Curiously enough, the difference between these classes is very strongly marked, and there is very little intercourse between the senior and junior cadets. The subjects of study vary in each class, and also the nature of drills, the last joined being instructed in squad drill, then in their second term in company drill, next in artillery, and in their fourth and fifth terms in riding and sword exercises. The "A" division have an hour's riding each morning, which, in a military riding school, is quite enough for the day.

A cadet on joining the Academy finds a large choice of amusements with which to occupy his spare

time. There is a cricket and football club, racket courts and billiard rooms, a fine workshop, with steam-engine, etc.; and for those of literary tastes, a large and varied library, which, though almost entirely burned down in the year 1873, has since been rebuilt and restocked with books to even a greater extent than before the disaster. A dance is given by the cadets in the School of Arms two or three times in the term, and is very largely patronised by all who are within reasonable distance of Woolwich, there being seldom less than five hundred people assembled in the building. The athletic sports, too, which come off about the 7th of June each year, are very popular, and are indeed conducted in a most orderly style, having the additional attractions of several military bands, and a champagne luncheon to refresh the visitors between the performances.

When a cadet has reached the "A" division he has to all intents and purposes passed through the drudgery of the Academy, and can generally enjoy himself very much. In this class all the members rank as corporals. A separate dining-hall is allotted to them, and they are in fact kept quite distinct from the rest of the cadets. The chief objects of study are artillery (illustrated by practical work in the arsenal), military drawing and reconnoissance, and advanced mathematics. In this class also the cadets spend a fortnight at Shoeburyness in practice with the different descriptions of guns and mortars.

Having at length passed through his academical life, our cadet receives his commission on the last day of the term, technically known as "Duko's Day." Then, after battalion drill performed before the Duke of Cambridge, the cadets are marched into the School of Arms and there drawn up four deep, forming three sides of a square, the fourth consisting of a long table, on which are placed the prizes of the term, notably the regulation sword for good conduct, and the Pollock medal, awarded to the most distinguished cadet of the term. The commission class then advance, one by one, as their names and marks are read, and form up before the Duke, who usually makes a short speech, commenting on the general behaviour of the class while in the Academy. On an average the first seven or eight cadets are awarded commissions in the Engineers and the rest in the Artillery, and then the term breaks up, and the newly-made lieutenants depart home for a vacation of two months, after which they join their regiment at Woolwich, prepared by their stay in the Academy to uphold the reputation of their respective corps, which in memory of their common origin bear the same proud motto—

"Ubique, quo fas et gloria ducunt."

#### SCOTCH THRIFT.

THE General Assembly of the Church of Scotland have a "Committee on Christian Life and Work," and by this body schedules of queries are sent to all the Presbyteries, to which answers are filled up by the respective ministers at their pleasure. The information thus gained is on many points highly interesting.

The committee have this year reported "that there is great need in Scotland of a literature dealing with the practical wants of life, to instruct men and women in household and domestic duties, and in the laws of health and cleanliness. There is almost really no popular literature in circulation on the

subject of household thrift and economy. In all parts of the land, town and country alike, there is a woeful amount of ignorance about the commonest details of housekeeping. Many young women sent from school to earn wages on the farm or in the factory, get married and go into homes of their own with the vaguest notions possible as to the duties of their new position. They can read—they do read—but not books calculated to remedy their deficiencies, simply because such books have never been brought down to the level of their needs."

This is the old complaint as to ignorance of "common things." It is a wide as well as an important subject, but at present we confine our attention to the one point of "thrift," or frugal management.

Thrift was formerly one of the national characteristics, and we could quote many remarkable examples. In this matter the Scottish clergy themselves have often been examples to their people, as the following anecdotes will show. The different value of money must be taken into account, and these are also extreme cases, amounting even to penuriousness.

John Govean, minister of Campsie, 1688—1729, lived to the age of seventy-one, and left £6,000 sterling. His habits were frugal, and he and his household never tasted meat throughout the year except during the sacramental week. William Brown, a tailor in Dundrivan, contrived, on an income of threepence a day, to educate two sons for the Church; one became minister of Glencairn in 1804; the other, who could not obtain a settlement, was afterwards schoolmaster of Neilston. Brown's third son died a landed proprietor, leaving property which was sold for £2,000. George Grant, minister of Kirkmichael, 1725, who died at the age of eighty, was the father of twenty-one children, sixteen of whom lived to maturity. His stipend was only £47 4s. 5½d. per annum, yet from his savings he left each child £100. Three of his sons entered the ministry. The reverend David Ure, afterwards minister of Bathgate, had, whilst acting as assistant to another minister in 1783, an income of only £10 a year. In travelling he performed all his journeys on foot, carrying bread and cheese, and procuring water from the wayside. He was noted for his pedestrian powers. John Knox, grandnephew of the Reformer, was minister of Kelso in 1603. His residence consisted of two vaults in the Abbey; one was used as hall and kitchen, the other as a bedchamber. Both were below the level of the ground. Murdoch MacDonald, minister of Durness 1726—1763, who died aged sixty-eight, brought up a family of four sons and seven daughters on a stipend of viij<sup>ss</sup> marks (£44 8s. 10½d.) per annum. He, however, complains in a ms. diary of "straighted circumstances, and worldly affairs much in disorder." The smallest stipend in Scotland is said to have been that of Glendevon, which, in 1790, was £21 7s. 11d. yearly. In July, 1627, the state of matters in Birsay and Harray is thus described. "Aucht hundred communicants, the minister a man of great age, four-scoir twa yeiris, feble and vnabil to trauell, with iiij<sup>ss</sup> marks (£22 4s. 5½d.) stipend, the vicarage, gleib, and ane littil peice land called Big quoy not far distant from the kirk and mans."

The stipends were, however, sometimes too small for acceptance, as appears in the following story recorded of John Lookup, minister of Midcalder in 1689, who is described as a man of diminutive appearance. The Duchess of Hamilton, who resided at Holyrood Palace (of which the Duke of Hamilton

is hereditary keeper), signified that she was in want of a chaplain, and Principal Carstairs took Mr. Lookup in order to obtain the appointment for him. The minister was shown into a separate apartment, whilst the Principal spoke with the Duchess, and, as the door was not shut, he overheard the lady make some uncomplimentary remark concerning his very small stature. It appears that she had seen from a window the two gentlemen approaching the palace. He was then called in and informed that the salary was five pounds per annum, with bed, board, and washing. Taking his hat, he departed at once, saying to the Duchess that if those were the terms she must look for some one *lesser* than him.

The causes of the present want of thrift amongst all classes, according to the Committee of the Kirk, may be reduced to three: (1) ignorance, (2) emulation, (3) the decay of the old spirit of independence.

The first reason is too apparent to require illustration. Due attention is not paid to the instruction of the young in household work and duties. Neither is the value and importance of such knowledge insisted upon.

In the second place, instead of desiring to adorn one's position and fill it with credit, the modern aspiration is to rise above it, and the constant effort is to appear a step higher in the social scale. This vain ambition pervades all ranks, and instead of leading to improvement, entails only debt, extravagance, false appearances, and neglect of work. Lord Stanhope wrote of the times of Queen Anne, "How far more widely spread was in those days the spirit of contentment. Men were willing to make the best of the present without a feverish anxiety for the past or for the future—without constantly longing that yesterday might come back or that to-morrow might come on." The tendency of the people in Queen Anne's reign was, I think, according to the figure of speech which we find in the First Book of Kings, 'to dwell safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree.' The tendency of the present age, unless I much mistake it, would be rather to contend by ingenious arguments that the vine and fig are not the best of all possible fruit-trees,—that we ought immediately to root them up and plant in their stead some saplings of another kind. It may not be wholly prejudice that views this disposition with regret. Is there any real happiness in such constant yearning and striving for something other than exists?" This idea is fostered by the numerous books written on "Rising in the World," "Getting On," "How to Succeed," and the like. The old English spirit was quite opposite, and finds expression in the Prayer-book, "To do my duty in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call me."

In respect to the third cause, the tendency to extravagance has led to an undue love of money, and an indifference to the means by which it may be obtained. The apostolical injunctions of owing no man anything, and of being burdensome to none, are disregarded. Parish relief is now accepted by many, who in former times would have endured severe hardships rather than avail themselves of it; and, on the other hand, commercial men too often transact business in a manner foreign to the old code of truth and honour.

Let us mention two instances of noble independence amidst extreme poverty.

The father of Sir Walter Scott's tutor (the original of Dominie Sampson), the Rev. George Thomson,



was minister of Melrose, and a man of simple and upright character. At a time when he and his family were in great poverty, owing to a general dearth throughout the country, a subscription was

William Aird, minister of St. Cuthbert's, was a stonemason until his twentieth year, when he married, and was taught to read English by his wife. He studied Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Whilst



A SCOTCH HOUSEWIFE.

privately raised for their relief by Dr. Johnston, of North Leith, and a considerable sum gathered, which was sent to Mr. Thomson, but by him immediately returned, with a letter containing a grateful but firm refusal of the gift, which he desired might be restored to the donors.

living with his family in great poverty, he received from the king, through the royal commissioner, previous to the meeting of the Assembly, a purse of gold, the government being desirous to carry several measures. Suspecting the gift was not entirely disinterested, Aird absolutely refused it. He was



rewarded next day by an unknown benefactor, who left several bags of oatmeal at his door.

It must be remembered that to those who will make the effort, the means of living thriftily and yet with comfort are much increased in our day. Many of the luxuries of life are cheap, and now brought within the reach of all. The principles of health and ventilation are better understood. The advantages of town and country are more equally distributed. All these comforts could be enjoyed if people would have the strength of mind not to believe appearance and show indispensable, if they would be content with real necessities and avoid mere superfluities.

The secret of thrift is very simple—whatever the income may be, live within it, and turn everything to account.

It is often overlooked that the Bible is the best guide for worldly affairs, even from a worldly point of view. The soundest maxims of business are to be found in the writings of Solomon. Dr. Wallace remarked that he “desiderated (for the young) a larger infusion of committing to memory and reading the Book of Proverbs.” It was said by one deservedly eminent long ago in the House, and who had many years since passed to his rest, that the habits of many of the Scotch population were greatly due to the fact that for a long time the Book of Proverbs was a class-book for teaching reading in the parochial schools of Scotland.

#### THE SCOTCH HOUSEWIFE.

It may amuse our northern readers, after reading the foregoing homily on thrift, and the lament “over good old times,” to see a page from the journal of a tourist—a Londoner—who lately visited Scotland for the first time. He evidently knows nothing of the poverty that is behind the plenty which he describes. He reminds us of the question asked by George IV on seeing the crowds, “dressed in their best,” who welcomed him to Scotland—“But where are the poor?”

The Southerner who visits Scotland by invitation can hardly foretell what his experience may be. The land of cakes is also the land of mists, and sudden floods, and downpours, and rough weather of every conceivable kind, as well as of glorious sunshine and cloudless air. At the very season when he expects the fairest, he may chance to fall in with the foulest; the lakes may be dour and stormy, when they ought to be smooth and tranquil, and the mountains may be gloomy and grim, when they should be majestically peaceful and calm. But however variable and various shall be the aspect of things without doors, there is one thing belonging to Scotland, and indigenous to the soil, which, having its habitat within the four walls, the stranger is pretty sure to encounter in a pleasing shape, go where he will, and that one thing is Scottish hospitality. Of all the antiquities the country can boast—and they are neither few nor unimportant—this social virtue seems the most ancient. At no period that we are aware of has the practice of it fallen into abeyance, and there is no traveller’s record, either in times past or in times present, that fails to do it justice.

Our north country friends are never guilty of that sentimental disregard of the pleasures of the table which some people down south are given at times to

affect, and which Dr. Johnson so strongly rebuked when he affirmed that a man who does not care for eating and drinking, would hardly care much for anything else. The rule once laid down by the Ettrick Shepherd would probably have met with the Doctor’s approval. After asserting the universal regard for the good things grateful to the palate, the Shepherd says:—“This is the rule—never think about either meat or drink but when you are at the board. Then eat an’ drink wi’ a’ your powers—moral, intellectual, and physical! Say little, but look freendly; take care chiefly o’ yourself, but no, if you can help it, to the utter oblivion o’ others. This may soun’ queer, but it’s gude manners, ay’ worth a’ Chesterfiel’.”

To follow out this rule of the Shepherd, it is plain that the board you are at need be tolerably well furnished. Of what such furniture consists a Cockney who crosses the Tweed for the first time, and sits down to a real Scotch breakfast on some hungry morning, will be able to form a pretty adequate notion. The morning meal is the characteristic meal of the day, and is a kind of declaration of nationalism rather startling at first to a strange guest. We might attempt to catalogue the items, but we feel that memory would fail us as to details. We can recall the dried salmon, the Finnan haddocks, the kippered herring, the game, the fowls, the hams, the solid joints of various sorts, pies and pasties, the potted meats, preserves, sweets, and what not—with the coffee and tea, the steaming porridge, quenched in floods of cream-like milk, eggs in various guise prepared—the cakes, bannocks, scones, etc., etc., but as for completing the list, that is more than we can undertake.

What we must say, however, *apropos* of Scotch hospitality, is just one word on the Scotch housewife, without whom, we fear, it would cut but a poor figure, and would certainly never expand into those impressive and decorous proportions for which it is famed. It must be “up in the morning early,” with the bland enchantress at whose bidding all the good things at which we have so briefly hinted arrange themselves at the proper time on the festive board. She must to market and collect them, hunting up fisher, and flesher, and fowler, and grocer, and vintner; she must dive into kitchen and buttery, and manage here and meddle there, ever bustling, active, and directive (unless, indeed, like Caleb Balderstone, she could capture her viands ready dressed for the table).

We ought to add that her hospitality is by no means limited to the cares of the table. She is just as anxious that her guests should rest well and sleep well as that they should eat and drink well. As one result of her care in this matter, he will be sure to be well put up. His sleeping chamber may be small, but it will be a model of cleanliness, and the sheets will justify the vaunt of Dinmont’s gudewife, who assured Captain Brown that “they would be as pleasant as he could find ony gate, for they were washed wi’ the Fairywell water, and bleached on the bonny white gowans, and bittled by Nelly and hersel’ an’ what could a woman, if she was a queen, do mair for them?”

We confess to a very feeble sketch of the Scottish housewife; but if the reader does not know, and wants to know, how much more she is than we have described, he must e’en “gang awa’ to Scotland” and there judge for himself.

## THE BORDER LANDS OF ISLAM.

## VII.—ROUMANIA.

SINCE we began these papers, the insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina extended its area by Serbia and Montenegro breaking away from the pacific control of the Great Powers and rushing to arms. While Europe looked on, the hereditary contest was renewed on a larger scale, and Slav and Turk again mingled their blood on the banks of the Timok, the Drina, and Danube. What may be the ultimate result of the embittered war of race and religion remains to be seen: most probably a loosened hold of the Sultan on his Slavonic provinces, and an advance of the southern Slavs in the direction of self-government or entire independence. Roumania, while standing aloof from the struggle, yet took advantage of the crisis to demand from the Porte certain territorial and other concessions as compensation for her neutrality. Hitherto we have described the provinces south of the Danube; it yet remains that we glance at Roumania, the most northerly region which owns the suzerainty of the Sultan, and thus complete our survey of these border lands of the Turk in Europe.

In Roumania we encounter a people distinct alike from the Slavo-Serbs of the Danube and the Adriatic, the Slavo-Bulgarians, north and south of the Balkan, and the various mountain tribes of Albania. The Danubian principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, now known by the historical name of Roumania, formed part of the ancient kingdom of Dacia, which was conquered by Trajan and annexed to the Roman Empire. The victorious legions were there established, and colonies formed, bringing with them Roman laws and civilisation. Towns were also built, roads constructed, and fortresses reared; and to this day may be traced in the remains of these works, as well as in the habits, appearance, and language of the present inhabitants, the connection between modern Roumania and ancient Rome. Proud of their origin, the people call themselves Roumans, but by their Slavonic neighbours they have from early times been termed Wallachs—a name said to be derived from the Slavic word for shepherd. The Wallachs, or Wallachians, are not now, nor have they been in former times, confined to the region beyond the Danube on either side of the Carpathians. In the fifth century they peopled Thrace, and were masters of a considerable part of Thessaly. The Thracian dialect of that period, indeed, bore a strong resemblance to corrupt Latin, as it is akin to the *patois* spoken at the present day alike by the Wallach tribes on the Pindus Mountains—the remnants of the former inhabitants of Thrace—and by the Rouman people who occupy the territory of ancient Dacia. The existing language contains many words of Latin origin, mixed with Greek, Turkish, and Slavonic terms.

For some cause the Wallachian population of Thrace in the eleventh century increased in importance, and in the twelfth century we find that, in conjunction with the Bulgarians before vanquished by the Greek emperors, they formed a new kingdom on the Danube. "This kingdom was, however," says Finlay, "more Wallachian than Bulgarian, for the court language was Wallachian, and the kings

affected to regard themselves as descendants of the Romans."

South of the Danube at the present time the Wallach or Rouman people are represented by shepherds on the Pindus and the Balkan, by villagers in Eastern Serbia, and by mercantile communities in the Turkish towns, known by the name of Tzintzars—a crafty and wealthy race who identify themselves in sympathy and interest with the Greeks rather than with their own kinsmen. Beyond the Carpathians, three millions of Wallachs are Austrian subjects, settled in Bukovina, Transylvania, Eastern Hungary, and part of the Banat.

In the war between Serbia and Turkey, the Wallachs of Serbia were enrolled as part of the population and fought against the Turks by the side of the Serbs, but, as has been acknowledged, with less of the quality of bravery or steadiness. The Shepherd, or Black Wallachs, are a nomadic race, living in tents, and moving from spot to spot, and only leave the mountains with their flocks when driven to the plains by the cold of winter.

There is but little difference in character and appearance between the respective native populations of Moldavia and Wallachia. They are alike the descendants of the ancient Dacians and of the Roman or Italian immigrants, with a certain admixture of Slavonic or Bulgarian blood.

Each of the provinces has had a similar history, and for long ages both have equally suffered from wars and misgovernment. They have been the battle-fields of nations; on their soil have contended in succession Scythians, Romans, Huns, Bulgarians, Hungarians, Poles, and, last of all, Ottoman Turks. To put an end to aggression, and to enjoy the advantage of having only one master, the native rulers were fain to submit to the Ottoman power. Wallachia was annexed in 1570, and Moldavia in 1573. The Turks in 1731, however, deposed the native princes, and in their place appointed Hospodars, who were for a long period generally Greeks of influential families at Constantinople. These Greek rulers cared but little for the welfare of the Rouman people, and sought chiefly their own interests and pleasures.

The geographical features of the two principalities may be briefly described. Wallachia is enclosed by natural boundaries on all sides; the Carpathians separate it from Hungary and Transylvania, the Danube divides it from Serbia and Bulgaria, and the Sereth (the largest and deepest of the rivers of that region) from Moldavia. It is intersected by six affluents of the Danube, which flow from their sources in the Carpathians. The greatest of these is the Aluta, which divides the country into two unequal portions—the Eastern, or Great, and the Western, or Little Wallachia. From the lofty mountain range, offshoots of hills project towards the Danube, between which are beautiful vales of great fertility. Only on the west of Wallachia, however, do these spurs reach the Danube; eastwards they break off and the land sinks to an extensive plain, which becomes a marshy swamp as it approaches the banks of the great river. The Carpathian chain, running in a north-western direction, separates Moldavia from Transylvania.

Moldavia, for the most part, lies between the Sereth and the Pruth. The upper portion of the latter river forms its north-eastern boundary towards Russia. The general surface of Moldavia, consisting of an undulating plain, slopes from west to east. In some parts the soil is stony, but the greater part is abundantly productive. The Sereth falls into the Danube five miles above Galatz, and the Pruth, which is navigable for three-fourths of its length, makes its junction at the town of Reni. Among the other more important rivers of Moldavia is the Moldava, from which the country is named.

The great physical feature of Roumania is the long-extended and elevated Carpathian range. Rich in mineral wealth—containing gold, silver, iron, copper, lead, and mercury, besides saltpetre, bitumen, and immense deposits of rock salt—these mountains rise on an average to the height of between three and four thousand feet, and some even to eight thousand feet. None of the summits, however, are covered with perpetual snow. At the base of the mountains are magnificent oaks; midway up beech-trees abound; and above these, in a zone of one thousand feet, are pines of extraordinary height and girth. These are again in turn succeeded by the moss-pine, which diminishes in size as the elevation increases. Still higher, the mountains assume a dreary and barren aspect, terminating in naked rocks of granite.

The population of Roumania is reckoned at 4,500,000. Apart from the clergy it consists of the higher ranks—the Boyards—and of peasants and servants. There are, in fact, no native middle classes. Various Eastern and European nationalities are, besides, represented in the country. Many of the upper classes are as well educated and gifted as any of the same rank in France and England, but there is no public career open to them except it be politics or law. Two-thirds of the population depend on agriculture and cattle-rearing. These small farmers and peasants are a docile and hard-working race. Outwardly their houses bear a near resemblance to the cabins of the same class in Ireland, but the interiors are vastly superior. The huts of the labourers are built of mud or half-dried bricks, covered with thatch; while the small farmer has an abode of the same style, but on a larger scale. The dwellings are all nicely whitewashed, and, taken altogether, the villages have an air of picturesqueness and almost of comfort. While there is, as we have said, no native middle class in Roumania, a certain kind of middlemen are to be found, mostly Greeks, who stand between the boyard, or landed proprietor, and the peasant. These men advance money, or engage to pay a certain sum annually to the boyard, on condition that they are allowed to farm the land and get as much out of it as they can. Many Greeks have become wealthy in this way, but at the expense alike of the extravagant proprietors and the unfortunate peasantry.

The extreme fertility of much of the land in Roumania, notwithstanding the occasional plague of locusts and drought, rewards the agriculturist with abundant returns. Vast crops of wheat are produced which is of excellent quality, especially the summer or hard wheat. Flax, hemp, and tobacco are grown; pigs, goats, and sheep are reared, and numerous herds of cattle fattened in the rich meadows. Hares and black-cock, and, indeed, game of all kinds are plentiful. Wild turkeys are

met with in hundreds in the steppes or great open plains. Honey is largely produced, and the rearing of bees is quite an industry, owing to the multitude of lime-trees, on the flowers of which the insects feed.

The staple food of the Roumans is Turkish maize, on which, indeed, the lower classes almost entirely subsist. Though unpalatable to the foreigner, the natives prefer it to wheaten bread; and their common beverage is wine, which is produced in immense quantities.

Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, is situated forty miles north of the Danube, in the vast Wallachian plain which extends south of the Carpathians from Turnu-Severin to the Sereth. The plain between Giurgevo, on the Danube, and Bucharest, rises to a considerable height above that noble river, and on reaching the capital suddenly sinks, forming the hollow in which Bucharest is placed, and through which the muddy stream of the Dimbovitza flows. Seen from a distance, Bucharest appears a handsome city; its numerous domes, spires, and turrets are covered with tin, and sparkle in the sun with an almost dazzling brightness. It covers ground to the extent of twenty English square miles, about a third of which is taken up by trees and gardens. A public promenade outside the town, about a mile and a half in length and bordered with trees, is covered every afternoon by the equipages of the boyards and foreign agents. The view of the city from the hill on which the Metropolitan Church is placed is very fine. The Podo Mogochoi, the principal street, is well paved and well watered, and contains the chief shops and hotels and many of the best private houses, besides the Prince's residence and the National Theatre. Curious wooden bridges are thrown across the river and connect portions of the town. The palace is not an elegant or enviable structure, but the reigning prince has done much to render it comfortable. The population of Bucharest, which has largely increased of late, is not less than 221,000 souls. It is a strangely varied mass of human beings. First in rank are the great boyards, or aristocrats, who, though they have lost their distinctive privileges, keep up as before their haughty exclusiveness. In the second rank come the military, judicial and civil authorities, and members of the learned professions, who, with the smaller proprietors, form a separate category. Next, those engaged in commercial pursuits, chiefly foreigners—Germans, Austrians, Greeks, Frenchmen, and Swiss—who, again, keep very separate from each other. Lower in the scale are the artisans of the better class, chiefly Germans, Transylvanians, and some Frenchmen. Those of inferior callings are Roumans and Jews. The labouring population is Roumanian, Transylvanian, Bulgarian, and Gipsy, while the owners and drivers of public vehicles are mainly Russians, and may be easily distinguished by their voices and appearance. Very recently the Gipsies have been released from the state of serfdom in which they were held by the great boyards.

Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, is situated on the left bank of a tributary of the Pruth, in the midst of a country rich in agricultural produce, and with the surrounding hills on all sides covered with vineyards. It occupies a large area; the houses are intermingled with trees, and the town in general presents a picturesque aspect. The principal street is broad and handsome, and has some magnificent

shops which would bear comparison with those of London or Paris. Of the other streets not so much can be said, but Jassy has of late years thrown off to a considerable extent its dilapidated condition so suggestive of the east, and is every day improving in appearance; and this, too, notwithstanding that it has suffered from a portion of its trade being drawn to Bucharest, the capital, since the union of the principalities. Jassy has recently been supplied with asphalt pavement, which has had a good effect, as the upper classes, who before seldom left their carriages, are now able to perambulate on foot. A railway between Jassy and the Russian frontier was opened in 1873. The object of this railway is to effect a junction with the Russian line leading to the Black Sea, and thereby to establish direct communication between Jassy and Odessa. The commerce and industry of the whole of Roumania have largely profited in recent years by the construction of a network of lines throughout the country. In 1869 the first railway—forty-two English miles in length—was opened from Bucharest to Giurgevo. This town, which has a considerable trade in corn, faces Rustchuk on the opposite bank of the Danube, and maintains with it a constant traffic. The Turkish town of Rustchuk is again connected by a line with Varna on the Black Sea. North-eastwards a railway now runs from Bucharest through the towns of Plæsti, Buzeo, and Ibraila to Galatz, and thence northwards to Lemburg, in Austria. A branch from Jassy joins this line, so that both the chief towns of Wallachia and Moldavia are now in direct railway communication with Western Europe. Roumania lies, however, beyond the range of the ordinary tourist; nor, apart from matters of trade, does it afford much to attract foreign visitors. Good roads for inland travelling do not exist, and away from a few towns there is a general absence of the comforts and civilisation of the west.

As Giurgevo is the chief port of Wallachia on the Danube, so are Galatz and Ibraila the chief ports of Moldavia. Galatz especially has a large foreign population engaged in its extensive trade. Ismail, also on the Danube, is the principal town of that portion of Bessarabia detached from Russia and annexed to Moldavia at the end of the Crimean War. The town carries on a considerable trade, being the outlet for the produce of a fertile district. This annexed Bessarabian territory has in general the fertility and physical features of Moldavia. Speaking of Moldavia in a recent report written at Jassy, Vice-Consul St. John says:—"Few countries have of late made such varied progress in everything that makes up the civilisation of a people. Only a very few years ago the inhabitants had to learn the very elements of civilisation. They were to all intents and purposes, though living in Europe, an Asiatic people in their customs, their immobility, and their secluded mode of life; but all this now belongs to the past." The same language would apply equally to Wallachia. The absence of political agitation, a continuation of settled and good government, good roads throughout the country, and the application of capital and labour, will in the course of years work still further improvement in the social and commercial condition of Roumania.

Ninety per cent. of the population of Roumania belong to the Greek Church. The Jews are reckoned at 247,424, and the Gipsies at 200,000. There are few Roman Catholics, and still fewer Protestants. The

higher dignitaries of the Greek Church have large incomes, and much of the land is ecclesiastical property. There are no fewer than 116 Greek churches in Bucharest; and each village throughout the country has a small church or chapel, with one or more Greek priests, who act as curates. The ecclesiastics of this order are chosen from among the people, from whom they are but little distinguished, and whose occupations they follow when not engaged in their clerical duties. Of the large number of Jews in the two principalities—many of them of Spanish extraction—31,400 only belong to Wallachia, of whom 15,000 reside at Bucharest. The remainder inhabit Moldavia.

"These wanderers of eighteen centuries," says the author of "Frontier Lands," "wear at Bucharest a flowing Eastern costume. Their unmarried women have their heads uncovered, but wives and widows wear a handkerchief, generally of a bright yellow colour, over their jet-black hair, or a cap edged with fur. They are rarely handsome, and the prominent eye, the eagle nose, and heavy lips are as remarkable in the streets of Bucharest on a Saturday morning, as they are on the walls of the tomb at Thebes, where the Israelites are represented making bricks under the lash of their taskmasters."

The Jewish people have been, and are still, cruelly persecuted in Roumania. The popular feeling towards them is much the same as existed in England during the Middle Ages. They are looked upon as a foreign race, and their superior cleverness and success as traders excite the hostility of the natives; they are also the objects of unjust legislation. Efforts have, however, been recently made to induce the Roumanian Government to grant to both native and foreign Jews equal rights with other members of the community. Jassy has a population of 90,000 in all, and more than one half of that number are Jews. It is a noteworthy circumstance that while the Roumanian Christian population is not advancing, but rather retrogressive, the Jewish is rapidly increasing. The sanitary condition of the country is far from excellent, which may account for the high rate of mortality among the natives. The banking houses of Moldavia, we may mention, with only one single exception, are all private firms, kept by Jews. The lowest rate of interest is 12 per cent., while bills are rarely discounted under from 18 to 24 per cent.

In Roumania the higher education is provided for by two universities—one at Bucharest, the other at Jassy; that at Jassy, however, is only for the study of law and literature. There are, besides, eight Greek theological seminaries. In 1873 the number of town schools was 2,616, and of rural schools, 1,975.

The constitution of Roumania was voted by universal suffrage in 1866. The Charter vests the legislative power in a Parliament of two houses—a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. The Senate consists of 76 members, and the lower House of 157 deputies, of whom 82 are for Wallachia, and 75 for Moldavia. The members of both Houses are chosen by indirect election, the first voters nominating electors, and these in their turn the deputies. All citizens of the age of twenty-five, who can read and write, are entitled to vote, and all Roumanians aged thirty, and who have a small yearly income, are eligible as deputies.

The executive is in the hands of the reigning prince, assisted by a council of five ministers, and the heads of departments.



Wallachia is divided into eighteen, and Moldavia into thirteen districts, each of which has a governor, a receiver-general of taxes, and a civil tribunal.

The recent political history of Roumania may be briefly given. In the year 1853 all eyes were directed to the Danubian Principalities by the crossing of the Pruth by the Russian army. Austria, as a neutral power, held the provinces during the Crimean War. By the Paris Treaty of 1856 the Russian Protectorate was abolished; and the people, left to choose their own ruler, Moldavia and Wallachia elected, in 1859, the same Hospodar, Alexander John Couza, a colonel in the Moldavian service, and an active partisan of union. The union of the Principalities which, at the instance of France and England, the Sultan had granted by a firman, was proclaimed at Bucharest and Jassy in December, 1861. Then was the historical name of Roumania assumed, though not recognised by the Porte. Prince Alexander John of Roumania—such was the style and title of Couza subsequent to the union—after a reign of four years, was compelled to abdicate, and has since lived in retirement at Vienna.

The present ruler of Roumania is Prince Charles I, son of Prince Anthony of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and brother of Prince Leopold, who was proposed for the Spanish throne in 1870. This prince, who belongs to a junior branch of the Prussian royal family, was born on the 20th April, 1839, and educated at Dresden. At the time of his election as Prince of Roumania, in May, 1866, he was a lieutenant in the 2nd Regiment of Prussian Dragoons. Having reached Bucharest in disguise, in order to avoid complications with Austria, then on the eve of war with Prussia, and who had protested against his elevation, he was recognised as its vassal Prince by the Turkish Government in July following. Prince Charles has excellent personal qualities, but in the government he has at times been much thwarted by the spirit of faction and the opposition of the Red party. So much so was this the case, that in 1871 he declared his intention of resigning and leaving the country. He was, however, induced to alter his determination, and has since continued to maintain order, and promote the construction of railways and other useful national undertakings. The public debt of Roumania, according to an official report of the Minister of Finance, as given in the "Statesman's Year Book," amounted on the 1st December, 1875, to £21,290,024. The total estimated revenue for 1875 was £3,657,656, and the expenditure £3,885,980. The debt is large, but it has been mainly contracted for the construction of railways and bridges, and up to the present time, it must be said, Roumania has carefully kept faith with its foreign creditors.

#### THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.

MUCH knowledge about the Holy Land has been gained for us during the last forty years. Dr. Robinson, in his "Biblical Researches," first drew attention to the vast fund of material for true illustration of Scripture which he found when travelling in Palestine to be still there, unknown even to systematic students of Bible archaeology and geography.

Many workers have followed him in the same field, and have contributed their quota of information, such as Van de Velde, in his "Survey of Palestine;" Lynch, in his "Exploration of the Jordan and Dead

Sea;" Dr. Thomson, in "The Land and the Book;" Porter, in "Five Years in Damascus;" Tristram, in "The Land of Israel;" James Finn, in "Bye-ways in Palestine." And yet a great deal more remained to be done. Those who had seen most were convinced that rich treasures still waited to be gathered up, especially concerning the geography of Palestine, and the antiquities of Jerusalem and other ancient cities.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts took the lead in prosecuting this great work, by enabling Captain Wilson, of the Royal Engineers, on behalf of the Ordnance Survey, to make a complete survey of the Holy City as it now is. The result of this survey has been the production of two splendid maps of Jerusalem and its environs, and of a large model of the city, as well as of a smaller model showing the geological strata upon which it stands.

In 1865 a society, called the "Palestine Exploration Fund," was formed, under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen. By this society the two great branches of the work have been carried on. The survey of the land and the excavations at Jerusalem have both been prosecuted by Royal Engineer officers and privates of first-rate ability, and the names of Wilson, Anderson, Stewart, Warren, Conder, and Kitchener will for ever be associated with the Holy Land, as will also the names of Mr. E. H. Palmer, the late lamented Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, and M. Clermont Ganneau.

During many months a large party have been engaged in surveying operations on the spot, as a preparation for construction of an accurate map, in which every ancient site, every town, village, ruin, stone, or even tree bearing any name should be marked down. Great and unexpected success has attended this work, which has been continued by various officers, in spite of manifold hindrances and interruptions, till last summer. Two-thirds of the Holy Land have been thus minutely surveyed, and an astonishing number of Biblical sites have been either discovered, or else fixed with certainty. Among these the place of our Saviour's baptism at Bethabara is among the most interesting; and perhaps next is the site of "Adam," mentioned in the Book of Joshua, iii. 16, in connection with the passage of the Israelites across Jordan; and also the discovery of the Levitical city of Gezer, by M. Clermont Ganneau, with its name carved in ancient Hebrew characters on living rock near the site. Lieutenant Conder, R.E., is the officer at present in command of this part of the work, and he tells us that, "we have been able, by the collection of nearly three out of every four places mentioned in the Bible, to prove that the long topographical lists in the Book of Joshua are neither fragmentary nor unsystematic. I have been able to show that the towns are enumerated in groups, each group a natural division of the land, and each division containing a royal city as capital. Such a vindication of the character of these various and hitherto little understood lists would, to my mind, be itself sufficient result to put before the public as the result of our labours."

In the early history of David twenty sites are mentioned; five of these were found by Robinson, three are still unknown, but twelve have been lately discovered by the present surveyors. At present Lieutenant Conder is on sick leave, but the making of the map is now carried on in an office at the Royal Albert Hall, by himself and by Lieutenant

Kitchener, with the help of a sergeant and four corporals, all of the Royal Engineers. The map is being constructed on the scale of a mile to an inch, and will probably be the finest map ever published of any country—equal to, if not better than, our own ordnance survey maps of England.

The discoveries made by excavation at Jerusalem itself are not less important and interesting than those above described. Had the Palestine Exploration Fund achieved no other result than the discovery of the magnificent wall drawn by King Solomon around the holy mountain—Mount Moriah—that alone would have been a sufficient recompense for all the labour bestowed on this branch of the undertaking.

People seem scarcely to have realised the fact that Captain Warren and his men have actually found King Solomon's wall, still standing as his builders left it, mostly buried, it is true, under thousands of tons of ruin and rubbish, but there still, towering above its foundation on the living rock—140ft. in some places, above 170ft. in others! Who is there that has really taken in this astonishing fact? Not many, I think. The grand barrier by which the wise and mighty king separated the site of the temple which he was about to build for the dwelling-place of God, still exists! It has been examined and measured by Captain Warren, whose indomitable energy and courage enabled him to overcome all the obstacles and all the dangers involved in mining operations which have no parallel in the history of the world. And there the wall stands, preserved for us by the ruins heaped around it—ruins of the Holy House itself, and of the city of Jerusalem. This wall is not merely founded on the rock; it is sunk into the rock, into which sockets have been cut to receive the lower course of stones, and make them immovable foundations for so mighty a structure.

Along the second course—that above the foundations—the stones are found to be marked with Phœ-

nician masons' marks (such as exist to this day in the ruins of Tyre and Sidon), and thus enable us to identify this as the work of King Hiram's builders.

The splendour of the stones astonished Captain Warren. He speaks of their vast size, and of the most beautiful masonry:—"The stones are fitted together in the most marvellous manner, the joints being hardly discernible." So closely fitted that a penknife cannot be inserted between them. Let the reader try to imagine this wall, of which all but the upper courses still remain, standing up 190ft. from the bottom, "one unbroken face of masonry, such as, whether we take the aggregate mass of it, or the size (one 38ft. 9in. long, another weighing 100 tons) and fine dressing of the individual stones, cannot be paralleled elsewhere in the world, not even in Egypt."

Surely this one discovery by Captain Warren is enough to stand out alone as the greatest of the nineteenth century—Solomon's stupendous wall, still standing round the Temple Hill, though two-thirds of it are now buried amid the desolation of ancient glories.

"Jerusalem" has been "laid on heaps," but enough has been found to show us what that sanctuary and that city once were.

There is still much work to be done in Jerusalem. We have not space to tell more at present of the other and most important discoveries made there, or to indicate the others which ought to be made.

One-third of the survey of the land still remains to be done, and funds are needed. The work is necessarily very expensive. Time presses. Who can say how much longer the state of the Turkish Empire will allow these labours to be continued? Special efforts are, therefore, being made to diffuse information, for we are assured that money will be forthcoming when once the nature of the work is understood.

### Now the old Wife's gone.

ALONE, ay, masters, I live alone in this one small room that you see,

For now my old woman is laid to rest I have no one to think of me;

We were wedded a long long while ago, full fifty years and more,

And folks find changes hard to bear when nigh upon fourscore.

Ah, she was a handsome and winsome lass in the days of the far-back past,

And a beauty linger'd on her old face for me to the very last;

True, she sometimes had a bit of a tongue, but maybe I had one too,

And I find out now she is dead and gone what worries a wife goes through.

Ay, the petty troubles of woman's life a man can only learn When he has to light his fire himself, and finds green wood won't burn;

When he has to wash out his bits of things, and cook his food himself,

And keep his crockware free from dust and ranged on a nice clean shelf.

And then the needle that seem'd to fly with magic speed through her work,

Sticks tightly in mine, as if rusted in, and I pull it out with a jerk;

And my cotton ties in a thousand knots, and as for worsted yarn, I know I could dig up an acre of ground while I'm doing a little darn.

The old grey cat that my dead wife loved comes rubbing against my hand,

And I often find myself talking to her as if she could understand,

But 'tis comfort to speak when my heart is full, for it softens my grief away,

And I don't want to hear other people preach, for there's nothing new they can say.

Of course I know she is better off, but a man at the close of life Seems beginning his working days over again when he loses his long-time wife;

I shall go to her, ay, I'm thinking of that, and I'll patiently here abide

Till under the shade of the church we both loved, I am laid by my old wife's side.

MARY FRANCES ADAMS.

## WEATHER PROVERBS.

October.

**A**UTUMN has now palpably arrived, and colder weather has set in, accompanied by the melancholy sight of fallen leaves. But still October is by no means an unpleasant month, owing to the fresh, exhilarating air which so often prevails during it. Agricultural operations are, however, of comparatively little importance, and consequently our ancestors did not trouble themselves much about the weather at this time of the year. So the weather proverbs relating to October, November, and December are very scanty, as will be seen. In a good acorn year, a few gales will be of some advantage in blowing down the acorns for the benefit of the pigs.

"A good October and a good blast,  
To blow the hog acorn and mast."

It has been noticed that if in the fall of the leaves in October many of them wither on the boughs and hang there, a frosty winter and much snow may be expected. It is also generally but erroneously believed that we may look for a severe winter if there is much wild fruit, such as acorns, hips and haws, etc.

"Many haws,  
Many snaws.  
Many sloes,  
Many cold toes."

"Many hips and haws,  
Many frosts and snaws."

"If the oak bear much mast (acorns) it foreshows a long and hard winter."

About October 30th, old St. Luke's Day, there is often a spell of fine dry weather, and this has received the name of St. Luke's little summer.

It may be noted here that when the fieldfare, starling, swan, and other birds of passage, arrive soon from the north, we shall probably have an early and severe winter. Mole-catchers also have observed that if moles make many basins to deposit worms in, the winter will be a hard one. Moles are accustomed to make these basins before the winter sets in, and they deposit in them a large quantity of worms to feed on during the winter months; these they mutilate in such a way that they are prevented from escaping, while at the same time retaining life. The fewer the basins the milder the coming winter.

## Varieties.

**THOMAS-CARLYLE ON TEACHING.**—A correspondent sent to the "Birmingham Daily Post" the following letter, which, he says, "was addressed many years ago by Mr. Carlyle to a very young man, then engaged in educational work, who was bold enough to ask his counsel. He has treasured it since with an ever-deepening sense of the wisdom of its teaching, and of the great kindness of heart and ready helpfulness which prompted the first intellect of our day so to respond to a lad who was a stranger to him. There is, perhaps, nothing in the letter which may not be gathered from his published works; but to the tens of thousands who listen to him with reverence all the words of Carlyle are precious:—

"Chelsea, February, 1859.—Sir, I can give no advice or precept about the matters you write of, except this one remark—The grand secret (worth all the others together, and without which all the others are worth nothing, or less) for inculcating and teaching virtues and graces is, that a man honestly, and with more and more of silent sincerity, have them himself, lodged there in the silent deeps of his being; they will not fail to shine through, and be not only visible, but undeniable in

whatever he is led to say or to do, and every hour of the day he will, consciously and unconsciously, find good means of teaching them. This is the grand indispensable requisite; this present, the rest is very certain to follow; the rest is mere matter of detail depending on speciality of circumstance, which a man's own common sense, if he is in earnest towards his aim, will better and better instruct him in. The business, I am sorrowfully aware, is often enough undertaken without the indispensable pre-requisite; nay, in general there is a dim notion abroad that a man can teach such things by merely wishing to do it, and without having them himself; but the fatal result inevitably is, he teaches, can teach, nothing but hypocrisy and unblest apery and mendacity. It is a kind of salvation to his poor pupils if they in a dim way see through him, and refuse to imbibe the slow poison of such teaching. I fancy you to be an ingenuous young man, aiming manfully to do your best in the vocation which has fallen to you; and I hang up far ahead, I hope, this ugly but true warning upon a certain path which all mortals of us ought to avoid and abhor much more than we do at present. Wishing you heartily well, I remain, in much haste, yours sincerely, T. CARLYLE."

**DRUGS IN STABLES.**—The evidence given by the coachman Griffiths at the inquest on Mr. Bravo suggests that there is plenty of scope for the action of Sir J. D. Astley's Drugging of Animals Act. But this useful Act is of no use if owners of horses allow servants, ignorant of the action of medicines, to employ whatever recipes they may fancy. Mr. Griffiths' medical treatment was simplicity itself; he kept but one drug, which he employed inwardly, both as a cure and as a preventive of disease; and outwardly as a dressing for sores and injuries. Fortunately he pinned his faith to a drug perfectly harmless to horses, but one so poisonous to the human subject that it is something more than a misfortune that such men are able to purchase and keep quantities of it. Tartar emetic, or the tartrate of potash and antimony, although capable of killing a man in doses of twenty or thirty grains, may be given to horses in very large quantities without producing any violent symptoms. It has been given in quantities of half a pound, and two or three ounces seem to have no more effect than so much Epsom salts. Its action on the horse is simply nil, and although some of the older veterinary authors used and recommended it, we believe that few of the leading members of the profession now keep it at all.—*Land and Water.* (This reminds us of Cowper's lines in his amusing poem on "Tithing Day"—

"A kick that scarce will move a horse  
Will kill a sound divine!")

But what are we to think of those who tell us that experiments on the lower animals are conclusive as to human physiology? Tartar emetic does not hurt a horse, *ergo*—).

**TURKISH EMPIRE.**—The Bishop of Manchester has on various occasions given expression to the mind of the great English public on matters above all party politics or passing interest. He did so in a letter read at a town meeting in Manchester on the subject of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria. "I have no pretensions to be a statesman, and perhaps it will be better to keep the question of humanity distinctly clear of the question of political eventualities. But I confess that it was not without regret that I read Mr. Gladstone's expression of opinion, which seemed to be accepted on both sides of the House of Commons, that 'the territorial integrity of the Turkish empire in Europe must be maintained.' We have not always been so jealous of the maintenance of territorial integrity. We witnessed, not, perhaps, wholly unmoved, but still without allowing our feelings to find an audible expression, the territorial dismemberment of Denmark, of Austria, of the Holy See, of France. Why should we be so particularly anxious to secure the territorial integrity of Turkey? I, for one, do not believe that the territorial integrity of Turkey can be maintained. Mr. Gladstone admits her to be impotent to regenerate herself, or to carry out persistently and effectively any scheme of administrative reform. Whatever may be our political desires, the moral forces working in the opposite direction will be too strong for us. All the treaties in the world cannot maintain the territorial integrity of an empire torn by all those forces which necessarily disintegrate because they first demoralise a people. One could almost cease to believe in a Divine order of the world if one thought that in the midst of the civilisation of Europe a despotism so cruel and vicious as that of Turkey could be much longer maintained. . . . Never was there greater need for the people of England, if they would stand before the bar of European opinion acquitted of complicity with some of the most dreadful crimes which history records, to speak their minds loud and clear."



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Couper.*



A MESSAGE FOR BIDDY.

## THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER XI.—NOT A VERY GOOD SERVICE.

"Singing the Hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,  
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,  
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many."  
—*Longfellow.*

THERE was no railway to Marton. Mr. Reed therefore hired a carriage for the day, which he agreed to share with two of his neighbours, who were also going thither. He had met with them at

the news whither he had gone to order the conveyance, and there the matter was arranged, almost at the last moment.

"We shall have company on the road, Margarita," he said, on his return. "I would rather have been alone with you, but I could not be unneighbourly, and conveyances were scarce; besides which, it will divide the expense."

Mrs. Reed was very glad that they were not to be alone, for she dreaded any lengthened  *tête-à-tête*  with



her husband now; but when the carriage came to the door, and she saw that the front seat was occupied by Mr. Alban Cope and his curate, Mr. Fleecy, she had great difficulty in concealing her agitation. She took her place, however, without speaking a word beyond the usual greeting, and they drove off. Mr. Cope was very chatty and amusing in his conversation, and so guarded in his manner towards Mrs. Reed that she soon forgot her anxieties and felt almost at ease. They could hear the bells at Marton ringing a merry peal long before they arrived there, and when the carriage drew up at the gate of the vicarage they found themselves in the midst of a group of farmers, labourers, and others, all dressed in their best clothes, and looking very happy and picturesque. Mr. Cope and his curate retired for a few minutes to robe, and after a short delay a procession was formed, headed by a brass band trained and taught in the village, playing perhaps with more vigour and heartiness than skill, though no one was disposed to find fault with them for that. The choir, consisting chiefly of school children, followed; then the churchwardens, and then the vicar of the parish with the preacher of the day, who turned out to be the Rev. Henry Harte, from Halford, by his side. Some dozen or more clergymen from neighbouring parishes followed, wearing surplices, of which some were large and full after the old fashion, and others reaching barely to the knees, close-fitting, and almost transparent, displaying a black petticoat below. After these came the farmers; then the Provident Benefit Club with its banner; then the labourers, carrying flags and sheaves of corn, adorned with wreaths of flowers, raised aloft on poles; and finally a mixed multitude of men and women, boys and girls, villagers and strangers.

The church was soon filled, some pressing on into the chancel, to the great distress of Mr. Alban Cope and his curate, and there seating themselves upon the steps, with their backs to what, if Mr. Reed had been suffered to have his own way, would have been the high altar. That gentleman for the first time in his life sat by his wife's side in church, for it was the fashion there for man and wife and parents and children to go up to the house of God in company, and to worship together, no man forbidding them. There was no lofty cross in the chancel; the symbol was not necessary to keep men in remembrance of a doctrine which was constantly set forth in the services and sermons. There were no candles, lighted or unlighted; no graven images or paintings to bow down to; no thurifers to incense the priest or the people. There were decorations, to be sure, put up for the occasion, consisting chiefly of corn or fruit or flowers, and devices formed of reaping implements—sickles and scythes and rakes—skilfully tied together and adorned with wreaths. There were texts also, notably a long one from the book of Ruth, in plain English characters, which every one could read, and did read, with evident satisfaction, rejoicing in the mutual expression of good-will between the employer and the labourer to which it gave utterance,—“AND BOAZ SAID UNTO THE REAPERS, THE LORD BE WITH YOU. AND THEY ANSWERED HIM, THE LORD BLESS THEE.” That text was remembered for many a long day afterwards. Oh that the spirit of true Christian kindness and sympathy, and mutual dependence and mutual respect, which it breathes, might rule in the hearts of all labourers and all employers everywhere! We should hear little then of strikes and lock-outs.

It was as good as a sermon, many of the old folks said; and was, in fact, a sermon in itself, though it lost nothing by the earnest words of the preacher when he pointed to it from the pulpit, and bade his hearers learn it by heart and carry it away with them.

There was plenty of time to look round the church and observe all these simple but appropriate decorations before the service began; and Mrs. Reed forgot already that she was in a place where, according to the traditions of her education, she ought not to be, and felt her heart swell with gratitude and joy in the contemplation of God's manifold and gracious gifts to men.

The service was, as Mr. Reed had surmised, “not a very good one,” after his standard, at least. Mr. Alban Cope, Mr. Fleecy, and one or two others of those present, would have said the same. There was a hymn to begin with; then the prayers, not sung, but said; then the psalms selected for the occasion. Even these were not sung, and the poor people, though they loved psalmody, were glad of it, for some of them were not very good scholars; and though they could read their alternate verses, and did so with a loud voice, they would not have been able to follow the chanting at all; the verse once lost they would not have known what was being sung, and the special psalms would have had for them no special meaning. There was plenty of singing, however. Harvest hymns, of which both the words and the tunes were familiar to them all, and finally the Old Hundredth Psalm, in which one generation after another, throughout all Christendom, has rejoiced, and will rejoice, as did these hearty villagers, singing each of them “with cheerful voice,” till the roof rang with the glorious sound. The rumour of it broke away through the open doors and windows of the church, and was borne upon the soft autumn air across the churchyard, where, if there had been any knowledge or device or wisdom in the grave, the sleeping forms of those who had departed this life in God's faith and fear must have stirred themselves to listen to it,—over the yellow fields from which the serried ranks of stubble pointed like an army of silent witnesses to heaven, testifying of the bountiful and never-failing goodness which called for such grateful songs of praise, causing the very sheep and oxen to look up from their grazing in the pastures, as if they too must join in the general thanksgiving, and confess their gratitude to Him who maketh the grass to grow on the mountains and giveth the beast his food.

Cheerful services, Mr. Cope! Hearty services, Mr. Fleecy! Are these what you desire? Which, then, of your elaborate introits and anthems, your solos, your monotonies, and your Gregorian chants—which even of your processional hymns or choruses, skilfully “rendered” by trained and surpliced choirs—can compare in cheerfulness and fervour with the voice of a great multitude singing with melody in their hearts unto the Lord, joining all together, old and young, male and female, according to the heavenly command and the voice that came out of the throne?—“Praise our God all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great. Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!”

The sermon was short, plain, and pithy. Not that very short sermons were the rule at Marton. Why should they be? Unless indeed they come at the

end of long and protracted services. Lectures and addresses on secular subjects, orations, and recitations are not usually prized for their shortness. Why, then, should the preaching of the gospel be a weariness? The good people of Marton would have felt themselves aggrieved if their pastor had given them a bare ten or fifteen minutes of his solemn practical discourses. But there was much to be done on this particular day, and the service of prayer and praise had been longer than usual. So the preacher was wise, and accommodated himself to the occasion. He began by pointing to the emblems on the walls, and reminded his hearers how conquerors in war were used to celebrate their triumphs, and to hang up their banners for tokens. The rewards of industry, he said, were better than the spoils of war, and called for equal gratitude at least to Him who is the Lord of the Harvest as well as the God of Battles. From the fruits of the earth he led them naturally to the bread of life. The Word of God, he told them, which came down from heaven, was the true bread; let them feed upon it daily.

"There are, I believe," said he, "many persons present here to-day who do not habitually attend this church—Wesleyans, Baptists, and even some Roman Catholics; reapers who have come over from Ireland to help us gather in our harvests. Well, no matter what you call yourselves, I have but one message for all of you—the Gospel of the Word of Jesus Christ. You have been reaping side by side on the same land, and will eat together of the fruits of the earth. So come and reap, one and all, in these holy fields which are opened out before you in the Bible, and partake together of the bread of life. Take what God has given you, and feed upon it thankfully. The charge which our Divine Master gave his disciples was, 'Preach the gospel to every creature.' The gospel! the good news of salvation! How that Christ died for all men, that he should gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad! That is a wide doctrine, an universal doctrine, a catholic doctrine: not Roman-Catholic or Anglo-Catholic—such names are mere contradictions—but world-catholic. The gospel is a message of glad tidings which shall be to all people; and where may all people find it? In the Bible. You may have many teachers, but you can have only one Saviour. Of making many books there is no end, but there is only one Bible. As bread is the staff of life, and represents all that men can want for their bodies, so the Word of God comprehends all that is needful for their souls. Do you require instruction? 'Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.' Does your faith fail and your love grow cold? So it was with the psalmist. Here is his remedy—'Quickened Thou me according to Thy Word!' Are you exposed to dangers and temptations? 'Thy Word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee.' Are you unhappy, weighed down with any secret sorrow? 'This is my comfort in my affliction. Thy Word hath quickened me.' Do you doubt the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures to bestow all these benefits without the help of human interpreters and teachers? 'The Holy Scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith, which is in Christ Jesus.' 'All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.'

"Be careful, then, to take this Holy Bible for your daily bread, and to keep it pure and unadulterated. You have laid up your corn in stacks and barns, and will presently thresh it out and winnow it to get rid of the tares and chaff from among it. Be no less careful of this precious seed. Sift it, purge it, drive away all that is not part of it; let there be none of man's falsehood mingled with the truth of God. You know that a very little poison mixed up with the finest wheat flour (and there are some poisons which look very like the flour) would make of the whole a deadly mass, fatal to every one who should partake of it. Beware, then, of everything that is not to be found in God's Word. Examine your doctrines and creeds as the Jews of Berea did, of whom the Apostle writes: 'These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the Word with readiness of mind and searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so.' I pray you, my brethren, do as they did. Search the Scriptures. Call no man your master upon earth. Many masters make many sects. One is your master, even Christ. Keep fast hold of his word, and be not moved away from the simplicity of his gospel. Above all, be earnest, be honest, be sincere, be *truthful* in your search for *truth*. Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

Every word of this short sermon came home to Margarita's heart. She thought of her servant Jane, with her Bible ready at all times, and the evident comfort and pleasure which she derived from it, and then thought of her own case, without a friend, or counsellor, forbidden to draw water from the living source, and dependent for all religious help and refreshment upon a man avowedly untrue and insincere, and whom she instinctively shunned and dreaded. As these things passed through her mind, she happened to look up, and saw that Mr. Cope was gazing steadfastly at her with a grave and severe expression, and knew that he had divined her thoughts, and would require her to answer for them. But she took her husband's arm as he rose and left the church, pressing up closely to him as if for shelter. If she could have him always by her side, she thought, she would care very little for Mr. Alban Cope, very little even for the whole college of cardinals. She had never possessed a Bible of her own, nor had she been permitted to read it, except such parts as were contained in the instruction books and offices of the Church; but she almost resolved that she would procure one now, and "search" for herself. Only there was a difficulty, an almost insurmountable difficulty—*confession*! She knew that she must tell her priest, and that he would rebuke her, and take away her book from her. She had, heard, indeed, that the reading of the Bible was not forbidden in this country by the Church of Rome; but she had been warned not to desire a privilege which might be dangerous to the soul. And she knew well that if she were to approach the sacred volume with the intention of forming an independent opinion as to the meaning of any part of it, even the plainest and clearest, it would be deemed a grievous sin. The words might have occurred to her if she had been more familiar with the Scriptures—"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye;" but even then the answer would have been ready. Did not the priest sit as in the place of God? Had she any other way of access, or any other means of communi-

cation with her Maker but through him? "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life;" and, according to the doctrine of her Church, the letter only was within her power; the Spirit could come to her through no other channel but by the infallible teaching of the priesthood. Thus was the Word of God made of none effect by their traditions.

#### CHAPTER XII.—FEASTING AND FASTING.

"There's no want of meat, sir.  
Portly and curious viands are prepared  
To please all kinds of appetites."—*Massinger.*

"Is fasting, then, the thing that God requires?  
Can fasting explate or slake those fires  
That sin hath blowne to such a mighty flame?  
Can sackcloth clothe a fault or hide a shame?  
No! though thou pine thyself with willing want,  
And face look thin, and carcass ne'er so gaunt!"  
—*Francis Quarles.*

AFTER the service in church the procession was formed anew, and the whole party marched off to a field, where an immense tent had been erected, in which the farmers and their labourers were to dine together. Roast beef and plum-pudding were provided in abundance, and after grace had been said, the murmur of many cheerful voices which had resounded until then, was hushed, and the no less exhilarating clatter of knives and forks and plates uprose instead. The gentry assisted, not in the French sense, but practically as Englishmen, and Margarita was as active as any one, hurrying to and fro with plates and dishes, and quite enjoying her task. But while she was thus busily engaged, a fatal thought suddenly occurred to her—this was Friday! These hungry men were doubtless quite unconscious of doing any wrong as they indulged their appetites and licked up the gravy with their knives; but Margarita, the Roman Catholic, was she equally guiltless in handing them the well-filled plates? Was it not a sin for her to wait upon them with such viands? There could be no doubt about it. By way of compromise, she resolved to hand nothing but vegetables and bread. But potatoes ran short, and there was no great demand for bread; so she had not much to do. She was standing still with an empty dish in her hand, when a voice from the other side of the table called to her. "Could you find a few taters, ma'am, if you please, for these here Paddies? They'n got nought to eat."

Mrs. Reed looked across the table and saw three Irish labourers, whose plates were bare, and did not appear to have had much on them. "It's the praties, ma'am," said one of them; "the praties we want; sure, there's nothing else at all at all that we can taste this blessed day but praties and bread." Mrs. Reed saw how it was at once, and went in search of something with which these poor fellows might refresh their bodies without at the same time injuring their souls. Meanwhile the Irishmen sat patiently watching their neighbours' plates as they were cleared and replenished, and sniffing up, in spite of themselves, the savoury steam which rose on all sides from the beef. One or two boys who were near them were inclined at first to laugh at them; "Such a chance as this didn't come every day," they said; "they must be precious soft to let it slip." But the speakers were instantly rebuked by their neighbours, who could not but respect these rough Irish labourers for their strict adherence, under circumstances of no slight temptation, to the principles which, whether right or wrong, they honestly professed. The praties were, alas! all gone; but some

cheese was found, with which the Irishmen were satisfied. Mrs. Reed was handing it across the table, when she observed that one of the men was looking intently at her with eyes and mouth wide open. "Sure, then, if it isn't!" he exclaimed. "Yes, it is! long life to you, my lady, and long may you live! It's better than bafe you are to set eyes on, Miss Carroll, dear—Mrs. Reed, then; I ax your pardon, ma'am. Sure, it's yourself now, isn't it? And don't you recollect Pat Houragan?"

Yes, she recollected him—Biddy's quondam suitor. "Oh, Pat!" she cried, lapsing almost unconsciously into the vernacular; "it's meself that's glad to see you there. You and I must have a dale of talk together presently; we shall meet outside the tent when the ating's done."

The man looked as if he could hardly wait for that, but set to work upon his bread and cheese, and drank her health in a horn of water, holding it up before her, and pouring a little of it over upon the turf as if he had been making a libation, in the hope that she would take notice of it. "Wather," he cried, "wather; not a blessed drop of anything but wather have I tasted since that day when I drank your health at the wedding, standing nor sitting, down me throat nor up it, in the house nor out of the house—not even in a bit of a tent like this, which is nayther of 'em."

Margarita clapped her hands to show she understood him, and waited with almost equal impatience till she should meet with him outside.

The meeting was not so easily accomplished. There was another marquee at hand, in which were other tables, spread with other viands for the visitors, and Mrs. Reed was obliged to take her place there, being handed in by Mr. Fleecy. Here were plenty of good things, and Mr. Fleecy made a judicious selection both for himself and her—lobster salad, oyster patties, blancmange, pastry, and jellies, being among the things lawful which the host had considerately provided for his mixed company.

"It's an unfortunate day to choose for a festival, is it not?" Mr. Fleecy remarked, when his appetite was somewhat assuaged. "Friday, of all days in the week!"

Mrs. Reed assented. "But I don't think *we* have much reason to complain," she added.

"Certainly not; won't you take one of these cheese-cakes?"

"No, I thank you."

"Some jelly? or some—"

"Nothing more, thank you. Did you see those three Irishmen? They had nothing but bread and cheese."

"Very much to their credit," said Mr. Fleecy, helping himself to some tipsy-cake.

"That is real fasting," Mrs. Reed observed.

"It's an example of what I was saying to Mr. Cope just now," said a gentleman who was sitting next to Mrs. Reed, on the other side, "namely, that the Roman Catholic religion is very hard upon the poor."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Reed, thoughtfully.

"Yes; very hard upon them. For instance: a man may have had nothing to eat all the week—or next to nothing; still, he must fast on Friday. He and his wife and children may live constantly on oatmeal-porridge and salt, without even a drop of skim milk to it; but if by some wonderful chance a good dinner of meat should come in their way on a fast

day or during Lent, they must not touch it. The chief object of fasting—namely, to keep under the body—is forgotten; and it's a wonder some of them have any bodies left to keep under. With the rich, on the contrary, fast day brings only an agreeable change of luxuries. Look at the turbot and lobsters and salmon and other choice fish, heaped together at the chief fishmongers' in our large towns on fast days, going to the convent, as the people of the shop will tell you if you ask; to say nothing of vegetables and fruits and pastry and confectionery. But it's not only in eating and drinking. How is a poor man to obtain indulgences while he is alive, or masses for his soul after he is dead? He can't go on pilgrimages, kissing relics and receiving thousands of years of indulgence for doing so. He can't make large offerings, or leave bequests for the benefit of the Church. How, then, is he ever to get out of purgatory? 'Blessed be ye *poor*,' said our Saviour, 'for yours is the kingdom of God.' 'The *poor* have the gospel preached unto them.' It seems to me that the Pope and Council have altered that doctrine, and have substituted the word *rich* for *poor*. If St. Peter himself were at Rome now with his 'Silver and gold have I none,' it might go hard with him. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Reed hesitated. "I can't answer you," she said.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed; "I fear I have been very ill-mannered. Am I speaking to Mrs. Reed?"

She bowed assent.

"I ought to have known you—by sight, at all events; I wish I could retract what I have said, but that is, of course, impossible; I can only apologise for having said it to you."

"Don't let that trouble you," said Mrs. Reed; "Mr. Fleecy will, perhaps, answer your question; the ladies are leaving the table, and I have an appointment with one of those same Irishmen in the field." So saying, she rose and left them. Mr. Cope spoke to her as she passed him.

"Do you know whom you were talking to?" he said. "That is Mr. Fairlight; I hope you were careful not to mention anything about our plans."

She turned from him without a word. At that moment her sympathies were with the "rabid Protestant" rather than with the priest. She felt as if she were a party to the underhand proceedings by which he was to be induced to part with his property for a purpose which he disapproved; the atmosphere of the tent became oppressive to her, and she hastened to escape into the open air.

She found Pat Houragan waiting for her near the tent-door; his hat was off the moment she appeared, and he stood twirling it about until she approached and held out her hand towards him. He took it with a low bow, not less graceful and much more natural than that of any professor of deportment, French or English; and then they walked about the field together, Pat keeping just a pace behind her, and looking down at her face cornerwise, answering all her questions about the dear old home in Ireland, and eagerly drinking in all she had to tell him in return, of herself and children and of Biddy.

"Never since that day when he was overtaken betwixt the roof-tree and the sky, had he tasted of the craythur; not a dthrop of anything stronger than weak tay had gone down his throat nor up it—no, nor shouldn't! Would she tell Biddy that?"

She wouldn't belayve, maybe; but would she tell her?"

"Oh yes, certainly," she answered. "But won't you come over to Halford Quay and speak for yourself?"

"Sure and I will, mistress dear; but if you'll spake a word first for me I'll have a better chance; and as sure as I stand here, never since that day—" and so on.

"You have kept the pledge well this time, Pat," said Mrs. Reed.

"Sorra a pledge at all, me lady. When I was under the pledge I couldn't, for the life of me, help schayming how to get round it. I was like a dog wid a collar and chain, that can't rest till he gets his neck out of it, and then lies down as quiet as you please by the side of it. I was thrue to the pledge, Mrs. Reed, if you'll believe me, as long as I was under it; I never broke it; but I managed to squeeze out of it one way or another. And now there's nothing to keep me straight but me own self and Biddy; and that's enough; for niver since that day"—and so on, *ut supra*.

Pat Houragan made his appeal to Biddy in person the next morning. Harvesting was done, and he was going home again to Ballykilleena, where he had as nice a little farm as any one could wish for—an acre at the least, with a first-rate house upon it, and a beauty of a pigsty, where a pig would lie and get fat almost without ating; he had work at the stables for himself all the year round, and had only come over reaping for the chance of seeing Biddy.

Biddy was pleased to see him—more pleased than she cared to own—but she had Mrs. Reed to look after, and the children; she couldn't lave them now. If anything should happen, and Pat should be in the same mind then!

"In the same mind for iver and iver, Amen!" cried Pat; "a month or a year, or any time you like; but don't dthrive it too far, Biddy, darling; don't dthrive it too far entirely."

"If you don't change, I won't; that's all I can say, Pat; and I'll pledge you—"

"Pledge, Biddy! anything but that, darlint!" cried Pat, looking scared; "give me your honest word, that's all I want. Sure, I'll come back this way next harvest-time, and you'll be thrue to me, Biddy. But sorra a pledge between us, only your honest word; mind that!" And so they parted.

#### ALICE LISLE.

THE execution of Alice Lisle was one of the most heartless of the many atrocities perpetrated under the seal of justice during the brief reign of James II. The victim was a lady of rank, and her years all but numbered the allotted three score and ten. She had been remarkable from her youth for fidelity in all the relations of life, for simple piety, for the benevolence of her disposition, and for kindness shown on many occasions to the persecuted and the oppressed. These things might, perhaps, pass for little in the eyes of the selfish James. But he was carefully reminded also of her zealous devotion to the interests of his own house. His brother, the late king, had recognised and rewarded that devotion. The bitter tears she had shed at the death of Charles I pleaded for her. Royalists whom she had sheltered



in times of danger came forward to intercede for the life which had been risked in saving theirs. But all did not avail. The treason charged against her was never proved, and even as represented by her accusers, it consisted in a mere act of charity such as no woman's heart could well refuse. That, in the circumstances, the sentence should have been carried into execution was sufficient of itself to cover with infamy the memory both of the judge by whom it was passed, and of the king who gave it his sanction.

The tragic story has always formed a page of melancholy interest in the history of the eventful period to which it belongs, and it has an additional fascination for modern readers as presented in the brilliant narrative of Lord Macaulay. Mr. Ward has given it a more national setting in the fine fresco which adorns the corridor of the House of Commons. We purpose giving a few particulars which have been preserved relating to the life of Lady Lisle, and the circumstances of her alleged treason. The trial will be best told in the words of the great historian.

Alice Lisle was born at Moyles Court, near Ringwood, in the county of Hampshire. She was the eldest daughter of Sir White Becondaw, and the family was related to many respectable and to some noble houses. In 1636, before she had attained her twentieth year, she was married to John Lisle, son of Sir William Lisle, of Wooton, in the Isle of Wight. The marriage might have been a happy one had the times been less unhappy; but John Lisle became involved in those political troubles from which no spirited Englishman with his opportunities could long remain aloof.

The march of events ultimately drew him to London, and there he took a prominent part in proceedings from which the loyal and gentle heart of his wife revolted. He sat as an assistant to the president in the court erected for the trial of the king. At a later period Cromwell promoted him to the office of Lord President of the High Court of Justice; and Mrs. Lisle, in virtue of her husband's position, was from that time known as Lady Alice. This title became illegal at the Restoration, but it continued to be accorded her by courtesy up to the time of her death. These honours never overcame the aversion she had shown from the acts of the regicides, and Burnet informs us that it was with difficulty she was reconciled to her husband, knowing the share he had had in the death of the king. At the Restoration John Lisle fled to Switzerland with his friend Ludlow. A large reward had been set upon the head of both by Charles, and some desperate Irishmen, actuated by the twofold hope of gain and of advancement at Court, determined to win it. By one of these Lisle was shot dead on the morning of Thursday, 11th August, 1664, as he was entering the church at Lausanne. The assassin mounted a swift horse, which had been led by an accomplice, and shouting "*Vive le roi*," dashed through the gates of the town, and succeeded in escaping by way of Morges to the French frontier. The Lady Alice's grief on hearing of the fate of her husband must have been profound, but it would doubtless be somewhat soothed by a token of the king's consideration she received about this time. The same Act by which Lisle had been made an outlaw had declared the confiscation of his property, but now, on the case being represented to the king by some powerful friends of Lady Lisle, and on her

loyalty and services being proved to his satisfaction, he graciously restored possession of the estates to her. After this she seems to have lived a retired life along with her daughter, residing now at Moyles Court, now at her house in Lambeth.

The circumstances under which a charge of treason was brought against her, so far as they can be adduced from the evidence given at the trial and from her own unanswerable defence, were as follows:—On the evening of Friday, the 24th July, 1685, nine days after the execution of Monmouth, and eighteen days after the battle of Sedgemoor, on which that unhappy prince had staked and lost his hopes of wearing the English crown, a messenger came to the house of a countryman named Dunne, residing in Warminster, with a request that he should convey to Lady Lisle an application from one Mr. Hickes, who desired to be received into her house. Dunne, in the hope of afterwards receiving a handsome reward for his trouble, proceeded to Moyles Court, twenty-six miles off, with the message, and Lady Lisle, who knew Mr. Hickes as a Nonconformist minister, consented to receive him on the Tuesday evening following. It was afterwards discovered that he had been engaged in the rebellion, but of this she was not then aware, nor does she seem to have learned it until the time of her arrest. She was under the impression that Mr. Hickes was being pursued as a preacher at some recent conventicle, and it was simply as a persecuted Nonconformist that he received an asylum. Dunne departed with his answer and returned on the Tuesday night, bringing Mr. Hickes and another fugitive, a Mr. Nelthorpe. Meat and drink were set before them, and they were permitted to rest in the house.

Meanwhile a man named Barton, with whom Dunne had held communication, and who had received a sum of money for acting as guide to him on both his journeys to the residence of Lady Lisle, had basely informed Colonel Penruddock, one of the officers engaged in pursuing the rebels, of the intended visit of these two to Moyles Court. Penruddock had a private grudge against the Lady Lisle, his father having been executed under a sentence of death passed by her husband. It was in his power to have captured Mr. Hickes and his friend while on their way, but as he afterwards, with savage malignity, informed his victim, he purposely allowed them to proceed, that she, by receiving them, might be involved in their crime.

On the morning of the 29th the house was beset by soldiers, and a strict search was made. Hickes and Dunne were discovered concealed in the malt-house, and Nelthorpe in the kitchen chimney. They were immediately seized, and along with Lady Lisle carried off to Winchester Gaol.

The ordinary course of justice would have been to try the principals first, and after the crime of treason had been brought home to them, to proceed to the trial of the accessory. But the judge to whom James had, not without consideration, entrusted the work of that dreadful Western Circuit, the memory of which still makes the blood run cold, had determined that the first act of the campaign, as it was afterwards styled by his royal master, should be an unmistakable proof of his eminent qualifications. Lady Lisle's husband had been one of the regicides. She herself was known for her staunch Protestantism. On both accounts she must have been obnoxious to the vindictive James, and Jeffreys concluded that the





By J. M. Ward, R.A.

ALICE LISLE.

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sacrifice he had it now in his power to offer would be one not unacceptable to his master. That he might avoid all risk of an awkward miscarriage, he obtained beforehand the king's assurance that in the event of Alice Lisle's condemnation the royal prerogative of mercy would not be interposed.

As a preface to Macaulay's account of the trial, we may here insert the portrait, which he has elsewhere drawn of the judge:—"Jeffreys became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self-respect, all sense of the becoming, were obliterated from his mind. He acquired a boundless command of the rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary could hardly have been rivalled in the fish-market or the bear-garden. His countenance and his voice must always have been unamiable. But these natural advantages—for such he seems to have thought them—he had improved to such a degree that there were few who, in his paroxysms of rage, could see or hear him without emotion. Impudence and ferocity sate upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed. Yet his brow and his eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment day." It was before this man that Lady Lisle was arraigned, and he remitted none of his barbarity on the occasion of her trial.

"Odious as the law was, it was strained," says Lord Macaulay, "for the purpose of destroying Alice Lisle. She could not, according to the doctrine laid down by the highest authority, be convicted till after the conviction of the rebels whom she had harboured. She was, however, sent to the bar before either Hickes or Nelthorpe had been tried. It was no easy matter in such a case to obtain a verdict for the crown; the witnesses prevaricated. The jury, consisting of the principal gentlemen of Hampshire, shrank from the thought of sending a fellow-creature to the stake for conduct which seemed deserving rather of praise than of blame. Jeffreys was beside himself with fury; this was the first case of treason on the circuit, and there seemed to be a strong probability that his prey would escape him. He stormed, cursed, and swore in language which no well-bred man would have used at a race or a cock-fight. One witness named Dunne, partly from concern for Lady Alice, and partly from fright at the threats and maledictions of the Chief Justice, entirely lost his head, and at last stood silent. 'Oh! how hard the truth is,' said Jeffreys, 'to come out of a lying Presbyterian knave.' The witness, after a pause of some minutes, stammered a few unmeaning words. 'Was there ever!' exclaimed the judge, with an oath; 'was there ever such a villain on the face of the earth? Dost thou believe that there is a God? Dost thou believe in hell-fire? Of all the witnesses that I ever met with I never saw thy fellow!' Still the poor man, scared out of his senses, remained mute; and again Jeffreys burst forth, 'I hope, gentlemen of the jury, that you take notice of the horrible carriage of this fellow. How can one help abhorring both these men and their religion? A Turk is a saint to such a fellow as this! A Pagan would be ashamed of such villainy. Oh, blessed Jesus! what a generation of vipers do we live among!' 'I cannot tell what to say, my

lord,' faltered Dunne. The judge again broke forth into a volley of oaths. 'Was there ever,' he cried, 'such an impudent rascal? Hold the candle to him that we may see his brazen face. You, gentlemen, that are counsel for the crown, see that an information for perjury be preferred against this fellow.' After the witnesses had been thus handled, the Lady Alice was called on for her defence. She began by saying, what may possibly have been true, that, though she knew Hickes to be in trouble when she took him in, she did not know or suspect that he had been concerned in the rebellion. He was a divine—a man of peace. It had, therefore, never occurred to her that he could have borne arms against the government, and she had supposed that he wished to conceal himself because warrants were out against him for field-preaching. The Chief Justice began to storm. 'But I will tell you. There is not one of those lying, snivelling, canting Presbyterians but, one way or another, had a hand in the rebellion; Presbytery has all manner of villainy in it; nothing but Presbytery could have made Dunne such a rogue. Show me a Presbyterian, and I'll show thee a lying knave.' He summed up in the same style, declaimed during an hour against Whigs and Dissenters, and reminded the jury that the prisoner's husband had borne a part in the death of Charles I, a fact which was not proved by any testimony, and which, if it had been proved, would have been utterly irrelevant to the issue. The jury retired, and remained long in consultation. The judge grew impatient; he could not conceive, he said, how in so plain a case they should even have left the box. He sent a messenger to tell them that if they did not instantly return he would adjourn the court and lock them up all night. Thus put to the torture, they came, but came to say that they doubted whether the charge had been made out. Jeffreys expostulated with them vehemently; and after another consultation they gave a reluctant verdict of 'Guilty.'

Next morning, after making a long oration, Jeffreys pronounced sentence. It was scarcely possible that his infamous conduct of the previous day should be outdone, and yet it must be acknowledged that he contrived to outdo it when, with what all must have regarded as solemn mockery, he addressed such words as the following to his victim:—"It is not in my province to advise you in your preparation for that eternity you are suddenly to enter into, but out of pure charity and hearty compassion to you, and the miserable condition you have brought yourself into, and out of a tender regard to your precious immortal soul, I cannot but assure you of my own prayers, and recommend you to the earnest and fervent prayers of all good Christians to the God of infinite mercy that he would be merciful unto you!"

The sentence of this charitable and heartily compassionate judge was that Alice Lisle should be burned alive in Winchester market-place that very afternoon.

Horror pervaded all classes when the sentence became known. The clergy of Winchester Cathedral, seized with pity, urgently requested that a respite of five days should be granted. Jeffreys dared not refuse the demand, coming from such a quarter, and in the interval thus obtained two petitions were despatched to the king, one praying for a commutation of the capital sentence, the other, which was to be presented in the event of the first meeting an unfavourable reception, asking that the



king would be pleased to order death by beheading to be substituted for the more painful and ignominious death at the stake. To the first of these petitions James turned a deaf ear. Ladies of high rank interceded with him. The general who had lately returned victorious from the field of Sedgemoor, and to whom the king owed so much, endeavoured to use his influence. His brother-in-law, the Earl of Clarendon, tried to move him. But all efforts were vain. He would grant no reprieve, he replied to their solicitations; no, not for a day. After some hesitation he consented that Lady Lisle should be beheaded, not burned. On her trial Lady Lisle had said with truth, "If I would have ventured my life for anything, it should have been to serve the king. I know it is his due, and I owed all I had in the world to him. But though I could not fight for him myself, my son did. He was actually in arms on the king's side in this business. I instructed him always in loyalty, and sent him thither. It was I that bred him up to fight for the king." This, then, was her reward.

On the morning of the 2nd September the Lady Lisle was brought forth upon the scaffold in the market-place to die. She appeared leaning upon the arm of her daughter, both being attired in deep mourning. On reaching the block she delivered the following letter to the sheriff, by whom it was read aloud:—

"Gentlemen, friends, and neighbours,—It may be expected that I should say something at my death, my birth and education being near this place. My parents instructed me in the fear of God, and I now die of the reformed religion, always being instructed in that belief, that if Popery should return to this nation, it would be a great judgment. I die in the expectation of pardon of my sins, and acceptance with the Father by the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ, he being the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes. I thank God through Jesus Christ I depart under the Blood of Sprinkling, which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel, God having made this chastisement an ordinance to my soul.

"I did as little expect to come to this place on this occasion as any person in this nation; therefore let us learn not to be high-minded, but fear the Lord. The Lord is a sovereign, and will take what way he sees best to glorify himself by his poor creatures; therefore, I do humbly desire to submit to his will, praying that in patience I may possess my soul.

"My crime was entertaining a Nonconformist minister, who is since sworn to have been in the late Duke of Monmouth's army. I am told, if I had not denied them, it would not have affected me. I have no excuse but surprise and fear; which I believe my jury must make use of to excuse their verdict to the world.

"I have been told the court ought to be counsel for the prisoner, instead of which there was evidence given from thence; which, though it were but hearsay, might possibly affect my jury. My defence was such as might be expected from a weak woman; but such as it was I did not hear it repeated again to the jury. But I forgive all persons that have done me wrong, and I desire that God will do so likewise.

"I forgive Colonel Penruddock, though he told me he could have taken those men before they came to my house.

"As to what may be objected that I gave it under my hand, that I had discoursed with Nelthorpe, that could be no evidence to the court or jury, it being after my conviction and sentence.

"I acknowledge his Majesty's favour in altering my sentence; and I pray God to preserve him, that he may long reign in peace, and the true religion flourish under him.

"Two things I have omitted to say, which is, that I forgive him that desired to be taken from the grand jury to the petty jury that he might be the more nearly concerned in my death.

"Also, I return humble thanks to Almighty God and the reverend clergy that assisted me in my imprisonment.

"ALICE LISLE.

"Sept. 2, 1685."

After the reading of this letter Lady Lisle spent a few minutes in prayer with her daughter. Her daughter then removed her hood and cut off the flowing tresses which might have interfered with the work of the executioner. During these few terrible moments she manifested a serene composure and Christian resolution. And then, having bestowed a mother's last blessing, every office of loyal obedience, of Christian charity, of pious resignation, and of maternal love being now discharged, she knelt down, laid her head upon the block, and quietly met her doom.

The remains were interred in the burial-ground of the church which Lady Lisle had been accustomed to attend when residing at Moyles Court, and the inscription on her tomb is still to be seen. Early in the reign of William an Act of Parliament reversed the attainder, on the ground, first, that the proceedings were irregular, and, second, that the verdict had been extorted by the menaces of the judge.

It is interesting to know that Moyles Court still exists, although now merely as a farmhouse, and that the poor of the vicinity have a substantial and thoroughly appropriate memorial of Lady Lisle, its former occupant, in a bequest left by her sister, from which they annually receive charitable assistance.

## THE GRANTS OF LOCHSIDE;

OR, THE LIFE OF SCOTCH EMIGRANTS IN CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE REDFERN'S TROUBLES."

### CHAPTER I.

ONE night not long since, James, my brother, said to me, "I have been thinking, Elspet, you might do worse than use your leisure in writing a bit of our family history. It would, at least, give you something to think about."

"I have plenty to think about," I answered him, shortly.

It was so like a man, that! As if I could get a day's peace or night's ease with thinking of all that is to be done in the house! What with the coming of the calves and the young lambs, and the butter-making season at hand, and no responsible person to have an eye over all, there is plenty to think about. I didna say that to him, for he thinks his wife equal to all that now, but I dare say he kenned what was in my mind, for he gave a bit smile, and said he again, "Well, it might keep you from thinking, which, I dare say, would answer as well for your comfort."

To that I said nothing. All my life long I have had no patience with folk that are troubled with "nerves" and "fancies," and I was well aware that in his own mind he was calling me "nervous" and

"My father was a man far by common," said I. "Ay was he! a man among a thousand. He was a strong, patient, far-seeing man, who feared God and eschewed evil. Two or three men like him set



A CANADIAN WINTER SCENE.

"fanciful." To an accusation of that kind silence is the best defence, so I said nothing, and he went on.

"There's a deal said nowadays about the necessity there is for opening up the country to immigrants, and I have often thought that the life and experience of a man like my father, plainly and simply written out, would do a good work to that end."

down in every one of our new townships would make a foundation for the prosperity of the country. Yes 'a man among a thousand' was my father."

I forgot about "nerves," hearing him say that, and minding my father and my mother, and the time when their bairns were all young together. My heart grew soft with thoughts of the old days, and I

said nothing, for fear of my voice giving way. My brother said much about them that other folk might care little to hear, but it was precious to me. He came back to this at the end.

"If the way that my father managed, and the good fortune that has come to us all, were set down in plain English, it might give heart and courage to many a new settler in Canada. You should write it all down, Elsie," said he, "the first year or two, any way."

"I doubt it wouldna be very good English if I wrote it down," said I.

"Oh! weel! It would be nane the waur for a touch o' Scotch, for that matter," said he, with a laugh.

"Nothing out of the common way ever happened to him, or to any of us," said I, "and folk wouldna care to hear about us. It was my father's way just to bide at home and do his duty from day to day; and God prospered him and all his bairns."

"Well! and is not that the very lesson that is needed? Work, and well doing, and God's blessing! What more is needed to any? Write it, Elsie. Write it as if you were putting it all down in a letter to Uncle Sandy at home, and I will send it to the newspaper."

I have no great faith in newspapers myself. I once heard it given as the opinion of a man called wise in his generation, that the use of speech was to hide folk's thoughts; and I said to myself when I heard it, that is the way with the newspapers. They say one thing the one day, and another the next, and beat about the bush, and make use of many words to few thoughts, till one cannot but wonder. Not that it matters much as far as most things that they treat of are concerned. But when it comes to bringing folk out of their own country to settle down in this strange land, the truth should be written down in the plainest words. There should be no false gloss put on things, no making folk think, without just saying it, that there is gold growing on trees on this side of the sea. The chances and the mischances should all be set plainly down; and there is no fear but there would be encouragement enough for the right sort of folk to come among us, the country would be opened up, and our new "dominion," as they call it, would be the better for their coming.

I dare say James, my brother, was no more than half in earnest in what he said the other night about writing down something of our family history, but the thought of it has been much in my mind since then, and, as he said, it will help to pass the time, which never in my experience went so slowly before.

For sore trouble has fallen upon me. About the coming in of the new year I got a fall which has made a useless, helpless woman of me; and the thirteen weeks that have passed since then have been weary—wearry. First, there was great pain to bear, and when the pain was over there came the restless longing to be up and about; that was worse even than pain. And now that the bonny spring days are coming again—

But I needna write down all my foolish longings. It comes, whiles, into my mind, that it may never again be with me as it used to be—that all that is left to me in life may be just to wait useless and helpless till the end come.

Once my father said of me that I was of a strong and courageous nature; but that was long ago, and now my very heart grows faint thinking of the years that may lie before me. For I am not to-day a very

old woman yet. My mother lived to be many years older than I am. God help me!

Courage is but a poor thing at the best. God's grace is better, and that will not be denied to me in my time of need. My trouble is of God's sending, and He, who all my life has given me strength and a good will to serve others, can, by His grace, make me content just to lie still and be served till I am ready for the end. But this was by no means what I set out to say. With God's help I will try to be patient; and as for the creatures about the place, that I have always cared for, and the milk, and the work of the house, all must fall to other hands, and I must let it go without grumbling. My brother's wife is a very unfit person for it, to my thinking, because of her upbringing; but she is not without sense, and she has good health and a cheerful temper, and she can learn. And when all is said, it is her own house, and who should take the weight of it but herself? It may be just what she needs to strengthen and steady her, and her work winna weary her, as my leisure is like to weary me. But I must make the best of it now, and just for a pass-time I will take my brother's advice and write down some things about my father and mother, and the work we did, and the life they lived when we, their bairns, were all young together. It may do good to the young folk of our family who have fallen on easy days to hear something of the cares that we struggled with before they were born; as for sending it to the newspapers, that will need a second thought.

When my father was growing to be a man of middle age, the long lease of the farm that had been wrought by his father and his grandfather before him came to an end, and he got warning that when it was renewed the rent was to be raised. I am not saying there was any injustice in this. Doubtless the land had much improved since my great-grandfather's time, and would bring a higher rent, as did the farms about it. My father did not look on his case as one of peculiar hardship, but the chance of how it might be with him when the lease was out had turned his thoughts to the lands where every farmer may be his own landlord. So that he wasna altogether unready for a decision of the matter that meant so much to him, and to us all; but he had many a doubt and many a twister—and so had my mother—before the decision was fairly made.

However, I needna go over all that. They who have gone through it will understand the trouble and pain without being told, and no words could make plain to other folk what they went through before they were fairly on board ship with their faces turned towards the west.

The voyage was a different matter in those old days from what it is now. Ours came to an end after near eight weeks of tossing to and fro, and glad were we when we first came in sight of land. It was but a dreary glimpse we got of it at first, through rain and fog; and a land of barrenness it looked. And then I mind sailing what seemed a long time, with the land whiles on one side, and whiles on the other; but I mind nothing clearly. It was just a durple of no' very clear water, between high banks, sometimes with trees on them, and sometimes bare and bleak enough. There were wee white houses with big barns beside them, here and there as we came farther up, and now and then there were a good many of them close together, with a great kirk looking down upon them.



We stayed for a day at the town of Quebec, but I mind little about it, except that we bairns, being out wandering together here and there, we put our pence together to get a drink of milk from a woman that we met, who had tin cans of it in a wee cart; and I dare say I shouldna have minded that, only the bairns never forgot it of our Sandy for no being able to take the jug from his head till he saw the bottom of it.

We had more sailing on the river after that, and whiles it widened to a lake; and I canna mind how long we were on the way, but we came to land at last. My father lost no time in looking out for a place to settle on, for there were many of us, and the winter was at hand. There were nine of us bairns. Sandy was the eldest and I was next, and I was just turned thirteen. If he had taken more time to consider the matter I dare say he would have gone farther west, where there is less snow in winter, and where they say the wheat is a surer crop, and that there are other advantages as well. But he aye said that he might have gone farther and fared worse, and my mother was as sure that it was the hand of Providence that guided us to Lochside.

My father was a man of excellent judgment, but a man's judgment will not stand him in stead of Providence in a case of this kind, for there were so many things to consider. There was the soil, and the lie of the land, and whether the place was healthy. And then as to a clear title, and a market, and neighbours, and the school, and the kirk. It is rare that all things come to folk's hands as they would like them, but in most of these Providence was kind to us.

I shall never forget the first look of our place, such a different place then from what it is now. I can shut my eyes and see it yet—a dreary, desolate place—a broken stretch of half-cleared stony land, sloping down to the reeds and rushes on the borders of a lake that was like a sea. The woods shut it in on the three sides, but the brow of the hill hid them on one side, and on the other, where the land fell low, the soft wood trees of the swamp looked black and eerie beside the dull gleam of the water.

Near the middle of the clearing, half-way between the brow of the hill and the lake shore, was a log-house that looked like ruin. There was little glass in the one window we could see, the door had fallen from its hinges, and there were marks of fire on the roof. There were the remains of a crooked rail-fence, with the rank bushes of what might once have been a garden growing over it, and a dry trough into which water had once run.

A forsaken, desolate place it looked. There was no sunshine on it that day, for the clouds lay low, the colour of lead, and the earth looked grey and dead beneath them. The wind blew chill from the lake, and my mother shivered in it—partly, I dare say, with the cold, but partly, too, with the dreariness of it all.

"We'll call it Sunny Brae, after the old place at home, mother," said Sandy, never thinking.

"Whuht, laddie!" said my mother, with a gasp; and if it hadna been that all the bairns were looking at her, she must have given way, not so much at the thought of all that she had left behind, or even of the trials before her, as with the weight of the dreariness of the place.

"We maun make the best of it now, Jeanrie, my woman," said my father, getting a look at her face,

"for the bairns' sake," he added, as her answer wasna ready.

"Ay," said she, "we maun make the best of it now."

I hardly ken how I should mind that so well, or why I should tell it, for it never happened before or after, to my knowledge, that my mother's heart fell low like that. She had a strong though tender nature, and she held the strings of my father's heart in her hands—and his will too, I used sometimes to think, though folk in general would hardly have guessed it.

Before we went away that night her courage had come back again, and our plans were made for the winter. As to my mother and the bairns staying in the town, while my father and maybe Sandy came over to the place to cut down trees for the clearing of the land, that my mother wouldna hear of, so in a day or two we were all back again and determined to make the best of everything. First the home was put in order, and considering that he had no conception of the degree of cold that the winter would bring, my father took special pains with it. He mended the roof with his own hands, and the windows and doors; and he built a firm wall, two handbreadths high, near the foundation, filled it in with earth and covered it with sods cut from the hill-side, and this kept the bitter cold from getting in below. My mother did her part, too, and though there was only "a but and a ben," and an open garret overhead, and though there was some doubt at first as to how we and all our belongings were to be bestowed in it, we had in one way and another great comfort in that wee house before we went to a better.

It was too late for the sowing of fall wheat, even if there had been any of the land ready for it; but, late as it was, my father fell to and did what could be done to make it ready for early sowing in the spring. First there was the gathering up of stones. My father had aye an uncommon objection to stones, and so the bairns were set to gathering them and carrying them down the brae, where later they were to be made into a dike round the bit of land that had once been garden-ground. We all had a share of this work. Even wee Robbie, who was hardly four years old, went toddling back and forth with his hands full. Then the land was ploughed deep, and then there were more stones gathered, and before the snow fell on it, though there was but a wee bit of it, it was just a pleasure to see.

And besides all that, my father and Sandy built the dike round the garden, and with the help of a neighbour's horse, brought a good many loads of black mould from the swamp, which was just what the light sandy soil of the hill-side needed to make it perfect garden-ground. And when the right time came the rank bushes were cut down, and slips set from them here and there; and the hardy plum-trees of the country, which had outlived long neglect and many hard winters, were pruned, and they bore fruit the very first year; and so we had a garden when summer came, and much good did we get from it.

My father bought a cow when we first went there; such a creature to look at my mother's eyes had never seen before. She was a wee French beastie, not half the size of a common cow, with short crooked horns and one of them broken, and a coat of long rough hair, and she could run like a deer. My brothers called her "the kitten," such a wee unlikely beastie she looked. But her looks were the worst of her.



She didna give just so much milk, but what she gave was like cream, and though we had no shelter to give her but the lithe side of a log pile, she kept up her heart and grew fat on what would have starved some cows, and my mother made some butter even, as the spring drew near. We got more cows then, better looking, and in some respects better beasts, but "the kitten" was aye the favourite.

The first winter was a hard one in some respects. We were never to say hungry—that is, we had something most days to satisfy our hunger; we had meal and milk, and we had some potatoes. My mother had her tea most days, but butchers' meat we never saw except at Now Year, and maybe once or twice besides, but we had never been used with butchers' meat for a continuance and missed it less. It took us a while to learn to like the buckwheat and the Indian corn meal, and the beans of the country, and as for the salt pork that other folk seemed to prize, it just scunnered us at first, and my father and mother never came to like it to the last. We had little variety, but suffering we had none.

My father and Sandy set to the cutting down of the trees as soon as the winter fairly set in, and all day long we used to hear the sharp, clear ring of their axes, for the woods were close at hand. I have heard my mother say that in the years after that she never heard the sharp stroke of an axe on hard wood but a touch of the home-sick longing that whiles fell on her heart in those days came back to her again; and though I am not given to have fancies as my mother used to be, the sound is like no other to me to this day. I see our clearing as it lay then, close and narrow, with the winter sunshine on it. And I mind just how the shadows of the bare trees lay long on the snow, reddening under the clouds that waited on the setting sun, when the sound of the axe ceased, and we were looking out for our father's home-coming. I can see him coming slowly down the slope with Sandy, and maybe some other of the lads following at their play.

Our Sandy was a long, loose-jointed laddie of fifteen or thereabout when we came here, and my mother had anxious thoughts about him whiles, because of the hard work he had to do. But he took no harm; he kept well up with my father, and wearied himself less than he did, for wood-chopping is like other things, "learn young, learn fair, learn auld, learn sair." Sandy got the knack of it in a wee while, but it was aye main strength with my father. However, the lads took the weight of the wood-chopping as time went on.

There are winters, and even whole years of my life, that have gone clean from me, but I mind every day of that first winter, and shall as long as I mind anything. It wasna aye clear and sunshiny. There were dark days, and there were days of bitter cold, when even my father went no farther than to the well for water, or to see that poor, wee kitten had her food, and wasna smothered in the snow. These were not bad days in one way; they were the days for our books and our slates. Our mother had a great dread from the first that the bairns would have to be without proper schooling, for then there was no school within miles of us. And, besides, consider what it would have been for a quiet, rather delicate woman like my mother to be shut up in so small a house with nine bairns—six of them boys, with nothing to do!

So we got our books and our tasks, and almost the

only money that my father spent that winter, except just for food, was spent for pens and papers, and we all had our copies to write as regularly as if we had been at the school; and great progress we made, though I say it. I like my own "hand o' write" this day better than that of any of my nieces, though some of them have been year in and year out at the boarding-school. I canna aye vouch for my spelling; but my Scotch tongue interferes with that, I dare say.

Well, we were kept at our books; the younger bairns had the Catechism, and we all had the Bible, which, as Paul says to Timothy, "is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." As a means of discipline, both mental and moral, there is nothing like nailing bairns down to a patient, constant, and accurate study of the Bible. A daily habit of reading and pondering even a chapter is an education in itself. I ken that is not the prevailing opinion or practice of the present day, but I dinna see that all the "isms" and the "ologies," and the endless books that young folk have to go through with, nowadays, make stronger men or wiser women than there used to be when I was young.

At any rate, it was the Bible for us. I dare say we might have wearied of it whiles if we could have got at other books. I am not sure that we did not as it was. But we got great good of my mother's determination to store our heads and our hearts with the Word. Even for this world it has helped us. It is long since I heard our Sandy say that the Proverbs of Solomon had more to do with his success in life than all other books put together, and my brother John, the Professor, says—

But, dear me! I doubt I was wandering from my subject, and the Word needs no upholding from the like of me. And as for the Professor, it is well known what he thinks.

## AMERICAN CARICATURES.

### II.

INDEPENDENCE did not at first seem to have brought many blessings to the Americans. The universal confusion which prevailed throughout the colonies during the years immediately following the conclusion of the war with England was a most unfavourable augury of the future of the young republic. The old colonial institutions had been uprooted, and the people had not yet become sufficiently aware of the responsibilities they had taken upon themselves to establish new ones. The very spirit which had sustained the struggle for independence operated against a speedy return to habits of law and order. Jealous of all authority, they could not bear to submit to those necessary restraints which are the very bulwarks of liberty. As long as the war menaced them with a common danger, the necessity of submission to some form of government, however imperfectly organised, was too obvious to be disregarded, but when the external pressure was removed the whole fabric of society appeared for a while to be in danger of falling to pieces. The bonds which held the various States together were slight, and the powers delegated to the national government were too trivial to permit of a well-defined policy in dealing either with domestic requirements or with foreign countries. Burdened with debts

contracted during the war, the national finances were in a deplorable condition, and abroad the public credit had been seriously impaired by the neglect to meet pressing obligations. The revenue was uncertain, and the authority needful for its collection grudgingly obeyed or altogether evaded.

But the Americans could not long endure this state of anarchy. The love of order which they had inherited from their Anglo-Saxon forefathers might slumber for a time, but could not be effaced. The mercantile classes in New England and the planters in the South, together with the better class of people in New York and Pennsylvania, saw that the want of organised government must end in ruin, and the result of their efforts was the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the election of General Washington as their first president. The Constitution was not adopted without a struggle. The uneducated masses viewed it as an instrument for the curtailment of their liberties; the more so as amongst its most ardent supporters were the wealthy merchants and landowners, in whose minds certain aristocratic prejudices were supposed to linger. The formation of party in the United States may be said to date from its adoption, its supporters obtaining the name of Federalists, while their opponents became known as Democrats. The breaking out of the French revolution supplied another cause for widening the breach between the factions—the Democrats under the leadership of Jefferson, then a member of Washington's cabinet, expressing the most unbounded admiration for the visionary schemes of the French republicans; while the Federalists, with Vice-President John Adams at their head, though steadfastly believing in constitutional liberty, doubted the capacity of France for self-government, and resolutely opposed many of the French ideas. Jefferson was a Virginian, and had great influence in the South, whose sympathies he carried with him when he espoused the French cause. On the other hand, the chief strength of the Federalists had by degrees centred itself in New England, of which Massachusetts, the birthplace of Adams, was the leading State. Thus early were New England and the South placed in antagonistic positions, while Pennsylvania, the keystone of the arch, decided then as now the temporary fate of either faction.

Party warfare was conducted with scant regard for propriety. The newspapers of the day were filled with abusive attacks and counter-charges against the opposing leaders, while William Cobbett, with the small remnant of Tories left by the war, impartially waged hostilities against both. Even President Washington did not escape. His dignified behaviour and the small show of state which he preserved at his receptions were made subjects for merciless ridicule. The caricaturists, as might be expected, were not slow to profit by the opportunity afforded them for the display of their talents, and in Philadelphia particularly, numbers of rude caricatures were published. For the most part, however, shame or prudence impelled the artist to conceal his name. Smithies, an Englishman, who had settled in Philadelphia, is credited with the authorship of many, but his efforts are said to have been very crude; and as nothing concerning him appears to have been preserved beyond the bare record of his accomplishments, his productions were probably worth no better fate.

The best caricaturist of this period was William Charles, a Scotchman. Charles is said to have been

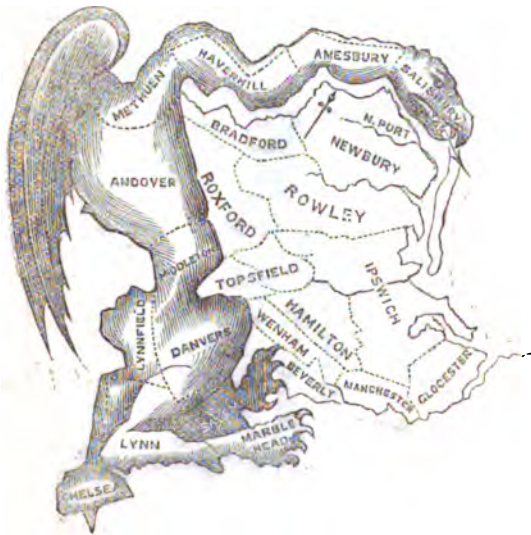
obliged to fly from his native city of Edinburgh to escape the consequences of the awful crime of caricaturing a bailie. He went to America about the year 1801, living first at New York, and ultimately settling in Philadelphia, where he opened a shop for the sale of books and prints. Here he published many caricatures, drawn by himself, relating to the affairs of his time. One of these was of Josiah Quincey, a member of Congress for Massachusetts, and one of the most influential men in the legislature. The preceding review of the state of parties at this period will assist in explaining the design.



Quincey was somewhat formal and stately in his manner, and, supported by his party, was inclined to play the autocrat. He is accordingly represented in the dress which he, in common with Washington and the old colonial aristocracy, still persisted in wearing, but with the addition of a crown and sceptre, in allusion to his arrogant disposition. The rocky shore on which he stands is emblematic of his native state of Massachusetts, while the cod-fish disporting in the sea behind him are in allusion to the "cod-fish aristocracy" of New England, where many of the most influential families depended upon the cod fisheries for their wealth. The picture was something more than a passing attack upon an individual. Quincey was a representative man among the presumed aristocratic Federalists of New England, and the design illustrates the prevailing idea regarding them in the ranks of the Democrats.

An event which occurred at about this time suggested a caricature which has since been frequently reproduced, and also added a new word to the slang vocabulary of America. Just previous to an election in Massachusetts, the party in power passed a bill reapportioning the electoral districts, and, without the least regard to geographical situation, destroying the unity of the Opposition by cutting off doubtful sections and adding them to sound ones, and *vice versa*. By this means the strength of the Opposition was divided, and where a majority was formerly certain, it was either lost by

the cutting off of some stronghold, or more than counterbalanced by the adverse votes of an added section. This process, which obtained the name of "Gerrymandering," has since become a common method of party warfare in the United States. It was discovered that the outline of the new district, as shown by the map, resembled the figure of some fabulous monster. The idea was quickly seized upon, and the creature obtained the name of the "Gerry-mander," in derisive allusion to Governor Gerry, who was believed to have exerted himself in favour of redistribution.



THE "GERRYMANDER."

The word has taken its place in the vocabulary of politics, and the practice has become one of the commonest of party tricks in the United States. Another philological curiosity is worthy of mention, not only on account of having appeared within the same decade, but also because of its frequent connection with later caricatures. That is "Uncle Sam," the symbolic myth, whose lank form in pictorial art is used as a personal type of the Americans, just as sturdy John Bull represents the British. The origin of "Uncle Sam" was as follows. During the war with England in 1812, one of the government inspectors of stores at Troy, N.Y., named Samuel Wilson, was popularly known as "Uncle Sam." The barrels of provision passing through his hands were branded with U.S., the initials of "United States," but coming from Uncle Sam Wilson, the citizens of Troy jocularly insisted that the government brand was intended otherwise, and that it was used to mark Uncle Sam's property. The familiar initials were known all over the country, and the name "Uncle Sam" soon passed into general use.

The breaking out of the war of 1812, between the United States and England, supplied the caricaturists with a multitude of fresh themes. The rules imposed upon commerce by the British Government, chiefly with the view of distressing Napoleon, were a grievance of which American merchants had just cause to complain. The right to search American ships on the high seas was another source of trouble, until at length, exasperated beyond endurance, President Madison proclaimed war against England exactly six days before Napoleon set out upon his

mad attempt to conquer Russia. The achievements of Wellington in Spain, and the naval victories of Trafalgar and the Nile, had contributed to place England in the front rank of European Powers, and to many Americans, especially those of the Eastern States, it seemed folly to think of measuring strength with so formidable an adversary. England was the acknowledged mistress of the sea, while the United States navy consisted chiefly of a fleet of gunboats, suitable only for harbour defence. An occurrence which took place soon after the beginning of hostilities served to encourage the hopes of the Americans, and to supply Charles with a subject for his pencil. The American sloop-of-war Wasp, eighteen guns, commanded by Captain Jacob James, while on a cruise, fell in with the British sloop-of-war Frolic, mounting a nearly equal number of guns. The crew of the Wasp, however, numbered 135 men, while the Frolic had only 108 men. A desperate engagement ensued between the two vessels, and the Frolic was eventually captured by boarding, when it was ascertained that out of the 108 persons on board, no less than ninety were either killed or wounded, while the American loss amounted to only five killed and five wounded. Captain James was not destined to enjoy his victory very long, as, shortly after the termination of the conflict, an English seventy-four-gun ship bore down upon him, and the victors speedily became the vanquished. This did not diminish the exultation felt in the United States at the result of the first conflict between vessels of the two nations of nearly equal strength. The press teemed with laudations of Captain James and his companions, and Charles commemorated the event in a caricature entitled "A Wasp on a Frolic, or a Sting for John Bull," which, we are told, was sold by hundreds. The design represented a very corpulent John Bull transfixed by the sting of a wasp, the smallness of whose body is altogether out of proportion to the dimensions of his sting. A victory, however small and transitory, won over the mistress of the seas, was something to boast of, and there is an excess of enthusiasm in the American character which is always ready to "alop over" when the occasion offers.

During the three years the war continued, nothing like a decisive action was fought on sea or land, and the numerous raids and skirmishes in which victory was pretty equally divided between the opponents were without serious results to either party. A miniature naval engagement on Lake Erie resulted in the capture or destruction of a fleet of pigmy British vessels by an equally insignificant squadron of Americans; and trifling as were the forces employed on either side, their success was immensely gratifying to the Americans. The American fleet consisted of nine small sloops and schooners, manned by 490 sailors, under the command of Captain Perry. The British commander, Barclay, had six vessels, consisting of two small ships, the remainder being sloops and schooners, the whole carrying a little more than 500 men, of whom less than one-half were sailors, the rest being made up of soldiers, Canadian volunteers, and some Indians. Perry was an able officer, and notwithstanding the obstinate gallantry with which the action was fought on the part of the British, they were compelled to surrender, and the whole fleet was captured. Barclay, who had lost an arm at Trafalgar, was badly wounded in the action, from the effects of which he subsequently lost his other arm. Charles again commemorated the event



in a caricature. King George is represented as suffering from a severe attack of colic, caused by too much perry, a drink made from the juice of pears. Queen Charlotte has just entered with a bottle of perry, and is saying, "Johnny, won't you take some more Perry?" to which the distressed monarch replies, "Oh Perry, curse that Perry! One disaster after another; I have not half recovered of the bloody nose I got at the boxing match." The last part of the King's speech relates to a recent action between a small vessel named the Boxer, and an American cruiser. In the foam which springs from the bottle carried by the Queen, are the names of the ships comprising Perry's squadron on Lake Erie.

Time has worked at least one remarkable change since this picture was engraved. The cry for free-trade now comes from England, while it is America who turns a deaf ear to the demand. It must not be supposed that the Americans had a monopoly in caricatures any more than in victories during the war. The honours of the war were pretty evenly divided, without giving either side much cause for boasting, and the shafts of ridicule fired by the American caricaturists were sharply replied to by Rowlandson, who was then at the zenith of his fame. Tegg published several caricatures of Rowlandson's, specially directed against the Americans; and the subject would no doubt have brought forth many others, but for the all-absorbing struggle against the military despotism of Napoleon, which then filled the minds of men, to the exclusion of everything else.

The war with America dragged on for three years, and ended without any definite concessions on either side. England tacitly acknowledged the justice of the American demands, and ceased to pursue that arrogant policy against which the thunders of Chatham's eloquence had been vainly directed, and which had forced Washington to arms. It has already been said that the war was very unpopular in New England, whose trade was ruined by the blockade of her coasts or by the capture of her vessels. The Embargo Act passed by Congress declared illegal the supply of British



Such was the coarse and low wit which pleased the Americans in their early days of independence.

Another naval combat, which ended victoriously for the Americans, was made the subject of a caricature by Amos Doolittle, an engraver living at New Haven, in Connecticut, who had served in the War of Independence. Doolittle was not a professed caricaturist, and the best known of his works are several small pictures which he engraved of the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord, both of which he witnessed. He was a tolerably old man at the time of the second war, and it was probably the success which Charles had won in Philadelphia that stimulated Doolittle to try his hand at caricature. His subject was the action between the American sloop-of-war Hornet and the British sloop Peacock. The Americans were slightly superior in men and guns, and after a brief but severe action, the Peacock, reduced to a sinking condition, hauled down her colours, and, in spite of the efforts of the victors, shortly afterwards sank. Captain Lawrence, who commanded the Hornet, was afterwards promoted to the command of the frigate Chesapeake, and lost his life in the action which resulted in the capture of that vessel by the British frigate Shannon. Doolittle's picture represents England as a bull, with the tail of a peacock. The animal is bellowing with the pain inflicted on it by its tiny adversary, while the latter exclaims, "Free-trade and sailors' rights, you old rascal."

ships with provisions and stores, a branch of trade which had been very lucrative to the New England merchants. The sufferings of New England from the Embargo Act were amusingly caricatured in a cut that appeared in New York, designed and engraved by Dr. Alexander Anderson. A New England merchant is seen carrying a barrel of flour towards a British ship-



THE HORNET AND THE PEACOCK.

of-war which lies in the background, when he is seized by a gigantic terrapin, or turtle, typical of the Embargo Act, much to the amusement of a government official. The merchant, whose leg has been seized in the jaws of the monster, is crying out, "Oh! this horrid ograbme!"—the latter word being "embargo" spelt backwards. So powerful had the opposition to



the war grown in New England that serious threats of secession were uttered; and it is worth note that the right of a State to secede from the main body was entirely a New England idea, and was supported by the identical arguments which were afterwards brought forward by the Southern States in 1860. The repeal of the Embargo furnished an opportunity for the other side to reply by means of a caricature which appeared in the "New York Evening Post." It was designed by John Wesley Jarvis, the painter, and represented a man freeing himself from the fatal clutches of the terrapin by cutting off the animal's head. The close of the war closes the second great period in the history of the United States, and the treaty of peace then concluded between England and her firstborn it is sincerely to be hoped will never be broken.

### PEACE SOCIETY.

ALTHOUGH largely supported by the Society of Friends, as might be expected from their principles, the Peace Society did not originate with them, and the members belong to all classes of the community. Indeed, there would be no real inconsistency in military men giving their aid. No man knows the horrors of war, and values the blessings of peace, as an old soldier does. The Duke of Wellington once gave a noble testimony to this effect when he heard some one speaking with levity of war.

From a circular of the Peace Society we learn that the thought of organising a Peace Society appears to have originated with the Rev. David Bogue, D.D., of Gosport, who preached a sermon on the subject when the first Napoleon was at the height of his career, and before the close of that long series of battles which ended at Waterloo, and which cost Europe incalculable treasures. In the discourse referred to, delivered in 1813, Dr. Bogue appeals to the people in these words:—"When we live in an age of societies to combine individual effort for public benefit, why should not one be formed for promoting peace among the nations of the earth?" He further evinces his conviction of the great need of specific effort to abolish war by the following ejaculations, which doubtless were uttered as a prayer of faith, and were answered in the formation of the London Peace Society in 1815. His words were: "O that God would call forth some wise, pious, enlightened, ardent philanthropist, who shall form this determination in his heart, and carry it into execution. To convince mankind that Christianity forbids war, to banish the idea of its lawfulness from their creed, and the love of its practice from their hearts, and to make all men seek peace with their whole soul, and pursue it with all their might, till it establish a universal reign over human nature, shall be the grand object of my existence on earth." After declaring it to be his belief that the blessing of Heaven would descend upon those who should become willing to devote themselves to the destruction of this monstrous foe of human happiness, he calls upon all his brethren in the ministry to lift up their voices for the peace of the world, and upon all the Christians to co-operate with them in the diffusion of these benevolent principles. Not long after the delivery of Dr. Bogue's discourse, the Rev. Noah Worcester, a clergyman of New

York, delivered an address, called "A Solemn Review of the Customs of War." Soon afterwards a society was formed in New York—in 1815—about six months prior to the London Peace Society before named. These were the first Peace Societies of modern times. Many years later, the present American Peace Society was founded by Mr. William Ladd, and was organised at Boston in 1828.

## Varieties.

DISRAELI AT THE TOP OF THE TREE.—"The determined and the persevering need never despair of gaining their object in this world." Thus wrote the author of "Lothair" (vol. i. 247), and his own career is a notable illustration of the truth of the saying. From boyhood he had the ambition of becoming famous, and the feeling was fostered by a fond and admiring mother, who said, as he stood on a chair spouting poetry, that "Ben would some day be Lord Chancellor or Prime Minister." His long struggles to get on the first round of the Parliamentary ladder, and his subsequent triumphs, are well known. And now, as Prime Minister and peer of England, his words in "Lothair" are recalled with strange force.

QUEEN DOWAGER OF SWEDEN.—The late Queen Dowager of Sweden, who died this summer, was the daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, the son of Josephine by her first marriage, and adopted son of the First Napoleon. She was born in the splendour of Imperial days, while yet the star of *le petit caporal* was in the ascendant, and became the bride of Bernadotte's son. She thus became Queen of Sweden, and two of her sons ascended the same throne. One of them is the present King. It is a strange incident, as showing how time avenges everything, and how to the "waiting man all things come," that while the blood of Napoleon flows in no reigning family, Josephine, who was divorced because she bore "the Emperor" no children, became the mother of a possibly long line of Northern Kings. Napoleon failed in his dream of founding a royal line, but, while his relatives are as yet outside the kingly circle, the descendants of his discarded wife bid fair to remain on a throne which the affections of their subjects have made as secure to them as that of any monarch in Europe to the occupant. Bernadotte's history is also a romance. Of the many nominees of Napoleon he is the only one whose descendants still occupy the throne which was secured for them. Men not long dead have transacted business with the old notary of Paris, four of whose descendants have since sat on the throne of Gustavus Adolphus, while no one bearing the name of the Corsican attorney's son, to whom they owed so much, wields even the semblance of royal authority. The father of that *beau sabreur*, Joachim Murat, King of Naples, was, as all the world knows, a tavern keeper, and the future King for some time a waiter in a Parisian *café*.

HELIGOLAND.—A recent number of the "Geological Magazine" contains a map of Heligoland, which is said to have been "copied from an old map in the possession of the Governor of Heligoland." It gives by three different shadings the size of the island at three periods. In A.D. 800 it is represented as 120 miles in circumference; in A.D. 1300 as forty-five miles; in 1649 only four miles. Since then it has diminished to less than one-third of a mile in superficial extent. The diminution of the island has been effected almost entirely in one direction, the sea having encroached thirty miles on the N.E. side, and one mile only on the S.W.

SHORT MEASURE.—A Chinese correspondent of the New York "Christian Weekly" sends some instances of how Chinese preachers meet questions and preach, of which the following is one:—"Bishop Russell, of Ningpo, recently told us of a helper of his who was preaching on the Ten Commandments, when a man suddenly entered, and walked rapidly forward to the desk. 'What have you got there?' he asked, in a loud voice. The helper immediately replied, 'I have a foot-rule of ten inches' (the Chinese foot has ten inches, as the foot everywhere ought to have), 'and if you will sit down I will measure your heart.' And he proceeded with his ten-inch rule to show how 'short' his hearers were according to God's measure."

# THE LEISURE HOUR

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"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Comper.*



THE FORBIDDEN BOOK.

## THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

### CHAPTER XIII.—TOO INDEPENDENT.

"The moment any Catholic doubts not alone the principles of his faith, but any one of those doctrines which are thereon based—the moment he allows himself to call in question any of the dogmas which the Catholic Church teaches, as having been handed down with her,—that moment the Church conceives him to have virtually abandoned all connection with her."—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

"GOING away again, Alfred, so soon?" cried Mrs. Reed at breakfast-time the day after the harvest festival. Her husband had just opened his letters,

and had announced that his presence was urgently required in London to revise some plans and specifications for a new church which he had sent in to compete with others, and which were not strictly in accord with the conditions laid down.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh; "I must go; otherwise my plans will not be admitted for competition. I ought to have better studied the site before beginning them; but that is one inconvenience of living in the country."



"And you will return—when?"

"To-morrow, I hope; as soon as I can get the work done."

"How I wish I could go with you! but that is out of the question; the children want me at home."

"You enjoyed your visit to Marton yesterday?"

"Oh, yes; and it has done me good in every way, I think."

"You did not dislike the plain, old-fashioned service at the church?"

"I liked it very much—just for once, you know; though I could not enter into it all as you did; and the sermon, it seemed so good and sensible. I wish—"

"What do you wish?"

"No; I suppose it would be wrong to desire it; but if it were thought good for us to have the Bible, the whole Bible, to read and refer to as freely as you have, it would be a great privilege."

"There is no reason why you should not have it; what's to hinder you?"

"The heads of our Church don't like it," said Mrs. Reed. "Perhaps it might not be refused if I were to ask; but it would be given with so many conditions as to interpretation and selection, that it would amount to the same thing almost. I will wait till I have an opportunity of consulting some one about it."\*

"Go over to Peterstowe. I suppose there is not any one nearer. You want to see a priest of your own Church sometimes, of course. I wish we lived somewhere else. Perhaps I may find an opening in London if my plans for this church are accepted. How should you like that?"

"Oh, Alfred, I am quite contented and quite happy, and you will find plenty to do here in time."

"It takes a long while to get established," he said. She was alarmed at the expression of care which came over his face as he spoke. "If I were to go elsewhere I should have to begin again; though I might not, perhaps, lose my connection with this neighbourhood entirely. But what am I talking about? We are not going to move at present, except that I must move off to London by the next train. If any one were to offer me a good business there, or a share of one, I don't think I should refuse it."

"You would be more at home then, perhaps; that would be the first thing I should think of. Mean-time, why should I not go with you sometimes to the early celebration at St. Michael's? The service is, as you have often said, very like that of the Roman Catholic Church."

"No, no," he answered, hastily; "don't think of it. I promised your aunt—that is to say, I promised all your friends—that there should be no proselytising. Going to church at Marton just for once was a very different thing. At St. Michael's the service is so like your own that you might be attracted by it. The next thing would be, you would go there to confession. Mr. Cope would be delighted to get hold of you, and would point to you as an example of what he calls Catholic unity. No; don't begin that. Go to Peterstowe as often as you like, and I promise not to be out of temper if you keep the dinner waiting; but don't have anything to say to Mr. Cope. He is not a man that I could like or trust."

\* "The mountain which the beast must not touch (Heb. xii. 20) is the high and holy scriptures, which the unlearned must not read."—*Pope Innocent.*

"Don't have anything to say to Mr. Cope!" A chill of apprehension fell upon Margarita's heart as she heard these words. How would it be possible for her to avoid his visits? and yet how could she receive them after this positive interdict? It was true her husband did not know all that she knew about him, and he had spoken thus with a view to protect her from any attempt which he might make to persuade her to forsake the Church of Rome. If he had known that Mr. Cope was a member of that church, he would not have had the same reason for objecting to his visits; but Mrs. Reed could not tell her husband that, nor would she be able to offer any justification for disregarding the wishes which he had expressed with regard to them. But on further consideration it appeared to her that this objection on Mr. Reed's part might be turned to good account. She had promised before God to honour and obey her husband. She would see this Mr. Cope once more and tell him what had passed, and would represent to him that under such circumstances she could neither attend at his church nor take part in any of his proceedings. Thus she should be rid of him. He would be angry, perhaps, with Mr. Reed, but that would be of very little consequence. "The less Alfred sees of him the better," she argued with herself. "Yes, I will do as he bids me. I will have no more to say to Mr. Alban Cope. I will plead my husband's command, and my duty towards him as his wife, for rejecting all his advances."

Mrs. Reed had no immediate occasion to act upon this resolution. Mr. Cope did not call upon her during Mr. Reed's absence in London, and after his return he remained a long time at home busy in his office. During that time her husband went alone to the early celebration at St. Michael's; and Margarita made more than one expedition to Peterstowe, taking Biddy with her when she could be spared from the nursery. On each occasion they were late in returning. It could not be helped, and Mr. Reed kept his promise and his temper. He was generally kind and gentle in his manner towards his wife, but taciturn and unlike what he had been in the days of their first love. More than once he had said, "Go as often as you like to Peterstowe, but I will not have you annoyed by Mr. Cope. He shall neither come here to trouble you, nor shall you go to his church. I shall not change my religion, and I hope you will never change yours."

The Sunday journeys were, however, fraught with so much inconvenience and discomfort, and separated Mrs. Reed so completely from her husband on the only day of the week when he had leisure to be with her and enjoy his home, that she resolved to go there no more, except perhaps on chief festivals, or when he was absent. But Mr. Reed was not called away now so often as before. His design for the church in London had not been chosen, and he failed to obtain other engagements for which he had applied. These disappointments were perhaps sufficient to account for his dejected manner, and for the occasional outbursts of irritation which his wife could not but notice and lament.

The time came, however, when Mr. Reed must leave home again, and that for a comparatively long period. A brother architect in London, the same in whose office Mr. Reed had formerly served his articles, wrote to ask him if he could spare time to go abroad, and inspect some works for which he was responsible; and Mr. Reed was only too glad to do

so. "I should so much have liked for you to go with me," he said, as he and Margarita talked it over, "but you would not like to leave the children, and it would be expensive. It is rather low water with me just now. I have not said much to you on that subject, because you are always careful about money, and I hope it is only a temporary inconvenience. This journey may lead to others; it will enable me to form new connections. I shall not be absent more than two or three weeks, I hope. I wish you had some one to stay with you when I am gone."

"I don't want any one. I can get on very well by myself. You will write often, and I shall be counting the days and hours till you return."

"You can go over to Peterstowe sometimes, you know. Mr. Cope has not troubled us much lately. If he should call, you will of course refuse to see him. He is one of those zealous, persevering, unscrupulous men, that I should not at all wonder if he were to try to profit by my absence to make a convert of you. I'll speak to him myself about it, if I can see him before I go, and put a veto upon that."

A day or two later Mr. Reed took his departure. His wife accompanied him to the railway-station. Mr. Cope was there, upon the platform, going to London by the same train, and took his seat in the same carriage with Mr. Reed.

"Alfred will tell him not to come to me," said Mrs. Reed to herself, as she walked home, feeling very sad and lonely. "How fortunate that they met! I shall be free from that embarrassment, at all events."

The very next day, however, she met Mr. Cope near her own door. He had brought her some last words from her husband, he said, and was on his way to deliver them. He had seen him off by the tidal train to Folkestone, and— But he would not keep her standing there. So he turned and walked with her towards her home. In her anxiety to hear the latest tidings of her husband Mrs. Reed forgot all her prudence, and having the latch-key in her hand admitted him to the house, and began to question him. "Did Mr. Reed seem in good spirits? Had he made a satisfactory arrangement with the office in London? Did he say when he should be likely to return? Had he sent her any message?"

To all these inquiries Mr. Cope gave satisfactory answers. To the last he replied, "Yes; many messages; but they were of a general kind." She was to be very careful of herself and of the children, not to let any one annoy her on religious questions, but to take every opportunity of attending the services of her Church. "Mr. Reed seems very anxious that I should not make a Protestant of you," said the priest, smiling significantly.

"He is very sincere and candid himself," said Mrs. Reed, "and wishes me to be without restraint in following my own convictions. He values truth and honesty almost as much as religious faith. I am inclined to agree with him in that. But I suppose he told you he did not wish me to see you or to talk with you on these subjects."

"He did say something of the kind," Mr. Cope replied, "but of course he did not know all the circumstances. His only wish was to protect you from any attempt on my part to win you over to the Anglican faith, of which there is of course no fear. If he had known the true state of the case he would have charged me, on the contrary, to visit you and watch over you."

"No; he would not have done that, I am certain," Mrs. Reed exclaimed, impulsively.

"You are mistaken," he answered. "You are entirely mistaken. I consider, in fact, that your husband did give me such a charge, for even while urging me not to disturb your faith as a Roman Catholic, he added, 'If she were of the same communion with yourself, it would be a great advantage to her to have St. Michael's Church so near at hand, and to be under your direction. I should then feel happier in leaving home, knowing that her priest would see her frequently, and that she could resort to him in any difficulty or trouble.' I accepted the charge, Mrs. Reed, in the spirit of it, confident that by-and-by, when your husband knows all, he will thank me for having done so."

Mrs. Reed was amazed, not to say terrified. Was it the fact that her husband had spoken thus? or was this only another falsehood, to be justified in the name of religion? This man's very existence as vicar of the parish was a lie, and yet Father Gehagan, whom every one respected, had sanctioned it and him. Alas! where were fidelity and honour to be found in this world, if not upon the Lord's side? The poor lady felt herself in a maze, and could only beg Mr. Cope to leave her for the present. She must think of what he had said.

"I would rather," he answered, "that you should promise *not* to think over it. It is this thinking one's own thoughts that opens the door for every kind of heresy. It is not your place to think, but to act. A good servant does not hesitate or argue when he is told what to do, but obeys. So it must be with all who are true disciples of our Holy Church. You have been too long without any spiritual director, and have become—pardon me for saying so—too independent in your ideas."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mrs. Reed. "I will not defend myself or contradict you; but it is the secrecy that I dislike—the false pretence on your part, and the fear on my own that I am doing wrong in consenting to deceive my husband. How long is this to last?"

"Not very long. I believe we have secured the site we want for our new chapel. Our agent, a solicitor at Peterstowe, has obtained a contract for it, and has paid a deposit. The purchase will be completed as soon as the lawyers can accomplish it. Mr. Fairlight has little idea what it is wanted for, but he will receive a fair price for his land and will have no right to complain. You see that secrecy and contrivance are necessary where one has to do with prejudice and unbelief. 'Be ye wise as serpents'—that is Scripture."

"And harmless as doves," Mrs. Reed added, in an undertone.

"Of course; the argument is stronger when the object aimed at is not mere harmlessness, but a positive good work, such as the building of a temple for the glory and advancement of the Church."

"Still, the harmlessness ought not to be lost sight of; the positive effort, however good its aim, should be in itself an honest effort, honestly and fairly carried out."

"You are arguing again. You forget that your husband would not approve of that, even if the Church would allow it. You must be careful not to let that habit grow upon you. But I was going to tell you that I have been interesting myself in Mr. Reed's behalf to get him appointed architect for our new



church. It would be a great thing for him; and his design would be excellent; he understands so well what we require. It would no doubt lead to other commissions, for we are bestirring ourselves actively just now, and there are several churches, and even a great cathedral, in prospect. I talked to Mr. Reed of this on our way to London, and it put him in great spirits. I hope nothing will occur to prevent his being chosen as architect of this church, at all events. His sympathies are with us, and he would enter into the spirit and sentiment of our order. It is a pity he does not join us altogether; it would be but a step, and would remove so many difficulties. But *pazienza!* we shall see. Now look over these papers: they will show you how you may be useful to us, and by so doing advance your husband's interests. I will leave them with you, but keep them under lock and key. Good morning, don't trouble yourself to ring the bell. I will let myself out; I like to go in and out without ceremony."

And before Mrs. Reed could reach the bell Mr. Cope was gone. Somehow or other she always found him just in the way, between her and the bell-handle or between her and the door; it might be by accident or it might be by design. It was typical at all events of a much more serious intrusion, coming as he did between herself and her husband, and cutting her off from all freedom of action and all peace of mind.

Bridget had heard voices in the parlour, and was on the watch. She saw Mr. Cope open the door quietly and depart.

"Here again!" she said to herself; "as soon as ever mather's back is turned! Coming and going just when he likes: letting himself in and out as if it were his own house! Oh, mistress dear, what will become of your poor sowl, hearkening to the likes of him, the Protestant heretic! What would Father Gehagan say if he could see it? Sure, I must write to him at onst."

But writing was not an easy matter with poor Biddy. She had learnt the art but imperfectly, and had not practised it for several years. She knew it would be hard work, especially when writing to a priest, and such a gentleman as Father Gehagan was. She put off the evil day, therefore, hoping to be able to give her mistress a hint, and that she might then grow more discreet.

"I'll wait and see does he come again," she said to herself; "he won't come in or out widout me knowing it, I promise him."

#### CHAPTER XIV.—THE BOOK.

"The Bible? That's the book. The book indeed,  
The book of books;  
On which who looks  
As he should do, aright, shall never need  
Wish for a better light  
To guide him in the night."—*George Herbert.*

THE papers which Mr. Cope had left for Mrs. Reed's inspection consisted chiefly of subscription lists and collecting cards, which he desired her to circulate among her friends in Ireland. There was also a scheme for the establishment and regulation of a convent, the nucleus of which existed already in a sisterhood and home in connection with St. Michael's Church and parish. Mrs. Reed's assistance was wanted, not only in collecting funds for the convent of the future, but in affording protection and encouragement to some of the more advanced members of the sisterhood; to those, in fact who under Mr.

Cope's guidance, had virtually, though not yet openly, renounced the Anglo-Catholic faith, and joined themselves to Rome. Mrs. Reed sighed as she turned over these papers, and pondered anxiously upon all that Mr. Cope had said to her. The papers, indeed, were innocent enough, according to her views. She would have joined actively and heartily in the work which they set forth for the building of a Roman Catholic church and convent, and for the general advancement of the faith. But the *littera scripta* included only a small portion of what was to be done. The part she was herself required to play had been explained to her in outline by Mr. Cope verbally; and she could see that it would necessarily bring her into frequent and clandestine communication with him. If it had not been for the earnest admonitions contained in Father Gehagan's letter, Mrs. Reed would probably have refused to associate herself in any way with Mr. Cope and his schemes; but the education she had received at Mary Cross had brought her so strongly and habitually under the influence of her spiritual advisers that she could not resolve at once to throw off the yoke, especially as it was only the manner of proceeding that she disliked, and not by any means the end to be obtained.

While she was still occupied with these thoughts, and asking herself for the twentieth time what she ought to do, her servant Jane entered the room.

"If you please, ma'am," she asked, "can you spare me this evening for an hour or two to go and see my mother? they have sent to say she is very unwell. Mr. Harte has been to visit her, and—" and the poor girl put her apron to her eyes and began to cry.

"Yes, Jane; go by all means," said her mistress. "I hope there is no cause for anxiety. If I can do anything for her you must let me know."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Jane; "Mr. Harte is very good to her; he generally calls upon her once a-week, and reads to her and prays by her."

"Mr. Harte? I thought she lived in our parish—in St. Michael's, I mean."

"So she does, ma'am; but it used to be all Mr. Harte's parish before the new church was built, and mother never took to Mr. Cope, for she couldn't make nothing of him; father the same; and me, too. We can't join in the prayers nor in the singing as we used to do; and we don't like sitting separate—father at one side, and mother and me at the other; and the people keep going out and coming in all through the service almost. It's not like going to church at all. Mr. Fleecy has called to see mother once or twice, and he read something out of a book, and wanted mother to confess her sins to him, and he would give her absolution; but she told him what David says in the Psalms: 'I said I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.' Then he talked to her about the blessed Virgin and the saints, and she answered him again, 'There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but only the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.' So he told her she was an ignorant woman, and went away and left her, and has never been since."

"How came your mother to know so much of the Bible, Jane?"

"She has read it all her life, ma'am; it's like meat and drink to her."

"And you follow her example, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am; at least, I try to do so. I hope I

shall always love my Bible. I read a bit every night before I go to bed; Mr. Harte gave it me when I left his school. It's a beautiful book, and beautifully bound. Might I bring it to show you, ma'am?"

"Yes, Jane; do so."

Jane disappeared, and returned in a few moments with her book, covered up in paper, which she hastily removed. It was a reference Bible nicely bound in morocco. Jane laid it on the table with evident pride. "I can leave it, ma'am, if you please," she said, "while I go and see mother. Besides, I have got another in the kitchen, which I bought for tenpence, just for common; so I can leave it as long as ever you like."

Mrs. Reed took the sacred volume into her hands, and not without hesitation, as if she were doing something wrong, turned over the leaves. On the title-page were the words, "British and Foreign Bible Society." This, then, was the very book which had been denounced by Pope Leo XII in his "Letter to the Clergy" \* at the time of his advancement to the Papal throne. These were the "poisonous pastures" from which he exhorted his venerable brethren to turn away their flocks. This it was which the priests, acting upon the spirit of their master's instructions, had snatched from the hands of the people and cast into the flames. Mrs. Reed remembered hearing of the excitement which had been caused by the circulation of this book, and by the efforts of the priests to suppress it. She had herself been taught to shrink with fear from the perusal of it, lest she should be led to exercise her own conscience upon any part of it, instead of submitting herself unreservedly to the interpretations of the priests. Scarcely would she venture now to do more than glance at the pages here and there. Yet, as she reflected, the question occurred to her, Had the circulation of these Bibles in the vulgar tongue really brought about such dreadful consequences as had been apprehended? Had England or Scotland fallen to greater depths of vice or irreligion than Ireland or France or Spain, or even Italy, the very source and centre of Romish doctrine? On the fly-leaf of the Bible in her hands the donor had written, "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of Me" (John v. 39). "Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Tim. iii. 14-17). "From a child—all scripture!" No mention here of those unwritten traditions, notes explanatory, and authoritative interpretations, insisted upon by the Church of Rome; not a word of caution or selection; no prohibition of any part of God's Word as being dangerous or unintelligible; but "all scripture is profitable." From the text which she found in the place indicated she referred to the margin, for this Protestant Bible was not without its notes. She would examine them and see what they meant. In looking up the verses referred to, and pursuing the search again from those to others, she found an endless series of texts

confirming and explaining one another, rays of divine light, intersecting and expanding and illuminating everywhere; blending together with never-failing harmony, reflecting each other's brightness, and all centring round the same great truth from which her investigations had begun, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable." Among the verses which especially fixed her attention were the following: "The things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God: which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual" (1 Cor. ii. 11, 13). This, then, was the teaching of that Protestant Church which she had been taught from childhood to regard with horror and aversion; these were the perilous paths against which she had so often been warned by her instructors; the pure Word of God, shining by its own light; a well of living water, unsullied by human argument, unmixed with human tradition, springing up unto eternal life.

Mrs. Reed sat up, with this forbidden book before her, far into the night. Before she laid it aside she knelt down and prayed that if she had indeed been guilty of presumptuous sin in thus searching the Scriptures, she might be forgiven. She desired only to submit her will to God's will. If God would teach her, it mattered little whether it was by his own Word and Spirit, or by the lips of his ambassadors. She prayed earnestly that he would make his way known to her, and that she might follow it with all humility and thankfulness. "So foolish am I, and ignorant, even as it were a beast, before Thee;" such was her confession; and in answer to it the text which she had read but a minute before seemed to stand out before her eyes—"If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally to all men, and upbraideth not."

After this Mrs. Reed felt very happy and composed. But waking in the middle of the night, the force of habit and prejudice resumed its sway, and she became alarmed and terrified at the thought of what she had done. Without intending it, she had, as she told herself, rebelled against the doctrine and authority of the Roman Catholic Church, and by so doing had separated herself from its communion. She had been taught that a "Catholic" cannot form an independent opinion on any one article of doctrine without becoming virtually excommunicated. The exercise of private judgment, the assertion of an independent right to act or think for oneself, is heresy. She had been guilty of this; she had therefore rebelled against the Church, and was in peril of everlasting condemnation. The more she gave way to these impressions, the more anxious and miserable she became. As soon as it was light she arose and dressed. She had resolved to go without delay to Peterstowe, and there seek reconciliation with the Church by confession and penance. But on visiting the nursery, as was her habit, before going downstairs, she found that one of the children had been restless and feverish during the night, and though there did not appear to be much the matter, she would not leave him. Then she sat down and wrote a letter to Father Gehagan; nay, half-a-dozen letters, which she tore up one after another; but sealed up the seventh, and sent it, though less satisfied with that than with either of the others. The answer to it came by return of post, full of kind and fatherly advice, rebuking her, as she had expected, for think-

\* Dated May 3rd, 1824. Printed by Richard Coyne, printer and publisher to the Royal College, Maynooth.

ing her own thoughts, and urging her to give her hearty co-operation to the good work that was being carried on in her town, as the best means of driving away all temptation to self-reliance. Mr. Cope was not mentioned by name, but it was sufficiently evident that the writer wished Mrs. Reed to act under his direction, and to look upon him as her spiritual guide and friend.

Mr. Cope called upon her the same day that she received this letter, and found her submissive and tractable. It was a relief to her to cast off, as far as possible, that personal responsibility which had of late caused her so much perplexity and care. She entered with interest into the plans which Mr. Cope unfolded, and was eager at once to be of use in promoting them. After that scarcely a day passed without a visit from Mr. Cope, and, at whatever hour of the day, his visits were not declined. As the time of Mr. Reed's return drew near, the thought of what he would say to her for thus disregarding his injunctions caused her some trepidation, but she tried to persuade herself that he would approve her motives, if only he could understand them; and the time, she hoped, was near at hand when Mr. Cope would be able to assume his real character, and secrecy would be no longer necessary.

Yet, apart from this cause of anxiety, Mrs. Reed was far from happy. She had succeeded for the moment in allaying her fears; but the remembrance of that one evening which she had spent with an open Bible before her, came back constantly to her mind. The several texts which she had then read over again and again with a swelling heart and tearful eyes, were impressed upon her memory: the elevation of soul which she had then experienced, the ardent longing and thirsting of her spirit for God, and the conviction that verily God had heard and answered her, came back to her and would not be dismissed. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good:" these words kept running in her mind as if to rebuke her. What had she proved? What had she held fast? Nothing! Moved by her fears, mere cowardice, so it seemed to her when she thought seriously of it, she had hastened back to the protection of her "Church," leaving the Word of God, and turning a deaf ear to the whisperings of his Spirit. These impressions gathered strength as time went on. Jane's Bible had been returned to her, or she would have been tempted again to refer to it. There were other Bibles in the house, to be sure, but they were not at hand, and to go in search of one was another thing. But the seed had been sown, and was growing night and day. She slept but little, and the thoughts upon her bed troubled her; and one consequence of this want of rest and these conflicting emotions was that her countenance became so sad and wan, and her look and manner so jaded and depressed, that none who saw her could fail to notice it.

"She is fretting for the master," said Jane, when Biddy remarked how ill the mistress looked.

"I wish the master was here," Biddy answered. "It's time he came back, I'm thinking. Do you know who comes prowling after her every day, like a wolf in shape's clothing? She may well look pale and ill when her sowl's in danger. She that was a good Catholic and well brought up, to be listening to a Protestant heretic!"

"I should hardly call Mr. Alban Cope a Protestant," Jane pleaded. "If the mistress was that

way inclined, she would rather have Mr. Harte to see her, or go to St. Paul's; she would hear the gospel there."

Biddy said nothing more, but sighed and shook her head. She must address herself, she thought, to the writing of that letter to Father Gehagan, which she had so rashly promised. She had already made two or three beginnings, but after the first line could not herself read what she had written, and had abandoned the effort in despair. Jane also had her thoughts, as she poised her saucer upon her five fingers, blowing into it and looking across it at the opposite corner of the room. Putting down her tea untasted, she rose, after a few moments' reflection, and hastily left the room. An idea had occurred to her. Mrs. Reed would perhaps like to have her Bible again: she would go and ask her. But as she went her courage failed her; mistress would perhaps think her forward. She fetched the Bible, however, and placed it on Mrs. Reed's dressing-table, as if she had just laid it there by accident and had forgotten it. It was not likely she should forget it, to be sure; but never mind that. Mrs. Reed found the book there at night, and her heart gave a great bound as she caught sight of it. Three or four times she put out her hand to take it, and drew it back again. Finally, she opened it, as it lay on the table, with a vague idea of just looking at the first verse upon which her eyes should fall. It was this: "As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby." She hesitated no longer. Down on her knees she sank before the Divine Word, drinking in its life-giving truths, now from one place, now from another, just where the leaves fell open, disappointed sometimes for a moment, but finding nearly everywhere some text or parable, some promise or encouragement, which seemed to be the voice of God speaking to her soul.

Overcome at length with emotion and fatigue, she placed the precious book upon a table by the bedside, and threw herself upon the bed; and so, with her hand stretched out upon it, as if trusting to it to protect her from a recurrence of those fears and doubts which had once before driven her from it, she fell asleep.

Jane entered the room at the usual hour next morning, and saw her mistress sleeping thus calmly and peacefully with her hand still resting upon the book. She retired silently without disturbing her, and closed the door. "I am glad," she said to herself, beneath her breath; "poor dear lady, she has found comfort at last, I do think. I am very, very glad. Oh, if she will only hold it fast, what a blessed thing it will be for her!"

#### THE NEW FOREST: ITS SCENERY AND INHABITANTS.

"EAT your own side, speckleback," is a New Forest proverb, the origin of which suggests the extreme loneliness in which its inhabitants must have lived for ages. It is an expression attributed to some forest child who used to share her breakfast with a snake, and was thus accustomed to repress its greediness. The New Forest has considerably diminished from what it once was; but a tract of country, nearly twenty miles at its greatest length, and eleven at its greatest breadth, dotted with a

few cots here and there, large enough for families to grow up in as isolated from the rest of the world as if they lived in the backwoods of America. And this reference to the backwoods of a new country gives us the clue to the use of the term "forest," as applied to a district the greater part of which is moorland, bare of trees. "The forest" in ancient times meant exactly what it does now in the mouth of a backwoodsman—namely, all the land exterior to that already brought under cultivation; and so in the case of the New Forest, it simply meant a stretch of country left uncultivated; "new" because it was forcibly rendered so after having been reclaimed and tilled for centuries.

The moorlands of the New Forest are bold, undulating downs, rising from 100 to 420 feet above the level of the sea, intersected by many streams, branches of the rivers which drain the region. The woodlands lie between these moorlands and the manors which fringe Southampton Water, and consist of a succession of basins with radiating valleys, separated by bold ridges or by isolated hills. Valleys and vegetation increase together, the barren heath losing itself in the descending woodland. The slopes of these valleys are covered with oak and beech-trees; higher up come hollies and thorns, which in their turn give place to the gorse and heather of the flats. Viewed from any elevation, the dark-brown russet moorland seems to stretch in some directions beyond the horizon; in others it is bounded by wood rising behind wood, or by the blue waters of the Solent and the cliffs and downs of the Isle of Wight. The atmosphere on these moorlands must be always breezy and health-giving, and nothing could be more inspiring than a ride across them early on a summer's morning; but on an autumn evening or a wintry day we can imagine nothing more desolate. Effects wild enough for the pencil of Salvator Rosa may be found on every side. Such scenes have a wonderfully stimulating power on the imagination.

But of course the peculiar beauty of the New Forest lies in its woods. The oaks do not grow as large as in many parts of England, and we are at first disappointed at the small size of the timber; but it is not so much by the beauty of the individual trees, as by the fine masses of woodland seen at a distance, and on so extensive a scale, that the grandeur of the Forest impresses us. The oaks were formerly cultivated to supply the dockyards, and are specially famous for what shipbuilders call knees and elbows. This peculiarity is supposed to arise from the roots having to pierce either through a rocky stratum, or a hard, gravelly bed, causing them to take a zigzag form, to which the branches correspond. There were formerly many of great age and considerable bulk. One felled in 1758 had three hundred rings of annual growth, and contained thirty-two loads of naval timber, the trunk being thirty-six feet in circumference. The beeches of the present day are finer than the oaks, and more characteristic. Amongst the oldest woods are those at Barrow's Moor, Bushey Bratley, and Mark Ash, the latter being the noblest beech-wood in the Forest. The holly grows everywhere in massy clumps, and seen in the autumn when all aglow with its blood-red berries, is a great feature in the landscape. In the spring the woods are crimson with the wild crab; in the autumn with the maple. No floral beauties can excel the lovely colours of the Forest in the fall of the year. In late and dry autumns it must realise to some extent the

gorgeous pictures travellers give of American forest scenery in the so-called Indian summer.

A mere walk along the high roads of the Forest will give but a very incomplete idea of its beauty. To know it really we must cross the fern and the heather, descend the glades, and, following the course of its streams, penetrate its recesses. Description fails to give any idea of its wonderful stillness and beauty. On a quiet autumnal day this impression of stillness is intensified, for the very sun-spots, so changeful and inconstant in summer-time, seem then motionless, altering imperceptibly with the sinking sun. What variety and depth of colour, tree showing up behind tree, each with a softer and more golden green! How the sunshine brings out the mossy boles and white stems of the beeches!—white, for their trunks are covered with patches of white and brown lichen. What a wealth of mosses and what wonderful fungi! The little pools of water, at every turn, filled with dark water-weeds, sometimes running up into creeks, compel much zigzag perambulation. Suddenly a large bird darts through the woods with a shrill cry, and, crossing the pool, is lost in the opposite thicket. At times an open grassy glade appears, and then, looking round on all sides at the innumerable by-paths, we get an idea of what a place of refuge the Forest must have been for outlaws and banditti. Fierce as were the Conqueror's forest laws, men set them at defiance, for here they could dodge the royal verderers for ever.

We suppose it is not too much to say that those laws were the fiercest and sternest ever enacted. William ordered, says the Saxon Chronicle, "that whoever killed a stag or a hind should have his eyes picked out; the protection given to stags extended also to wild boars; and he even made statutes to secure hares from all danger. This king loved wild beasts as if he had been their father." And these laws were no dead letter, they were executed with rigour. This severity arose from the fact that the wild and desolate places where these creatures abounded had become the last refuge of the irreconcilable among the Saxons. Thus arose a union between patriotism and poaching, leading in course of time in districts like the New Forest to a public opinion which looked upon the latter as no crime. At one period, and that not so very long ago, nearly every man in the Forest was a poacher. Venison went locally by the name of *mutton*, and no house in the Forest was without a supply of it. The deer were snared systematically. Sometimes hooks tied to a bough were baited with apples, sometimes the fawn's hoof was pared or a thorn run into it, to keep the doe in one place until the poacher wanted to kill her. But the general mismanagement and plunder of the Forest were for generations so great that these predations on the part of its inhabitants were only one item in the public loss. In 1608 a survey of the woods was made, when it appeared there were 315,477 loads of oak timber fit for the navy. In 1783 another survey was made, and it then appeared that there were only 20,830 such loads to be found. The deer had been so allowed to increase, that in a hard winter they died by hundreds, of starvation. No doubt it was they who helped to destroy the trees, for we are told that James I used to give the Earl of Southampton twelve hundred pounds a year as compensation for the damage the New Forest deer did to his property alone. Gilpin, the author of "Forest Scenery, illustrated by the New Forest," and who was Vicar of



Boldre at the beginning of this century, says that in his day two keepers of the Forest robbed it to the value of fifty thousand pounds. In fact, the commission appointed in 1789 found that the plunder went on under every pretext by rich and poor, high and low.

The contiguity of the Forest to the sea, its innumerable hiding-places, the cruel tyranny of its early rulers and the laxity and peculations of later ones, all combined to demoralise the population and to render the neighbourhood the scene of much crime. That it took the form of smuggling was in great measure due to the absurd way in which, during the war with Louis XIV, English commerce was sacrificed to military considerations. All trade with France was for a time absolutely prohibited. The natural result was that the Channel ports rapidly decayed, and the people became smugglers. From the causes above mentioned the New Forest became a chief seat of this illicit trade, offering many advantages as a *depôt* for the contraband goods. Large capitalists embarked in the business, and the smugglers became so bold in their impunity that in broad daylight twenty or thirty waggons, laden with kegs and guarded by two or three hundred horsemen, each carrying a tub, might be seen coming over Hengistbury Heath making their way into the Forest. This lawlessness led to worse crimes.

At Ambrose Cave, a well-known spot on the borders of the Forest, a band of robbers lived, carrying on wholesale burglary. At last a troop of soldiers were sent against them, and an immense amount of booty was found. The captain turned king's evidence, and confessed that they had murdered upwards of thirty people, whose bodies they had thrown down a well. Boat-building went on in the barns, and crews of foresters armed with "swingels" were continually fighting with the coast-guard. When they had the worst of it they threw their booty into one of the innumerable pools of which we have spoken, returning on some moonlight evening to recover it. From this comes the expression "*Moon-rakers*" current in the Forest.

The withdrawal of the deer in 1851, together no doubt with the thorough revolution which has taken place in our fiscal polity, and the spread of education, have been the chief causes which have led to a happy change in the morals of the population of the New Forest. We have been assured by one competent to speak, that, if drink were put aside, there is not a more decent, orderly, and honest community in the kingdom.

The people, however, still retain much that is characteristic, having lived for so many generations under such peculiar conditions. The Forest peasant is described by those who know him as long-limbed, with narrow head and shoulders, a loose, shambling gait, and a drawling voice. He is said to be slow in perception, and fatalistic in tone of thought; and he hides behind a servile manner a certain amount of cunning and craft. His lot for generations has been a hard one, and for a long period a demoralising one, so that the wonder is rather that he retains so much that is good. During all those ages he has clung with almost Chinese conservatism to his old customs. He still wears the same old English "smoc" his ancestors wore, calling it his "smicket" or "surplice," with the same leathern band and the same kind of gaiters they wore. He has played at the same sports from generation to

generation—wrestling and cudgel-playing; he has worked at the same occupations—wood-cutting and charcoal-burning. Every child has heard that the body of Rufus was found by a charcoal-burner named Purkess, and conveyed in his cart to Winchester. Charcoal-burning not only goes on to this day in the Forest, but it is still burnt in the same round ovens as in the days of William the Red; and what is even more strange, persons bearing the name of Purkess are yet found in the neighbourhood of the very spot where the unfortunate king was slain. At least, all this was so when Mr. Wise wrote his interesting book\* on the New Forest, the latest and most complete authority on the subject.

Doubtless, too, there has been little or no change in their dwellings for hundreds of years. The high-thatched roofs, the thatch spreading half-way down and almost enclosing the dormer windows, give the cottages a most comfortable, not to say cosy, appearance. The walls are covered with fruit-trees, and the cots generally stand in a little orchard or garden croft. Inside they have a still more antiquated look, the large open chimney being the biggest thing in the little room. There is no stove but the old hearth with its fire-dogs.

Keeping bees is a custom as ancient as Domesday-book. The heather-bells of the moorlands have always afforded a rich harvest of honey for the bees. Mead is still made, and there are quite a number of peculiar expressions connected with bee-keeping. The drones are called "beg-bees." The straw caps placed over the "bee-pots" are called "bee-hackles," or "bee-hakes," while the entrance to the hives is called the "bee-hole."

The provincialisms in the New Forest are innumerable, and if any one is interested enough in the subject to study them, he cannot do better than get Mr. Wise's book, in which he will find a large collection. The peasant everywhere is chary of speech, and likes to express his wit and his wisdom in the smallest possible compass. This is especially characteristic of the Forest. It is full of wise saws, and old sayings, and singular superstitions.

The wild animals that once roamed these glades are all gone, and in their place there only remains a black pig, which, appearing every now and then quite unexpectedly, either as a solitary porker or in a herd, adds considerably to the life and humour of the scene. It is said that Charles the First, desiring to introduce boar-hunts into England, had a number of wild boars brought over from Germany and placed in the Forest. Few of their posterity, however, are to be identified with the herds which now go grunting about the woods; the descendants of the German race are dark brindled or black in colour, with short ears, firm and erect, and eyes that emit a fiery glare when excited.

Squirrels, and the small animals usually found in all woods, abound. The day after Christmas the people indulge in a custom peculiar to the Forest—a squirrel hunt. It is a barbarous relic of old days which might with advantage be now suppressed. Twenty or thirty men and boys form themselves into a company, and armed with leaded sticks, called "scales," or "squoyles," they go into the woods, and attacking every squirrel they see, soon kill a large number. They are all put into a great pie, and eaten at a feast held at some public-house. One

\* The New Forest. Its History and its Scenery. By J. E. Wise. Published by Smith and Elder.

of the company is chosen as head, and is called the King of the Squirrel-hunters.

There is one other living feature of importance in

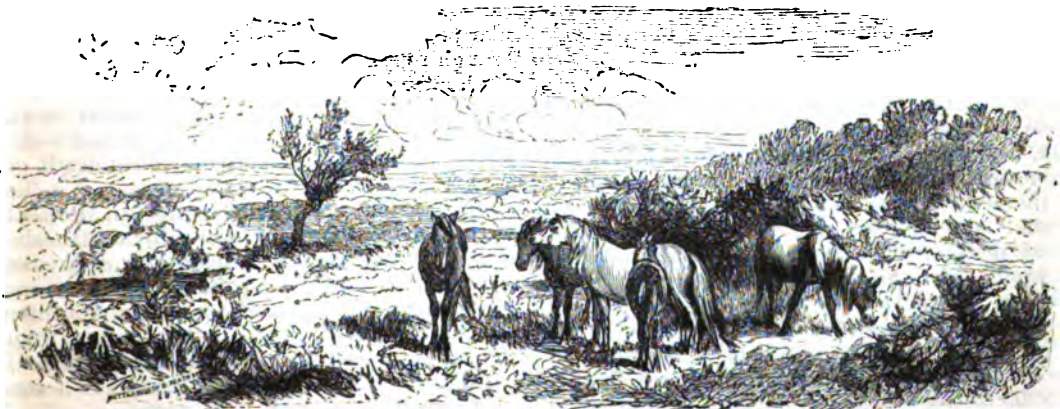
there is a horse-fair at Lyndhurst, at which numbers are sold. They are extremely hardy, being allowed to run wild in the Forest for seven or eight years,



THE RUFUS STONE.

the Forest; perhaps it may be said to have become the most striking and characteristic of all—the ponies. It used to be said that they were descended from the Spanish horses which swam from the ships driven ashore at the time of the Armada; but this seems to be a myth. They do not appear to be a very valuable breed, but are used for light work, such as drawing small carts. Every year in August

the owners depending on the instinct of a horse not to stray far from the spot in which it was born and bred. They generally keep together in herds during summer, browsing on the grass and furze; when winter approaches, they are collected and put in paddocks. As a picturesque feature in the New Forest they almost make up for the loss of the deer.



NEW FOREST PONIES.



## AMERICAN MYTHS: AS RELATED TO PRIMITIVE IDEAS OF RELIGION.

BY PRINCIPAL DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., MONTREAL.

IV.—THE INSTINCT OF IMMORTALITY (*concluded*).

AMERICA, we have seen, is rich in examples of the belief in a future state. We may now turn for a little to prehistoric Europe, and note the parallelism. We may here at once affirm that the oldest palæolithic mounds and cave interments of Europe bespeak beliefs similar in every respect to those of America. I have already referred to this in the case of the "gallery graves" of Scandinavia, and it is equally apparent in the sepulchral tumuli. But how was it with those oldest tribes of men supposed to have been contemporary with the now extinct post-glacial mammals? Unfortunately, most of the remains of this period are not of a character to give much information as to rites of sepulture or religious beliefs. There are, however, some which partially make up for this defect, and I shall refer here to a few instances.

Among the caves on the banks of the River Lesse, described by Dupont in his book on the Prehistoric Ages, one of the most curious, the Trou de Frontal, in Belgium, is a sepulchre of the so-called Reindeer Age, which intervenes between the earliest Palæolithic or "Mammoth" Age, and that of Polished Stone. It is rather an overhanging ledge or shelter than a cave, except at its inner side, where there is a chamber about two yards in length by one in breadth. This inner chamber had been used as a sepulchre, in which were found bones referable to sixteen persons of different ages. The mouth of the cave had been closed with a slab of dolomite, and on the terrace in front, and under the overhanging ledge, was a hearth of stones which had been used for funeral feasts, and around which were the bones of many animals, all recent, but some now locally extinct, as, for example, the reindeer. With regard to the age of this sepulchre, it is later than the earliest human age of Europe, when we know from other evidence that the country was inhabited by a race of gigantic stature and physically similar to the best developed of the American races. But it is older than the historic age, and belongs to a time when the earlier race had been replaced by another of smaller stature, but still Mongolian or Turanian in features, and corresponding to the Lapps in Europe and the Esquimaux in America. These again, at some unknown period, were replaced by the historic Celtic and Germanic races. Let us now consider the manner in which these people buried their dead.

The mixed and disjointed condition of the bones shows that either the burials took place at long intervals of time, or that the place was a sort of ossuary, into which bones taken up from a first burial were put, in the manner we have already described. With the dead were buried their ornaments and implements. Among these were pierced pieces of fluor spar and perforated shells, used no doubt as beads or wampum, and chipped flint weapons. A plain earthen jar, not unlike some of those found in ancient American burial-places, but less ornamented, was found in fragments, and had probably held provisions for the dead. The survivors had attempted to perpetuate the memory or achievements of their deceased friends; for two slabs of sandstone were found, one

with unknown markings, the other with the figure of an animal, probably the totem of the family or tribe to whom the vault belonged. Feasts for the dead must have been a recognised institution, as evidenced by the hearth built for them, and by the quantity of charcoal, ashes, and bones upon and around it. Dupont enumerates more than forty species of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and fishes, which had been used in these repasts, and which show that these people were as omnivorous in their tastes for animal food, and as skilful in gratifying them, as are the American Indians. This cave, which, in many respects, resembles that of Aurignac, so well described by Lartet and Lyell, and other tombs of this age, tells in a manner too plain to admit of contradiction, of the same hopes with reference to the dead, the evidence of which we have seen in the funeral rites of prehistoric America.

But there was in Europe a still earlier race. Were they cognisant of this sublime hope? We have, it is true, few indications of their beliefs, but what we have show that while physically a superior race to that which succeeded them, they were equally, in their own judgment, heirs of a future life. I have already referred to the carvings in the cave of Bruniquel, in France, probably belonging to this most ancient human age, as evidence of their belief in God. Of the sepulchral caves of this period I may take that of Mentone as evidence of their identity with the Americans in the belief in immortality.

The first human skeleton found in this cave has been beautifully illustrated in the photographs published by Dr. Rivière. It was discovered under about twenty feet of material, which is characterised as chiefly ashes and cinders of fires, mixed with the bones of recent and extinct mammalia, flint flakes, and shells. The locality, as described by Dr. Rivière, is not likely, unless great changes of level have occurred, to have been inhabited by a settled tribe, but is rather a maritime pass between France and Italy, where large bodies of men may have resided for a time in the course of migrations, or of hunting and military expeditions. The skeleton is that of a man of great stature, who must have been a hunter or warrior, of physical type decidedly Turanian, and akin to that of the aborigines of North America, while his limb-bones have the development of muscular processes characteristic of men who walk much through rough forests, and his arm-bones are those of a hunter rather than of a man familiar with steady manual labour. This body lay extended in an easy position, as if, says its discoverer, he had died in his sleep. There is no evidence of violent death, though he may have died from the effects of a flesh or internal wound, not leaving traces on the skeleton. He had evidently been buried by his friends in a cave previously used as a habitation or shelter, and afterwards used for a long time in the same way.

As interpreted by American usages, the interment may be explained thus. A war-party, returning from an unsuccessful expedition into France or Italy, halted at the caves of Mentone, and here a wounded chief, whom they had been carrying with them, expired, and was hastily buried in the cave, perhaps

in the hope that they might be able to return at some future time and convey the bones to the tomb of his fathers. They laid a few stones around the body of the dead, as a substitute for the cromlech, or funeral cyst, and buried him with an ornamented helmet of shell on his head, shell armlets and anklets, and his robes of fur wrapped around him. His arms had probably been left on the field of battle, and there were no spoils to bury with him. The only thing they possessed, or which the neighbourhood afforded to promote his welfare in the land of spirits, was a little iron oxide, carried with them to be ground into war paint. With this they, no doubt, painted his face; but they appear to have sprinkled it over him, and to have placed a little additional supply in a hollow in front of his head, that he might appear in his proper character in the spirit land. All this was precisely what American Indians would do in a similar case; and perhaps his companions, before they sorrowfully departed, sang his death-song, and kindled over his grave the fire of a funeral feast, as well to honour his memory as to prevent pursuing foes from disturbing his remains. The next occupants of the cave probably knew nothing of the burial, and the friends of the dead did not return to reclaim his remains; so he lay undisturbed till disinterred by Dr. Rivière, and removed to the Parisian Museum.

If, as there is every reason to believe, this is an interment of the oldest Palæolithic or "Mammoth" Age, the antediluvian age of history, we learn from it that the people of that age were of very high physical organisation, and very closely resembled the American type; and their manner of interment shows that they shared with the Americans and with their successors of the Reindeer Age a belief in a hereafter, along with its accompanying regard for the proper interment of the dead.

Before leaving this part of the subject, it may be well to refer to the very small number of human remains of the Palæolithic Age found in Europe. Not only have few burial-places been found, but those discovered contain very few skeletons compared with those found in American cemeteries and ossuaries. This cannot be accounted for by supposing that the dead were left unburied, since it is clear that in the case of both the men of the Mammoth and Reindeer Ages burial was practised, and this in the case of women and children as well as men. It is, however, quite possible that, like the Americans and Papuans, they may have ordinarily placed their dead on wooden stages or in shallow graves covered with wood and bark, and that the cave interments may be exceptional. If not, then it is evident either that these primeval tribes were sparsely scattered over the country and very small, or that the period of their occupancy was very limited.

It is also worthy of remark that the different kinds of burial, as in the earth or on stages, in the sitting posture or extended, in caves, in ossuaries, or under tumuli, and also cremation, have their representatives on both sides of the Atlantic. What may be called the house-tomb, representing the habitation of the deceased person when in life, is world-wide in its extension. It is seen in the lodge of the western Indian or the winter-house of the Esquimaux closed up and converted into a sepulchre, in the gallery graves, dolmens and chambered barrows of Europe, and in the rock-cut tombs of Egypt and the East, and the chamber-tombs of Peru. In all cases it points to the idea of a house of the dead corresponding to that of

the living, and has no obscure connection with the belief in a resurrection of the body. The tumulus, in every style, from the little grave-mound of a country churchyard, or of an ordinary Indian burial-place, to the ossuaries of the Hurons, the huge mounds of the Ohio, the barrows of Europe and Asia, and the pyramids of Egypt, which are merely great stone tumuli, is common to the most varied tribes, and in its grander forms is a regal tomb, equally in America and the Old World. The descriptions of such burials in Homer probably refer to customs of extreme antiquity even in his days, and they are obviously identical with those of the more civilised tribes of America. The body laid on the pyre and buried with precious offerings and with animal sacrifices, and the whole covered with a lofty mound of heaped-up earth, not forgetting the war-dance around the pyre and the funeral feast, are all equally applicable to the Alleghans and other tribes of America, to whom the Homeric song of the burial of Hector or Patroclus would be as intelligible as the death-song of one of their own warriors.

What shall we say, then, of this instinct of immortality, handed down through all the generations of prehistoric and savage men, and prompting to costly funeral rites? Is it a mere fancy, a baseless superstition? Is it not rather a god-given feature of a spiritual nature yearning after a lost earthly immortality, and clinging to the hope of a better being in a future life? And is it not after all inseparable from the belief in a God, whose children we are, and who can transfer us from this lower sphere to better mansions in his own heavenly home? Is the "Monist" or Materialist who looks with indifference on death as the close of certain physical changes and nothing more, or who shrinks from it as a hopeless annihilation, on any higher mental or moral platform than the savage who departs chanting his death-song and looking forward to meeting with the shades of his fathers in the happy hunting-grounds? Is he not rather on a level with those more degraded savage tribes, if there are such,\* who have lost the prehistoric faith without receiving anything better, and who regard the future either as a mere blank or as an unknown and terrible mystery? How much happier than either are those on whose last days shines the brighter hope of the light and immortality revealed by the Gospel!

## THE GRANTS OF LOCHSIDE;

OR, THE LIFE OF SCOTCH EMIGRANTS IN CANADA.

### CHAPTER II.

THE winter wore away, and anything sweeter and more wonderful than the coming in of the spring was to us could not be imagined. It came late, but suddenly, and was so different from the slow-coming spring we had been used with. The trees and the flowers and the grass itself seemed different. It was rough and wild enough about our place when the snow melted and made it all visible, but among the rocks and stones and half-burned tree-roots, there

\* Since the above was written I see that it is stated, on the authority of the Rev. W. Bidley, an Australian missionary, that even the *Murri* race of that country, at one time believed to have no religion, believe in a Creator called Balame, from the root *Bala*, to make; and that the souls of the good are translated to the Milky Way, the ancient "path of the dead." It seems also that their laws of consanguinity and marriage are founded on those ancient Turanian customs still existing among the Tamil races of India and the American tribes, and of which we have some traces in the Pentateuch.



were springing green things wonderful for beauty. We missed many favourites, but the beautiful new things were always under our eyes, and we had no time to grieve for what we had left behind. Into our garden from the woods and swamps we brought a score and more of wild plants as they came into flower and showed themselves, and we planted young trees and shrubs, and were as happy as bairns could be. These were our pleasures, we had plenty of work of other kinds to do.

There was a sugar-bush on our farm, but my father, of course, kenned nothing about the making of sugar, and we did nothing at it the first year. It would have been much expense, and there were things we needed more than we needed sugar. My father and Sandy held close to the woods, and then they hewed the frame for a barn to be put up when a slack time came in the summer. Then the wheat was sown, and by-and-by, when the ground dried, we all set to the clearing of the land. We got help for that, my father having had no experience of that kind of work. We had a log-rolling bee, and then a few days of David Stone and his oxen, and we all helped.

We got what was called a good burn, but my father had made the mistake that he never made again. He had cut down more trees than he, with the little help he could get, could make away with that spring. A wet time came on, and when it wore over and the place grew dry enough for the logs to burn, there was danger that the crops already sown might suffer from the fire, and no more could be done. But in among the great black log piles and fallen trees that he couldna move he sowed early barley as carefully as though it had been onions in a garden bed, and before August was out we were eating scones of it. The yield was wonderful, and so was the excellence. And into every nook he put a hill or two of potatoes and later turnips—there is nothing like new land for potatoes. Our crops altogether did wonderfully well.

In the fall we were all at the clearing of the new land again—all but my mother. She came out once or twice, thinking no shame to do outdoor work, though she had never been used with it. But it put my father about in an extraordinary degree to see her face made black with coal and ashes, as they couldna but be at such work, and he would have none of her help. He didna object to her shearing, or binding sheaves whiles, when we were strong, but the clearing of land wasna work for the like of her; and, indeed, there was plenty for her to do in the house, and all the bairns worked with a good will.

My father never again made the mistake of cutting down more trees than he could clear off at once. I ken nothing more displeasing to a person of discrimination than to see land with the trees cut down, and, maybe, half burned, left to grow up rank with weeds and young cherry-trees and tomasucks. It is far more discouraging, in view of a crop, than the unbroken forest. Just let a second growth of young trees get into the land; it is worse to clear, and not so well worth the clearing. The slovenly way that some folk had with their land my father had no patience with. If he could have had his will he would never have rested while a black stump stood. But he had to have patience with them, till time and a live coal put to them now and then when the crops were gathered in loosened them to his hand. And he learned, as old country folk mostly have to do,

that much good grain can grow among the black stumps of new land. But whatever could be moved by hands or by oxen, whether of stone or wood, he cleared away from the new fields that little by little he made out of the forest.

The second winter was like the first, and in the spring we made sugar. There was hard work about the making of sugar, but there was perfect pleasure as well to all concerned. It took us a good while in the winter time to make ready for it, for we had none of the contrivances for the saving of labour that have been made since then with regard to the making of sugar, as well as all other kinds of work. My father, with the lads' help, made troughs of soft wood, into which the sap was to run, and cedar spouts to put into the tree as well, and we all had a hand in carrying them about and laying them down at the foot of the great maple-trees, one busy March day when the right time came for tapping them. We all helped to gather the sap, too, and whiles it was no light labour, for there were rough places in our bush, and the sap had to be carried in buckets from the farthest corner to the boiling-place near the middle of the bush, and whiles we sank deep in the softening snow that lingered in the hollows till April was out. But in the early morning it was easily done, for the firm crust which the night's frost made on the snow, bore us like solid rock, and there was something in the clear sharp air that seemed to give life and lightness to body and mind. Nothing seemed a trouble then.

It was a grand place, our sugar-bush. There were hardwood trees of all kinds in it, but there were more maple-trees than of all other kinds put together, and they were mostly young trees, but not too young to bear tapping in moderation, and the place faced the south, having the very best exposure of the sun. There was no sugar-bush like it for miles about. Year by year it grew smaller and smaller, as there was more of the land cleared, and thousands of bushels of wheat have grown on it since then. My father bought land beyond that was rich in maple-trees, from which much good sugar has been made at one time and another; but no place ever seemed to me like the grand stretch of wood sloping down to the lake there, as no spring days have ever shone with just the light that gladdened us bairns then.

It is not just the looking back to the days of my youth that makes me mind these spring mornings as times by themselves for the joyful content, the pleasure in just being alive, that came to us with them, for I mind thinking about it at the time, and speaking about it to our Sandy once, as we stood for a minute watching the sun rise over the lake. Sandy agreed with me, and our Johnny made a song about the rising of the sun, and the silence that was on all things, and the resistless power of life that, unseen, was rising and swelling in every bush and tree.

It was different from the pleasure that comes with the later spring days, no' so full and varied, maybe, but the light of the mornings and evenings that are beginning to grow long is like no other light to me even yet. There were glooms and gleams coming and going over the sky and the lake, and over the snowy hills and the changing woods, that no colour that ever I heard of could name. And the peace and quiet of the time was wonderful—not the quiet of the dead of winter, but a waiting quiet, as though the rested earth were waking slowly up to a sense of her summer work again. I mind feeling all this, but it was our Johnny that put it into words.

But, dear me! I wonder at my saying all this, when it was just the making of the sugar that I meant to tell about. It was hard and pleasant work, and I helped with the rest, though, as we had lambs coming about that time, and a calf or two, I was whiles needed to help my mother at home. Still, I was often in the wood through the day, and whiles through the night as well; for we had few conveniences either for the holding or the boiling of our sap, and when a sudden run of sap came we had to boil day and night just to save it. We had a wee shanty made close by the great logs that made the fire, and we slept and waked by turns, or watched all night, keeping one another from thinking long by telling tales and singing songs. And I mind yet some daft-like stories of soldiers and sailors that Johnny read to us out of books that had been lent to him by an Englishman that had come to a new place a mile or two beyond.

It was a time of great enjoyment to us all. I dinna mind how much sugar we made, but we thought it a successful venture, and much good we got of it. We brought the making of sugar to great perfection at our place in a few years' time. We got a camp made, and all the new-fashioned pans for the boiling and clearing of it. Instead of going about with buckets to gather it, and carry it to the holders, as we used to do, there were good roads made, and it was drawn to the camp by oxen on a slid. And there have been many other improvements made that I needna name. But it is the first years of our sugar-making that I mind with the greatest pleasure now.

That summer was like the last, and like a good many that followed it—full of hard work to us all, but full of pleasure too. I was going fifteen, and Sandy was a man to look at; but yet we seemed to be all bairns together, and we made pleasure out of most things. We had no near neighbours for a good while, and were dependent on one another for amusement, and what pleased one pleased all. We gathered berries and nuts in their season, when there came a day that we could be spared from the farm-work, and the pleasure we used to get out of these expeditions could never be told. There were wild strawberries growing on the high-lying, forsaken fields of the Blount Place, and there were raspberries there and in newer clearings near at hand, and blackberries in the swamp and on some of the islands in the lake, and there was always fishing to fall back on when there was a while's leisure. That summer Sandy and Peter, with a little help, made a boat for themselves, a good large one, that would hold us all, and much enjoyment we got from it.

We got several new neighbours that year, and a prospect of more. Next summer the schoolhouse at the cross-roads was built, and after that we had preaching regularly every Sabbath, though it was not till a while after that that we had a settled minister. We had meetings now and then all along, and sermons, whiles from one kind of minister and whiles from another. Some of them were not just like the ministers my father and mother had been used with, but they were good men most of them, who couldna have taken to the work of preaching the gospel for what it would bring them, for very little they got in the way of stipend, and little credit either from most folk of the country-side. They stayed at our house for the most part when they came to preach in our neighbourhood, and though

my father was far from falling in with all the doctrines held by some of them, when he saw the mark of the Master on them he received them gladly for his sake. And I have often thought since that God's blessing was on our house because of the welcome that his servants aye got in it.

We were wonderfully prospered from the very first. My father was a man of excellent judgment. He made mistakes sometimes, not always knowing just what allowance to make for the difference in the seasons and in the soil; but he never made the same mistake twice, and every year saw some progress made. The clearing went on from year to year till over beyond the brow of the hill that sloped down to the lake great and smooth fields stretched themselves, that, notwithstanding the black stumps that lingered in them here and there for a good many years, were just a pleasure to see. Our land was grand for wheat, and it never failed with us, though it wasna thought to be a very sure crop in our part of the country, and I have kenned folk to come far out of their way just to stand at the head of our clearing, to look over the stretch of yellowing grain as the harvest drew near. A fine sight it was, to be sure.

The third summer my father bought the lot beyond us, because there was a prospect of wood being scarce on our own land, and, besides, we needed to extend the sugar-bush. The year after he bought part of the high-lying Blount farm for summer pasture to the young cattle and horns that were growing too numerous for the home place. It was a good investment, he thought, and I dare say it was; but my mother would have been better pleased if he had been content without it for a while, but he might not have got it if he had waited. The Blount Place had been cleared years before at great expense by an Englishman, who thought to make an estate for himself in this new country; but he had wearied of it, and gone home again, and the place had been whiles in one hand and whiles in another, doing little good, till at last Colonel Blount sold it, and some of the best land my father bought. He had a great desire for land, my father, and didna ken how to resist an opportunity to get it into his hands. He did well with it for the most part, but it was hard upon us during the first years, and kept us down.

But he was wonderfully successful, as I said before. He had many things in his favour, folk said who didna do so well. In the first place his farm was paid for at the outset, and he was never held down with debt. Then he had six sons, and in a country like Canada, where farm-labourers are scarce, for the reason that any man worth his salt can have a farm of his own, six well-doing sons is wealth to a man. My father's sons did their part well; and, indeed, though I say it, he had good help from all his bairns.

The summer that I was eighteen our Marjory was born. She was seven years younger than Wattie, who was the youngest till she came. My mother was very frail for a long time after that, and I had the charge for the most part of my little sister. I had her at night all to myself, and I had her on my mind whatever I was doing all through the day; and if the mother-love that I have missed is a sweeter, deeper, more satisfying thing than the love that filled my heart for the bonny, helpless wee creature, I do not wonder that it is spoken of in the Bible in the same verse with the love of God to the creatures he has made—the children he has redeemed.

I was never all that summer so busy by day but her first impatient cry brought me to her; nor so weary by night but the soft nestling movement of her little head, or the touch of her little hands, woke me to the strangest and sweetest sense of pleasure in her dependence on me. It was like nothing that had ever come to me before in my life, and, for that matter, nothing has ever come to me like it since, and can never come to me now, unless—perhaps—if God will that I may see one of my Marjory's own babies before I die. But I mustna think of things that are like to upset me, if I mean to go on with my writing, for even my father once said that my love for my sister Marjory went beyond the bounds of a just and calm reason. But that was long after.

Well, all that summer my mother's life seemed to hang on a thread. She couldna do a hand's turn in the house, she that had never rested from doing for us all. I didna think much about it at the time, but, looking back afterwards on those days, I see in my mother's life that summer an evident miracle of God's grace reigning in a human heart. Her patience with her own weakness, and with the changes that couldna but be in the house as a consequence of it, her forbearance and sweet composure and cheerfulness through it all, were something wonderful to see.

It never happened to my mother as it has often happened to housewives coming to Canada—especially farmers' wives—to fall, through press of work and little time, and the few conveniences at hand, into a way of doing things differently from what she had been used to do them at home. The general thoroughness that canna but be the end of such a way of doing was to her a perfect abomination, and folk that are like her in this respect will ken something of what it must have been to her to sit with her hands folded and see things going wrong in the house. I was strong and willing, and not without experience, but it is not to be supposed that one pair of hands could do what had used to keep two pair busy. We kept Annie home from the school for a while, but she was but a bairn, and maybe I hadna all the patience with her that I might have had, and I used whiles to think that I would have been as well without her, but my mother had patience with us both.

There were many things to do in the house. There was the milking of the cows, but the lads helped with that. There was the butter-making, which couldna be slighted, and which didna need to be, for I had done all that before under my mother's eye. That was something to be done by rule—something to begin at the beginning of, and go straight through with, in a regular way, each process following the other, and with cleanliness and coolness the end needed not be doubtful. The same was true with the breadmaking, which I could do well; and there was reasonable order and regularity about the meals, even at the busiest time, as was needful, considering all that was to be done in the fields, and how precious time was to my father and the lads. But as for other things, they had whiles to stand, and the house fell into disorder, as may be easily supposed. For things couldna but go wrong, and I went wrong whiles myself, for when all is said one canna put old heads on young shoulders, and though I was eighteen I had never thought myself other than just a bairn with the rest.

But my mother's patience and sweetness through

all were something to wonder at, for they never failed. She told me after, long after, when something had happened to bring these days back to us, that she had never thought to outlive her trial, and that it was like coming up again from "the valley and shadow of death" when she opened her eyes on us all. And so I dare say, having been so near to heaven, and having gotten a glimpse of its glory and beauty, the untoward events of life, and the small discomforts of her lot, seemed little to bear after that, knowing as she did what was waiting her. For a long time the most she could do was just to sit still and let the summer wind blow on her, waiting for her health and strength to come back again.

They came back, in a measure, after months of waiting, but my mother was never so strong again, and could never do as she had used to do in the house, after little May was born. She was the head and the heart of all that was planned or done, as much as ever, and after a while we fell into regular ways again, and all went on as before.

#### SKULL OF CRABBE THE POET.

A CURIOUS piece of gossip comes from the peaceful town of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire. That admirable poet and exemplary divine, the Reverend George Crabbe, was for a long period incumbent of the rectory of St. James's, Trowbridge, and died there in the year 1832, in the seventy-third year of his age. He was interred in the chancel of the church. Fifteen years afterwards some restorations took place at St. James's Church, and the contractor's workmen, while lowering the pavement of the chancel, were fain to reduce the size of the vault in which lay the ashes of the poet. A certain malicious or foolish person seems to have availed himself of the opportunity to steal the head of the Reverend George Crabbe, and efforts made at the time to trace the thief were of no avail. Recently, however, a box reached the churchwardens of Trowbridge, and this casket being opened was found to contain a skull purporting to be the missing memento of the poet, while it is alleged that the box had been sent "by some gentleman" who had been successful in discovering the relic. As the floor of the chancel is being laid just now with encaustic tiles, the churchwardens have deemed the occasion a fitting one to reinter the skull.

Perhaps, however, the odd tale which reaches us from Trowbridge may have the effect of recalling the attention of the intellectual public to the singular merits of Crabbe as a poet. There is reason to fear that during more than a generation his works have been scandalously neglected. To his literary detriment, his sun set just before that of Alfred Tennyson began to rise above the horizon. It is possible for an enthusiastic Tennysonian to be an equally ardent admirer of Shelley, of Byron, of Wordsworth, of Scott, and of Moore, but it is hard to imagine a thoroughgoing disciple of the romantic school satisfying himself with the plain and wholesome fare provided in the "Village," the "Borough," and the "Library." That Crabbe is little read at present seems patent from the fact that, although his style was far from inimitable, he has found but few imitators, and that since the production, some thirty years since, of Miss Sarah Satchell's remarkable

picture of the "Momentous Question," the subject of which was drawn from one of the "Tales of the Hall," scarcely an English artist of mark has resorted to the works of Crabbe to seek inspiration for his pencil. The "Idylls of the King" have been ransacked for pictorial subjects, but the author of the "Parish Register" has been unaccountably left on one side; and this abandonment becomes all the more striking when we remember that Crabbe, as a poet, was much more than a didactic moralist. He excels Hayley as far as Johnson excels Akenside. Crabbe was one of the tersest and most vivid word-painters that ever wrote in the English tongue. He was as realistic with his pen as Hogarth had been with his pencil; and he could, on occasion, be as humorous and as slyly satirical; but his humour and satire are wholly devoid of the brutal coarseness which mars the work of the great English painter. Crabbe was, withal, a master of simple and unaffected pathos; but, albeit his writings abound with lessons of the soundest morality and expressions of the sincerest piety, he is not by any means to be ranked among what are termed the "goody-goody" writers. His poems are the reverse of rhymed sermons, although they are full of texts on which eloquent sermons might be preached. It may be said of him, finally, that he described life in a country town in as masterful a manner as Bloomfield and Kirke White described life in the fields and lanes, and that there are passages in Crabbe which Wordsworth—ere the author of the "Excursion"—might have become metaphysical and unintelligible—might have been proud to write. The alleged desecration of Crabbe's tomb, and the restoration of his skull said to have been made to the Trowbridge churchwardens, may thus be compensated if the mention of his name incite the studious—and especially the young—to turn to the pages of a characteristically English writer, honest, manly, and pure, whose works are full of noble and tender thoughts, couched in simply eloquent language.—*G. A. Sala, in "Daily Telegraph."*

#### STANLEY'S AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

THAT the press is not unanimous in approving the conduct of Mr. Stanley in his treatment of the natives will be seen from the following article in the "Manchester Courier." The writer of the "Echoes of the Week" in the "Illustrated London News" had also given a word of generous protest against the horrors provided as holiday reading for the "Daily Telegraph" and the "New York Herald."

It is clear from Mr. Stanley's account of his adventures in Africa, as published in the "Telegraph," whose "joint commissioner" he is, that whatever else he is doing, he is most effectually creating barriers which future travellers and traders will find it difficult to overcome. In his first letter he told a story of what he regarded as a piece of treachery towards him on the part of the savage denizens of Bambirah, and of the sanguinary punishment which he inflicted upon them for it. Now he tells us that though he slaughtered several people on the former occasion, notwithstanding that his own party had not received even so much as a scratch, he did not feel satisfied, and he collected a large force and returned to Bambirah in order to be revenged on the savages. He himself took command of the attacking party, of course, and he tells us how cleverly he outwitted the poor natives who stood with their spears and bows and arrows to prevent him effecting a landing on their territory. He lured them to the beach, and then poured volley after volley amongst them until he had killed and wounded about 150 of them, after which he sailed away in triumph. The "intrepid traveller"

tells us plainly that he massacred these miserable creatures in order to punish them for what he says was treachery towards him. But who is he that he should go waging war against people who at the worst only exhibited a determination to protect themselves from him and his followers? On what authority does he flaunt the English and American ensigns in the face of the Africans when he proceeds to slaughter them in order to gratify his personal feelings? Is it to fulfil the terms of his engagement as "joint commissioner" that he gets up quarrels with savages, and then declares war against them? It is no doubt an easy way of providing sensational "copy," to provoke the savages to demonstrations of hostility, because all that remains to be done is to describe how the poor benighted people run up and down the hills, and how they topple over and writhe in agony from the explosive bullets which he showers amongst them. Livingstone and Cameron never had such adventures as Mr. Stanley depicts, and if Mr. Stanley's narrative be a true one his progress will create a feeling of hatred and hostility in the minds of the natives towards the English or any white people which it will be difficult to overcome. As it at present appears it would certainly be to Mr. Stanley's credit if it should hereafter turn out that the narratives which the "Telegraph" is publishing from him had their origin mainly in his imagination.

The "Manchester Courier" is unjustly severe in saying that Mr. Stanley's object was to gratify his personal feelings. He doubtless thought it expedient to give an example, the fame of which would spread far and wide, so as to make it dangerous for the natives to meddle with white men. Not the less is his conduct to be condemned. We might have expected that the conduct of Dr. Livingstone would have had more influence upon him.

### Varieties

**BURIAL INSTRUCTIONS.**—"A Solicitor" sends the following: "The reference lately made in your journal to 'Funeral Extortion,' induces me to send the instructions prepared by a gentleman of position and influence, after attending the funeral of the widow of a poor country clergyman (leaving six children), and witnessing the thoughtless extravagance of the undertaker, when directed 'to arrange everything plainly and decently.' Let others take a similar course, and avoid extravagance after death by arranging particulars for their funeral during life and health."

#### FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS. (Instructions to Executors.)

"With a desire to save pomp and expense at my funeral, I send you my wishes upon the subject.

"I desire to be buried in a plain oak coffin with simple brass plate for my name and age, without lead lining, and to be buried in my own vault, if I should die near my own home, or else in the most convenient place for my family, if I die at a distance from home.

"I desire to be conveyed in a hearse with one or two horses, and no plumes or feathers or velvet on the horses or hearse, and to be followed by my own carriage *only*, containing those members of my family who may reside with me, and the rest of those who attend to meet at the church. I wish to have no scarfs or handkerchiefs used on the occasion, but everything done as simply and cheaply as possible.

"And I direct that the difference between the sum so expended on my funeral and £100 shall be given to the clergyman of the parish in which I may be buried to distribute for the benefit of the poor, as he may think fit."

**ARTIFICIAL ICE RINKS.**—In the article on "Rinks and Skates," in the July "Leisure Hour," Cuthbert Bede, in referring to Cruikshank's etching in the Comic Almanack for 1844, "A new Art-if-ice, Doubly Dangerous," you say, "I fancy that such artificial ice was not 'an accomplished fact,' but was as much in nubibus as 'The Aerial Building Company,' a prospectus of which was given in the same Comic Almanack." I think artificial ice was accomplished at the date named, 1844. In keeping terms at Cambridge, I went on one occasion on my way to London to a place in Baker Street (called, I think, the Pantechnicon), and not far from Madame Tussaud's Exhibition,



to see some artificial ice, and on which I skated for some time with the ordinary skates (not rollers). I cannot name the exact year, but as I left college and was ordained on the close of 1848, it must have been between 1844 and 1848. It seems, therefore, probable that it was in existence when Cruikshank made his etching, and that he had heard of, if he had not seen it.—*N. S.*

**CENTENNIAL CANT.**—After all our gratulations that a century of national existence has enlarged our borders and extended the "sacred ægis of liberty"—that is the Fourth of July term, if our recollection rightly serves—over the homes of forty-five millions of people, neither very prosperous nor very contented on this centennial year, there is a ring of insincerity in our rhetoric, and the old denunciation of tyrants, particularly of George III., comes pronounced with less noise and with less gesture than formerly. Even our Fourth of July orators, notwithstanding the fact that the sealing up of a century of national life, and depositing it in that great waste-basket of literature and wants, styled history, presents a theme abundant of adjectives, have halted and stammered a little over their orations, and treated the Centennial as a bore, which, fortunately, can only come once in a hundred years. There has not been the same enthusiasm that there was when—

"Captain Blank he went to town,  
And wore his striped trousers;  
He swore he could not see the town,  
There were so many houses."

That was on regimental training day, about the year 1820, when our last little scrimmage with the British was still fresh in our minds, and old soldiers told tales in the ingle-nook, of Cockburn and his cruelties, and stirred the blood of the listening boys, until they heard that night in dreams the clash, and solemnly vowed to be military celebrities when they grew up. Somehow the dream has faded, and although it is hard to own it, and our grandfathers would box our ears if they could for doing so, yet there is not the same zest in boastings of the American eagle that thrilled our younger nerves as a nation.—*American Home Journal.*

**RICHARD WHITTINGTON.**—He was "Mayor of London" four times; first, in 1397 (20 Richard II.), when he succeeded to the mayoralty "in the place of Adam Baunne, who had gone the way of all flesh"; secondly, in 1398, when he was elected in rotation; thirdly, in 1406 (8 Henry IV.); and again in 1419, when he was elected by acclamation (temp. Henry V.). Whittington died in 1427, five years after the accession of Henry VI.; and during his long and honourable life he seems to have aimed at nothing more than to set an example to his fellow-citizens in works of charity. From the immense fortune which he accumulated as the royal banker and the great merchant of the nation, he appropriated during his lifetime immense sums to charitable works in London. At his own entire expense he rebuilt the prison of Newgate; he founded a library for the Grey Friars' Monastery in Newgate Street, and furnished it with books, which at that time, before the introduction of the art of printing, were extremely costly; he restored the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, which had fallen into decay; he erected conduits for the people at Cripplegate and at Billingsgate; he contributed largely towards the erection of the library at Guildhall, and caused the compilation of the "Liber Albus," a book of great importance, in which were entered "the laudable customs, not written, but wont to be observed in the City of London." In fact, he gave of his purse, as of his influence, in every direction, to raise the people in the social scale, and was as munificent to his city and to his company as to his sovereign, whose debts he is recorded to have paid by throwing into the fire all the bonds he held on royal account, amounting to the then enormous sum of £60,000. One of his last acts was to found the college of "St. Spirit and St. Mary," in College Hill, Upper Thames Street, on the site of what is now the Mercers' School, and from which so recently as 1808 the Company of Mercers, to which he belonged, and to which he bequeathed so much of his property, removed the "Whittington Almshouses" to their present site at Highgate.

**CHARITIES OF LONDON.**—Mr. Lowe estimates that, of the 640 institutions enumerated in his book, the annual income is little less than £2,500,000. Of this amount he calculates that £1,600,000, or nearly two-thirds, is derived from voluntary contributions, the other third being received from dividends, property, or trade. The amount thus accounted for as contributed voluntarily to our charities, in the metropolis alone, exceeds the revenue of many a continental state: is nearly double that, for instance, of the kingdom of Wurtemberg. And yet how small is this estimated amount compared with the entire expenditure of Londoners upon their poor. In this two millions and a half

there is no account of what we pay for poor-rates, no estimate of parochial or congregational charities, no account, as before observed, of the smaller endowments (or, indeed, of some of the larger), no thought given to the sums daily dispensed in the streets, and otherwise bestowed upon the poor and the unfortunate by the hands of private charity. Reckoning all these and other almagivings, it will scarcely be too much to assume that the total expenditure in charity within this great metropolis is not less than double the estimated amount of our voluntary contributions to public institutions,—that, in fact, there is not less than five millions annually expended in different ways on the poor of London and its suburbs.

**IRISH EMIGRATION.**—The entire number of emigrants (Irish) from Ireland, from May, 1851—the period when the Enumeration commenced—to the 30th June last, was 2,397,995, of which 1,279,864 were males, and 1,118,131 were females.—*Irish Agricultural Statistics Report.*

**ROOFS.**—It is the practice of builders in the erection of houses and mechanics' dwellings, such as those on the Shaftesbury estate, to cover the roofs with slates only. The natural result of this false economy to the inmates of the sleeping-rooms is roasting in summer and freezing in winter. These extremes may easily be avoided by omitting at least one-half of the common rafters (one-third may be omitted with safety) and covering the entire roof with deal boards one inch in thickness; then fix the slates upon slips, in order to create a vacuum. This extra expense is nearly met by the omission of the rafters, the roof is made more substantial, and the difference of temperature within is sensibly felt. If, in addition to this, the ceiling is covered with sawdust two inches thick, it will be equal to one or two blankets in cold weather, and the temperature in summer-time will be quite genial.—*T. Moss.*

**JOHN BRIGHT ON FREE TRADE IN AMERICA.**—Mr. John Bright on being elected an honorary member of the Boston Free-trade Club, replied to the notification of his election as follows:—"I thank you for the compliment you paid me in electing me an honorary member of the Boston Free-trade Club. I accept the honour you have conferred upon me with much gratification. Your platform is admirable—the third paragraph especially pleases me. Protection has upon it a taint of the great wrong of slavery. It does not steal the labourer, but it steals his labour; it taxes it cruelly, it lessens its results and its profit, and turns it into channels less useful to the labourer. It says to your cultivator of the soil:—'You must not exchange your quarter of wheat or your barrel of flour with an Englishman for the cloth or the hardware he would give you for it; you must exchange it only with an American, who will give you so much less for it.' It was so with us thirty years ago. Our weaver could not exchange with your farmers a piece of cloth for a barrel of flour, but only with an English farmer, who offered him half a barrel. So the protective system has in it much of the evil of slavery, for the labour of the labourer is not free; it is by force of law diminished in value. This can only exist in a free country from the ignorance of its people. Happily the fraud is too transparent to live long. I hope your club will do something to destroy it. The existing depression in your trade must teach your people how little Protection can do to make prosperity permanent, and how much it can do to add to the severity of the pressure from which industry from other causes cannot perhaps be wholly freed."

**"TURNED DOWN" AT A SPELLING BEE.**—An English country clergyman was "turned down" at a private spelling bee for spelling drunkenness with one "n." Shortly afterwards he returned to his parish, and found himself very coldly received by his parishioners. He sent for the parish clerk, and asked him what was the cause. "Well, sir," replied the man, "a report has come down here that you was turned out of a great lady's house in London for drunkenness."—*American Paper.*

**BULLS.**—General Taylor immortalised himself by perpetrating one of the grandest bulls on record, in which he attained what a certain literary professor calls "a perfection hardly to be surpassed." In his Presidential Address he announced to the American Congress that the United States were at peace with all the world, and continued to cherish relations of amity with the rest of mankind. Much simpler was the blunder of an English officer during the Indian mutiny, who informed the public, through the "Times," that, thanks to the prompt measures of Colonel Edwardes, the Sepoys at Fort Macheran "were all unarmed and taken back, and being called upon laid down their arms." An Irish newspaper stated that Robespierre "left no children behind him, except a brother, who was killed at the same time."

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Couper.*



FOR THE FIRST TIME.

## THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER XV.—THE RULE OF FAITH.

"Bibles laid open : millions of surprises."—*G. Herbert.*

"AND the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." Mrs. Reed

had read this history many a time in the selection from Holy Scripture which had been given her as a child, and she read it now, among other passages, in Jane's Bible, before she went downstairs. That other little maid to whom her thoughts had naturally recurred at the moment was waiting for her in the passage, and presently knocked at the door. Mrs. Reed closed the book and bade her enter. She had a letter in her hand which had just arrived by post. It was from Miss Egan, full of good wishes for her.

No. 1297.—NOVEMBER 4, 1876.

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self and the little Mary, her godchild. There was also a little present—a five-pound note, to buy a cloak and hat, or anything else, for the child; but no mention of the boy, whose existence, perhaps, Miss Egan had forgotten, so little did she interest herself about him.

As Mrs. Reed read this letter her heart yearned to see her aunt, who had been like a mother to her, and to tell her all her care. The picture of her old home in Ireland rose up before her, and with it the sweet recollection of the peaceful, happy life she had led there, before her mind had ever been perplexed with religious doubts or difficulties, when she had been contented to leave the eternal interests of her soul wholly and trustingly to the care of her teachers, fully persuaded that they would bring her home to heaven by a safe course. Ah, if she could only feel the same reliance now! Perhaps it had been a "fools' paradise;" but it was a very comfortable one for all that, and she could not help regretting it. She dismissed the thought, however, after a little reflection, feeling convinced that a more excellent way had now been shown her, though for the present much less smooth and pleasant.

"You left your Bible here last night," she said to Jane. "If you do not want it, I should like to keep it a little while. Do you ever find any difficulty in understanding what you read, Jane?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, very often."

"And what do you do then?"

"Sometimes I look at the references, to see what it says in other places; and sometimes I give it up, and go on to something else. There is always plenty to read that seems plain and easy, without puzzling over difficult texts. Then there is Mr. Harte. If there was anything very particular, I could ask him; and he often explains things in his sermons just as if he knew what I had been reading and thinking about. Oh, ma'am, you would like to hear Mr. Harte; he is so kind and so good, and seems to make you feel so what he says."

"Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria!" Mrs. Reed thought to herself. "I have heard Mr. Harte," she replied, "and am not surprised that you like him. Perhaps I may go and hear him again some day. By-the-by, if Mr. Cope should call, tell him I am engaged. I shall be very busy, and cannot admit him."

Mrs. Reed spent some hours again in the evening reading Jane's Bible, here a little and there a little, turning over the pages as the marginal references directed her from one chapter to another; and then musing upon what she had read, and trying to apply it to her own particular circumstances. Her prevailing thought had been hitherto to reconcile, if possible, the reading of God's Word and the exercise of a certain degree of liberty of conscience with her duty to the Church as a Roman Catholic. The idea of separating herself voluntarily from the Church of Rome was inexpressibly painful to her, and she would not entertain it for a moment. But Mr. Cope had told her there could be no compromise. "If you insist on studying the Bible," he had said, "you can have our own version, the Douay translation, and can read as much of it as you like. The Church does not absolutely forbid it to persons of education; but it is likely to do you more harm than good; and, after all, you must come to the Church for explanation, and must not hope to understand any part of it without her teaching. If you

once begin to ask questions, and to exercise your own judgment, you place yourself in opposition to the Church. Holy Church must be everything to you or nothing. If it were possible for the Church to bid you do wrong, or what you think wrong, it would be your duty and your only safe course to do it. The Church is the only arbiter of what her children are to believe and do. The moment you hesitate in your submission and obedience to the Church, you are lost."\* She remembered also what Father Gehagan had said to her before her marriage. "Do not deceive yourself. Whosoever is not for us is against us. Whoever is not wholly and unreservedly a 'Catholic' is wholly a heretic. Anathema maranatha to all such!"

Mrs. Reed could not help shuddering as she thought of the consequences to which her present line of thought and conduct must naturally lead. Yet she was sure that God's Spirit had spoken more really and powerfully to her heart from the pages of that book now lying open before her than from the lips of any priest or by the agency of any sacrament or ceremony of the Church. How, then, could she consent to put it aside at the bidding of any man?

The midday post brought a letter from Mr. Reed, with the joyful news that he might be expected home on the following Monday. This was Saturday; within two days he would be at home! She resolved that she would not see Mr. Cope again till she had seen her husband. But in the afternoon that gentleman met her, and, turning about, walked some distance by her side. He had a great deal to tell her about the new Roman Catholic church that was to be built, and of the efforts he had made to get Mr. Reed appointed architect. Mrs. Reed felt obliged to listen to all these particulars, for she knew it would be a great matter for her husband to have the building of the church; but at length she bade Mr. Cope good morning, and took refuge in a draper's shop, where she had some purchases to make. The next day she remained at home, and spent many hours with her Bible. It struck her as remarkable that although she had now read so many chapters from different parts of the book, she had found no mention whatever of some of the most prominent doctrines and practices of her Church. Prayers for the dead, the worship of the Virgin Mary, the adoration of saints and relics, purgatory, penance,—these and other doctrines seemed to be passed over in silence. She applied herself with increased diligence to seek out texts bearing upon these several subjects, not doubting that such were to be found, but wondering much that she had not already met with them. The Scripture authority for such important doctrines must, she felt sure, be plain and positive. In the course of this research she met with many passages which seemed to condemn these tenets, but nothing that could, without doing violence to the sense and context, be understood to sanction any of them. True, there was the rich man's petition to Abraham, which had often been pointed out to her as an example of prayer to the saints; but it was not a very encouraging one, since the patriarch professed himself totally unable to listen to it or to grant it. On the other hand there was the text, "Let no man beguile you of your reward, in a voluntary humility

\* "If the Pope should err in forbidding virtues which God hath commanded and commanding vices which God hath forbidden, the Church were bound to believe vices to be good and virtues bad, unless she would sin against conscience."—*Bellarmine de Pont.*, lib. iv. cap. 5.

and worshipping of angels, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind;" from which she turned, directed by the marginal reference, to a passage twice repeated in the Book of Revelation. Here she was astonished above measure, and could scarcely believe her eyes, for she remembered to have seen the text, or rather a part of it, quoted in one of her instruction books, with a directly opposite conclusion. The book had been given her by Father Gehagan, and was still in her possession. It was called "A Catechism of Christian Doctrine," by the Rev. Dr. Doyle, a writer of high estimation among Roman Catholics. She took it down quickly from its shelf, and opening it at the 119th page, read as follows:—

"Q. Is it lawful to honour angels and saints?

"A. Yes.

"Q. How prove you that?

"A. Rev. xix. 10. 'And I fell down, said he, to worship before the angel which shewed me these things.'"

There the proof ended in the Catechism book: but what did she read in the original?

"Then I fell at his feet to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it not: I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus: worship God: for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."\*

Could it be possible that the latter part of this text had been suppressed in order to give a perverted meaning to the former part? And was this an example of the kind of interpretation which the laity were to receive without questioning from their teachers? Mrs. Reed was not only astonished, but alarmed, at the discoveries to which the study of God's Word was leading her. Could it be for this reason that the priests of her Church had charged her not to read that Word, and had forbidden her to put her own rational interpretation upon it in any case? Or was it possible, on the other hand, that the difficulties she found were to be attributed only to her own ignorance and unbelief? Was Satan standing at her side to blind her eyes and harden her heart as she read, and had she given him power to do this by her own impatience and presumption?

She closed the book at last, wearied and bewildered, and almost made up her mind to open it no more until her husband should be at home to read it with her. Earnestly did she long for sympathy and counsel under her doubts and troubles, and she knew not where to turn for it. While she was occupied with these thoughts, Jane knocked at the door. "If you please, ma'am," she said, "can I go to church this evening?"

"Yes, Jane."

"You wasn't going out yourself, ma'am, was you? Bridget will be at home in the nursery."

Instantly the thought of the little maid in Naaman's house flashed across Mrs. Reed's mind again, and the words, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria!" recurred to her.

"Yes," she exclaimed, on the impulse of the moment; "you are going to St. Paul's. Wait for me a few minutes. I will go with you."

Jane could scarcely believe her ears. It had been a kind of day-dream with her that possibly her mistress might, after reading her Bible, go to her church and hear a sermon from her pastor. Perhaps she had even breathed a prayer that this result

might follow; but the fulfilment of her wish was so far from being looked upon as possible, that she was no less surprised than delighted at its realisation. She waited in a flutter of excitement until Margarita was ready, and then mistress and maid went forth together.

It was a plain service, very like that which Mrs. Reed had attended at Marton. The church was well filled, and the people were attentive and devout. There was no passing in and out, no frequent bowings or obeisances, but a quiet, earnest participation in the prayers, and attention to the preaching. The sermon was a well-considered, practical discourse, addressed to the hearts of the people as well as to their understandings. The preacher treated his text as if it had been a rich piece of tapestry, unfolding it before the people, and pointing to the several parts of it and to their connection with each other as a whole. The text was indeed a sermon in itself, and those whose memories would not enable them to carry away much else, would carry away that, and feel that they were the better for it. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

To many besides Margarita it seemed as if the verse must have been chosen specially for themselves; and they took it to themselves, as she did. She little thought at the moment what great trials were impending, what a grievous burden she would be called on presently to bear, how sorely she would need all the comfort such a text could give her; but she laid up the words in her heart and went home, prepared and fortified beforehand for whatever unknown cares and troubles might be in store for her—not unknown to God, nor yet uncared for by his providence.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—"BETTER THAN ANY DOCTOR!"

"I would bring balm and pour into your wound,  
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes."

—Dryden.

WHEN Mrs. Reed drew near home on her return from church, accompanied by her little maid, she saw a fly standing at the door. She quickened her steps, anxiously peering through the half-darkness of the street, hoping, yet almost fearing, to discern the form of her husband, though she had not expected him until the following day, and not to travel on Sundays. The fly was empty when she reached it, but she recognised Mr. Reed's portmanteau on the roof. The driver was at the horse's head, and Margarita immediately began to question him.

"Gent's gone up the street," said the flyman.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Reed, in distress; "open the door, Jane, and turn the gas up; your master has come home. How long have you been waiting here?" she asked the man.

"Oh, ever such a while!" he answered, thinking perhaps of his fare. "Gent's a-coming now."

Mrs. Reed hastened to meet him. "I did not expect you till to-morrow," she said. "I am so very glad; and so sorry I was out."

"So glad and so sorry," he answered. "Never mind; I ought to have sent a telegram. How are the children? Why is the house locked up?"

"Quite well. Bridget is upstairs in the nursery—asleep, perhaps. The bell rings down in the kitchen, and she could not have heard it. But come in now."

\* The words in the original are *"Ὁπα μὴ, which are rendered in the vulgate of Pope Sixtus V., 'Vide ne feceris.'*



"You have been to Peterstowe, I suppose?"

"No; not to-day."

"Where, then?"

To answer this question fully would have involved a great deal of explanation which could not be given there in the street; and for which, indeed, Mrs. Reed had reckoned that preparation must be made, and a convenient opportunity chosen. She hesitated, therefore; and at length stammered out, "Jane's mother has been ill; we have been to see her. If I had had the slightest idea of the happiness awaiting me at home, how I should have hurried back!"

It was true she had been with Jane to see her mother—their way home lay past the door, and they had gone in and stayed there some time. But it was not the whole truth, and Mrs. Reed felt the colour rise to her forehead as she uttered it. She was very glad that it was too dark for any one to observe it at that moment. Mr. Reed turned away to settle with the driver, who claimed extra payment for waiting "half an hour," as he said, which Mr. Reed angrily denied. When he entered the house, Margarita went to him, expecting a more cordial greeting than he had bestowed upon her in the street, but he did not seem very enthusiastic. "The fire is nearly out," he remarked; "and the evening is cold, especially when one has been kept waiting half an hour in the street."

"Half an hour! was it so long?" she asked.

"It seemed so to me; but never mind that. Jane, do get the fire made up;" and he walked about the room, without taking off his overcoat, till there was a cheerful blaze on the hearth, and the cloth was laid for supper. He was moody and taciturn all the evening; and some letters which he opened, and which had been better kept till next day, did not seem to afford him much satisfaction. He answered his wife's questions about his journey chiefly with "Yes" or "No." It was evidently no time for such explanations as she was anxious to offer, and until that task was accomplished Margarita felt uneasy and constrained. So the remainder of the evening, though short, passed away heavily.

The next morning Mr. Reed was up betimes and occupied in his office before breakfast. The post came in early on Mondays, and among the letters which were brought him was one marked "On Her Majesty's service." It was not a proposal for Government works, which he half fancied it might be at the first glance, but a "returned paid" letter. He broke the seal, and discovered inside a curious scrawl, which he felt sure had never been sent from his office; and yet it was written upon office paper, with the name and address lithographed at the head, and this had caused it to be returned to him instead of to the writer. It began, "Horrid sir," but we will spare our readers the difficulties arising from bad spelling and writing, and give it in a legible form:—

"Honoured Sir,—This comes hoping to see you here, or send some one. The poor mistress goes in a bad way to lose her soul with heretics. I promised I would let you know. She begged me to say nothing to nobody, but I cannot hold my tongue from writing any longer for the good of her poor soul. Will tell you more if you come or send some one.—B. D. her mark."

Mr. Reed puzzled over this strange letter for some time. What could "B. D." stand for? It was evidently not "Bachelor of Divinity." At length it

occurred to him—Bridget Doyle! He thrust the letter into his pocket and said nothing about it, anxious as it had made him, until he managed to get hold of Bridget, and to bring her into his own room. There, by questioning, he learnt all that she could tell him about Mr. Cope's visits; how Mrs. Reed had let him in and out, "unknown to any of the servants, as she thought; but Bridget had her eye on her;" and how Bridget had seen her kneeling down before him kissing his hands, or it might be something that he held in them, "though him no more a rale prayste, beggin' your pardon, sir, than I am; only a make-believe;" and how this had been going on for weeks and months, but more especially during Mr. Reed's absence in foreign parts; and how, not satisfied with Mr. Cope, she had been the very evening before with Jane to St. Paul's.

"Are you certain of that?" Mr. Reed asked.

"Sure, I only know what Jane told me about last night; but all the rest I seen with my own eyes."

"Why did you not tell me sooner?"

"Sure, what good would it have done to tell you about such things? Wasn't Mr. Cope your own minister? If it was only as a minister he came afther the mistress, what harm would you see in that? and she begging me so hard not to say a word to no one—specially to you; and me promising that I wouldn't. Sorra a one of me would have spoken now if you hadn't found it all out for yourself. It's a pity the post don't know their business better than to send other people's letters to other people!"

"Do you mean to say that Mrs. Reed begged you to conceal from me the fact that Mr. Cope came here to see her?" Mr. Reed asked, incredulous.

"As thrus as I stand here," she answered. "That same minute that I seen her kneeling down by him she said, 'Don't say a word about it, Biddy, to any one until I give you lave: it's all right,' she said, 'an' I'll tell you all about it some day, but don't breathe a syllable to any one;' and then she stopped for breath like, and went on again: 'Not even to my husband, Biddy, do you hear; promise me,' and by the same token Mr. Cope said the same before he went away. 'Sorra a word will I say to Mr. Reed, then, annyhow,' I answered: 'why would I?' But I thought if things went on like that, sure I must let Father Gehagan into the sacret, for hadn't I passed my word that I would write to him for the good of her precious soul?"

Mr. Reed dismissed the Irishwoman, and instantly went in search of his wife.

"Tell me," he said, "were you at St. Paul's last night with Jane?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Reed.

"And you led me to suppose you had only been to see Jane's mother."

"I meant to have explained."

"And tell me again," he went on, "did I not charge you particularly before I left home to have no communication with Mr. Alban Cope?"

"Yes; but—"

"Let me speak first. Have you observed my wishes in that respect?"

"I must explain."

"I want no explanations. Has he been here? Yes or no?"

"It is unkind, unfair, to question me in this way. It is a long story."

"Yes or no?"

"I want to tell you everything if you will listen."

"Yes or no?"

"Yes, yes: but that is the least part of it."

"Very likely," he answered with a sneer. "And this has been going on without my knowledge for weeks and months! and you could condescend to beg your Irish servant not to tell me of it!"

"I have done very wrong," she said, breaking down miserably and sobbing, "and have been very unhappy; but when you will give me leave to speak I can explain."

"Explain! after I have found out for myself! I should not care for such explanations; they come too late. This Mr. Alban Cope, of all men! the man whom you have always pretended to dislike; whom you would scarcely suffer in your presence when I was near!"

"I despise the man," she exclaimed; "I detest and hate him!"

"Of course—now that I am in the way; but whenever I go from home you can not only tolerate him but run after him."

He was white with jealousy and anger. It did not occur to him that he was guilty of a cruel wrong towards his wife in not listening to her explanation. On the face of it, he thought, there could be no explanation. He had been deceived; systematically and for a long time deceived. His wife, whom he loved with all his heart, and in whom he had ever placed the most implicit confidence, had been all the while acting a part of which till then he had had no suspicion.

"You are welcome to your paltry priest," he cried; "I will leave you to him!" and breaking from her roughly, thrusting down the eager, quivering hands which would have clung to him as he passed her, never looking back although he heard and felt that she had fallen on the floor close to his feet, he flung the door open, and hastened from the room and from the house.

Bridget hearing the door slam, and the cry to which Mrs. Reed had given utterance as she fell, guessed too surely what had happened, but had not courage to go near her mistress. "Jane," she cried, "come here, and go this minute to the mistress; and see is anything the matter. Sure, I heard her calling. Go like the wind, then."

Jane needed no second hint, but went instantly, Bridget following, and they found their mistress lying on the floor, sobbing convulsively.

"It's the sterrieks, poor thing," said Biddy, coming to the front at once when she found that help was wanted. "Get some wather now; and run as fast as you can down the street, and bring the masher back. Tell him to come himself or send a docthor. That will fetch him back quicker than anything, I'm thinking."

Jane did as she was instructed; but Mr. Reed was not in sight, and she did not succeed in finding out which way he had gone. When she returned Mrs. Reed was so far recovered as to be able to sit up. "It's nothing," she said; "only a sudden faintness. No; no doctor. I shall be better presently. You can go now, Bridget; the children want you. Jane can stay with me a little while."

Perhaps it was the thought of the children that set her off again crying and sobbing as soon as Biddy was gone. "How foolish of me," she said, "to be so upset about nothing!"

"Nothing, ma'am?" said Jane, wondering.

"Mr. Reed has got a letter which troubles him."

"I'll go again and try if I can find him," said Jane, "if you can spare me now."

"Oh no, no, no; why should you? I shall be well directly. Don't make any fuss about it. I should not like it to be known that I have been so foolish. Mr. Reed didn't say anything as he went out, did he?"

"No, ma'am; we did not see him go. Bridget thought she heard you call, and so we came in. That's all anybody knows,—or need know."

Mrs. Reed appeared to be satisfied; but continued restless and excited nevertheless. At one moment she said she would go out; but had scarcely strength to walk, or even to stand. Then she would desire Jane to leave her, as she wished to be alone. Finally she sank down upon a chair, burying her face in her hands, and murmuring to herself, "Ah me! what shall I do? what shall I do?"

Jane, who had lingered near, seeing her mistress in such trouble, and utterly at a loss how to assist or comfort her, ventured to propose that she should send for some one. If she would not have the doctor, some good clergyman, perhaps,—Mr. Cope?"

"Oh no, no, no! never let me see his face, never let me hear his name again!"

"Well, then, ma'am, if it was me, I should go, of course, to Mr. Harte. He is so good and so kind, and always knows just exactly what to do better than any doctor. Let me ask him to come and see you."

The prophet that is in Samaria! Mrs. Reed, forgetting at that moment everything else but the comfort she had received in listening to him on the previous evening, yearned to throw herself on her knees before him, and to tell him all her trouble.

"Oh, if he were here now!" she exclaimed.

Before she could think again Jane had left the room, and calling to Biddy to look after her mistress, ran off at once to the rectory. It was officious and impertinent, perhaps; but it was well meant.

She found the rector at home, and told her errand quickly. He felt that it was a delicate and difficult task which she proposed for him. Mr. Harte had scarcely ever spoken to Mrs. Reed. He knew her husband very well; but he was not one of his parishioners; and his religious views, he had too much reason to know, were not at all in accordance with his own.

"Did Mrs. Reed say that she wished to see me?" Mr. Harte asked.

"Oh, if he were here now!" those were her words when I mentioned your name. I'm sure, quite sure, she wouldn't see Mr. Cope, nor Mr. Fleecy neither; and there's no one to say a word to her to tell her what to do; and she's just like one distracted."

"But Mrs. Reed is a Roman Catholic."

"She was, sir; but she has been reading the Bible, my Bible, the one you gave me: and she came to your church last night, and I think she means to turn, sir, if she hasn't turned already. I almost think that's what it's all about, though I shouldn't like to say so."

"Well, then, I will go with you. If Mrs. Reed does not wish to see me, she has only to say so, and I will come away again."

Mrs. Reed waited for Jane's return with nearly the same feelings which a patient experiences who waits for a surgeon to perform a painful operation: at one moment regretting that Jane had run off in such a

hurry, and resolving not to admit the rector; and the next wishing he were come and her trouble made known to him. When she heard his footstep in the hall, she instantly made up her mind to tell Jane that she could not and would not see him. But Jane, in her eagerness, omitted to announce him, and ushered him into the room without giving her an opportunity of refusing.

"I beg your pardon," cried the rector, surprised that he had been shown at once into the room where Mrs. Reed was; "if I am intruding, pray say so: I have called because I heard that you were in trouble; it is our privilege, you know, to go where there is trouble."

"Thank you: has Jane told you—anything?"

"Nothing; nor would I for the world encroach upon your privacy. Yes," he continued, correcting himself, "she told me that you were in distress of mind, and that you were at St. Paul's last night: if it be any question of religion that troubles you—or, indeed, any other—I should be very glad to be of use to you."

"I have no friends near me just now," Mrs. Reed replied; "I know scarcely any one in this town."

"Then let me be your friend. I know Mr. Reed very well; we do not quite agree now, on some points, but we respect each other, I am sure. I am old enough to be your father—grandfather almost. I may be able to say or do something, out of my grey-headed experience, that may be useful."

He spoke to her so kindly that she felt almost as if he were indeed her father, not in name only, as any young half-fledged priest of her own communion would be, but in the real qualifications which such a name implies. Little by little she told him all that the reader knows already, except Mr. Alban Cope's secret, which was the real cause of all her troubles. She did not feel that she could confide that to any one; it did not belong to her, but to the Church, and she dared not reveal it.

Mr. Harte was puzzled. There did not appear to be any adequate motive for Mrs. Reed's conduct in receiving Mr. Cope's visits and concealing the fact from her husband. His first thought had been that he would find Mr. Reed, who could not be very far off, and mediate between him and his wife. That would have been, under any circumstances, a difficult and delicate thing to do, but especially so in the present instance. For what could he say to him? To go to him with a simple confession from his wife that she had done wrong, while still withholding from him the confidence to which he felt that he was entitled, would be useless.

"Tell me, my dear lady," he said, at length, "this secret which you have not told your husband, and which, if it were revealed, would, as it seems, account for everything, and set everything right again. Is it known to any one besides yourself?"

"Oh yes."

"May I ask to whom?"

"To Mr. Alban Cope, of course, and to Father Gehagan, a priest of our Church in Ireland, and to some others."

"All of your Church?"

"Yes."

"Is it a secret of the confessional?"

"No."

"Can you not obtain permission to reveal it—to your husband, I mean; not to myself?"

"Oh no!"

"Not even in confidence, that he may share it with you only?"

"I fear not; I ought not to have told you that there was any such secret."

"You did not tell me; I discovered it by my own sagacity. Well, I must think over all that you have said. Of course it is sacred with me: as much so as if it had been whispered into my ear in one of the confessionals of your Church. Be of good courage, I think I see a way out of this difficulty. I hope all will end happily. I shall, I trust, see you again in the course of an hour or so, and bring you good news." And so saying he took his leave.

Mr. Harte had already made up his mind what to do. First he would seek out Mr. Reed; then, if he could persuade him, of which he had little doubt, he would bring him face to face with Mr. Alban Cope. He would appeal to that gentleman for such an explanation as might at least remove the present misunderstanding, and heal the breach between husband and wife. If that should fail, then he would address himself to Father Gehagan. But he did not think it could fail. How far and in what manner Mr. Harte's expectations were realised, will appear in the next chapter.

## AMONGST THE MORMONS.

IN the spring of 1873, when travelling in Egypt and Palestine, I fell in with a party of Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, as they call themselves. It was commonly believed that they were "prospecting for a new location," and the Jordan Valley was pointed out as its probable site. It would afford every advantage for a Mormon settlement, possessing a fertile soil, a semi-tropical climate, with abundant natural irrigation, though now lying uncultivated and uninhabited. They strenuously disclaimed any intention of seeking a new home in the East, and gave themselves out to be simple travellers like myself. In the course of our frequent conversations, they pressed me to visit them in Salt Lake City, and promised to make my stay with them interesting and pleasant. I therefore determined to accept the invitation.

The railway from Denver runs over a grand stretch of rolling prairie, till at Cheyenne it connects with the Union Pacific line. The ascent of the Rocky Mountains is now commenced in earnest, and at Sherman the highest point is reached, eight thousand two hundred and forty-two feet above the level of the sea. This is the water-shed of the continent. The streams, which hitherto have emptied themselves into the Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico, now make their way to the Pacific. The scenery is not very striking, and the route chosen offers no great engineering difficulties, though the gradients in some places are rather severe. It is only as we enter Utah, and approach Ogden, the point of junction with the Central Pacific and the Utah Railroads, that the grand scenery of the Rocky Mountains comes into view. The track sometimes winds along the bottom of a wild ravine, with precipitous walls of granite on either hand. Cañons—now gloomy and savage, then radiant in verdant beauty—run up into the mountains. Waterfalls come tumbling down from dizzy heights overhead. Huge masses of rock, torn and

splintered into grotesque shapes, seem to have been fashioned by the fantastic caprices of *genii* rather than by the unaided operations of nature. One of the most remarkable of these rock-formations is known as the Devil's Slide. A mass of dark red sandstone rises to a height of eight hundred feet. Up the side of this mountain, from the base to the summit, runs a mass of white limestone, consisting of a smooth floor about fifteen feet wide, on either side of which is a wall varying from ten to thirty feet in height. As seen from the railway, it resembles a huge mass of highly-finished masonry. Even on a closer inspection it is difficult to discover by what natural agency it has been produced. There is a precisely similar formation called by the same name in the Yellowstone.

A solitary pine, known as *the thousand mile tree*, is now passed. It is so called from the fact that it stands at that distance from Omaha, on the Missouri River, the eastern terminus of the Pacific line. A vivid illustration is thus afforded of the rapid growth of the western territory. In the year 1860, Omaha and Council Bluffs, on the opposite bank of the river, were little more than Indian trading posts on the western frontier, marking the extreme limits of civilisation. Omaha is now a busy and prosperous city of twenty thousand inhabitants, with a direct railway communication of two thousand miles to the Pacific coast, and at least a dozen other lines, running north, east, and south.

Making our way along the bottom of the Weber Cañon we see on the right a precipitous wall of rock, the summit of which at a dizzy height overhead has buttresses and battlements like a mighty fortress. Here, in the early days of the settlement in Salt Lake Valley, a body of Mormons were stationed by Brigham Young to stop the progress of the United States troops on their march to enforce Federal law in the disturbed districts. Great blocks of stone were poised upon the edge of the cliff ready to be hurled down into the ravine below. The fort was held for some time by a band of desperadoes watching for the soldiers to pass; but the peril was averted by timely negotiations.

At Ogden, one thousand and thirty-two miles from Omaha, and nine hundred miles from San Francisco, we find ourselves at the entrance of the valley rendered famous throughout the world by the Mormon settlement. It consists of a broad open plain, running far up into the Wasatch Range, a part of the Rocky Mountain chain. The Great Salt Lake, from which it takes its name, lies at the northern end of the valley, near to Ogden. Its dimensions are variously stated. Those given by Hepworth Dixon, "a hundred and fifty miles long by a hundred broad," are clearly exaggerated. A hundred and twenty-five miles in length by fifty in breadth are probably nearer the truth. Like the Dead Sea, it is so saturated by salt that no fish can live in it, and its specific gravity is so great that it is scarcely possible for the human body to sink. It resembles the Dead Sea further in having no exit, the contents of the streams which flow into it being carried off by evaporation alone. About sixty miles farther up the valley is the Utah Lake, whose waters are pure and sweet. The two are joined together by the River Jordan, a turbid and turbulent stream. The Mormons lay great stress upon the resemblance between the hydrography of their territory and that of Palestine—their sweet-water lake, river, and salt lake bearing

a curious similarity to the Biblical Sea of Galilee, Jordan, and Dead Sea.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the glory and beauty of the scenery of the Salt Lake Valley. "The scene, from whatever point of view it may be taken, is one of the half-dozen pure and perfect landscapes which the earth can show." My first visit was shortly before sunset in early summer. The waters of the lake, along whose shores the railway runs for about forty miles, were exquisitely clear, breaking upon the beach in white foam. Mountains on either side, many of them rising to a height of eleven thousand feet, were crowned with snow. The setting sun poured a flood of golden light into the valley. The air was so bright that the most distant objects stood out to view with a marvellous distinctness. The soil was gay with innumerable flowers. We passed smiling homesteads, surrounded by orchards and gardens, meadows as green as those of the Emerald Isle, fields of corn as carefully cultivated as those of England. Then the city came in view, with a foreground of lake and pasture land, a background of mountains. It has the appearance of a vast garden, dotted here and there with houses. Though the population of the city and suburbs is under twenty thousand, it covers an area of nine miles. The streets, each one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, are lined with shade trees, and a stream of water runs between the roadway and the side walks. Excepting in the main business thoroughfares, each house stands in its own separate inclosure, which is commonly planted with fruit-trees, reminding me at first sight of Damascus, which is hidden in the same way by the orchards and gardens that surround it.

It is difficult to believe, what is nevertheless true, that this luxuriant fertility is entirely due to careful cultivation and to artificial irrigation. When the Mormons first settled here the valley was a barren desert of sage bush and alkali dust. A famous hunter and trapper, named Bridger, declared that he would give a thousand dollars for every ear of corn that was raised. The only human beings occupying the arid waste were Digger Indians, the most degraded and miserable of their race, subsisting on insects, reptiles, and roots. One of the leaders in the emigration from Nauvoo, who endured all its perils and hardships, said to me, "My faith never faltered, my courage never failed, till I emerged from the cañon looking down upon the valley. When I saw it, I said to myself, Can this barren, desolate spot be the promised land, the home of the Latter Day Saints?" Only by resolute industry and skilful engineering the change has been effected. The streams which flowed down the mountain sides were turned into irrigation canals and distributed over the land. The alluvial soil which they brought down with them was deposited on the surface, turning the alkali dust into a rich black loam, producing crops of marvellous richness and abundance. It is not easy to understand why so unfavourable a site as that of the Salt Lake Valley was selected for the Mormon settlement. Many spots might have been chosen equally removed from the fear of invasion, and which would not have required so vast an expenditure of labour to bring under cultivation and to keep in a condition of productiveness. If the efforts of the Mormons were to relax only for a year or two the valley would return to its original barrenness. It has been calculated that the money value of the



labour employed would have bought the land many times over, so that it has been a costly blunder, notwithstanding the boasting of the Mormons and the extravagant praises of their inconsiderate admirers. This fact must be borne in mind, if we would arrive at a correct estimate of the Mormon question.

The public buildings in the city have no pretensions to architectural merits. Most of them are absolutely ugly. The temple, which is only raised a few feet from the ground, is built of grey granite. Its design is said to have been given by revelation, but it is never likely to be carried forward to completion. The tabernacle is a curiously-shaped edifice, not unlike a huge fish-kettle. It is said that eleven thousand persons can be comfortably seated, and can hear without difficulty. This is probably an exaggeration. I should say that six or seven thousand is nearer the truth. But there can be no doubt but that its acoustic properties are admirable. It was well filled on the only occasion on which I attended a service in it, and every word was distinctly audible. Round the front of the large deep gallery are mottoes—texts of Scripture, extracts from the Book of Mormon, and proverbs exhorting to thrift and industry, one in a conspicuous place declares that "Children are Utah's best crop."

The history of the march of the Mormons from Nauvoo across the prairies and mountains, and their settlement on this spot, affords a curious record of superstition and credulity on one hand, of fearless courage and indomitable resolution on the other. I will give the narrative as it was told to me, using as far as possible the very words of one of the most prominent actors in the affair.

"It had been revealed to the prophet, and confirmed to Brigham, that the saints were to find a new home far beyond the reach of the United States Government, where they should dwell undisturbed. The precise locality was unknown, and a band of pioneers, consisting of one hundred and forty-four men and four women, were sent on ahead. As they went forward they selected suitable spots on the line of march, where they broke up the soil, sowed corn, and left some cattle, with a few men to guard them from the Indians. The rest of us were formed into bands to follow in their trail. Some had light waggons, others travelled on foot, dragging in barrows and hand-carts what few goods they had saved from the wreck at Nauvoo. We had to march over a thousand miles, through a country without roads and without inhabitants, except hostile Indians, who plundered us and killed stragglers whenever they got a chance. We were two years in the wilderness before we reached our destination.

"When we arrived at one of the camping grounds prepared for us by the pioneers, we halted for awhile, reaped the corn, broke up the soil afresh, cast in seed for those who came after us, and then moved on again, taking with us some of the cattle, and leaving behind such as could travel no farther without rest. When the winter came upon us we dug out caves for the women and children, and the men did the best they could to keep themselves from freezing to death. Many died from cold, hunger, thirst, and sickness, or were murdered by the Indians. At last we reached this place. A more desolate, hopeless desert you never saw. The alkali dust flew up in clouds when you kicked it. When we turned the water upon it, you would have said that it would swallow up all the water in the sea without ever becoming a bit the

moister. But in a week or two we could see that it would turn out good soil after all.

"About three years after our settlement here we had plenty to eat, and our crops were magnificent. But we were as nearly as possible without clothes, and could not buy any. I was brought down to a pair of tattered pantaloons and a ragged woollen shirt, with no prospect of getting any more. Then came the great rush westward to the Californian gold diggings. Teamsters worn out and dead-beat by the toil and sufferings of the journey were glad to barter a waggon and four fine eastern horses for a light cart and a pair of little Indian ponies. I bought a pair of pantaloons for a pail of buttermilk. All the fruit and fresh provisions we had to spare were eagerly exchanged for clothing and other luxuries. Our people went back on the trail for over three hundred miles, and returned laden with the goods cast away by emigrants who could carry them no farther, or who died, leaving them on the road. All sorts of things were brought in—bales of clothing, implements and tools of every kind, waggons, horses, rifles, revolvers.\*

"Up to this time we had plenty of provisions, but no money. All trade was done by barter. But now the American Government sent down troops to overawe us. They camped up at Fort Douglas yonder, and had to buy everything they wanted from us, and to do so at our prices. When the troops were withdrawn, they sold back again to us what they did not want, and again had to do so at our prices, so that we made a good thing of it both ways. For instance, they supplied sacks, which were worth a dollar a-piece, being made of the best double domestic; we filled them with flour, for which we charged six dollars. When they left we bought back sack and flour for 2 half-a-dollar. That wasn't bad trade. By this time we had got well established, and have done well ever since."

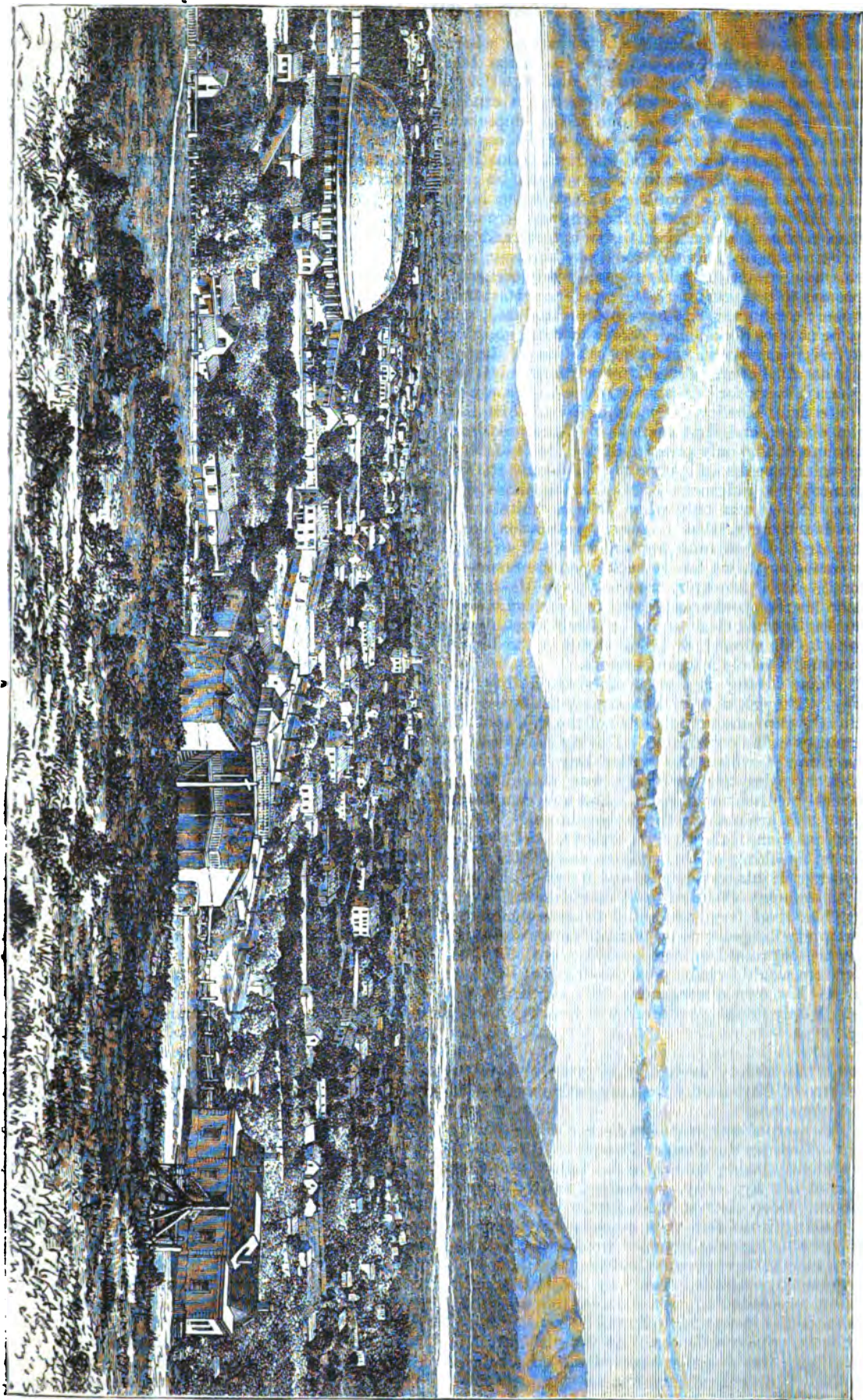
It is difficult for a visitor, however great his advantages may be, to arrive at a correct judgment as to the actual condition and prospects of this strange people. The impression left upon my own mind, after careful inquiries made under exceptionally favourable circumstances, was as follows: The material prosperity of the Mormons cannot be doubted. The opening of the Pacific Railway and the development of the mining industry of the territory have secured for them a market for the sale of their produce. Immense quantities of fruit and vegetables are forwarded to all parts of the States, and from their excellent quality command high prices. The policy of the leaders has been to prevent the people from working the mines themselves, and to be contented with the large and certain profits they may make by the sale of provisions to the miners and other Gentile immigrants. Upon this rapid increase of wealth there has followed a diminution of fanaticism. With comfortable homes, luxuriant orchards, and thriving farms, they seem to be settling down into a quiet, orderly community. One of the wealthiest men in the territory, who had been himself a Mormon, but who is so no longer, said, "Up to five years ago, I never ventured to walk on the side walk after dark. I always kept to the middle of the roadway with my hand on my revolver. Had I not done so I should

\* My informant did not tell me, what is, however, affirmed positively by all their neighbours, that many a poor fellow was murdered in cold blood, and left on the prairie by Mormon desperadoes, who enriched themselves by his plunder.

† The great Emma Mine, in which so large an amount of English capital has been sunk, lies at a short distance from Salt Lake City.



SALT LAKE CITY





certainly have been assassinated. Now I go where I please and when I please, with no more fear than if I were in New York."

The question of polygamy is, of course, a crucial one. The women seemed to me to have a depressed and dejected air, with nothing of the brightness and buoyancy of happy wives and mothers. But it is doubtful whether the plurality of wives can be permanently maintained. So long as there was a large excess of female immigrants from Europe, there were obvious reasons for retaining the unnatural and unchristian system. These reasons are, however, now ceasing to operate. A schism has already occurred, and seems to be spreading; the seceders protest that polygamy ought never to have been introduced, and must be at once abandoned. Some of them go so far as to insist that it never had the sanction of Joseph Smith at all, but was foisted upon Mormonism by Brigham Young for his own purposes. George A. Smith, cousin, I believe, of "the prophet," historian of the church, and first councillor of the president, said to me, "The only passage in the Book of Mormon which speaks of polygamy condemns it, and denounces the judgment of God upon those who practise it. It was only when Joseph Smith's wife got old and ugly, that a second revelation came authorising him to take another wife. If ever the time comes for it, we can go back upon the first revelation." This, however, was a purely theoretical opinion, as the speaker confessed to fourteen wives! One thing seemed clear to me—either polygamy will have to be abandoned, or it will result in the breaking up of the whole Mormon system.

Brigham Young is a man of great ability and energy. Though now in his seventy-fifth year, he retains the supreme management of the affairs of the community in his own hands. During the troublous times through which the Latter Day Saints have passed, his despotic authority was submitted to apparently without a murmur. But now complaints against him are making themselves heard. A man of high position in the city, an orthodox and devoted Mormon, speaking of their affairs, said, "He keeps everything in his own hands, and we wish he'd quit it." An eminent official of the United States Government, who had been appointed to investigate and report upon the policy to be pursued in regard to the Mormons, expressed to me his strong conviction that the system would break up on the death of Brigham Young. My own observations fully confirmed this view. I only doubt whether it will hold together so long.

From the history even of this gross and vulgar caricature of Christianity we may gather some practical lessons.

1. *The inexpediency as well as the wickedness of persecution.*—Towards the close of Joseph Smith's life he was evidently losing hold upon his followers. Complaints of his hypocrisy, sensuality, and lying were common. Deep distrust of his pretended revelations was making itself felt even amongst his adherents. It is probable that the delusion would speedily have passed away if its opponents had confined themselves to argument, or assailed it only by legitimate means. But they proceeded to open violence; courts of law were made the instruments of inflicting severe penalties for imaginary offences. At last the prison in which Smith was illegally confined was broken open by a band of armed ruffians, and he was foully mur-

dered in cold blood. This made him a hero in the eyes of his disciples. The man who had been denounced as a swindler and impostor was now revered as a martyr, saint, and prophet. Fanatical enthusiasm took the place of suspicion and hostility. History records many instances in which persecution has had a similar effect, but few so striking as this. Christianity, which suffered so severely from persecution in its infancy, cannot need, and ought never to wield, such weapons as these. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

2. *The power of faith.*—An influential school of teachers in the present day disparage faith and glorify doubt. They speak contemptuously of definite convictions and steadfast belief, and inculcate the strange doctrine that a sceptical and unbelieving temper is wisest and best. But it is impossible not to see that faith is an element of strength, and doubt of weakness. He, and he only, who believes firmly will act vigorously. Even in mundane affairs, the victory which overcometh the world is faith. In the days when Mormonism came into existence, communistic and semi-communistic schemes were rife. America was the chosen home for theorists who endeavoured to reconstruct society on a new basis. Throughout the United States scores of communities were founded having this object in view. Most of them were atheistic or deistic in their character. Throwing aside all religious creeds, they hoped to establish themselves upon the principles of refined selfishness or of abstract science. They have, with very few exceptions, dwindled away and disappeared. They lacked the ardent enthusiasm which only religious faith can impart. Philosophical speculations can never give cohesion to an aggregate of individual atoms. The deep-rooted selfishness of the human heart cannot be eradicated by vague doctrines of universal benevolence. Mormonism, grotesque and crude and false as it is, yet supplied a religious basis, kindled enthusiastic devotion, and excited for awhile a vigorous faith. In that faith its adherents triumphed over persecution, endured that long and terrible march of two years over a thousand miles of desert, and established themselves in their new home. They believed that God was their guardian and guide and friend, and in that faith they were strong. Scepticism has no such feats to record, no such trophies to display.

3. *The influence of the creed upon the life.*—Whilst one school of modern teachers disparages faith as a motive-power and principle of action, another exaggerates its value. "Only believe," they say, "and it matters little what you believe. Strength and sincerity of faith are everything, the object of faith—Odin or Buddha, the Korán or the Gospel—is of secondary importance." But the value of our subjective act of faith is determined by its objective character. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." A sensual and materialistic creed, like that of Mormonism, degrades and debases its adherents to its own level. As well expect to gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles as to find a noble and holy life developed by faith in a system which denies the spirituality of the Divine nature, inculcates polygamy as a duty, and gives the assurance of salvation to the mere mechanical performance of outward ordinances. Mormonism, it is true, has retained many of the distinctive doctrines of Christianity. But these are obscured or perverted by impure and absurd addi-

tions. Its success hitherto is due to the measure of truth it has preserved. Its impending downfall will be brought about as a natural and inevitable result of the immoral and unchristian articles of its creed. If this be admitted, there follows of course the correlative truth, that we who profess a purer faith ought to be distinguished by a purer and holier life. Remembering the lofty morality which the gospel inculcates, and the potent motives which the life and death of our Lord supply, "What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness!"\*

### GIRTON COLLEGE.

ABOUT two miles from Cambridge, on the Huntingdon road, there is a red-brick building of striking enough appearance to excite some curiosity in strangers as to what it may be. People have been known to hazard the conjecture that it is either a workhouse or a lunatic asylum, but a nearer inspection usually convinces them that it is neither—at least in the ordinary acceptation of the terms—and they are relieved or otherwise, according to the drift of their sympathies, to find that it is a College for Women.

If they have to depend upon an undergraduate of one of the neighbouring "ancient and honourable foundations" for further information, they will probably have to exercise a considerable amount of critical faculty in extricating facts from the poetical haze with which the undergraduate mind loves to surround the unknown; and it may not be amiss to save the readers of the "Leisure Hour" from that possible trouble by sketching, as shortly as may be, the history, aim, and practical working of this first experiment of a college for women, designed to correspond in essential features with the Oxford and Cambridge colleges for men. How or when the project was first formed need not here be told. The first step towards carrying it into actual operation was the formation of a committee, composed for the most part, with some omissions and additions, of the committee through whose instrumentality the extension to girls of the Local Examinations of the University of Cambridge had been obtained. The conferring of so great a boon to the education of women was an encouragement to look for more, and chiefly for this reason, Cambridge, rather than Oxford, was chosen as the University to which it was hoped that the College might eventually be attached.

In 1869 a house was taken at Hitchin, about thirty miles from Cambridge, and six women were enrolled as students. Admission was limited to women who had attained the age of eighteen, and all were required to pass an entrance examination.† The object aimed at from the beginning—that of "providing for women a systematic education equivalent to that afforded by the Universities for men"—was steadily kept in view. The teaching was undertaken by men of the highest standing at Cambridge, and the College undertook to give certificates on conditions closely corresponding with those imposed on candidates for degrees of the University of Cambridge.

The experiment, so doubtful at first, gave year by year fresh evidences of success, till, in 1872, the committee considered themselves justified in buying, by means of public subscription, supplemented by loans on mortgage,\* sixteen acres of land in the parish of Girton, near Cambridge, and in building upon a portion of it one side of a quadrangle, containing accommodation for twenty-one students, with the necessary lecture-rooms, mistress' rooms, etc. The institution was incorporated in 1872, under the name of Girton College, and the occupation of the building was entered upon in October, 1873.

Since then the number of students has gone on steadily increasing, and it has been found necessary this year to make a considerable addition to the building.

In the course of the past year twenty-six students were in residence, and twenty-two of these, with twelve new students, are expected to be in residence during the coming year.

The results hitherto, as regards success at the University examinations, have been very satisfactory, considering the serious disadvantages of almost total want of early training in classics and mathematics with which most of the students have had to contend. The College has not yet applied to the University for the formal admission of its students to the degree examinations, but, by the kindness of the examiners, students of the College have been from time to time examined in the papers set to the undergraduates of the University, and judged by precisely the same standard, a report on their work being made privately to the College. By this means the attainments of Girton students are tested and attested by the highest authority, no special indulgence of any sort being allowed to interfere with the application of the University standard. No first class in honours has yet been obtained, but second class honours in the mathematical, moral sciences, and natural science triposes, and second and third class honours in the classical tripos, have been won, seven students in all having passed—in the sense above indicated—one or other of the tripos examinations. Of the four students who have passed examinations which would have entitled them to the ordinary (pass) B.A. degree, three would have taken a first class both in the general and special examinations. In all cases the University regulations as to previous examinations, terms of residence, subjects, and standard of examination, have been strictly observed, and students of Girton holding a degree certificate are substantially as well qualified to be graduates of Cambridge as any man whose name appears in the calendar.

It must not be supposed, however, that all students who go to Girton are expected to work with a view to University examinations. Unless they have received scholarships or exhibitions with the condition of working for a degree certificate attached, they are quite at liberty to choose their own subjects of study. They must submit to a college examination on such subjects once a year, and they can, if they please, obtain certificates of proficiency in single subjects, four certificates of proficiency in single subjects entitling the holder to the rights and privileges of a

\* From "American Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil." By the Rev. Dr. Manning, author of "Swiss Pictures," etc. A beautifully illustrated volume, just issued by the Religious Tract Society.

† The College entrance examinations are held in London in the months of March and June. Forms of entry and other information may be obtained from the secretary, Miss Davies, 17, Cunningham Place, London, N.W.

\* During the past year a considerable portion of the loans has been paid off and the debt on the original building has been reduced to £2000. In the meantime, however, fresh liabilities have been incurred or account of the extension, and about £3000 is still required to set the College free from debt. These charges are for the capital fund only. For some years past, the students' fees have covered the current expenses.



certificated student. The subjects in which teaching is provided, if there are enough of students in each case desirous of taking the subject to form a class, are divinity, modern languages (English, French, and German), classics, mathematics (pure and mixed), moral science, natural science, history, and vocal music. As a matter of fact, the great majority of the students do follow the usual University course, but there have been instances of students remaining one, two, or even three years without attempting or desiring to pass any other than the yearly college examination of whatever classes they may have attended.

The system of teaching adopted is a combination of the three methods in use at Cambridge, viz., professional lectures, tutorial lectures, and individual teaching. One of the few points in which Cambridge customs are departed from is in the provision of *all* teaching by the College, whereas at Cambridge an undergraduate has to get his "private coaching" apart from his relations with his college. Many of the students attend the University lectures on the subjects included in their course of study, means of conveyance to and from Cambridge being provided by the College. The class lectures at the College and individual teaching are generally given in the afternoon, when the lecturers appointed by the College have got their Cambridge work over, and are at liberty to walk out to Girton. There were for several terms a classical tutor and an assistant lecturer in mathematics and natural science in residence at the College, who had been themselves students there; and it is the intention of the committee to appoint, in time, a full staff of such resident lecturers. Meantime, both teachers and taught, as a rule, thoroughly enjoy their work, and the only drawback is that one is reminded too often of "cutting a whetstone with a razor," when one sees a senior classic or a senior wrangler teaching Greek accident or the elements of algebra. The improvements in the early education of girls, however, already exhibiting themselves in the higher attainments of the candidates who present themselves at the entrance examination, will soon, no doubt, lessen the distance between pupil and teacher.

One element with which men who teach at Cambridge have too often to contend—idleness and inattention—has hitherto been signally absent from their classes at Girton. Fortunately it is the fashion to "play hard" as well as "work hard," so that the dangers of over-study are guarded against by counter-attractions. No instance of a student having permanently injured her health by over-work is on record, while, on the other hand, many have gone away in much more vigorous health than when they came.

This brings us to the daily life at Girton, about which a good deal of curiosity and much misconception exists in the outer world.

When a student goes to Girton she finds herself in sole possession of a sitting-room and bedroom, and, more fortunate than her Cambridge contemporaries, finds them already furnished, so that she has to provide herself with nothing in the shape of furniture except articles of luxury. It is one of the prime delights of one's college life to have "one's own rooms," and most of the Girton students take a pride in making theirs look as pretty as possible. Of course musical students have pianos, and artistic students have "high art" decorations, but the objects

of "bigotry and virtue" in which Girtonians indulge themselves are generally of a less expensive kind than one meets with in their brothers' or cousins' rooms in Cambridge, flowers in profusion—and these more often wild flowers of their own collecting than exotics ordered in from a nurseryman—being the commonest form of ornament.

The College library has not yet been built, and, meantime, the books belonging to it are kept in the lecture-rooms, to which the students have free access. The mathematical portion of the late Mrs. Somerville's library has been given to the College, and has been deposited in a cabinet specially designed for the purpose. A reading-room serves also as a common sitting-room for the students. Several of the daily and weekly papers and a few of the magazines are taken, partly by the College and partly by the students, so the reading-room is much resorted to, and serves as a corrective to the love of solitude which might otherwise be engendered by the separate sitting-room system.

The College rules are as few as, to maintain proper discipline, they could well be. Prayers are read by the mistress at eight o'clock every morning, but attendance is not compulsory. Breakfast is on the table from a quarter-past eight till nine, and each student must inscribe her initials on a marking-roll in the dining-hall during that period, unless she has obtained leave of absence from the mistress. She must go through the same routine between the hours of twelve and three, when luncheon is on the table, and again between six and seven, when the mistress and students are assembled for dinner. With these restrictions she is free to go and come, walk or ride, study or play, as she pleases, provided she does not accept any invitation which would interfere with marking without the consent of the mistress, and does not absent herself from the lectures which she has agreed to attend. She is expected not to accept more than one evening invitation in the week on an average, to inform the mistress of her destination, and to be within the College gates before they are closed at eleven P.M. Students are not allowed to receive visits from gentlemen in their rooms, except in the case of a father or guardian; but they are quite at liberty to entertain their lady friends there, and may also invite them to dinner or lunch in hall on giving proper notice to the housekeeper, and paying for the meal according to a fixed scale of charges. There is a reception-room in which visitors who are not admissible to the private rooms may be received subject to the sanction of the mistress.

The daily routine of most of the students' lives is much as follows:—After breakfast, from nine to half-past twelve or one, study in their own rooms (or in the case of natural science students, attendance at lectures in Cambridge or laboratory work); then lunch, and afterwards a walk, drive, or ride till half-past three or four, when there is probably a lecture to be attended; dinner at six; then some music or, in summer, a stroll in the grounds till half-past seven, when study begins again and goes on till nine or ten or later, according to inclination. There is very often a dance towards the "end of the evening," and there are periodical meetings of the College Debating Society, which are always well attended. Afternoon tea is sent round to the students' rooms and the lecture-rooms about four, and after dinner each student gives an order for tea or coffee, etc., to be sent to her own room at any hour she pleases up till

nine. It is very usual for students to invite each other to tea before the after-dinner work begins, and during examinations, or at other times when work does not press, there are larger student-parties at which the amusement generally consists of Shakespeare readings, acting of charades, etc. Instead of the walk or drive after lunch, recourse is often had to the gymnasium, where "fives" are extensively patronised, or in summer to the croquet-lawn for whatever may happen to be the favourite game of the season.

On Sunday morning, those of the students who belong to the Church of England—about two-thirds of the entire number—and to other churches are generally to be met making their way into Cambridge, where they attend whatever church or chapel they please. Some lunch afterwards at the ladies' reading-room, and remain for the University sermon, and perhaps for the afternoon service at King's College Chapel, from which they can return in time for dinner.

It will be seen from the nature and extent of their amusements that the Girton students do not carry their love of learning so far as to attend to the mind at the expense of the body. Their numbers, socially speaking, are composed of very much the same materials as those in the colleges belonging to the University, and even that most comprehensive of Cambridge colleges (Christ's) could hardly match Girton in diversity of nationalities, seeing that there have been already in residence at the latter college natives of Russia, Germany, America, England, Ireland, and Scotland. The students in general have been drawn from the upper and middle—more especially the professional—classes, and their ages on entry have varied from eighteen to thirty. About half have entered with the intention of becoming teachers, and, of the other half, the majority have come from pure love of learning, and not, of course, for the reason for which so many men come to college—because it is customary to do so in their own rank. The consequent comparative absence of idle students gives a higher tone to the college life, both intellectually and morally, than it might otherwise have, and it has not been found that the singularity of their position has bred self-consciousness or had a bad effect upon the manners of the students, which are simply those of young women in the ranks from which they have sprung. On the contrary, it is found that daily contact and friendly rivalry in work and play performs for women the same good office as it performs for men in rubbing off eccentricities and banishing priggishness and conceit.

Six Girton students have already become teachers in the public day-schools for girls which have sprung up so rapidly within the last few years, and double or treble that number would be gladly welcomed in these schools. Some out of this number have taken up teaching *con amore*, or as the only useful occupation open to them, but the majority have embraced it as their profession, and look forward to becoming head-mistresses—no despicable ambition, even from a pecuniary point of view when the prizes to be had range from £1,300 a year downwards.

It is not desirable or likely, however, that the College should ever degenerate into a mere training-school for teachers. The fees (£105 a year) and the long term of residence necessary for a degree certificate—at least nine Cambridge terms—put education there beyond the reach of many of those who intend to teach—unless assisted by scholarships

or exhibitions. These are given from time to time in connection with the entrance examinations, and enable candidates who give evidence of ability, and who might not otherwise have had the means, to pursue the full University course of three years, and it is hoped that much will be thus accomplished in the way of supplying the demand for high-class teachers. Still, Girton aims at more than this, and, apart from its primary object of providing women with the opportunity of measuring their knowledge by a high and well-known standard, it has conferred benefits greatly higher than any capable of being tested by examinations. For girls fresh from school it has provided a halting-place between girlhood and womanhood, from which they have come forth stronger and better in body and mind, and in which they have formed friendships such as women seldom make. For those who have come at a more advanced age it has fulfilled the dream of years, and provided an outlet for energies that would else have run to waste or been misapplied; and it is every year sending out to the world women who, if they have learned nothing else, have learned the limits of their knowledge and found their level.

### THE GRANTS OF LOCHSIDE;

OR, THE LIFE OF SCOTCH EMIGRANTS IN CANADA.

#### CHAPTER III.

I MIND that next winter well. What with my mother growing better, and the baby sweetness of our bonny May, and other things, my life seemed full, and it was a very happy winter to me. I had little leisure, but the house was quiet and cheerful. Sandy and Peter were at home busy in the woods and among the cattle, and Kenneth Dunn was staying with us, a young man who had come out from Scotland to buy a farm of his own; but he was just staying with us awhile till he should become acquainted with the ways of the country. The rest of the bairns were at the school, which was kept that winter by a clever Yankee lad, a college student, called Abraham Powers. My brothers all thought much of him, especially John. I think it was through his intercourse with him that John got the settled notion of going to the University himself.

We came to know him well afterwards, for he married my sister Annie the day she was nineteen, as shall be told in the right place. I aye liked the lad myself, though my father and my mother thought him a bit conceited in those days, and Sandy and Peter aye called him "the patriarch," partly because of his name, but chiefly because, though he was only a lad of nineteen, you would have thought, to hear him, that there were few things in the world worth knowing of which he had not had some experience. But I have seen that in more lads from the other side of the border, and it doesna seem to hinder them from growing into men of sense and judgment, who can make their way in the world, and prove themselves worthy of the respect and confidence of their neighbours. At least that was the way with him. Much as he thought of his country and its institutions, and fond as he was of holding them up for our admiration, he never went back again to enjoy them, but settled in the town of T—, in the profession of the law, in the practice of which he had great success, and he is sitting to-day in the Parliament of his adopted country.

I dare say this is as good a place as any to say a word about something that happened to myself, or rather that might have happened to me, if it had been possible for me to leave my mother in her weakness to struggle with the work and the care of a household like ours. But it wasna possible, and so I told Kenneth Dunn that if I was worth the asking, I was worth the waiting for a year, at least; and whether or no, I couldna go with him for a year, and maybe more. He was angry, and said I cared more for my mother than I did for him, and I didna deny it, but I never thought how it was going to end. Even when he put off the buying of the farm he had been looking near at hand, saying to my father that he would like to go west and see the country a bit before he settled down, I never thought but he would come back again.

In six months time, however, he wrote to my father, saying that he had decided not to buy a farm at all, but to invest his money in business in the town of H—, and before the year was out he was a married man.

Not being of a changeful nature myself, I had never doubted him, and the suddenness of the blow made it the sharper. But, in one way, it was all the better for me that it came suddenly. I had none of the misery of suspense to bear, and had only just to put him out of my mind and forget him. I had plenty to do, both in the house and out of it, and that helped me, and, except just whiles in the leisure of the gloaming, or when the cooing and nestling of my baby-sister woke me to the light of a new morning before it was time to rise, I did well enough. I got through that time with my mother's help, though she never named his name to me, and with the help of my bonny May.

But all that happened more years since than I like to mind on now, and I seem to be looking back on another person, and not on myself at all. I winna deny that I suffered, but I got good out of my suffering with God's help and my mother's, and I took juster views of life and what we are to do in it and expect of it from that time. And that is the end of my story—my own personal story, I mean. After that I dreamed fewer dreams—I mean I lived on without thinking much about what was to happen to myself, except as one of the household. I had other chances of going away to a home of my own after that, but I never saw the time when I could have been easily spared out of my father's house, and whether it was true of Kenneth Dunn or no, it was certainly true of them that came after him, that I cared more for my mother and her comfort than for them all put together and all they had to bestow. As for Kenneth Dunn, when, two years after, he brought his wife to visit at my father's house, I can truly say that I didna envy her her husband, for time and the wear and tear of the world hadna improved him; and, to tell the truth, I thought few would have envied him his wife. But of all this there is no need to speak now.

From the time my little sister was born the care of the household, that had been my mother's, fell for the most part on me. There is a deal of work to do in a farm-house of one kind or another even now, and there was more in those days. But there is a great satisfaction in doing such work as was done in our house in the way we did it.

Almost everything that was used in the house we made ourselves. My mother's tea we bought, and

salt, and spice, and needles and thread, and shirting and prints for summer wear. But most things came from the farm and were made by our own hands, and there was always, after the first few years, fulness and plenty of all necessary things, and of many things that among people who are not rich might well be considered luxuries. We had fruit both from the fields and from the garden, and we had eggs and cream, and all that can be made from them, to use more freely than can be done anywhere but in a farm-house, and never missed at the year's end. There were folk aye coming and going about our house, and they were aye welcome, and there was plenty for all.

Not only the butter and cheese and bread were made in the house, but soap and sugar and candles and starch. The clothes which served us all for the greater part of the year were not only cut and sewn in the house, but the material of them was made as well. Our wool, when we came to have much of it, was carded at the mill, but it was spun at home, and woven, too, into cloth and flannel and blankets, as was needed. The cloth that was for the outside wear of my father and the lads was sent to the fulling mill to be finished, but that was all. And when there is added to this the knitting of mittens and stockings for a dozen pairs of hands and feet, it will be seen that there couldna be much time wasted among us.

But there is great satisfaction in the successful planning and doing for one's own; and in a farm-house where the making of most things for use and comfort are found, and must pass directly through the housekeeper's own hands, the satisfaction is all the greater. I was often over-wearied with the work, and there were times when I doubted whether the comforts of our household were enjoyed by the rest without much thought of the trouble and hard work they cost; but looking back now, with eyes that see clearer for the distance, I can truly say that I took a real pleasure in my work, and in the comfort it brought to my mother and them all.

I have heard it said, and indeed I have had a chance to see it myself, that in Scotch families in general there is a fashion of expecting the sisters of the house to follow and serve their brothers in a way that does less ill to the server than to the served, but which is good for neither. I needna enter into particulars. Folk that have seen it will ken what I mean. What I have to say is, that it was never that way in our house. This was partly, I dare say, with my mother aye being so delicate, and needing to be considered where the saving of work was concerned; and it was partly, too, because there were so many brothers, I being for a good many years the only sister of an age to render service. So my brothers got in a way of doing things for my mother and me, and of having us in their thoughts, which did good to all concerned, and especial good to themselves.

It is a great pleasure to me, as I lie here by myself, to mind on all these things. I shut my eyes and see our place as it was then—the old house and the garden, and the lake with the sunshine on it, and fair faces that time and trouble have touched since then, and the blithe ring of young voices comes back to me, and my heart grows full as I mind them all. Those were very happy years in our house. Kenneth Dunn darkened one of them to me. Indeed, for a little while, all the years that had gone before were darkened by him, but that cloud passed as though it







[From a Canadian Photograph.]

SNOWED UP.



had never been, except for the good it brought me, and there is not a year of all my life that I would wish to forget, even if I had the power.

But, dear me! I hardly ken where my pen has been wandering. It was not all this that I set out to say. The like of this would do little good in the way of encouraging those who are thinking to begin the world among us. And yet I am not quite sure. A happy home is a pleasant sight in any circumstances, and a glimpse of the home my father and mother were enabled to make to their children may help to keep up the courage of some who are struggling with the unaccustomed difficulties of making a new beginning in the Canadian woods.

And it is not so easy as one would think to write about my father and all he did, and how he did it, in a way to help other folk with his experience. If I were to go into particulars as to how he dealt with the land year by year, being faithful with it, asking from it no more than he gave, and as to what came of it in the way of success, I would make far too long a story of it, and it might, after all, serve little purpose. For there are more ways than one to the same end. The soil, and the lie of the land, and the varying seasons, all make a difference, and the plans and the treatment that answer one place may not answer another, and I might say much and do little good.

But there are some things that answer every time and place, every age and condition. The far-seeing wisdom of my father's plans, and the never-wearying diligence with which he wrought them out, would have ensured success in circumstances of greater difficulty than it was ever his lot to encounter. If I were like one of the great writers of the day, who with two or three strokes of the pen can out of words make a living picture, that would be the way to do it. "A strong, patient, God-fearing man," was what my brother John said of his father once, and that comes near to it. Strength, and patience, and the fear of God! What can come between a man possessing these and ultimate success in any honest calling? And without these, or even missing one of them, I know not what will stand in stead.

Not that I would wish to make it seem that my father was a perfect man. He had his faults and his weaknesses. The neighbours whiles called him "slow," because of his inborn caution and the prudence that comes of careful thought joined with the constant hard work. As to that I can only say his slowness answered a better purpose than the cleverness of the most of them. They called him "hard," too, and I winna deny that the side of his character that outside folk saw oftenest might have had that look to them. But he was a just man to the last farthing, and his word was acknowledged to be as good as his bond from the day that he came to the country. Still, I am not saying that he was without his faults. Which of us is? A man's very virtues may overlean till they touch the other side, and look like anything but virtues—a sure proof to my mind of what it is growing the fashion nowadays to deny, that there is a thraw in our nature from the very first.

I'll acknowledge that if it had not been for my mother, my father might have become overmuch taken up with the things of the world, and perhaps might have grown near and hard. He never liked to part with his gear without a fair return, and he didna aye see just so clearly as my mother did how

much better some things are to have and to hold than gold or gear. But he had great faith in her judgment, and under her influence he could never have grown hard. He did his part in many a good work, at a time when there were fewer helping hands than there are now. It was through him more than any one else that the first minister was settled in our part of the country. Our house was his home for many a day, and when he came to have a home of his own, good and honest man as he was, it would have been a bare house whiles, if it hadna been for my father and mother. And many a poor body that had less claim on them than had God's minister got timely help out of our house in one way and another. A hard man my father never was.

His desire to possess land might have proved a temptation to him in time. He seemed to have no ability to resist when an opportunity to invest money in land presented itself, and for a good many years this told against us. For, however good the harvest might be, or however fair the market-price for grain or cattle might be, there was aye some payment coming due to take up the money that was coming in, and we were kept close and bare in the house whiles, because of this. Sometimes it was wild land, and sometimes it was the half-made clearing of some shiftless body who gave it up for want of perseverance to get through the first hardships and discouragements of making a farm out of the forest. Whoever came to him offering his land for sale was pretty sure to get it off his hands.

There was land enough. There was little danger of his falling under the woe of the prophet on them that "lay field to field till there is no place." Land was plenty in those early days, and though for a while the elder bairns were held down with all the money going that way and bringing no immediate return, it turned out well for the family in time. As the country opened up the land grew valuable, though it was a long time before my father cared to part with any he had. The town of B. stands on land that was once his, and I wouldna just like to say how much has come in from that.

It was by his successful farming of Lochside that my father was best known in the country-side. What skill and will and patient labour could do to make the desert "blossom as the rose," was done by him, and many a one came from far to see our farm, and it was well worth coming to see. About the time our May was born there was an addition put to our house, which made it far more comfortable for our large family, and which also improved much the appearance of the place. A happy home it was, as those who are far away now in homes of their own fail not oftentimes to declare.

## WEATHER PROVERBS.

### November.

THIS month is undoubtedly the gloomiest one of the year, and during it leaden skies and blinding fogs hold such sway that we cease to feel any great interest in the outside world, which contrasts so unpleasantly with the inside comforts of our homes. It possesses even less attractions for the farmer, who has learnt the results of his year's crops, and has scarcely begun to concern himself about the prospects of the next.

The Nottinghamshire country folk have two sayings relating to the appearance of severe weather at this time of year.

"If there's ice in November that will bear a duck,  
There'll be nothing after but sludge and muck."

"If the ice bear a man before Christmas, it will not bear a mouse after."

The last is varied in West Kent by the substitution of goose for man, and duck for mouse. The experience of the great frosts of 1565, 1683, 1762, and 1814 directly opposes this popular view. There is a proverb of a similar character attached to Hallowe'en, November 11th n.s., or the evening before All Saints' Day.

"If ducks do slide at Hollandtide,  
At Christmas they will swim;  
If ducks do swim at Hollandtide,  
At Christmas they will slide."

Shakespeare tells us to look for fine weather at Martinmas, November 23rd, n.s.

"Expect St. Martin's summer."

For the Midland Counties a proverb is current to the effect that if the wind is s.w. at Martinmas, it will keep there till after Christmas; as this wind is essentially a rainy one, such prospects are hardly cheering. A pale yellow sky, which we frequently see in November, is a sure sign of rain at any time; and if the sky is of a sea-green colour near the horizon the result is usually the same. The Rev. W. Jones states that, if the sky in rainy weather is tinged with sea-green, the rain will increase, but that it will only be showery if deep-blue prevails. The Shepherd of Banbury declares that it is likely to rain for six hours if the air grows thick by degrees and the stars shine dimmer and dimmer. These conditions are very frequently fulfilled in November, and the consequences prove the truth of his observations.

Altogether November is not a desirable month, and outdoor pursuits are often brought to a standstill or followed under difficulties. Tom Hood has left us a most amusing description of his feelings on a foggy day in London, which will well bear repetition.

"No sun—no moon!  
No morn—no noon—  
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—  
No sky—no earthly view—  
No distance looking blue—  
No road—no street—no 't'other side the way—  
No end to any row—  
No indications where the crescents go—  
No top to any steeple—  
No recognitions of familiar people—  
No courtesies for shewing 'em—  
No knowing 'em—  
No travelling at all—no locomotion—  
No inking of the way—no notion—  
'No go'—by land or ocean—  
No mail—no post—  
No news from any foreign coast—  
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—  
No company—no nobility—  
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—  
No comfortable feel in any member—  
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
November!"

The truth of these lines will be admitted by all, and their humour can hardly be surpassed.

## Varieties.

### PRIME MINISTERS SINCE THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE III.

Earl of Bute ...	...	...	...	May, 1762
Mr. Grenville ...	...	...	...	April, 1763
Marquis of Rockingham ...	...	...	...	July, 1765
Duke of Grafton ...	...	...	...	Aug. 1766
Lord North ...	...	...	...	Jan. 1774
Marquis of Rockingham ...	...	...	...	March, 1782
Lord Shelburne ...	...	...	...	July, 1782
Duke of Portland ...	...	...	...	April, 1783
Mr. Pitt ...	...	...	...	Dec. 1783
Mr. Addington ...	...	...	...	March, 1801
Mr. Pitt ...	...	...	...	May, 1804
Lord Grenville ...	...	...	...	Jan. 1806
Duke of Portland ...	...	...	...	March, 1807
Mr. Perceval ...	...	...	...	June, 1810
Lord Liverpool ...	...	...	...	June, 1812
Mr. Canning ...	...	...	...	April, 1827
Lord Goderich ...	...	...	...	Aug. 1827
Duke of Wellington ...	...	...	...	Jan. 1828
Earl Grey ...	...	...	...	Nov. 1830
Viscount Melbourne ...	...	...	...	July, 1834
Sir Robert Peel ...	...	...	...	Dec. 1834
Viscount Melbourne ...	...	...	...	April, 1835
Sir Robert Peel ...	...	...	...	Aug. 1841
Lord John Russell ...	...	...	...	July, 1846
Earl of Derby ...	...	...	...	Feb. 1852
Earl of Aberdeen ...	...	...	...	Dec. 1852
Viscount Palmerston ...	...	...	...	Feb. 1855
Earl of Derby ...	...	...	...	Feb. 1858
Viscount Palmerston ...	...	...	...	June, 1859
Earl Russell ...	...	...	...	Oct. 1859
Earl of Derby ...	...	...	...	July, 1859
Mr. Disraeli ...	...	...	...	March, 1858
Mr. Gladstone ...	...	...	...	Dec. 1858
Mr. Disraeli ...	...	...	...	Feb. 1874

BISHOP HORSLEY.—Mr. James Daniell writes from Theydon Grove, Epping:—"It may not be generally known that Bishop Horsley was buried at the Church of St. Mary, Newington Butts, in the year 1806. This church is, at the present moment, in a state of demolition, and the bishop's remains have been removed and re-interred in the family vault at Thorley, in Hertfordshire. As a grand-nephew of Bishop Horsley, and with the consent of my cousin, the head of the family, I am performing this duty, and I therefore take this opportunity, through the 'Times,' of publishing this fact to the many who must be familiar with the bishop's life and works. I had hoped that the re-interment might have been in Westminster Abbey, where, as dean, the bishop delivered the greater part of his memorable sermons. This intention has, for various reasons, been abandoned; but in the village church of Thorley, and in the midst of his family, the remains of Bishop Horsley will meet with the full honour and respect due to one of the greatest prelates of our Church."

PRICES THREE CENTURIES AGO.—In a "Book of the Joint Diet, Dinner, and Supper, and the charge thereof, for Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley," kept by the bailiffs of Oxford, while the said right rev. prelates were in the custody of those officers, we find in the bill for "dinner," October 1, 1554, a charge of 1*l.* for oysters. Allowing—and the supposition is not wholly improbable—that my Lords of Canterbury, London, and Worcester each ate a dozen, oysters must have been cheap indeed, even after every allowance has been made for the depreciation of the precious metals in three hundred years. The remaining items of the episcopal banquet consisted of "bread and ale, 2*d.*; butter, 2*d.*; eggs, 2*d.*; lyng, 8*d.*; a piece of fresh salmon, 10*d.*; wine, 3*d.*; cheese and pears, 2*d.*; total 2*s.* 6*d.*" This was not bad for a Friday dinner in prison. Some years before Parliament had fixed the price of beef and pork at 4*d.* the pound and the price of veal at 3*d.*, while, if their Lordships could never discuss theology over a cup of Bohea, they could taste the purer delights of milk at three pints (ale measure) the halfpenny. But the golden age of good living must have been the reign of King Edward I, when the Common Council of London deemed it necessary to fix the price of various articles of diet as follows:—Two pullets, 1*½d.*; a partridge or two woodcocks, 1*½d.*; a fat lamb, 6*d.*, from Christmas to Shrovetide, the rest of the year, 4*d.*—*Full Mall Gazette.*



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE RECTOR HAS A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY.

## THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER XVII.—DRAWN AT A VENTURE.

"... To be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness on the brain."

—Coleridge.

WHEN Mr. Reed made his abrupt exit from his house he was in a state of angry excitement, very much akin to temporary madness. He had felt for a long time past that his wife's manner towards him had changed; there had been a certain reserve

and shyness on her part which not only pained, but offended him. He had understood from the first that in the practice of her religion she might have secrets and confidences in which none but her spiritual advisers could participate: he had no wish to intrude upon these, nor in any way to interfere with them; on the contrary, he made it a point of honour to protect every privilege to which, in right of her religious profession, she was entitled. It was with this motive that he had forbidden Mr. Cope's

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PRICE ONE PENNY.



visits; he had heard many instances of that gentleman's indiscreet zeal, and knew him also to be unscrupulous, and he wished to protect his wife from any annoyance on his part. When, therefore, he discovered by an accident that this man had been frequenting his house during his recent absence, and also on many previous occasions when he had been from home, it seemed to him that a systematic and long-continued course of deceit had been practised towards him, and he was naturally deeply wounded and incensed.

But before he had gone many yards from his own door he began to think that he had acted foolishly. Whither was he going? what did he propose to do? How was it to end? These thoughts flashed through his mind; and as he could not answer them, he dismissed them in a fresh burst of indignation, and strode onwards. Leaving the town, he turned into some meadows, and along a foot-path little frequented at that hour of the day, into a willow copse, and so on down to the river-side, where the stream was crossed by a foot-bridge, seeking only solitude and escape from observation. There, leaning pensively over the hand-rail, Mr. Harte found him. Knowing nearly every one in both Halfords, the good rector had made judicious inquiries, and after a fruitless visit to the railway-station in the first instance, had fallen upon the right track without much further difficulty. Mr. Reed was not aware of his approach until he heard and felt his footstep on the bridge. They shook hands, and Mr. Reed, finding that the rector did not release his hand after the first greeting, but grasped it firmly in both his own, looked at him inquiringly.

"What were you thinking about," said Mr. Harte, "with your eyes fixed upon the river?"

Mr. Reed did not answer immediately. He had been thinking how quiet and peaceful it seemed down in those deep holes, where the trees hung over the bank, and where scarcely a ray of light from this upper world appeared to penetrate. He murmured something of this sort after a few moments, turning his eyes again towards the stream.

"Running water has a kind of fascination for some people," said the rector, "especially when it glides on so slowly and smoothly as this does, with just a gentle ripple on the surface, and no more. Such a scene as this reminds me of the 'still waters' of David, or, as it may be read, the Waters of Rest. One may find refreshment in this quiet scene from the troubles of life."

Mr. Reed shook his head but did not speak.

"And yet," the rector continued, "it is not all so calm below the surface as one might imagine. Do you see yonder pike, half hidden among the weeds: there will be a commotion among the little fishes presently when they come near him. Or perhaps the pike himself may be caught first; for I see a man upon the bank with rod and line coming near him, spinning his artificial minnow full of hooks and barbs to tempt him; so there is treachery and deceit under the water as well as on the land."

"Treachery and deceit," said Mr. Reed, bitterly; "yes, indeed! where is it not?"

"You speak feelingly," the rector answered, "and have, I fear, too good reason. But come, I want to clear away that shadow that hangs so darkly over your features, and I think I know how it may be done. Let me take your arm and walk a little way with you; I know something of your trouble."

Surprised, and with a feeling of relief in having a friend so near, and one for whom he had always felt the truest esteem and respect, Mr. Reed suffered himself to be drawn away. They walked slowly towards the town, and the rector told him, as they went along, of the interview which he had had with his wife, and of that which he contemplated seeking with the vicar of St. Michael's.

"You are right! you are right!" cried Mr. Reed. "That man can give the clue to the mystery, if anybody can. We will go to him at once and demand an explanation."

Mr. Cope had just returned from one of his "celebrations" when the two gentlemen reached his door, and they went in with him to his study. He received them cordially, but with a degree of restlessness and anxiety which did not escape their notice. Mr. Reed had asked Mr. Harte to introduce the subject of their visit, as he felt he could not trust himself. It was soon told. "There was a misunderstanding between man and wife," Mr. Harte said. "He had reason to believe that Mr. Cope could remove the cause of it. They were not come to complain of anything that he had said or done, but merely to ask for an explanation, and especially with reference to the secrecy which had been observed, as it would seem, by his desire. Mrs. Reed had given them to understand that there were good and valid reasons for all that had occurred, but she was not at liberty to say what they were. The most lamentable consequences must ensue if this want of confidence between husband and wife were suffered to continue. Mr. Cope could put an end to it; would he do so?"

Mr. Cope protested that it was quite out of his power to do anything of the kind. He had only visited Mrs. Reed as a clergyman. True, Mrs. Reed was a Roman Catholic, but she was one of his parishioners; the differences between them were really so small—

"Mrs. Reed would not admit that," said Mr. Harte; "every true Roman Catholic will insist that they are, on the contrary, of the most important and vital kind. I, as a Protestant, and not ashamed of the name, maintain the same."

"Of course we shall not agree on these points," Mr. Cope replied, "so it is useless arguing, and there is no more to be said about the matter. I decline to give any further explanation."

"You have given none at all, so far," said Mr. Harte; "but the matter cannot rest here. To speak plainly, you have been the means of bringing discord and misery into the home of one of your parishioners, and he has a right to expect from you, as a Christian and a gentleman, that you will do your best to remedy the evil."

"Did Mrs. Reed charge me with this?" Mr. Cope asked, looking very white.

"I infer that it is so—not only from her words, but from other and sufficient evidence. You know yourself that I have said the truth."

"Mr. Reed is one of my parishioners," said Mr. Cope, "and I think you might have left me to deal with him alone. I mean no disrespect to you, Mr. Harte; but you will understand my feelings if you reflect."

"Certainly; I ought to have apologised for my interference, but I could not allow etiquette to stand in the way of peace-making; and, under the circumstance, I hardly thought you would have wished it. But enough! I have brought your parishioner to

you, and will now leave you alone with him to improve the opportunity. Good morning," and with these words Mr. Harte left the room.

After he was gone, Mr. Cope took two or three turns up and down the apartment without speaking. "How came Mr. Harte to be mixed up with this?" he asked at length; "why did you bring him with you?"

"It was he who brought me," Mr. Reed answered, impatiently.

"If you had come alone, in the usual way, to consult me, I might, perhaps, have been able to advise you."

"I don't want your advice; I am not come now to make any confession to you. On the contrary, I require an explanation from you; my wife says that her lips are sealed, and that you alone can open them. If you were a priest of her communion I could understand that there might be confidences between you, from which I might properly be excluded. I don't know whether it ought to be so, but so much is allowed. But though you may claim for yourself equal authority with a priest of the Romish Church, Mrs. Reed does not admit or acknowledge such a claim. You have, therefore, no right to impose any trust upon her which I may not share. By doing so you have caused her great embarrassment and misery, and have, I fear, brought the happiness of her life and mine to irretrievable ruin."

"Have patience; all will be explained in due time."

"Due time is now—this moment. Why should you postpone it? I fear it is useless to argue with you; but I entreat—I implore you to take away this veil of mystery which, by some strange influence, you have spread out between my wife and myself. If there be really any secret to tell, tell it me; I will promise by all that is sacred to keep confidence."

"I have said already," Mr. Cope replied, in a low voice, faltering a little in spite of all his efforts to the contrary; "I have said already that I have nothing to disclose. Mrs. Reed can tell you anything she pleases, and you may believe as much as you think proper; I can tell you nothing."

"Am I to take that message to my wife from you?"

"No, certainly not. If I had any communication to make to Mrs. Reed of the kind you imagine, it would not be by the lips of any third person."

"You speak as if you were her father confessor. If it be true that you have stood in that relation towards her, you may at least tell me one thing: has she acknowledged you as such? Has she, in a word, joined our Church?"

"No."

"Have you joined hers?"

The words were thrown out on the impulse of the moment; they were uttered without thought; the antithesis had suggested them rather than any distinct conception of their meaning; but the bow drawn at a venture sent the arrow home. Mr. Cope started and turned hastily away. Mr. Reed observed the movement, and at the same instant the truth flashed into his mind.

"Tell me," he repeated—"nay, I need not ask; I have your secret now! This—this explains all; how blind! how cruel! how unjust I have been! And you—you—you would have left me to my error, driven me from my home, ruined a high-souled woman's happiness and reputation; and this under

the name of religion, and for your own selfish ends!"

"Stop one moment," Mr. Cope exclaimed, grasping Mr. Reed at the same time by the arm. "Do not go forth in this temper!" He was pale as death, and spoke with difficulty. "Be careful! you know not what you are saying; I have told you nothing. If you repeat these things in public you may have to answer for the consequences. I have made no admissions."

"I ask for none; I trust my own thoughts rather than your word; you cannot blind me now;" so saying, he broke away from him and hastened out of the house.

Mr. Harte was waiting in the street, and linked his arm in his as he came hastily down the steps, slamming the door after him.

"What have you done?" he asked, anxiously; for he could see by his friend's heightened colour and flashing eye that he was very much excited.

"I have found him out; I will expose him!"

"What is it? Calm yourself; we are in the streets, remember: we may be observed."

"Come home with me and I will tell you this secret." Then, as they were hurrying along, unable to contain himself, he broke out, "That man is a—Lintel!"

"A what?"

"Lintel; Lintel, of Eitherside; don't you remember? The man who held a living in the English Church, and went on officiating as vicar of an English parish years after he had joined the Church of Rome."

"I recollect; but surely you are mistaken: that cannot be the case with Alban Cope!"

"It is so; I am certain of it."

"Has he acknowledged it?"

"No; but I charged him with it, and he was confused. His look, his manner, even his words, betrayed him."

"This, then, is his secret! Yet I cannot believe it!"

"Come home with me; we shall learn more about it there."

They went on in silence. The door of the house was open, and Biddy's face was visible, peering anxiously up and down the street: it disappeared the moment she caught sight of them, and they entered.

Mrs. Reed was in the room where they had left her. Biddy had told her they were coming, and she had just risen from the sofa and was standing up, her eyes swollen with weeping, her whole aspect pitiable and anxious. In a moment Mr. Reed had caught her in his arms.

"Oh, Margarita," he cried, "can you forgive me?"

She was sobbing hysterically, and could not at first answer. "Forgive!" she said at length, "forgive! 'Tis I who should ask forgiveness."

"No, no! I have behaved shamefully; I was so horribly vexed and out of temper. I thought you had ceased to trust me and to care for me, and I said things which none but a madman could have spoken to you. But I have never wronged you for a moment in my thoughts, dearest. It was the excess of my love for you that caused the vehemence of my feeling."

"I believe everything you tell me: I trust you with all my heart. Oh that I could deserve the same confidence from you! Oh that I could tell you everything without reserve!"

"It is unnecessary, I know all: henceforth there will be no secrets between us. I have just seen Mr. Cope."

"And he has told you—?"

"He is a Roman Catholic; that explains everything."

She said not another word, but rested on his bosom, weeping quietly tears of unutterable relief.

Mr. Harte stood for a few moments witnessing this scene; there was no more for him to do now, and he turned to leave the room. Mr. Reed motioned to him to remain.

"I will come again," he said, "whenever you want me; I had better go now."

Mrs. Reed raised her head and looked at him full of gratitude, but could not speak.

"Soon—come soon," said Mr. Reed; "we shall both of us want to see you."

The rector nodded assent, and left them.

#### CHAPTER XVIII. — A HOME TRUTH.

"Change but the name, of thee the tale is told."—*Horace*.

WE return for a short time to the home in Ireland which Margarita Carroll quitted, now nearly four years ago, to be joined to a husband. Miss Egan has been living there almost alone, occupying herself with works of charity and mercy, visiting the sick and poor, of which latter there were always a great many in the neighbouring villages, and sometimes receiving a visitor, generally a priest or a "sister," or some other emissary of her Church. These were always sure of a hearty welcome, and of even more substantial help if they required it. At first Miss Egan had been in the habit of writing to her niece on the first day of every month. She was very methodical in her habits, and had a high sense of duty; and although she would sometimes complain sadly that this child, whom she had nourished and brought up, had rebelled against her, yet she did not fail to watch over her with motherly interest, always expecting and perhaps hoping that the time would arrive when she would find it impossible to live any longer with her heretic husband, and would return to her own protection.

Miss Egan loved her niece very much; and having educated her from a little child under her own roof, and chiefly by her own personal instruction, she had, as she thought, imbued her with her own almost fanatical devotion to the Church of Rome. It had been one of the most dearly cherished objects of her life to convert the house in which she dwelt into a convent, for which it was said to have been originally intended. She had hoped to see her niece Margarita installed there as lady-superior or abbess. Then, in a good old age, she might herself have departed, if not in the odour of sanctity, at least in the assurance of having done a great and good work, and of perpetual masses to be said for her soul; and Mary Cross would have remained a lasting monument of her own piety, and a tower of strength to the Church, throughout all generations. By the marriage of her niece with a Protestant, it seemed at first that all this would be changed. Miss Egan found herself called upon to choose, in the disposal of her property, between the world and the Church. If it should come to pass that Mr. Reed, won over by the influence and example of his wife, should join the Church of Rome, all might yet be well; but if, on the contrary, her niece should be persuaded to

forsake the faith in which she had been so carefully brought up (and Miss Egan was not without misgivings on this head, for reasons which the reader can appreciate), then it was her firm resolve that she should inherit nothing from her. "The heretics," she said to herself, and to others also—"the heretics shall never have Mary Cross."

The birth of Mrs. Reed's first child, a daughter, destined to be educated in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, had given a new turn to Miss Egan's speculations, and had filled her with fresh hopes. The little Mary, named after herself, and her own godchild, would, she trusted, in due time choose that good part which her mother had refused, and in her all the pious aspirations which Miss Egan had cherished for so many years might yet be realised. After the christening of this child the good lady had made a new will, devising her real estate to Mary Reed, upon certain conditions by means of which she intended to secure it ultimately to the Church, and leaving what little personalty she possessed to Mrs. Reed for her lifetime. After that the correspondence by letter between aunt and niece became more frequent for a time, but dropped off as the latter found home cares and occupations increasing upon her, and subsided at length into the usual monthly letter and reply.

Even this had failed lately. Miss Egan had heard nothing from Halford Quay for nearly six weeks. Her last letter had remained unanswered, and this, coupled with the fact that several previous letters from Mrs. Reed had been shorter than usual, and that all mention of religious subjects in them had been avoided, had caused Miss Egan a great deal of anxiety. She had been thinking over this one morning, and was wearying herself with many conjectures, when her meditations were interrupted by the sound of carriage-wheels under her window, and presently afterwards Father Gehagan was announced. He met her with a grave look, and she could see at once that he had come to her about business, and that of no light or unimportant kind.

"Have you heard anything from Halford Quay lately?" was his first question.

"No; I was wondering— Have you?"

"I have; and I am sorry to say the accounts I have received are very disquieting."

"Mrs. Reed is not ill, I hope?"

"Her bodily health is sound, so far as I know; but her soul is in danger. At least I fear so: she is weak and faltering in the faith—forgetful of her duty to Holy Mother Church, and to those who so faithfully watched over her and instructed her in youth. She has been exposed to great temptations, it is true, and has been left too much to herself."

Miss Egan's heart became as a stone. Anxious as she was to know the truth, she dared not ask a question.

"It may not be yet too late," the priest went on. "We must do our best to recover the lost sheep, and then take better care of her. We shall have a church soon at Halford Quay, I hope. Has Mrs. Reed never written to you on that subject?"

"Never."

"It is a bad sign. We hoped she would have been very zealous in promoting it; and I am sure you would have helped her."

"What have you heard?" Miss Egan asked at length. "How long has this been going on?"

"More or less, for some considerable time, I fear."

You remember Pat Houragan telling you that he had seen her in a Protestant church at a harvest festival? I did not think much of that; but I believe now it was the beginning of the mischief. I wonder, however, that I have never had a line from her servant Bridget. I charged her to write to me if anything went wrong. Thanks to your care of her and Mrs. Reed's, she could write better than most girls of her class, and I felt sure I could depend upon her."

"Who has written now?"

"A member of our Church who lives at Halford Quay." The reader will understand that Mr. Cope was the informant. "She has been seen at one of the low Protestant churches lately, and seems to have given up going to Peterstowe entirely."

Miss Egan groaned inwardly. "What is to be done?" she exclaimed. "I would go to her at once if I thought it would be of any avail; but to speak truth, I have very little hope. This is what I have dreaded and anticipated ever since that unhallowed match was first spoken of. It is her mother's story over again. Poor child—poor child! The sins of the parents are visited upon the children. It is the taint of heresy inborn, breaking out in spite of all our care. And so it may go on—to the third and fourth generation. Alas! alas!"

"I think if you could undertake the journey, you would have more influence with her than any one else, but I cannot ask you to do so at this time of the year. I have business in London, and must cross over in the course of three or four days; of course I will go and see Mrs. Reed, but that would not be the same thing as your visit, especially as I should have to hurry away again directly."

"I will go with you," said Miss Egan; "nothing that is in my power to do shall be left undone. There is the daughter, too, my little namesake, Mary, she must be seen to. If matters are as bad as I fear they may be, it will perhaps be desirable to bring the child back here with me. Yes, I will go with you."

"I think you are right," said the priest. "You will be satisfied, at all events, that you have done your duty, and will know what course to adopt afterwards."

It was arranged that they should meet at Dublin a few days later, and cross over to Holyhead together, preferring a long railway journey to a long sea passage; and then Father Gehagan took his leave.

It was soon noised abroad that Miss Egan was about to leave home for Halford Quay. An event so unusual, following closely upon Father Gehagan's visit, did not fail to give rise to much speculation. "Mrs. Reed was ill;" "Mrs. Reed's husband was driving her over to his own Church;" "He had ill-treated her, and even turned her out of doors, for the sake of her faith—why wouldn't he? the Protestant heretic!" Such rumours as these were circulated in the servants' hall and found general acceptance. Pat Houragan came to the house as soon as the news had reached Ballykilleena, and stood in the passage listening to all that was said, and waiting for some one to notice him.

"Whisht! then," he said, at length, thrusting his great head and shoulders into the room, "sure there's not a word of truth at all at all in what you're talking. Would Bridget Doyle stand by, d'ye think, and see her mistress ill-trayted? Sorra a one of her! Nor it isn't Mr. Reed that would do that same, aven if he

dared, with Biddy near. And didn't I see the young mistress meself, last harvest-time, and she as brisk and well as ever I seen her in her lifetime? But bring me to the mistress, some of ye, and tell her I must spake a word wid her this night, before she starts away to-morrow morning. Sure I've come all the way from Ballykilleena a-foot on purpose."

Pat Houragan's remonstrance did not prevail to alter the general conviction that poor Mrs. Reed was being persecuted by her husband for righteousness' sake. It was a long time before he could persuade any one to carry his message to Miss Egan; but he was taken up into the entrance-hall at last, and there Miss Egan came and spoke to him. He had a message for Bridget. Miss Egan would be sure to see Bridget; would she tell her that Pat was going on all right? Never since that day when he drank the bride's health—never since that day—up his throat nor down it, neither sitting nor standing, neither in the house nor out of it, had he tasted beer or spirits; never since then had he been overtaken—how should he? Sure that was the truth, as everybody who knew him could say, let alone Mistress Egan herself, which was better than all the rest of them put together. If Miss Egan would only spake a word to Biddy for him, sure an inch of her tongue would be better than a mile of anybody else's. So would she tell Biddy that never since that day, etc.: sure he wouldn't tell a lie to save his life; and that was the plain truth, anny way.

"Did you take the pledge again, Pat, after you had broken it that day?" Miss Egan asked.

"Sure I never broke it wanst, miss; never in me life. I wouldn't demane meself to go against me word."

"I have heard all about it," she replied. "It was a poor trick you made use of to evade your oath. You were overtaken all the same, and that was the thing you had pledged yourself to guard against."

"I was, miss. Thru for you; but I didn't break me word over it, now, did I?"

"Just as bad, Pat. You know very well that when you took the pledge you did not mean to get out of it in that way. A promise is a promise, and a lie is a lie, whether spoken or acted. You must see that, I think, if you look fairly at it."

"Sure, then, there's many a lie acted as nobody thinks any harm of at all at all."

Miss Egan felt a sudden pang at her heart as Pat Houragan said those words. The thought of her own duplicity in the matter of Margarita's Bible struck her suddenly. What right had she to stand there lecturing this poor simple-minded labourer on a question of truth and sincerity? Had she not herself conspired, and that with the consent and connivance of her trusted priest, to evade the most solemn promise that any one could make to another—the pledge given to a dying sister on behalf of her orphan child? "Thou art more righteous than I," she said, turning away suddenly, and leaving him.

Pat waited in the corridor for some minutes, fearing he had said something to offend the mistress; but she returned presently and spoke very gently and kindly to him.

"I'll carry your message, Pat," she said, "and do my best for you. Bridget may trust you, I am sure; but I don't think she will want to leave her mistress just yet."

"Sure, ma'am, I'll be thru and honest wid her all the days of me life. I promised her I would upon



me knees, afther she was gone that day; more by token, no one seen nor heard me but meself, and no one shall ever say I told a lie about it, nor acted one neyther. So bring her back wid ye, Misthress Egan, if you can persuade her annyhow."

And with that Pat Houragan pulled out a little bag with five sovereigns in it, the savings of many a week and month, and would have persuaded Miss Egan to take it from him for Biddy's journey home. He had more at home, he said, "besides the pig (a beauty); for he could earn as much and do with as little as any man in Ireland, now that he never touched the craythur; which never since that day, etc."

The next morning Miss Egan started for Dublin on her way to Halford Quay. Pat Houragan watched for her in the avenue, and ran after her, waving his hat for luck, and wishing her long life and a good journey there and back.

## THE STONE AGE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

### I.

SOON, it would seem, the opening pages of our school manuals and popular histories of Britain will begin with records of man in our island far back beyond the times of the Gaels and the Cimbri. No longer will the Arch-Druid, with golden sickle, amid groves of oak, appear as the first human figure in the dim historic twilight. In the hands of the geologist and archaeologist, the materials are fast accumulating for an earlier chapter in the history of Britain, and soon, perhaps, we shall see even in our common historical text-books as the earliest forms which emerge from the darkness the mysterious men of the Stone Age, the contemporaries of the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros in Britain.

But there are those who ask, "What is this mysterious Stone Age, of which, in late years, we have heard so much? When was it, and where was it, this mysterious age of flint knives and hatchets? this period of which we have no record in our written histories? What are the evidences of the Stone Age, and how may we read them?" We will try, in the course of a few pages, to answer these questions. Although the vista which leads us back from the Victorian to the early Stone Age is by no means continuous and uninterrupted, we shall often find an unexpected light breaking in upon the darkness.

Historic times in Britain are linked to the Stone Age by the tumuli or burial-mounds, the rude stone circles, and huge defensive earthworks of early British tribes, which remain among us unto this day. We find such remains abundantly in various parts of our island. We see them in Wiltshire, at Silbury Hill, Stonehenge, Avebury, and the Wansdyke, where their strange lines and contours, rising against the horizon, lend a mysterious interest and charm to the landscape. In the north of Scotland the traveller's eye is caught by the rude "bee-hive houses" of ancient date, and the semi-subterranean Picts' houses and "weems" of the district. In the Orkney Islands alone as many as two thousand tumuli remain to link us with the Stone Age in Britain.

But the Stone Age takes us back still further than the times of the tumuli, cromlechs, pit-dwellings, and earthworks. We travel back to a period so remote that no structures built by human hands remain to

commemorate it. The remains of the flint folk of this period are nowhere found on the surface of the ground; they are dug up beneath the solid rocky floors of caves, or found deep in the ground, overlain by the accumulated gravel-beds of old rivers, long since laid dry. It is by the stone implements found beneath cave-floors and in old river-gravels, and by these implements alone, that man is traced beyond the age of the cromlechs and tumuli back to geologic times, when the physical features of our island were as yet in their rudiments, and when, perhaps, Britain was not yet severed from the Continent.

Now that the earlier controversies about the Stone Age have subsided, the following conclusions make it possible for us to treat the subject on ground common to both parties. I. Flint implements have afforded us new evidences of the existence of prehistoric man. II. In a limited area, as in Britain, the succession of stone, bronze, and iron, as materials for implements, marks successive stages of civilisation, and is thus some measure of the lapse of past time within that area. III. The geological position in which one class of these implements is found is in itself a separate and valid testimony to their comparative age.

After more than half a century of researches in prehistoric grave-mounds and other burial-places, and a lesser period devoted to bone-caverns and river-beds, resulting in the discovery of a vast number of implements in iron, bronze, and stone, archaeologists have concurred in dividing the prehistoric human period in Western Europe into four stages. Beginning with the earliest relics yet known, the following is their classification:—

I. The drift-gravel, or Old River period. At this time man shared the possession of Britain with the mammoth, the cave-bear, the woolly rhinoceros, and other animals of extinct species. This is called, with relation to the implements found within it, the Palæolithic, or Old Stone Age.

II. The Later, or Polished Stone Age, a period characterised by beautiful weapons and instruments of flint and other kinds of stone, in which we find no trace of any metal except gold, which seems to have been sometimes used for ornament. This is also called the Neolithic, or Newer Stone Age.

III. The Bronze Age, in which bronze was used for arms and cutting instruments of all kinds.

IV. The Iron Age, in which iron had superseded bronze for arms, axes, knives, etc., bronze, however, being still in common use for ornaments.

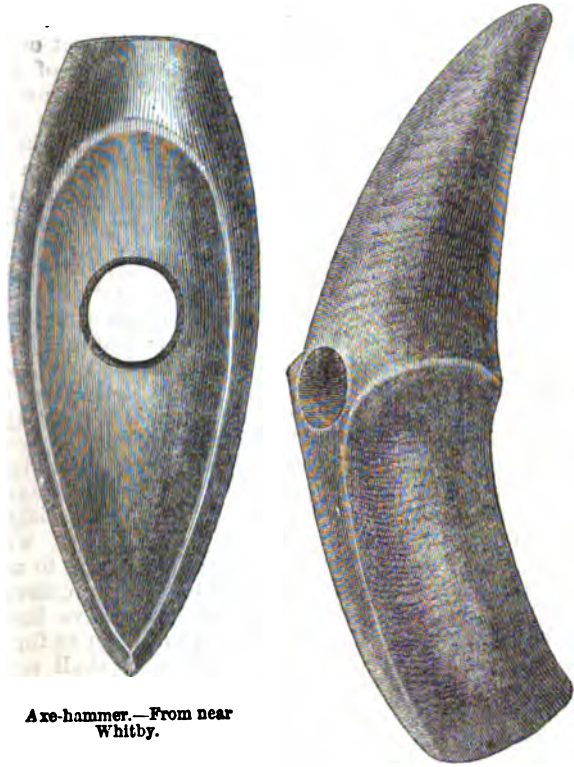
The Iron Age is supposed to go back to about the Christian era, the Bronze Age to embrace a period of one or two thousand years prior to that date, and the Stone Age all the previous time of man's occupation of Europe. Not that such a classification into successive periods implies that each period was closed before the other opened. The end of one period must have overlapped the beginning of the next, and thus the two kinds of weapons and implements co-existed for a time together. "Like the three principal colours of the rainbow, these three stages of civilisation overlap, intermingle, and shade off the one into the other, and yet their succession appears to be equally well defined as that of the prismatic colours."

### THE NEOLITHIC AGE.

Going back, then, from the Age of Iron, and overleaping the Bronze Age, which was dying out in the time of Homer, and is represented in many of our

later Wiltshire and Yorkshire barrows by bronze relics of beautiful workmanship, we arrive at the Later Stone, or Neolithic Age. The weapons, implements, and ornaments of the Later Stone Age are found on the surface of the ground. They are not embedded in geological accumulations, an important point in the chronology of the subject, as will afterwards appear. They are discovered in barrows, and on the sites of ancient encampments and rude habitations. The accompanying illustrations will give some idea of the high standard of excellence and skill in workmanship attained by the men of the Second Stone Age, whose tools were simply of wood and stone.

According to the way in which they were mounted, these celts served as axes, hatchets, or adzes; unhafed, they served as wedges, chisels, or knives. The purposes they served were as various as the needs of man. "Infinite as are our instruments, who would attempt at present to say what was the use of a knife? But the man of the Stone Age had no such choice of tools; we see before us in these celts,



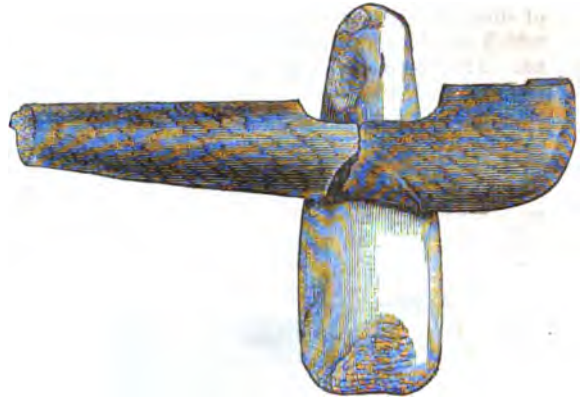
Axe-hammer.—From near Whitby.

Axe of Greenstone.—From Guernsey.



Celt of Basalt (deeply fluted).—From Guernsey.

The best known implement of the Later, or Polished Stone Age, is the celt (Latin *celtis*, or *celtes*, a chisel). These celts, or stone hatchets, are made out of flint, clay-slate, porphyry, serpentine, greenstone, and other hard rocks. They are ground to an edge, often have numerous facets on the same implement, and have a perfectly smooth and polished surface. Nothing can exceed the beauty of shape and the skill and dexterity with which thousands of these celts have been finished by the workmen who formed them. It is unnecessary to ask for what purpose these celts were used. "Almost as well ask," says a distinguished archaeologist, "to what purpose they were not applied."



From a Peat-bed in Cumberland.

perhaps, the whole contents of his workshop; and with these weapons, rude as they seem to us, he may have cut down trees, scooped them out into canoes, grubbed up roots, killed animals and enemies, cut up

his food, made holes in winter through the ice, prepared firewood, and built huts."



From Switzerland.



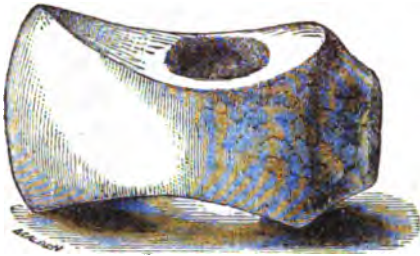
From Switzerland (in stag-horn socket).

others as heavy battle-axes. Next comes a class of hammers and hammer-stones, the latter probably used for pounding grain in mortars, as well as hand-

querns like those lately in use in various parts of England. These are followed by flint scrapers, borers, awls, drills, and knives.

Thus, although the Polished Stone Age has left us no literature, it has bequeathed to us abundant and interesting memorials. In addition to the relics we have mentioned, lance-heads and pins and needles of bone are often found in tumuli; spindle-wheels, too, are found, telling us of the existence of a branch of domestic industry among this prehistoric people which would not otherwise have become known to us. The personal ornaments of the period are also known, and are found to consist of jet, shale, and amber. The simplest form of ornament is the button, or stud (of jet or shale), not seldom found in Yorkshire barrows of early date. After these, in barrows of a later period, come the necklaces of jet, amber, and bone.

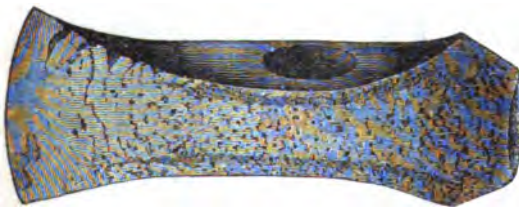
Few, if any, are there of the districts of England



Axe-hammer of Greenstone (Dorchester).

—especially those of the chalk formation—in which the holiday Rambler and archæologist may not soon add some memorial of the Second Stone Age to his stores. On the surface of ploughed fields, on flint-heaps by the wayside, on the downs of the south and the wolds of the north; in the dredging barges of the Thames and other rivers; from moor and fen, heath and highway; when the eye has once been quickened to discriminate one stone from another, these relics of our prehistoric ancestors are found. More recognisable as works of manufacture, and not buried by geological accumulations like the implements of the Early Stone Age, they have been noticed, collected, preserved, and prized alike by peasants and archæologists long before their true place in human history was clearly understood.

A considerable period of prehistoric time in Britain



Axe-hammer of Syenite (Stourton, Wilts).

must have been represented by the Polished Stone Age. The evidence for this belief is afforded by the number and variety of the implements, and their association with grave-mounds and other monuments of different dates. The Polished Stone Age stands off definitely from historic times in Britain. The question as to what preceded it is one in which geology must be called to our aid.

II. W.

## NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

### THE FUR-SEAL.

A NATIVE of Mangaia one day came running to me saying that Satan had just landed on the northern coast of the island. He was quite sure of it, for he had seen a black, shaggy creature rise out of the sea and land on the reef. I was much amused, and for a time could not make out what had really occurred. But another native fishing on the reef, who had some experience in the Arctic, happened also to see this marine animal, and recognised it as a fur-seal. Procuring a club, he contrived to get between the seal and the ocean, and succeeded in knocking it over. The flesh was eaten, and some caps made of the skin. The natives had no name for this mammal, proving that it had not previously been seen on the island. It is remarkable that this seal should have found its way from the Antarctic ice so far north as lat.  $21^{\circ} 57' S$ . Commodore Byron, one hundred and thirty-five years ago, brought home from Tinian Island, in the North Pacific, a fine skull of a sea-lion. An able writer on sea-lions, in the "Contemporary Review" for December last (p. 41), says: "Now, no seal or sea-lion has ever been so much as alluded to as existing at the Philippines or the Ladrões, which is, I think, strong evidence that none live there, for all the old voyagers used to touch at Guam, one of the latter group, and wherever they went they always mentioned the seals, if they found any, as they were useful to them in so many ways, as for food, leather, and oil. I imagine, therefore, that Byron must have brought this skull from the opposite coast, either from Patagonia, where his ship, the *Wager*, was wrecked, or from Juan Fernandez." It seems to me that the incident I have referred to entirely removes the difficulty. I suppose that it would have been about as easy for a sea-lion to get to Tinian as for a stray seal to get to Mangaia, where its skull now lies. Another possible explanation is that the skull in question had been conveyed there by travelling natives. On the island of Tamana, one of the Gilbert group, I once saw the skull of a stranded sperm-whale worshipped with offerings of pandanus-nuts. The carcass had been devoured by the very men who made these propitiatory gifts.

### THE SEA-HORSE.

Two natives of Fate, one of the southern New Hebrides, on the occasion of their baptism gave up to the teacher, who was named Toma, their gods. These gods, to which daily worship had long been offered, were simply *dried* sea-horses. Who has not admired the graceful movements of the hippocampus in the Brighton and other aquariums? When alive it can neither benefit nor harm any one, much less when dead. But so strong is the instinct of worship in the human heart, that it will seek out some object, however absurd, on which to trust. A man will not worship his neighbour's god, as it is supposed that that divinity will have enough to do to take care of *him*. He wants a god all to himself. Thus is "their foolish heart darkened." Both these sea-horses are in my possession.

W. WYATT GILL.





*By permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas.]*

**THE LITTLE DOCTOR.**

*[By H. B. Crawford.]*





## ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

### November.

NOVEMBER is the gloomiest month of the year, and in our climate generally bears the worst character; for, in addition to the prevalence of fogs—those solid-looking compounds of moisture—the days are short and dreary, the sky is nearly always overhung with a dark mantle of heavy leaden clouds, and torrents of cold rain often prevail for several days together, not unfrequently combined with a succession of high winds. On this account our Saxon ancestors named the month *Wint-monath*, that is, *Wind-month*, *Wint* being the Saxon word for wind; and *Verstegan* tells us that it was the custom for sailors to abandon their seafaring life, and to remain at home until more genial and favourable weather enticed them forth again. It was also called *Blot-monath*—i.e., *Blood-month*, because the cattle which were now killed in abundance for winter store were dedicated to their gods; or, what seems more probable yet, says Soane, from the quantity of blood that was shed at this season in the slaughter of so many animals.

The 1st day of November was dedicated, we learn from Vallancey, to the angel presiding over fruits, seeds, etc., and was therefore named *La Mas Ubhal*—that is, the day of the apple fruit; and being pronounced *Lamasool*, the name has been corrupted to *Lambswool*, a name given to a composition made on Allhallows Eve of roasted apples, sugar, and ale.

All Saints' Day (1st November) is the festival of those saints to whom, on account of their numbers, particular days could not be allotted in their individual honour. It was formerly observed, as well as its vigil, by a feast, of which apples, nuts, and lambswool were deemed indispensable ingredients. A custom called *souling* is still practised in some places. In Shropshire,\* we learn it is customary for the village children to go round to all their neighbours, collecting contributions, at the same time singing the following doggerel:—

"Soul! soul! for a soul-cake;  
Pray, good mistress, for a soul-cake.  
One for Peter, and two for Paul,  
Three for them who made us all.  
  
Soul! soul! for an apple or two;  
If you've got no apples, pears will do.  
Up with your kettle, and down with your pan,  
Give me a good big one, and I'll be gone.  
Soul! soul! for a soul-cake, etc.  
  
An apple or pear, a plum or a cherry,  
Is a very good thing to make us merry."

The soul-cake referred to is a kind of bun, which at one time it was an almost universal custom for persons to make, to give to one another on this day. Formerly, at Great Marton, in Lancashire, there

was a sort of procession of young people from house to house, at each of which they recited or sang psalms, and in return received presents of cakes, whence the custom usually went by the name of "Psalm-caking." Among the ancient Welsh this day was considered as the conclusion of summer, and was celebrated with bonfires, accompanied with various merry-makings thought suitable to the occasion. In Ireland it is customary to place lighted candles in the windows of houses on the evening of this day, and a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" (3rd Series, vol. i. p. 446) tells us that when travelling along a country road where farm-houses and cottages are numerous, the effect is quite picturesque on a dark November night.

All Souls' Day (November 2nd) is a festival set apart by the Roman Catholic Church for the repose of the dead. Formerly, persons on this anniversary dressed in black went round the different towns, ringing a loud and dismal-toned bell at the corner of every street, at the same time calling upon the inhabitants to remember the souls of the deceased who were suffering penance in purgatory, and to join in prayers for their repose. Brand tells us that it was in days gone by usual for the wealthy people in Herefordshire and Lancashire to dispense oaten cakes, called *Soul-mass cakes*, to the poor, who, upon receiving them, repeated the following couplet in acknowledgment:—

"God have your soul,  
Beens and all."

In Scotland, too, in the county of Aberdeen, we learn that baked cakes, called "Dirge-loaf," are given away on All Souls' Day to those who may chance to visit the house where they are made.

The 5th of November, the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, is not observed by the populace with nearly so much enthusiasm and festive diversion as in former times. Indeed, the burning of a "good guy" was a scene of uproar perhaps almost unknown to the present day. The bonfire, for example, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, appears to have been conducted on a very grand and extensive scale. It was made at the corner of Great Queen Street, immediately opposite Newcastle House. Hone tells us how fuel came all day long in carts properly guarded against surprise, and that on certain occasions as many as two hundred cart-loads were brought to make and feed this bonfire. The butchers of Clare Market were also in the habit of celebrating this observance in a somewhat peculiar manner. One of their body, personating Guy Fawkes, being seated in a cart, with a prayer-book in his hand, and a priest, executioner, etc., attending, was drawn through the streets, as if on his way to execution, while a select party, with marrow-bones and cleavers, led the way, and others solicited money from the inhabitants and spectators.

\* "Notes and Queries," 1st Series, vol. iv. p. 381.

The sums thus obtained were generally spent at night in jollity and carousing.\* As a measure of precaution the vaults under the Houses of Parliament are now duly searched in case of a repetition of what proved so nearly disastrous. The following extract is taken from the "Evening Standard" (February 5th, 1875):—"This morning at ten o'clock the Yeomen of the Guard (Beef-Eaters) made their usual search before the meeting of Parliament for any barrels of gunpowder that might be stowed away in the vaults under the Houses of Parliament." In London, and in some parts of the country, differing according to the locality, the following well-known and time-honoured rhyme is sung:—

"Pray remember  
The fifth of November,  
Gunpowder Treason and Plot;  
For I know no reason  
Why Gunpowder Treason  
Should ever be forgot.  
Hollo, boys! Hurrah!"

A very old custom prevails in the West Riding of Yorkshire of preparing against this anniversary a kind of oatmeal gingerbread, and of religiously partaking of the same on this and subsequent days. The local name of it is Parkin, and it is usually seen in the form of massive loaves, substantial cakes, or bannocks.†

In the parish of Lymm, Cheshire, it is customary, for a week or ten days before the 5th of November, for the skeleton of a horse's head, dressed up with ribbons, etc., having glass eyes inserted in the sockets, and mounted on a short pole by way of handle, to be carried by a man underneath covered with a horse-cloth. There is generally a chain attached to the nose, which is held by a second man, and they are attended by several others. In houses to which they are able to gain admission, they go through some kind of performance, the man with the chain telling the horse to rear, open its mouth, etc. The object of course is to obtain money. The horse will sometimes seize persons, and hold them fast till they pay for being set free; but he is generally very peaceable, for, in case of any resistance being offered, his companions generally take to flight and leave the poor horse to fight it out (Notes and Queries, 1st S., vol. i. p. 258). At Lewes, on the 5th of November, a great torchlight procession, composed of men dressed up in fantastic garbs and with blackened faces, and dragging blazing tar-barrels after them, parade the High street, while an enormous bonfire is lighted, into which, when at its height, various effigies are cast. Unfortunately the day's festivities not unfrequently terminate in a general uproar and scene of confusion.

In Oxfordshire, says Halliwell (Popular Rhymes, 1849, p. 253), the following song is chanted by the boys when collecting sticks for the bonfire, and it is considered quite lawful to appropriate any old wood they can lay their hands on after reciting it. If it happen that any one prevents them, the threatening *finale* is too often fulfilled:—

"The fifth of November,  
Since I can remember,  
Gunpowder Treason and Plot;  
This was the day the plot was contriv'd,  
To blow up the King and Parliament alive;

But God's mercy did prevent  
To save our King and his Parliament.  
A stick and a stake  
For King James' sake!  
If you won't give me one,  
I'll take two,  
The better for me,  
And the worse for you."

Lord Mayor's Day (November 9th) was once a grand civic festival and pageant; the triumphs and glories of which, performed by giants, extolled by laureates, and recorded by historians, are but dimly and faintly shadowed forth, says Smith (Festivals, p. 157), in the comparatively meagre pomp of modern celebrations, and with which most of our readers are no doubt well acquainted. To describe, however, those of former ages would require far more space than can be given here; but, nevertheless, some idea of their general character may be formed from the following brief sketch. The first account of this annual exhibition known to have been published, was written by George Peele for the inauguration of Sir Wolstone Dixie, Knight, on the 29th of October, 1585. On that occasion, as was then customary, there were dramatic representations in the procession of an allegorical character. Children, we are told, were dressed to personify the city, magnanimity, loyalty, science, the country, and the River Thames. They also represented sailors, soldiers, nymphs, with appropriate speeches. On Sir Thomas Middleton's mayoralty, in the year 1613, the solemnity is described as unparalleled for the cost, art, and magnificence of the shows, pageants, chariots, morning, noon, and night triumphs. In 1655 the city pageants, after a discontinuance of about fourteen years, were revived. Edmund Gayton, the author of the description for that year, says that "our metropolis, for these pageants, was as famous and renowned in foreign nations as for its faith, wealth, and valour." In the show of 1659, an European, an Egyptian, and a Persian were personated. On Lord Mayor's Day, 1671, the King, Queen, and Duke of York, and most of the nobility being present, there were "sundry shows, shapes, scenes, speeches, and songs in part," and in 1672 and 1673, when the King again graced the triumphs. The King, Queen, and Duke of York, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, foreign ambassadors, the chief nobility and Secretary of State, were at the celebration of the Lord Mayor's Day in 1674, when there "were emblematical figures, artful pieces of architecture, and rural dancing, with pieces spoken on each pageant." On the alteration of the style, the swearing in of the Lord Mayor, and the accompanying show, which had been on the 29th of October, were changed to the 9th of November. The speeches in the pageants were generally composed by the city poet, an officer of the corporation, with an annual salary, who provided a printed description for the members of the corporation before the day. Settle, the last city poet, wrote the last pamphlet intended to describe the Lord Mayor's show—Sir Charles Duncombe's, in 1708—but the death of the Prince of Denmark the day before prevented the exhibition. The last Lord Mayor who rode on horseback at his mayoralty was Sir Gilbert Heathcote in the reign of Queen Anne (Hone's "Every-Day Book"). The banquet in Guildhall is now the great feature of the day. The whole of the cabinet ministers are invited, and their speeches after dinner

\* "Sports, Pastimes, and Customs of London," 1847, p. 30.

† "Notes and Queries," 2nd Series, vol. iv. p. 368.

are expected to explain the policy of their government. The cost of this feast, says a correspondent of the "Book of Days," "is estimated at £2,500. Half of this sum is paid by the mayor, the other half is divided between the two sheriffs. The annual expense connected with the office of mayor is over £25,000. To meet this there is an income of about £8,000. Other sums accrue from fines and taxes; but it is expected, and is indeed necessary, that the mayor and sheriffs expend considerable sums from their own purses during the year of office, the mayor seldom parting with less than £10,000."

St. Martin's Day (November 11th) was formerly a day of feasting and jollity—a custom prevailing everywhere, Brand tells us, of killing cows, oxen, swine, etc., at this season, which were cured for the winter, when fresh provisions were seldom or never to be had. Thus, in Tusser's "Husbandry," we read:—

"When Easter comes, who knows not then,  
That veal and bacon is the man?  
And Martilmass beef doth bear good tack  
When country folk do dainties lack."

St. Martin's Day upon the Norway clogs, or wooden almanacks, is marked with a goose; and on that day they always feasted on a goose, because, as tradition says, St. Martin on being elected to a bishopric, hid himself, but was discovered by that bird. From Barnaby Googe's translation of Naogeorgus we learn how Martinmas was kept in Germany at about the close of the fifteenth century:—

"To belly chear, yet once again,  
Doth Martin more incline,  
Whom all the people worshippeth  
With roasted geese and wine,  
Both all the day long and the night  
Now each man open makes  
His vessels all, and of the must\*  
Oft times the last he takes,  
Which holy Martin afterwards  
Alloweth to be wine,  
Therefore they him unto the skies  
Extol with praise divine."

At St. Peter's, Athlone, Ireland, every family of a village, says Mason,† kills an animal of some kind or other; those who are rich kill a cow or a sheep, others a goose or a turkey; while those who are poor and cannot procure an animal of greater value kill a hen or a cock, and sprinkle the threshold with the blood, and do the same in the four corners of the house. This performance is done to exclude every kind of evil spirit from the dwelling until the return of the same day in the ensuing year, when the sacrifice is again repeated.

St. Brice's Day (November 13th) in the sixteenth century was celebrated by a rough and laborious custom called "bull-running," of which Strutt gives a very long description from Butcher's "Survey of Lincolnshire." It commences thus:—"The bull-running is a sport of no pleasure, except to such as take a pleasure in beastliness and mischief; it is performed just six weeks before Christmas."

Queen Elizabeth's accession (Nov. 17, 1558) was long observed as a Protestant festival. The Pope in effigy in a chair of state, with the devil behind him—a real person—caressing him, etc., was formerly

paraded in procession on this day in the streets of London, and afterwards thrown into a bonfire. There were also grand illuminations in the evening. In Queen Anne's time a fresh advantage was taken of the anniversary; and the figure of the Pretender, in addition to those of the Pope and the devil, was burnt by the populace. This custom, says Brand, was probably continued even after the defeat of the second Pretender, and no doubt gave rise to the following epigram, printed in the works of Mr. Bishop:—

"Three strangers blaze amidst a bonfire's revel:  
The Pope, and the Pretender, and the Devil.  
Three strangers hate our faith, and faith's defender:  
The Devil, and the Pope, and the Pretender.  
Three strangers will be strangers long we hope:  
The Devil, and the Pretender, and the Pope.  
Thus in three rhymes, three strangers dance the hay;  
And he that chooses to dance after 'em may."

The festival of St. Clement (Nov. 23) was formerly regarded as the first day of winter, in which were comprised ninety-one days.\* Dr. Plott, in his "History of Staffordshire," describing a clog almanack, says, "A pot is marked against the 23rd of November, for the feast of St. Clement, from the ancient custom of going about that night to beg drink to make merry with." In some parts of Staffordshire the children go about from house to house singing the following rhyme:—

"Clemen, Clemen, God be wi' you,  
Christmas comes but once a ye-ar;  
When it comes, it will soon be gone,  
Give me an apple, and I'll be gone."

In Cambridge the bakers hold an annual supper on this day, which they call the "Bakers' Clem." St. Catherine's Day (Nov. 25), says Hampson, was anciently observed by young women, "who assembled to make merry, according to a custom which they called 'Catherining,' and which probably originated in the religious processions suppressed by the proclamation of the 33rd of Henry VIII." On "Cattern Day" the lacemakers in Buckinghamshire hold merry-making, and eat a sort of cake called "wigs," and drink ale. According to tradition it is in remembrance of Queen Catherine, who, when the trade was dull, burnt all her lace, and ordered new to be made. The ladies of the Court could not but follow her example, and consequently there at once arose a great briskness in the manufacture.†

November 30th is dedicated to St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, and in their annual processions in honour of this day, the Scotch bear singed sheeps' heads. In England St. Andrew's Day is chiefly noted as regulating the commencement of the ecclesiastical year, the nearest Sunday to which, whether before or after, constitutes the First Sunday in Advent.

In Northamptonshire the anniversary of this saint was, says Miss Baker,‡ kept by the lacemakers as a day of festivity and merry-making; but since the use of pillow-lace has in a great measure given place to that of the loom, this holiday has been less and less observed. The day, too, in former times, was one of unbridled licence. Village "scholaris" barred out their master, the lace schools were deserted, and drinking and feasting prevailed to a riotous extent.

\* Hampson's "Medii Ævi Kalendarium," vol. i. p. 60.

† "Notas and Queries," 3rd Series, vol. i. p. 337.

‡ "Glossary of Northamptonshire Words," 1854, vol. ii. p. 332. Straberg's "Folk Lore of Northamptonshire," p. 183.

\* New wine, not fully fermented.

† "Statistical Account of Ireland," 1810, vol. iii. p. 75.

## THE GRANTS OF LOCHSIDE;

OR, THE LIFE OF SCOTCH EMIGRANTS IN CANADA.

## IV.

A GOOD many years passed over without much to mark them that would be worth setting down. First one and then another of my father's bairns left Lochside to go to homes, or at least to work of their own, till at last there was only left there myself and Marjory and our youngest brother, Walter. The departure of most of them was joyful to themselves, and we would not have kept them, but they left sore hearts behind them. For the first break in a family, even if it is not death that does it, is a sorrowful thing, and partings do not grow easier as one follows after another as the years go on.

Not but that my father and mother had reason to be thankful above most, where their children were concerned. They were for the most part content with the prospects of those who went, and children canna aye bide at home. I would like to go back to those days, and tell the story of one and another, and more than one of them had a story well worth telling, but it would take me too far away from Lochside and my father and mother if I were to say more than just a word or two about each of them here. Their stories may come later, unless I am stronger and get better work to do.

The first that went away was Sandy, my eldest brother, and we had no thought when he went that he would be away for more than just the winter months. Partly to see something new, and partly for other reasons, he went with a neighbour's son to work a while in the great timbering district, and he never came home again to stay. He was in the employment of one of the great timber merchants of these parts, to whom he made himself useful in the ways open to a lad who has had good schooling; and he prospered wonderfully, and at last married his master's only daughter. She was older than himself, and some folk wondered at Sandy, and my mother troubled herself with the fear that it might have been her money that he had been looking to, and I had some thoughts of that myself. But it was at her I wondered. For she was a delicate person who had got the upbringing and the education of a gentlewoman, and our Sandy had no pretensions either to learning or to fine manners. But she was getting past her youth, for one thing, and I dare say it pleased her father, who was growing an old man, and Sandy was his right hand in his business before very long. And it turned out very well for them, considering all things. They have had a measure of enjoyment, and have together helped many a good cause. They have a fine place, any way, and the eldest of their two daughters is long married, and has children of her own.

My brother, Peter, who comes next after me, settled on a farm of his own not far from Lochside. He married young, and his marriage didna altogether please his mother and the rest of us, but he was pleased, and it has turned out well, for she has been a faithful and an industrious wife to him, and a good mother to their children.

John stayed at home till he was one-and-twenty, and then he went to the University, for which he had, with the minister's help, prepared himself. He came

aye home in the summer, which was a great help to us, and to him too, for he gained as much as went far to keep him at the classes through the winter, with what help my mother could give him in the way of shirts and stockings, and home-made clothes. It took less to keep a young man at the college then than it does now, and I canna but think that they got more for their pains. At least I hear of none of the young men of our acquaintance who are doing all that my brother John did. But it is not for me to boast.

He was an ambitious lad, our John, and he had set his mind on the study and profession of the law, hoping through this way to get, as others had done, to the top of the tree. But truly the heart of man is in the hand of the Lord. He turneth it as the rivers of water are turned. A power that at that time he had not taken much into account in his plans turned him aside from his ambitious schemes, and gave him other work. To eyes opened to see the blessedness of having a share in the work of saving the world to God, the name, and fame, and wealth, which most men strive for, and which some make a portion of, look to be things of little worth; and this happened to him.

An echo of the voice which at that time, and before that time, stirred the very heart of Scotland to the maintaining of Christ's kingship over his church, came sounding over the sea to us in the wilds of Canada. It spoke through one of God's servants—now a saint in heaven—to the heart of my brother John, and from the day he heard it he gave himself to the work of the Master with a will that never tired or faltered, and so all his life and all his plans for it were changed.

My heart is full as I mind those days, and I must put a constraint on myself and keep silence with regard to them, or I should say more than would be wise. They were happy days to us all, and some especially. I was not yet past my youth in those days, and after the shock of pain from the disappointment in that on which, without knowing it, I had set my heart, it was like a renewal of hope and of life to have something to trust in that could not fail. My peace was established in those days, and my faith strengthened. Our house was much frequented by folk that were of our way of thinking in the matters of the kingdom, and my father and mother had much to do with its forward movement in our neighbourhood.

The will and force which my brother John threw into the doing of the work he had chosen for him was wonderful, and the influence that by precept and example he had over the young lads who were his friends was like nothing I have ever seen since. Some of those who began the race with him have "run well," others have been "hindered;" but God's cause has gone forward among us. John himself has much of the Master's highest work laid to his hand since then; he has had some experience of the pain of those who are hindered by enemies, and hindered worse by half-hearted helpers; but he has proved, as all God's faithful servants sooner or later



prove, that "the weakness of God is stronger than men," and that "His promise standeth sure." And though he is a poor man to-day, living from hand to mouth, as one may say, I know he would not change places with the highest or richest in the land; and it is no boast in me to say it, for what he has done for the work's sake, and what he has refused to do, has proved that to all those who have eyes to see beyond their own daily cares and interests, but I am sad to say there are fewer of such folk, even in the Church of God, than are needed there. John was aye my favourite among my brothers, and the years when he was coming and going to the house during his work of preparation, and afterwards till he got a house of his own, were among the happiest of my life. I might go on long about him before I should weary, but for many reasons I must stay my willing hand.

Annie married Abraham Powers, and went to live in the city of T., as I have said before. Theirs was a short courtship, and there were doubts arising in us to the prudence of the marriage as to worldly things, for he was only just beginning his practice, and had little to depend on besides. And though my father had a good deal of property even at this time, it was mostly in land, and not easily available for use, even if he had thought it wise to dispose of any of it at that time for their benefit. But my mother gave Annie a good providing, and I ken no one better able to keep up a good appearance on small means than she showed herself to be during the first years of their married life. Her children came fast, and she had enough to do, but she aye came home for a while in the summer, and that was good for them in many ways. And in a short time Abraham Powers needed help from no one. He is a much-considered man among his fellow-townsmen to-day, though he has his enemies too—as who has not?—and he has none the fewer that he has, contrary to his interests, we all think, taken up with politics and gotten into Parliament. However, every man must judge for himself, and stand or fall to his own master. He has had a good measure of prosperity thus far, and "men are praised that do well to themselves."

As to Jessie's marriage, there were not two minds among us as to the imprudence of that. It came upon us suddenly, for one thing, and we would fain have hindered it, for the Rev. Mr. Curran was a man nearly twice her age, and a widower with bairns. He was one of the kind whose rule is that their ministers must not stay long in one place, and she had no prospect that we could see but of a hard life and little comfort in it. However, it was to be, and my father and mother couldna set themselves altogether to oppose it since there was nothing to be said against him, but much in his favour as a faithful though not a very powerful preacher, and a God-fearing man.

And looking back on all that has come and gone, I see more clearly than I could then that considerations of worldly prudence are far from being the highest considerations with regard to marriage. It came true, as we all knew it must, that Jessie had a laborious life, with many cares and crosses; but if it is true—as who can doubt?—that the moulding of one's character to a likeness of His who was our perfect example as well as our sufficient sacrifice is the thing beyond all others to be desired by His followers, no one, seeing our Jessie now, would think of her marriage as a matter of regret, or of the

life she has lived since as a failure. She is like an old woman now, with hair far whiter than mine, though she is seven years younger. But her face has grown beautiful with the passing years, and for its look of heavenly peace and cheerful sweetness, I could not match it in all our circle—no, nor beyond it, as far as my chance of observation has gone.

She has had a large family and many cares; but, what with one thing and another, she has had many helps in bringing them up, and much comfort with them. We used to have two or three of them at Lochside in the summer, and whiles in the winter as well, and sensible bairns they were, that made the most of their chances for education and improvement generally. Her eldest girls are well-grown bonny lasses, who make as good an appearance in every way as their cousins, the Powerses, though less money has been spent on both put together than Annie has thought it right to spend on every one of her daughters. Mr. Curran is an old frail man now, with not many years of work before him; but his wife would as soon think of lighting a candle to see with at noonday as to think of doubting that all things will be well ordered for her and her children, whatever may be before them.

For a number of years my brother James was much with an English surveyor of land who had work of his kind to do in the region beyond us, but he always looked on Lochside as his home. He made fair progress in acquiring the knowledge necessary to a successful following of the calling, but he gave up his own wishes to please my father, who needed him at home. For Robert, to whom my father looked as the one of his sons who was to take his place and the weight of the work and care, as the years fell on him, took other thoughts in his head. He was the only one of us who had a drop of wandering blood in his veins, and the rumours we heard in these days of the great gold discoveries in various parts of the world came to him like a bad dream of gain that would not let him rest content with the prospect of the life that his father would fain have made easy and pleasant to him. So poor Bobbie went away, and he has been a rolling stone ever since. Not but that he "gathered moss" whiles, for he has made much money, but he has never been good at keeping it, and he has had an unsettled, unsatisfying life for the most part. He is not yet altogether past the age at which he might settle quietly down even yet, and I have faith to believe that his mother's prayers will be answered for him. So, though he has, through his waywardness, denied himself the comfort of a home *here*, it may not be denied him in the better world.

In this way it happened that for a good while in our lives there were just three of us at home together. James was aye coming and going at this time, but for a continuance there were besides myself only Wattie, our youngest brother, and my bonny May. And minding those days that were so bright, my courage fails at the task I have set myself, because of the darkness which followed them. And yet it was not all darkness, and afterwards light came through it to us all.

Anything that I might say of our May as she was in those days would hardly count, as all the rest said of me that I could see no fault in the child. But I never would have called her perfect. She had her faults, doubtless, but in the opinion of all who saw her, she was the flower of our flock. A bonny creature she was, with brown eyes both bright and soft, and

winning ways at once merry and gentle. Other folk saw her beauty as clearly as I did, and some of them used to tell her of it, which I never did. Not but that she knew it herself without telling, but she never set herself up on her beauty. It was a gift that was valued by those who looked on her more than by herself, for whatever faults my Marjory may have had, vanity was na one of them.

But she was only a child in the days I have first to speak about, a happy, easily pleased child, who gave no trouble in the house, whose voice was music, and whose presence made sunshine in the darkest day to my mother and me. I say to my mother and me, because she was more with us than with the rest. She was like the apple of his eye to my father, and she was scarcely less than that to her brothers who were at home.

What Marjory was among the daughters of our house Walter was among its sons. It had aye been more or less of a disappointment to my father that his sons, one after another, had not been able to content themselves with settling down on farms in our neighbourhood, except, perhaps, in the case of John; and even John would have pleased him better at the time if he had not said anything about going to the University, though afterwards he was far from grudging him to the work of the ministry. But his wish grew out of the respect he had for the work of tilling the soil over any other kind of work; and out of this also rose his wish to hold property in the form of land rather than in any other form; and he had a just sense of the blessings to be enjoyed in a quiet pastoral life such as a farmer not pressed with debt or anxiety may enjoy, and he shrank more than was easy to account for from close contact with the mixed multitudes that they must strike hands with who are much in the bustle of business. He had the dislike which all good men have, but which some even good men get too easily over, of the tricks and quirks which many men of business tolerate in these days, and he would fain have kept his sons free from all temptation of that kind by making farmers of them. But even my father never set his heart on our Wattie's being a farmer. He worked on the farm while he was at home, and would have done so till he was one-and-twenty as the rest did, if by John's advice his University course had not begun before that time.

What Walter might have become in time I cannot say. He was in no haste to decide about his future course, and nobody hurried him. I used to wonder at John's thoughts and words about him. I think he was to John in those days what my Marjory was to me—an ideal self—a being that had gotten the gifts that I had missed, a creature growing up before my eyes into a perfection of beauty and goodness, and to a heritage of love for which I had longed, but to which I, being only what I was, could never have hoped to attain.

There was in my thoughts of my two brothers in those days something like this. John was like a young tree growing to its prime, in a space so open as to give it room, but not so bare as not to give it shelter—a tree to be proud and depended on to answer its uses of beauty and fruitfulness for many a year to come. And Walter was a sapling of the same stock, with a promise of the same use and beauty in maturity. But when once I said something like that to John, he laughed at me.

"There is the difference between us that there is between talent and genius," said he. "Not that

I am inclined to underrate myself. There is good stuff in me, I dare say—stuff that with God's grace may yet serve a good purpose in the building of his house on earth, but Elsie, lass, our Wattie should have wings. He is a young eagle."

"An eagle is a bird of prey," said I; "and I'm no' fond of eagles myself."

"Well, he is a poet, then, if you like that better," said John, laughing. "I don't believe that in a generation there are born two such in one country. He is a poet, though he hardly knows it yet. And Elsie, to have the gift of genius, and a sunny temper, and God's grace in the soul, is to have a blessed lot, a sublimer power, than most men can hope for."

I could not but wonder, hearing him. "Passing the love of women" was the love he bore to his young brother in these days. Not that he ever spoiled him, as folk whiles said I spoiled Marjory. Walter had his faults, and he needed both restraint and counsel, and sometimes thought his brother a little hard on him in all that he required of him. I knew well it was only because John, with his high standard of what a man should be and do, could not bear to see the slightest flaw in that which he regarded as so excellent, so fit for God's use and for his glory. Afterwards, I doubt, John vexed himself with thoughts about the past, as though he might have in those days been hard on his brother, but he never was—*never*.

But wherefore should I go over all this? I never meant to do it, and there is no use, for I never could make any one understand about these two bairns, and the happiness of those days. It was what they were to one another that I meant to tell, and even that is more than I can do as I would like. Walter was seven years older than his sister, but if ever brother and sister had perfect enjoyment in one another, these two had it from the very first. When I mind on the summer days they spent together in the fields and woods, and by the water-side, it helps me to an insight into the kind of life that the numberless little ones gathered by the Lord from all lands must be living up yonder in heaven. They were no more without the taint of Adam's sin than other earthly bairns are, but it didna show itself in them as is oftenest the way in bairns. There was no such word as "mine and yours" between these two, either as regarded the things they possessed or the mind that was in them; and their temper was like the sunshine itself, warm, maybe, but bright and clear as the day.

They made themselves happy with anything. When wee May, as we called her then, was a little creature, they used to wander here and there, over the fields and in the wood, coming home with lapfuls of treasures, roots and buds, and bits of stone, and it was wonderful what pleasure they got out of them, and how wise they came to be about such like things, even when they were bairns. The poet's nature, that according to John was our Wattie's gift, must have been stirring in him even then, for out of the simplest natural things there came to him such sweet strange fancies. By reason of the poet's glamour in his eyes, he saw a visionary brightness on all things—every rock and tree, and on the lake and the islands, and the shore beyond. And what he saw he showed to his sister, and, in a sense, to the rest of us, but most of all to Marjory, and she had the very nature to meet his in the way to suit him. There was no poet's glamour in her eyes, and she was not

given to the indulgence of fancies, then or afterwards. But through her love for him she saw with his eyes, and the sympathy that she thus gave him was, maybe, better for him than if she had had the poet's nature too; at least it satisfied him.

Oh! but it was a happy life the two lived together. Looking back on those days, I would have nothing changed in them. They were all in all to each other, and the two together were all in all to the rest. And so their childhood passed, and their happiness did not grow less as they grew older. Folk said we all spoiled them, and I am free to confess that a life like theirs might have spoiled some bairns. But it didna spoil them. Nothing was expected from them but to take their pleasure; wandering about the place with their sticks and stones when they were bairns, and with their books and their poems and their grand fancies when they grew older.

But if there was no constraint put upon them, it was because they required none, either towards that which was needed from them at special busy times, as to the work without or within, or later, as to their learning. They made a pastime of whatever they had to do together, and, as may be supposed, it was only work of a light and pleasant nature that was expected from them at any time.

John was their teacher where books were concerned; they read together, and taught one another; and as Wattie grew up and John began to insist on a regular course in his brother's reading, and on his making real work, and not just pleasure of it, even then May, though she was seven years younger than he was, wouldna be quite shut out from a share of what he had to do; but as for being hard work, it was never that to either of them. For there were wonderful things in the books they read in other tongues, and my mother used whiles to fear that there must be things in them not good for a child like Marjory to learn. But it would not have been easy to keep her from doing what her brother did.

The reading cost her some trouble, doubtless, but it gave her more pleasure, and John said there was no cause to fear for such a girl as our May. And as she was to do it, he saw that she did it well, and with purpose, though I had my doubts then, and I have them yet, whether it be a wise thing to take up the time of girls in learning other tongues, some of which are spoken by no living people. But our May got no harm from them, or from anything else that came near her in those days.

## Varieties.

**OMNIBUSES.**—The report of the London General Omnibus Company for the six months ended June 30th, shows that the expenses were £287,086, or a saving compared with last year of £18,122, due mainly to the increased use and reduced price of maize. The number of passengers carried in the half-year was 25,007,801, and the average fare 2.57d.; but, owing to the increased mileage run, the average earnings per mile run were 11.01d., as against 11.02d. in 1875. The number of horses belonging to the company is 7,939, and the average cost price of new ones during the six months was £39 10s. 10d.

**EMIGRATION FROM GREAT BRITAIN IN 1875.**—The "Report on Emigration from the United Kingdom in 1875" states that the emigration from the United Kingdom amounted altogether in 1875 to 173,809 persons. As compared with previous years, there was a very considerable diminution. The numbers for the

last three years have been—1873, 310,612; 1874, 241,014; 1875, 173,809. The latter number is the lowest recorded since 1860, in which year it was 121,214. The number of persons of British origin who left the country was, however, only 140,675, and deducting from these figures the number of immigrants, so far as they have been returned—94,228—the net emigration was only 46,447. This, the report says, would be an approximately correct result, as far as the balance of population left in this country by the recorded movements of population is concerned. Respecting the destinations of the emigrants, the facts of last year were that out of the total of 140,675 of British origin, 81,193 went to the United States, 12,300 to British North America, 34,750 to Australia, and 22,426 to all other places. The greatest decrease as compared with the previous year was in the emigration to the United States—viz., from 113,744 to 81,193, or 32,551, which is at the rate of 28.6 per cent., but there was a large decrease in proportion in the emigration to Australasia—viz., from 52,581 to 34,750, or 17,831, which is at the rate of 33.7 per cent. There was also a larger decrease in proportion in the emigration to British North America. On the other hand, there is an increase in the emigration to "all other places," from 10,189 to 22,426, and the figures under this head for a series of years show a steady and large increase.

**THE ROMISH CLERGY IN IRELAND.**—Archbishop M'Hale having summoned the clergy of the Roman Catholic diocese of Tuam to choose three names out of which the Pope might select a coadjutor, the bishop also requested them not to name Bishop M'Evilly, his suffragan, with whom he would not be likely to agree. They, however, named Dr. M'Evilly *dignissimus*, which is taken as a proof that the Ultramontane influence is dominant, instead of the national influence represented by Dr. M'Hale and the independence of the parish priest. The ancient usage of the Irish Church to name three candidates—*dignus*, *dignior*, *dignissimus*—was always responded to at Rome till the present conspiracy of Ultramontanism to put down the independence of national churches. In India, since Dr. Cullen's appointment, the bishops have all been mere nominees of the Vatican.

**SURGEON ON PERFECTIONISTS.**—He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I have been a good deal up and down the world, and I neither did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until two Sundays come together. You cannot get white flour out of a coal sack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are all tarred, more or less, with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he is folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's-cap I have, nevertheless, heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadow, so is all human good mixed up with more or less evil; even poor law guardians have their little failings, and parish beadles are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it is quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet, as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some sort nestle in every man's bosom. There's no telling when a man's sins may show themselves, for hares pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the legs may not stumble for a mile or two, but it's in him, and the rider had better hold him up well. The tabby cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we will see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitten. There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.

**LORD PALMERSTON'S CONSIDERATE KINBNESS.**—One day Lady Palmerston brought him home word that during her drive she had heard of one of his tenants having met with a serious accident. Although it was late, and the hour for his daily work in his library, he instantly ordered his horse, left his despatches, and within half an hour was by the bedside of what proved to be a dying man. Again, when in 1859 he presented the parish clergyman, Mr. Moore, of Romsey, to the living of Sutterton, knowing that Mr. Moore had indifferent health and was anxious about the quality of the water, he directed specimens to be sent to him out of Lincolnshire, and himself forwarded them for analysis to the Royal College of Chemistry, and obtained a satisfactory report, which he forwarded to Mr. Moore.



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



FATHER GEHAGAN'S ASTONISHMENT.

## THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER XIX.—ONLY A STEP.

"The intellectual power, through words and things  
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way."  
—*Wordsworth.*

"**B**BETTER is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife." There was a dry morsel on Mr. Reed's table on that day when Mr. Alban Cope's secret had transpired;

for Mrs. Reed had forgotten all about dinner until the usual hour for sitting down to that meal had arrived, and the servants also seemed to have their heads too full to be able to think of any lower necessities. So they had the remains of yesterday's provisions cold, and were quite contented. Husband and wife felt themselves at one again; the shadow was gone from their hearth for a time, at least; and the consciousness that each had dealt rather hardly with the other, and that there had been faults on both sides, though the real

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cause of offence properly belonged to neither, made them more tender and more mutually forgiving and considerate than they would perhaps otherwise have been. There was a great deal to be explained and told on the part of each; and Mrs. Reed now learnt for the first time the extent of her husband's disappointments and anxieties, and felt both sorry and ashamed that she had not been quicker in discerning, and more ready in taking up her share of the burden which he had had to bear. It would be too much, perhaps, to say that Mr. Reed was in pecuniary difficulties; for he had hitherto kept free from debt; but he had not succeeded in forming a good business connection in Halford and its neighbourhood. The designs which he had sent in on several occasions for public competition had been uniformly rejected. His recent journey to the Continent, though fairly remunerative in itself, had lost him a much better chance, as he expressed it, at home. He had been informed of this on his return, and it had vexed him and put him out of temper. It was pleasant now to talk over these troubles; they became so much easier for him to bear when he saw how philosophically and cheerfully his wife treated them. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," but springs more energetically, and flourishes much better, when fostered and encouraged by kind and loving words.

But the most important question both for Mr. and Mrs. Reed, although it was not the first to be discussed, was that which concerned their religion. Mr. Reed could not but feel that the chief source of the misery which they had both endured, and which, if it had not been so promptly removed by the kindly intervention of good Mr. Harte (the prophet of Samaria, as Mrs. Reed would call him), might have caused an irreparable breach between them, was the difference of their religious profession. However tolerant they might be towards one another, as long as this great distinction of doctrine and practice existed between them, there could not be any real unity of thought or feeling; they were "unequally yoked together," and would feel the inequality more and more every year as their children grew older, and took their respective places, one on each side of the line of division. Can two walk together except they be agreed? No; there would always be danger of a renewal of that discord and estrangement from which they had just been delivered; even the daily habits of their lives—trifles, which by their frequency and importunity acquire greater force than weightier matters, must very often clash, at the risk of annoyance and offence. From Mr. Reed's point of view, the gulf to be passed over by an Anglo-Catholic on his way to Rome was neither very wide nor deep. He had not studied the history or dogma of the several Churches very closely, and in fact knew but little accurately about them. If Mr. Alban Cope had announced his secession to the Church of Rome, and had set to work openly to build a Roman Catholic chapel in Halford, Mr. Reed might probably have followed him, and joined heartily in the undertaking. But as a man of honourable principles, he could do nothing underhand, and the subtle and cowardly part which the Anglican priest had acted tended rather to check the disposition which he felt to change his religion, than to encourage it. On the other hand, the journey which he had made on the Continent had inspired him with a desire for ceremonies even more elaborate and picturesque than

those to which he was accustomed at St. Michael's. He was fond of music, painting, and sculpture, but without possessing the soul of a real artist; he had a good ear for harmony, and a good eye for colour and effect, and was apt to mistake the feelings of emotion produced in him by a well-arranged spectacle, with good musical accompaniments, for religious fervour. "Rome has made an evangelist of me," was the exclamation of one of the old reformers. Mr. Reed, during his short stay in that city, had almost arrived at an opposite conclusion. He had resolved, at all events, to take an early opportunity of conferring with some well-informed priest of the Romish Church, and of giving full (and of course impartial) consideration to such arguments as might be advanced in favour of the step—it was but a step—which he was contemplating. If he had known that a visit from Father Gehagan was impending, he would have rejoiced exceedingly, both on his wife's account and on his own, and would probably, on his arrival, have committed himself and his conscience into the priest's keeping, almost without reserve.

Mr. Reed was describing to his wife some of the gorgeous ceremonies which he had witnessed in the "Eternal City," and lamenting that the Church of England should be so far behind in the "beauty of holiness," as he called it, and suggesting that the time might come when they should be able to visit the home of the Papacy together, and perhaps kneel together at the same altar, one in faith as they were already in everything else, when she interrupted him.

"A grand ritual, a thrilling service, is not everything," she said. "I doubt, even, whether they are among the chief things that one ought to look for in public worship. I have been much impressed on the very few occasions when I have attended the services of your church—I don't mean St. Michael's—I hardly know what to call that—with the earnestness and reality which seemed to pervade the whole assembly. The people did not go there to see a spectacle, nor to hear music; there were no fine vestments, no processions, no banners, no elaborate choruses and anthems, sung artistically by a few for the gratification of the rest. The people went to church apparently to worship God, and to listen to his Word, and to take part individually in the prayers and singing."

Mr. Reed was silent, not knowing how to answer; and she went on.

"I have been reading the Bible a good deal while you have been away, and I find many things there which seem to contradict the teaching of the Church of Rome. I should like to talk to Mr. Harte if you don't mind; I went to his church last Sunday evening, as you know. I am sure Mr. Harte is a good man and an honest man."

"Good, no doubt; a true, earnest Christian; and, as you say, honest—which is something in these days."

"Yet you know what our Church would say of him—that he is in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity, while such men as Mr. Alban Cope are heirs of salvation. 'Without are dogs!' I have heard a priest of the Church of Rome apply those words to all who are not of the same communion; and I, I tried not to rebel against the doctrine, but only to forget it and ignore it, though you were among the 'without.'"

"I don't think I could ever go so far as some of your learned doctors," Mr. Reed observed; "very

few Roman Catholics do that; very few of them subscribe to all the doctrines of their Church, much less to the conclusions to which those doctrines lead. I met a very intelligent man in Italy who was enthusiastic about all the externals of his religion, a devoted 'Catholic,' as he described himself. Yet, whenever I touched upon any of the peculiarities of Romish doctrine he would almost invariably laugh and repudiate them. 'Infallibility!' he would exclaim, 'absurd! Indulgences—an imposition! Transubstantiation—inconceivable! Purgatory—the Pope's mint, a mere scheme for frightening silly men and women, and drawing money out of their pockets!' Yet that man would bow before the Host, and kiss the images and relics in the churches, and cast in his coins to the collecting-boxes for masses to be said for the dead, and do anything else that he saw others do, with an appearance of profound devotion, and with something, I have no doubt, of that feeling. Even when he was most satirical upon the follies of his infallible dictators, and most bitter in denouncing their corruptions, he would draw himself up and say, 'But the services are so beautiful, the sentiments so tender, the legends so romantic; all the associations and ideas are so exquisite and ancient, that it is a grand thing to be a Catholic. Yes, I am a Catholic; and never, never will I change!'"

"He might call himself by that name, if he liked," said Mrs. Reed; "but, according to the doctrine of the Church, he was no Roman Catholic, but a heretic—a dog!"

"In strictness, I suppose it would be so," said her husband; "but theory is one thing, and practice another. The Roman Catholic authorities will hardly go so far as that in dealing with intelligent and educated people. Some latitude must be allowed to those who insist upon using their own eyes and senses. The poor, the ignorant, and the fanatical may give up their consciences to be ordered for them, and believe whatever is prescribed; but we see comparatively little of that among the 'Catholics' of England. Your faith in Holy Mother Church seems to be much shaken. I cannot wonder at it; but you must not suffer yourself to be led away by your indignation against Mr. Cope. Don't blame the system for the man, nor the Church for her unworthy member."

"The Church has sanctioned his unworthiness; the Church is responsible for it. If Mr. Cope and Mr. Lintel, of Eitherside—and I know not how many more there may be of them—had acted on their own impulse only, we might have set them down as traitorous and dishonest; but from the moment when they were admitted to the Romish communion they came under the immediate orders of their superiors. It is the system, therefore—the Church that carries on the deception, 'spoiling the Egyptians,' as Mr. Cope would say; looking to the end to justify the means; doing evil that good—good, according to their idea of it—may follow."

"Have you, then, been thinking seriously of forsaking this Church with which you find so much fault?"

"No; I have scarcely thought of that yet. If I were to consult my own feelings only, I should say with your friend the Italian, 'I am a Catholic, and will never change!' But I dare not trust to impressions which may be the result of habit and prejudice. I am afraid that a great deal of the religion

which prevails is mere sentimentalism. I have begun to read and reflect for myself—yes, and to pray also, as I never prayed before. I have had great misgivings, but I don't think now that I am doing wrong. Scripture bids us, Prove all things, and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in us."

"I fear you are rather rash," Mr. Reed replied. "I trust you will do nothing without proper advice; there are so many things to be considered. I confess I have been moving in a contrary direction. I propose that we both take the first opportunity we can find of consulting—"

"Mr. Harte? There he is; I saw him pass the window, and that's his knock."

"I was going to propose Father Gehagan," said Mr. Reed, with a look of annoyance, "I am sure he would be glad to come and see you. But we can hear what Mr. Harte has to say, if you like."

It will not be necessary to follow the arguments or to repeat the conversation which took place on this, and one or two subsequent occasions, between the Rector of Halford and his two inquirers. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Reed found all her questions answered not only to the conviction of her reason, but to the increase of spiritual life in her heart. Mr. Reed yielded a colder and more reluctant assent to the arguments which he could not refute, and still desired to hear what answer might be made to them by some one better skilled in controversy than himself. He urged his wife to pause before taking a step of so great moment as that which she was now contemplating. But already she felt that she was virtually separated from the Romish communion, and had almost resolved to cast off all further hesitation and reserve, when one morning, to her great astonishment and delight, Miss Egan was announced, and was ushered into the room, followed by Father Gehagan.

#### CHAPTER XX.—ARGUMENTUM AD FEMINAM.

"A man believing in the salutary nature of falsehoods or the divine authority of things doubtful, and fancying that to serve the good cause he must call the devil to his aid."—*Carlyle*.

It may easily be conceived how great a sensation would be produced by the sudden appearance upon the scene of Miss Egan and her father confessor. Bridget, who happened to be passing through the hall when they arrived, could not conceal her delight as she followed them with her eyes into the room, but clapped her hands together, and exclaimed, "Sure, then, the letter went right, after all, and came back again at wanst to tell us they was coming; and it's time they did come; but Father Gehagan, sure he'll make it right with them all in half a whisper. I wonder is there any message for me from Pat?"

Mrs. Reed fell on her aunt's neck and kissed her a dozen times, forgetful for the moment of everything but that she had been her earliest and kindest friend, and that she loved her aunt more than any one else in the world, except her husband. The good lady clasped her niece no less warmly in her arms, and felt that her mission was already half accomplished, and that everything would turn out well. Father Gehagan bowed affably to Mr. Harte, who happened to be present, guessing at once who he was and why he was there; and the latter, with a stiff acknowledgment of the salute, shook hands with Mr. Reed, to whom nobody else, so far, had paid any attention whatever, and made his way to the door.

Biddy opened it for him with a demure face, but her black eyes twinkled, and her white teeth shone out in full array, as she closed it after him. "Sure, now," she said, "we have seen the last of you, Misther Harty; and glad I am, though it's meself would open the door to you anny day for a pleasant gentleman, if you was another sort entirely; but fire and wather can't abide together in one crock."

Very little was said that evening on the subject which was uppermost in all their thoughts; but when Mrs. Reed accompanied her aunt back to the hotel, and went up into her bedroom with her alone, Miss Egan said:

"I thought you would be glad to see Father Gehagan, Margarita. You have been left too much alone, I fear."

"I am so glad to see you, dear aunt; it was so kind of you to come."

"Father Gehagan is going on to London to-morrow or next day; so you will take advantage of his being here, I am sure."

"We will talk about it to-morrow, aunt; not to-night. You want rest."

"I shall rest better if you will set my mind at ease about yourself. Oh, Margarita, we have heard sad rumours. I almost feared you had forgotten your old love for the faith of your—the faith in which you were brought up."

Margarita was silent.

"Answer me," said her aunt, with something of sharpness in her voice.

"Let me talk to Father Gehagan about it. I would rather speak to him first. Oh, aunt, I have been sorely tried. If you could know what I have had to bear, you would be sorry for me."

"It was your own doing, Margarita; your own fault. You must acknowledge that."

"I confess it; but that does not make it any less painful, dear aunt."

"I suppose not," Miss Egan answered, after a moment's thought. "I did not intend to reproach you; and repentance, you know, will atone—"

"I do not repent," Mrs. Reed answered, hastily; "not of my marriage or its consequences. Only if I have grieved you or caused you pain; that would trouble me more than anything else. But I will not stay talking now. Good night, dear aunt, good night." And with a fond embrace, which Miss Egan returned but coldly this time, Mrs. Reed left her.

On her return she found Father Gehagan closeted with Mr. Reed. She waited for them for some time, and then went to her room. It was past midnight before her husband followed her; and then he told her very little of what had passed. "Father Gehagan would speak to her next day," he said; "he hoped she would give him a patient hearing." Mrs. Reed, already trembling at the thought of what was before her, promised she would do so. Then she committed herself to the care and protection of Him who knows the secrets of all hearts, and who alone is able to guide his people in the right way; and lay awake for many hours, meditating upon certain texts which she had committed to memory against the day of her trial, of which the following was one: "At my first answer no man stood with me. . . . Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me. And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom: to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

The dreaded interview took place next day.

Margarita had resolved to listen patiently to everything that Father Gehagan could urge, but to avoid as far as possible all argument with him. She felt that she might be easily silenced, though she might not be easily convinced; and her great dependence was upon the teaching of God's Spirit in answer to her prayers. But Father Gehagan did not attempt to argue with her. He spoke to her as one having authority—questioned her, reproved, denounced, threatened, insisted. He appealed to her affections, her fears, her sense of duty, her worldly interests even. "Where have you imbibed these heretical notions?" he asked. "Not from your husband; he is far more reasonable, more open to conviction than you are. Who has corrupted you?"

Margarita pointed to her Bible—she had one of her own now—which lay upon the table.

The priest opened it roughly and with little reverence. "Ha! British and Foreign Bible Society! I thought so. This is your guide, then. Don't you know that this is an imperfect book—a corrupt book?"

Margarita kept silence. She knew very well, thanks to Mr. Harte, that the principal doctrines of the Romish Church are founded upon the apocryphal books, which were never held to be a part of the canon of Scripture by the Jews, nor even by the Church of Rome until the fifth century, and which are full of contradictions and discrepancies. She had gone into the question of the correctness of the authorised version as published by the Bible Society fully with the Rector of St. Paul's, and was quite satisfied on that head.

"I see you are incorrigible," said the priest. "Some day or other you will repent and return to the true faith. The piety and prayers of your friends will, I trust, accomplish this for you. Meantime you must go your own way, an alien from the Church, an apostate cut off from everything that is holy and sacred and good."

He paused. Margarita made no answer. She felt that if she should attempt to speak she should break forth into sobbing; and she was resolved to show no weakness in the presence of this man. She turned her face from him, therefore; took up her Bible and pressed it to her breast; but said nothing.

"There is one thing more I have to say to you," the priest resumed; "that is, to let you know, if you do not know already, what will be the effect of your undutiful conduct upon your husband. He is ready to abjure those errors which you have taken up."

"No, no!" cried Margarita. "He has not said that!"

"It will be as I tell you. Your life will then be more widely separated from his than it has ever been before. Your children will be taken from you—both of them."

"Oh no!" she exclaimed. "No, no; I will not believe it." But her heart beat violently; and, while she endeavoured still to conceal her emotion, it was with great difficulty that she drew her breath.

"Both of them," he repeated. "The boy to be brought up in your husband's faith, the girl—"

"In mine!" she exclaimed, interrupting him.

"No; but in that which is specifically named in your marriage contract, of which I am a trustee—in the faith of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Happily it is so expressed; and though you should change a dozen times, the *litera scripta manet* and the provisions of the deed must be faithfully carried out."

Mrs. Reed felt that her limbs were giving way

under her. This was a trial that she had never dreamed of. With difficulty she supported herself, leaning upon the back of a chair.

"My husband can forbid it," she said. "My husband will never consent to such wickedness."

"Your husband will prove a more faithful, more obedient, more devoted disciple of Holy Church than his wife has been. Do not deceive yourself with any hope of sympathy from him. In the next place, I must tell you that Mr. Reed's prospects will be seriously marred by this defection on your part. It is in my power to procure for him the appointment of diocesan architect, which would have been the means of insuring him immediate profitable employment, and would have opened to him the highest place in his profession. He is worthy of it; but we cannot give such an office, so honourable and so lucrative, to one of our youngest converts in the absence of any other motive. It would have been offered to him chiefly for your sake, and in consideration of the liberal benefactions we have received from members of your family. Now it must pass into other hands. I regret it the more because I have heard that Mr. Reed's success has not been, hitherto, such as his talents deserve. Finally, I have to tell you on Miss Egan's part, that the property which you might have inherited from her will now be applied to pious uses. She has said repeatedly, 'None but a true Catholic shall have Mary Cross.' Miss Egan will not leave it to your husband, for though he may be of her faith, he is not of her kindred; nor to your children, except as wards of the Church, and in such manner and measure as the Church shall direct. It is well that you should know and consider all these circumstances. When you have had time to recover from your first enthusiasm, they may have some weight with you."

"You frighten me; you torture me; you will kill me," Mrs. Reed answered, speaking with difficulty, as if she were really and physically racked with pain. "But such arguments as you have used cannot alter my determination. I pray God they may never weigh with me, or enter into my consideration. 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' My children! Ah," she continued, speaking rather to herself than to him, "I will not believe it: they cannot be taken from me. I will never part with them. The Church that would sanction such unnatural cruelty can have no claim to be called Christian. You do but confirm me in my resolution. I have done with it for ever."

The priest looked at her for a few moments with a flush of anger. But the expression passed away from his face, and though the frown remained it was rather with a look of sadness, not unmixed with admiration, that he gazed upon her as she stood before him, resolute in spirit, yet panting with the force of her emotion. He sighed deeply and opened the door in token that the interview was at an end, and she passed quietly out.

"It is a pity," he murmured to himself, when she was gone; "it is a great pity. A fine spirit! A noble woman! How different from the vain, insipid, sentimental girls who come over to us!—how different from the men even, who join our Church upon the mere impulse of their feelings, or with a view to rid themselves of the responsibility and care of their own souls, and who would perhaps, if occasion should arise, abandon it with equal levity. All souls are precious in their Maker's sight, else would I say a

dozen such would hardly compensate the Church for the loss of one like this. But is she lost indeed? I fear—I fear it. Our only hope now lies in the children. We must, if possible, make good our hold upon her husband and on them. By the aid of our devoted friend, Miss Egan, we may yet accomplish that."

The next day Father Gehagan went on his way to London, having first arranged to call for Miss Egan on his return and escort her home to Ireland. It would give him one more opportunity, he thought, of seeing Mrs. Reed. The arguments which he had already made use of would have had time to work, and better thoughts might then prevail. At all events he would make a last effort to work upon her feelings, and to persuade, if he could not convince her.

## THE STONE AGE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

### II.

#### THE PALEOLITHIC AGE.

ON leaving the Polished Stone Age, with its tumuli, cromlechs, and great earthworks for defence, and arriving at the First Stone (Palæolithic) Age, we find ourselves, so far as Britain is concerned, on the other side of a great chasm. We are in the glooms of a world in which we have not, nor seem likely to have, any trace of man's habitation, except the caves, still less of his burial-places.



1.



2.



3.



4.

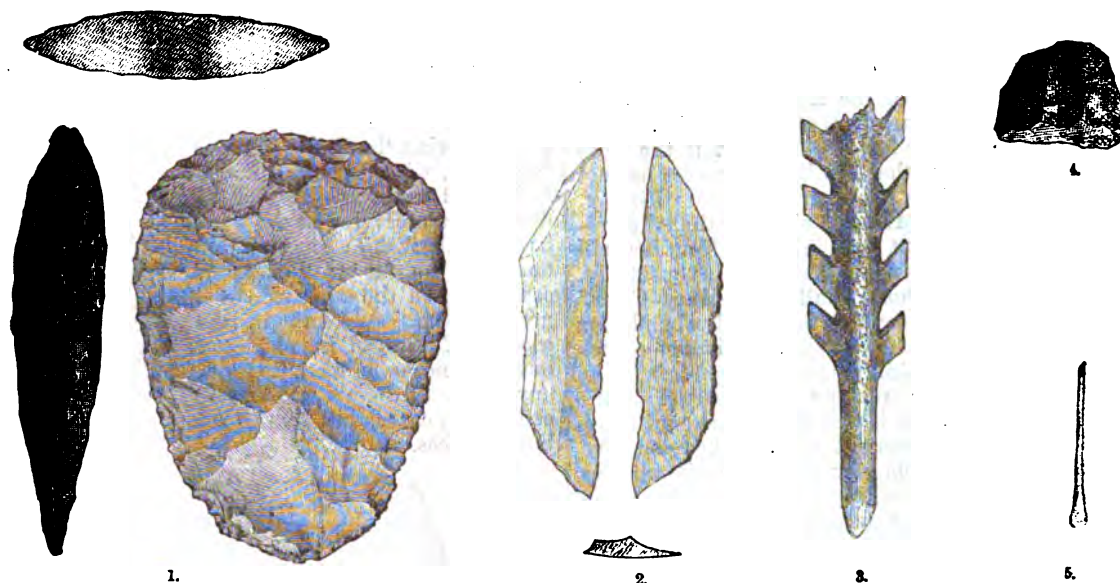
#### ARROW-HEADS OF CHIPPED FLINT.

1. From Elgin. 2. From Rudstone, Yorkshire. 3. From Isle of Skye. 4. From Overton, Wilts.



We are transported to the Britain of the fleeced elephant and rhinoceros, the cave lion and hyæna, to a climate presenting complex phenomena. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the geographical distribution of the animals of the period takes us back to the union of Britain with the Continent. This conclusion is enforced by the geographical position in which the Palæolithic implements are found, and the great changes which have taken place in the river system and coastline of our area. Indeed, the evidence which physical geography has added in favour of the great antiquity of the Palæolithic implements is supposed by many to be more valid than that afforded by the discovery of the bones

Age. 2. Stalagmite, or floor of limestone, formed from the dripping of the roof, from 1 foot to 3 feet thick. 3. Red cave-earth with numerous bones of mammoth, rhinoceros, and tiger, and implements fashioned by the hand of man—flint flakes, scrapers, saws, a core from which the flakes were struck, a hammer-stone of a cheese-like form, a whetstone, and numerous forms which the civilisation of the present day finds it difficult to understand. The implements of bone are of the most intelligible kind, viz., two kinds of harpoon-heads, one barbed on both sides (See Fig. 3), and the others on one side only; a pin, an awl, and a needle. The pin is  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches long; it bears a high polish, as if from constant use, and was



PALEOLITHIC IMPLEMENTS FROM KENT'S CAVERN.

1. Worked Flint. 2. Flakes from the Core. 3. Harpoon of Reindeer's Horn. 4. Flint Core, from which Flakes have been struck. 5. Bone Needle.

of elephant and cave lion in the implement-bearing gravels.

The implements of this mysterious age—the Early Stone Age—are distinguishable from those of the later period by their ruder workmanship, as well as by the places in which they are found. They are fashioned by chipping only, and are not (like the Neolithic implements) ground or polished. They are evidently the work of a ruder race of men. They are not found on the surface of the ground, as is the case with the memorials of the Neolithic Age, but below the surface—beneath cave-floors of stalagmite, or deep down in the gravels of old river-beds. The famous Kent's Cavern at Torquay is an excellent and familiar example of the kind of place in which the older flint implements are found. Let us take note of this wonderful repository of the Palæolithic Age in Britain.

Entering Kent's Cavern to-day we find that excavations through the floor reveal the following series of deposits:—

1. A layer of black muddy mould, from three to twelve inches in thickness. This has probably been carried in by the feet of animals and men. It contains relics belonging to different periods, but none of them older than the Second Stone, or Neolithic

probably employed to fasten a dress, which was most likely made of skin. Another bone needle about an inch in length has a neatly-drilled circular eye.

The evidence from similar British caverns tells the same wonderful story. It is well summed up, and its chronological value estimated, by the author of "The Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain":—

"In this cave-earth, below the stalagmite which cuts that earth off from the Neolithic Period by an interval, perhaps, of thousands of years, the remains of the cave lion are 'abundant,' of the hyæna 'very abundant,' of the brown bear scarce, while those of the grizzly and cave bears are abundant. The remains of the mammoth are not very common, while those of the woolly rhinoceros, the bison, and the reindeer are abundant. To this list may be added the sabre-toothed tiger. While these remains of animals extinct in Britain have been found below the stalagmite, in the black mould above it (where the polished stone and bronze instruments of the Neolithic Period occur) an entirely different fauna is found. We there meet with the dog, long-faced ox, the roedeer, sheep, goat, pig, and rabbit, of all of which no remains are found in the cave-earth. On the contrary, below the stalagmite by far the greater

number of the remains are of mammals now either entirely extinct or no longer to be found in Britain.\*

It is believed that the tools found in the caves represent the indoor aspect of savage life. As we have seen, we even find the housewife's needle of bone, with its neatly-drilled eye, under the stalagmitic floor. In the river-beds, on the other hand, the worked flints seem to belong to outdoor life.

Before we proceed to the river-drift implements, which are believed to be still older than those of the caverns, let us take a look at one aspect of the industrial life of the Stone Age. Although those ancient people, who shared with the mammoth, rhinoceros, and lion the self-sown forest of that remote age, dwelling in a land of wild rivers, inland lakes, fens, and jungles, have left us no written records, they have become known to us by involuntary annals in a wonderful way.

Some of the implement manufactories of the Stone Age have been discovered. The sites of such ancient workshops are found to-day covered with flint cores, flakes, etc., and finished implements. One of these manufactories has been discovered at Hoxne, in Suffolk, and a still more remarkable one at Presigny-le-Grand, in France, half way between Tours and Poitiers.

Again, some of the underground workings from which flint was obtained by Palæolithic man have recently been brought to light. A good illustration of this is afforded at the so-called Gritnes Graves, near Brandon, in Norfolk. These are shallow pits, 254 in number, originally running down to a depth of forty feet, where they branch out into passages. On exploring these underground workings some ten years since, it was found that the roof of a passage had given way. On removing the chalk which had fallen in, the end of the gallery came into view. The flint had been hollowed out in these places, and here were two flint-picks hafted in deer horn, lying just as they had been left, still coated with chalk-dust, on which was in one place plainly visible the print of the workman's hand. They had evidently been left at the close of a day's work. During the night the gallery had fallen in, and the tools had never been recovered.

"It was a most impressive sight," says the discoverer, Mr. Greenwell, "and one never to be forgotten, to look, after a lapse, it may be, of 3,000 years upon a work unfinished, with the tools of the workmen still lying where they had been placed so many centuries ago."

The district around Brandon, it may be added, abounds with Palæolithic implements, embedded in the drift-gravel. The surface is strewn with flint flakes and fragments of flint implements.

"When was this Stone-Age, this mysterious age of flint knives and hatchets, this period of which we have no record in our written histories?" Such was one of our inquiries at the commencement of this paper. It will soon be seen that the nature of the evidence prevents us from computing the distance of the Stone Age from our own by years or centuries. We can only trace the chain of events in the natural world and the human memorials which are interwoven with it, and so arrive at a rough and comparative chronology. Even then, wonderful are the achievements of the archæologist in penetrating

and restoring "the speechless past." What these achievements have been in connection with the study of flint implements, let us endeavour to summarise.

The discovery of the earliest chipped implements in bone-caverns and river-gravels have shown us that since Palæolithic man lived in Britain, the fleece-clad elephant, the rhinoceros, and a great variety of species of wild animals from every part of a wide continent have disappeared. The climate of a wide region has been changed to such an extent as entirely to alter the geographical distribution of many quadrupeds still living, as well as land and freshwater shells.

As to changes in Physical Geography, rivers have excavated their valleys to a depth of more than 100 feet since the existence of Palæolithic man in Britain, flint implements being found to-day in old river-beds which lie more than this distance above the level of the present stream. The drainage lines and contours of the country have been so altered since the Palæolithic Age, that what were once river-beds now form gravel-capped hills, as at Bemerton, one mile west of Salisbury. The implement-bearing gravels at Hackney Downs and Highbury New Park tell of the time when a freshwater river flowed over them, since which the natural drainage system of the country has been lowered fully 100 feet.

Very instructively, therefore, is the former physical geography of Southern Britain being studied in connection with the memorials of Palæolithic man. The last instance we will take is one of singular interest and impressiveness.

At Bournemouth are found river-gravels capping the seashore for miles at an elevation of from ninety to a hundred and thirty feet above the present sea-level. At first sight it would seem impossible that gravels in such a position could have been deposited by the agency of a stream. Yet, on a closer examination, all difficulties vanish; the ancient existence of a river at such an elevation is demonstrable. The Solent is now but the enlarged marine channel of what was once a freshwater river. To realise fully the changes in physical geography which have taken place on this coast since the Bournemouth implement-gravels were deposited almost transcends the powers of the spectator. "Who, for instance," says Mr. Evans, "standing on the edge of the lofty cliff at Bournemouth, and gazing over the wide expanse of waters between the present shore and a line connecting the Needles on the one hand, and the Ballard Down Foreland on the other, can fully comprehend how immensely remote was the epoch when what is now that vast bay was high and dry land, and a long range of chalk downs, six hundred feet above the sea, bounded the horizon in the south? And yet this must have been the sight that met the eyes of those primeval men who frequented the banks of that ancient river which buries their handiworks in gravels that now cap the cliffs, and of the course of which so strange but indubitable a memorial now exists in what has become the Solent Sea."

Ceasing, however, to strain our eyes in the endeavour to penetrate so remote a past, we return to the more general conclusions the Stone Age suggests. We have now seen some of the discoveries which are held to entitle the Stone Age to a definite place in prehistoric times in Britain. That civilisation in certain parts of the world should exhibit such a rudimentary stage of development is no longer to be wondered at, illustrated as it is in the present day

\* We are indebted to this volume, by Mr. John Evans (Longmans), for some of the illustrative woodcuts in this article, as well as many of the facts.

by the condition of races of men in various countries. The Fuegians, Andamans, and many other rude communities which might be mentioned, are even now, or were lately, in an Age of Stone. On the North American Continent, too, as recently shown in these pages, the Iron Age is still fighting its way against the Age of Stone. But it is important to recollect that the chronology afforded in Britain and Western Europe\* by the implements found in the caverns and river-gravels we have described is in no way affected, either negatively or affirmatively, by discoveries made in regions so remote as America or the Oceanic Isles, but is based on the wonderful sequence of events and concurrence of geological and zoological evidence which is peculiar to the Western European area.

Enough, however, has now been said of these remarkable investigations and discoveries to show that in future we may expect to find the dim and shadowy background which stretches behind Druidical Britain still further filled in, year by year, with strange and instructive details of human life in the so-called Stone Age.

H. W.

### A STRANGER IN ST. PETERSBURG.

TEN years ago, when Mr. G. A. Sala was special correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" in Russia, he gave striking sketches of life in St. Petersburg. Of these we are reminded by the accompanying picture, from a Russian magazine, by a Russian artist. The scene needs no interpretation, but the French lady's trouble will be better appreciated after reading Mr. Sala's account of droshkies and their drivers.

"A knowledge of either French or German is quite sufficient to enable the traveller to make himself understood at St. Petersburg." So my guide-book declares. I am sorry to disagree with the author of a "Complete Manual," but I assert from my own experience that the statement is a delusion and a snare. A Russian who went to London under the impression that he could get on pretty well with French and Italian would find himself very much in the position of an Englishman at St. Petersburg. Of course there are plenty of educated Russians who speak foreign languages with marvellous facility; but then gentlemen and ladies of education do not drive droshkies or black boots, or stand behind shop counters, do not wait at table, or perform any of those functions which are most essential to the comfort of travellers. If I once get inside a Russian gentleman's house I am quite certain to find some language in which my host and myself can converse with more or less facility. French is to a great extent a second language to educated Russians; you constantly hear them talking to each other in French; and till within the last few years it was almost unfashionable to speak Russian in good society at St. Petersburg. But the average French spoken here—though uttered with great fluency, and pronounced with a nearer approach to the real accent than is common amongst Englishmen—is extremely faulty in construction, and I often hear mistakes made which no very accurate knowledge of the language is required to detect. A knowledge of English up to a certain point seems also very common amongst the

upper classes. There are few people of any position who cannot make out a page of English with more or less facility; and it is highly unsafe to speak English in a mixed company with the idea that you are not likely to be understood. Still, I have hitherto met no Russians who spoke our language with anything like the perfection which is so common amongst Danes and Swedes. German, I believe, is better understood and spoken here than any other foreign language; but then, somehow, the Russians are not proud of their knowledge of German, and will only speak it when their French or English breaks down utterly. Still, to do them justice, they are not the least ashamed of talking a foreign language because they talk it badly; and a stranger need never be reduced to explaining himself by dumb show when he gets inside a Russian well-to-do household.

The difficulty is to get inside. I am not speaking of the social difficulty; there is no city, I should think, where access to good society is more easy for any foreigner who is at all presentable. I allude to the actual difficulty of finding your way to the house you are entitled to enter. The chances are twenty to one that your friend has a name as to which you have no idea either how to pronounce it yourself, or how it can possibly be pronounced by any living person. The letters X Z N B, with an inverted W thrown in promiscuously, convey no notion of articulate sound to any non-Russian ear. Even assuming that the name of the householder is capable of pronunciation, the chances are another twenty to one that the name of the street in which he dwells is not; and against the double event the odds are something terrible. Thus, when you don't exactly know where you want to go, and you cannot explain to anybody what the name of the locality is of which you are in search, and when, even supposing they do understand you, you cannot understand their explanation—it is not easy to find your way. In any civilised country you can form some conception as to where you are going by reading the names written up at the street corners; but in Russia the letters are a series of cabalistic signs. You may call the Boulevard the Bully-ward, as I once heard a Briton do in Paris; but still, if you have eyes in your head, you can read the name, if you chance to see it, as fluently as a born Parisian. It is all very well to say that it must be easy to learn to read Russian, but there are six-and-thirty letters in the Muscovite alphabet, and all of them bear a sufficient, though delusive, resemblance to Greek and Roman letters to make the task of learning them doubly difficult.

Under these circumstances the obvious remedy is to take a droshki; but, like many other simple discoveries, the one in question does not work well in practice. When you have caught your cabman you must tell him where to go. Now, I have never met a single driver who spoke one word of anything but Russian; and in this happy country, where only one half per cent. of the population can read or write it is useless to hope that any cabman you meet with could spell out a written direction. Moreover, a Russian *Isvostnik* has a perfectly sublime confidence. You may tell him to drive to the Great Sahara, or to Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, or to the Piazza San Marco at Venice, or to any locality in the known or unknown world, and he will grin a smile displaying knowledge of the route, show you into his sledge, and drive off at full speed in the direction in which the horse's head happens to be turned. So, when

\* See Professor Dawson's "Old World and the New."





УБОШКИ ДРИВЕРС ОУ СТ. ПЕТЕРСБУРГА.



your driver calls out "Kavascho," or "All right"—I shall exhaust my slender Russian vocabulary if, in order to give a local tone, I keep on thus sowing my few words broadcast—you have no reason to presume that he has the remotest conception where you desire to be taken. The safest plan is to get the porter at your hotel to tell the driver where you wish to go, and if you have more places than one to visit, to return to your interpreter after each visit, and get him to furnish the man with fresh instructions. The process is somewhat humiliating to your sense of personal dignity. Moreover, as St. Petersburg is, for its size, the most rambling city I know, this mode of locomotion cannot be strictly considered expeditious. But, in the long run, you save more time thus than in any other mode. Commit to memory the name of the hotel you reside in—let it be, if possible, one easy to pronounce—and then you are safe against the risk of losing your way hopelessly. But without that precaution a stranger might, I believe honestly, wander about St. Petersburg for hours if he once got off the busy thoroughfares, without meeting any one who could understand where he wished to go.

At first there is a certain novelty in dwelling amongst a people with whom you can have very little of oral communication. There is something comic about not being able to make yourself intelligible; and the sensation of pride when you have mastered half-a-dozen words, and used them with effect, is gratifying to a newly-arrived stranger. But when the novelty of the sensation has worn away, the inconvenience of not being able to communicate freely with those about you becomes inconceivably and increasingly annoying. I should think that the bar to communication must be a serious drawback to the comfort of a prolonged abode here. Almost all the resident foreigners I have met with agree about the extreme difficulty of speaking Russian with any degree of fluency. They tell me in vague terms that they know enough to carry on a common conversation and all that sort of thing. But from my own observation I should say that the comprehensive phrase of "that sort of thing" must be construed in a very restricted sense. Still, I perceive that most foreigners who have settled here—I am speaking especially of Englishmen—seem to be fond of the place. Why they should be so, it is not very easy to discover. To myself, I own, putting all other reasons aside, the climate would be a fatal objection.

I was told when I first came that I could not judge of St. Petersburg at all till I had seen it in its winter garb. Well, the winter has set in with a vengeance, and I cannot say that the place is to me at all more attractive. It is always snowing. With rare intervals of slush, it will probably snow and freeze from now till next April. The Neva is blocked up with almost unbroken sheets of ice. There were people walking on it to-day; and I suppose, if this weather goes on, sledges will cross it before another week is over. In fact, we have regular seasonable Russian weather. Snow always sounds pretty upon paper, and is a fertile subject of poetic metaphors; but in real practical life it is an unmitigated nuisance. Happily for us, we in London have so little of the infliction that we can hardly realise what it is to live in countries where snow is the order of the day. If you are to stop at home it does not much matter where you are so long as you are warm; but if you want to go out, you seem to me to be as

badly off in St. Petersburg as you could be in any civilised community. Riding on horseback is out of the question, and walking for pleasure is very nearly so. If you have not heavy furs on you are frozen to death, nipped by the ice-cold wind, sent home to bed with toothache or rheumatism, or congestion of the lungs; if you muffle yourself up warmly, you are obliged to crawl along at a snail's pace, groaning beneath a load of wraps, one of the chief advantages of which is that it breaks your fall as often—and it happens very often—as you slide at full length upon the slippery pavement. In fact, if you wish to do anything more than cross the street, you must ride in a sledge; and sleighing, whatever may be its other advantages, most certainly does not supply the place of active exercise. There is one arcade in St. Petersburg—a cross between the Lowther and the Burlington, and I think inferior to both—up and down which you can walk in three minutes; but literally there is no other place that I know of where you can walk in St. Petersburg during the winter months with any approach to comfort.

Before I ever experienced a northern winter I used to imagine that skating must be a popular pursuit in countries where it froze invariably for months together. I own I entertained a private conviction that skating, like hunting or rowing in a boat-race, was one of those pleasures which, to nine of its devotees out of ten, is greater in the anticipation or the retrospect than in the performance. Still I thought that skating was the natural pastime of ice-bound countries. Experience of northern winters has entirely dispelled the illusion. Here at St. Petersburg, for instance, skating was quite unknown till it was introduced a few years ago by some English residents. Since then it has become somewhat of a fashionable amusement with the court and the high society of the capital. But the Russian public has never taken to it at all. Moreover, I should in fairness add that, though there are vast fields of ice within close reach of the capital, they are so caked on with frozen snow that it is difficult to skate over them for any distance. In fact, so far as I can see, persons whose evil destiny compels them to reside at St. Petersburg this winter have nothing in the way of outdoor exercise or amusement to look forward to for the next five months except a series of chilly drives up and down the quays and the Newski Prospekt. The only breaks in their hibernal existence will be during those not unfrequent intervals when the cold becomes so intense that nothing short of necessity will take you out at all. It is cold enough now, but it has not yet come to the period when passers-by dash handfuls of snow into your face to stop incipient mortification of the nose. I saw a gentleman rubbing a lady's face with snow in the streets the other evening, but then I am afraid they both were drunk, and had no clear conception of what they were about. The bear, who, according to a popular belief, buries himself in a hole as soon as the snow sets in, and sucks his paws and sleeps from November to May, takes, I think, a more rational view of life than any other denizen of the Russian empire; but short of sucking his paws, morally if not literally, it is not very easy to say what a stranger can find to do in St. Petersburg, supposing him to grow tired of the solitude of his own room. Cafés there are none; there is not a reading-room which, so far as I know, is available to the general public; and the restaurants are wretched and comfortless. Altogether, a snowy day in St.

Petersburg seems to me duller for a stranger—and in so saying I am saying a good deal—than a rainy day in London.

## UP TO LONDON.

SOME years ago a learned philosopher wrote a book to prove that the moral government of the world is carried on through the medium of excitement—that what gravitation is in the world of matter excitement is in the world of mind—and that you may as well get rid of either one of these two all-powerful forces as the other, seeing that the resulting chaos would be relatively as complete if either of them were abolished. It is not for me to declare whether he proved his case satisfactorily, I only allude to that philosopher's theory now because it suits my convenience to do so, for if all unfeathered bipeds are continually under the influence of excitement, that may be one of the chief reasons why everybody comes to London, which is the seething cauldron where excitement is for ever a-brewing, and therefore the inexhaustible storehouse of the alleged moral motive magnetism. Not very long ago I had an opportunity of testing the truth of this notion; with what degree of success the reader shall judge for himself.

I had been to the "Land o' Cakes"—not in search of the picturesque, but in search of something else not so easily to be come at in scenes where the picturesque abounds. The truth is, I had been afflicted with a terrible disorder, which persons of an elegant turn of mind are accustomed to designate euphoniouly as "impecuniosity," or in plainer phrase, "want of cash." The treatment which I had been recommended to undergo comprised, among other specifics, a course of hard work and harder living; and as I had a relative in "Edinboro' Town" much addicted to both those delights, and who had declared his willingness to put me under the same regimen, I accepted his invitation and went down. My friend took me in hand, and I have the satisfaction of acknowledging that in five months I was so far recovered as to be able, as my good friend expressed it, "to turn myself round;" and I turned myself round accordingly, and came back again. As I had gone down by boat, and had enjoyed the sea trip, I resolved to come up by the same conveyance, and to put in execution a plan which I had meditated, the prosecution of which might in some small degree assist in confirming my cure. My resolution was to discover, if possible, why all the good people of both sexes who thronged the deck of the steamer were coming up to London, and to make capital of the knowledge thus obtained, for the benefit of the reader—and of myself.

I succeeded in my attempt, though not so quickly as I had hoped, not having taken into account the influence of Father Neptune, who baffled my efforts for the first twenty-four hours. Afterwards, as the weather grew calmer, I got on tolerably well, and sucked the heart of many a man's mystery—and some women's, too—without ever allowing them to suspect my purpose. The following are a few samples of the discoveries I made.

Number One was a tall and handsome young north countryman of five-and-twenty. I saw him, as he stood in his fustian suit, with his Apollo-like throat

bared to the wind and the salt spray, balancing himself as the waves danced the vessel up and down, and recognised him at once as a capital specimen of the artisan class. His sunburnt skin, broad palms, and flattened thumb-nails told of persevering work without doors and within, of early hours, of temperate habits, and fondness for labour. He met my advances with perfect frankness, and no sooner heard that I was a citizen of London than he began to ply me with interrogatories, the purport of which gave me the master-key to his history. He was a joiner, who had served his time in Stirling, and while working as a journeyman had lived at his mother's cottage in the outskirts of the town, happy and contented enough until the "inevitable she" had dawned upon his horizon in the graceful outline of little Maggie Grant, the daughter of a humble shopkeeper. Then a gradual but an entire change had come over him, and visions of a fireside that was to be his own, with Maggie for its presiding genius, had haunted him day and night. As the wooing sped and throve, these visions took a more definite form, and Donald could no longer rest without doing something to realise them. "I maun gang to London and win the siller," said he to himself; and although Maggie could but sigh and shed tears when he said the same to her, she could not help being of the like opinion, for how were they to settle in life without the siller? So the separation was agreed upon, and Donald bade his old mother good-bye, packed up all his traps and tools, and striding away for Dundee, stepped on board the boat, and now, Hey for London! where he is to win the bag of gowd by hard labour and harder thrift, and whence, with the blessing of Providence, he is to return in a few short years at most, a man of capital and a joyful bridegroom. In the weary interim, that bit of black ribbon, placed round his neck by her own hands, sustains the photographic image of wee Maggie, which is to cheer him in his far-away solitude, to encourage his heart, and strengthen his hands for labour, and bulwark him against all the snares of man, woman, or de'il in the profligate metropolis. That is Donald's story, and we are safe in asserting that it is the story of a round number of other Donalds who, like him, find themselves bound for London in the course of every twelvemonth. And in truth London ought to be thankful that it is so, for the immigrant labourers of all ranks and crafts that throng to the metropolis to earn the means of making a fair start in life are not only the most trustworthy and efficient workers, but are, in a moral sense, the salt of the industrial mass.

Number Two is an old dame who has long outstripped the allotted three-score-and-ten. She has a restless, sturdy boy of four years of age tugging at her skirts, and calling imperatively, "Grannie, let's gang hame, grannie!" The bribe of a few sweet biscuits quiets the restless child, and this small testimony of kindness to the boy loosens the tongue of the old woman. We learn that the boy is an orphan; that "grannie" had buried his mother a year ago, dead of decline brought on by heart-sickness. The father was a soldier who had left Scotland with his regiment, nearly five years ago, for India. There he had been wounded in an inglorious skirmish with a horde of border insurrectionaries, and after recovering from his wound had died of the weakness it entailed. The news of his death had prostrated his poor wife, who had never rallied afterwards. The old dame pulled forth the wrecks of a letter which

her dead daughter had received from her soldier-husband ere yet calamity had overtaken him, and put it in my hand. It was a characteristic compound of careless hilarity, of frank-hearted affection, and of paternal yearning for the son he had never seen.

"Mary," said the writer, "gin I had gripfu's o' the gowd I wad gie it all, and the warld beside, for just ae kiss o' ye and my bairn."

This letter had lain under the pillow of the dying wife, and was found there after her death.

"We hae na been left to want," said the grandam; "folk ha' been ower gude to me and the bairn, but I'm a feckless auld critter, and canna leeve lang, an' I maun do something for the wee bit laddie or I dee, an' sae I'm just ganging up to Lunnun."

"And what will you do for him there, dame?" I asked.

"Why, ye see, that's what I dinna clairly ken; but the boy's father had a brither, wha has a shop in Lunnun, an' so I thoct that maybe he wad tak kindly to his brither's only bairn. Ye see, Duncan says in the latter, that if onny thing suld happen him Mary was to seek till his brither. Puir fallow! he little kenn'd what God wad send us."

With that she took the boy on her knee and folded him in her plaid, as if to shield him from the rain, but perhaps it was to screen him from her own falling tears.

Number Threee, a young man, sallow and pensive as to expression of face, had been standing by just out of hearing while the old woman had been telling me her sorrows. When she had finished I rose and handed him the camp-stool on which I had been sitting. His face lighted up at this small courtesy, though he declined to accept the seat. He was scantily, hardly respectably, clad, and shivered under the cold wind which pierced his too threadbare suit of sables, and he seemed at the same time painfully alive to the fact of his general seediness and defective costume. A few words about the weather elicited a reply in which there was some fanciful allusion to the fugitive billows panting in their breathless race after the vessel. I responded as figuratively in my turn, quoting Burns, Ramsay, and Scott. I speedily ascertained that he was a poor Highland student, who had spent every shilling he could scrape together in supporting himself for a couple of sessions at Aberdeen, where he had realised the jocular proposition of the Rev. Sydney Smith, and *had* "cultivated the muses on a little oatmeal," starving the body for the sake of nourishing his intellect. He was now crammed with ancient and classical exemplars, and full of the æsthetic afflatus, on his way to London, to seek employment among the publishers and booksellers on the strength of his acquirements and a few testimonials as to character from his minister and from some of the gentry of his native country. He drew a small manuscript volume from his breast-pocket, and handed it to me for examination. It was a collection of poems, some in the ambitious and rather high-flown style, and others, which I thought much the best, in Lowland Scotch. He was pleased when I requested permission to make a few extracts, and smiled complacently as I transcribed them in my pocket-book. I shall not present the reader with any of the poor student's verses, not feeling at liberty to publish them. When I had finished the transcription, I returned him the book, wishing him all the fame and reputation of Burns,

without any of his "losses and crosses." I could not find it in my heart to damp the rising hopes of the young scholar and poet by opening his eyes to the dreary possibilities—one might almost say certainties—that awaited him, when he should find himself face to face with his imagined patrons and benefactors; so I bowed myself away, and sped to a distant part of the vessel.

I had almost reached the bowsprit when I was aware of the figure of an aged man seated on a keg, with his scarred, knotted, and weather-worn face turned towards the far horizon.

"You have chosen a windy perch, my friend," said I; "you look as though *you* at least had been to sea before."

"Ay, ay, your honour," he replied; "it's likely I'm a-gettin' my sea-legs arter five-and-forty years, man and boy, afore the mast!"

"Five-and-forty years! You must have seen a great deal in that time?"

"That's true, too. Wrecked four times, I was; bit by a shark once, I was; wounded by the enemy twice, I was—once at Sebastopol and once in the Chinese river; three times round the world, I was; and it's many a yarn I might spin yer honour if I was that ways inclined."

"Then surely it is time you gave up the sea, and took a little rest."

"Why, yer honour, I guv it up ten year ago, and cast anchor in a snug berth in the lee o' Embro' Castle. I only sails now for my own pleasure."

"And yet you are going to London?"

"Ay, ay, to be sure; I'm bound for Lunnun, d'ye see, to have a crack with my old messmate, Ben Bottom, as fust sailed wi' me, handy five-and-fifty year ago. I wants to see Ben, and he've sent to say he wants to see me. Ben can't come to me on account o' two timber legs, and so I goes to Ben; for look you, we sailed together, we was wrecked together, we fout together, and was in hospital together; and I means to see Ben again, for Ben's heart of oak, Ben is, and never in his life done nothing as wasn't fit for a commodore." So saying, the old salt lugged out his tobacco-box and began rolling a fresh quid as I turned away.

"Are we likely to have rough weather?" I asked of a gentlemanly man with a decidedly military air, and who might be a little over thirty.

"Not to-day, I think," he replied, adding some remarks touching the state of the barometer.

This led to an allusion to the recent advances in meteorological science, on which he seemed to be well informed, though it was plain he took no interest in that or in any other subject at the present moment. I did not like to allude to his evident despondency, but he spoke of it himself, as if in apology for his want of sociality, and told me, with much bitterness of heart, what and who was the source of it. It appeared that he had been heir to an independent fortune, had been educated at Oxford, and had afterwards purchased a commission in the army; but he had sold out on his father's death at the urgent request of his mother and a sick sister, who had no other protector than himself. With them he had lived for seven years, in ease and comparative affluence, but had been dashed down in a moment to poverty and irretrievable ruin by the villainy of a certain set of scoundrels, who had deluded him into a promising speculation, by the miserable failure of which he had lost everything.

He had left his mother and sister in a humble lodging in Chelsea a few weeks back, and had gone to Scotland in quest of some distant relations, from whom he was in hopes of obtaining advice and assistance. Like true Scots they had done for their relative what they could, and he was now on his way back to town, whence he would proceed to the west to occupy a post they had obtained for him as clerk at a railway-station, at a salary which would barely suffice to procure for those dependent on him the necessaries of life. Words of mine could have yielded him small consolation; and, indeed, he did not wait for any comment, but returning the pressure of my hand, and looking vacantly out to sea, walked to the other side.

I had not long parted from Number Five when I was accosted by Number Six, an elderly, well-mannered matron, of the upper middle-class. Some one had referred her to me as to a Londoner from whom she might derive some information she was seeking. She trembled as she asked me, with averted looks, how far the vessel would be, when it stopped in London, from the prison at Millbank. I saw at once that she was suffering profoundly, and sitting down beside her, answered her inquiry, and at the same time offered my services, on our arrival, to put her in the right route. The voice of kindness seemed to loosen the flood-gates of her sorrow; a deep-drawn, weary sigh escaped her as she expressed her thanks.

"I am afraid you are in distress," I said; "can I do anything for you now?"

"O sir!" she returned, "I am heart-broken; my son! my son!"

Seeing that she was about to swoon, I ran and called the stewardess, who soon made her appearance, and with her assistance the unhappy woman was borne to a couch in the cabin. As we were carrying her down the stairs, a small pocket-Bible, in which the sorrow-stricken mother had been seeking consolation, fell out of the folds of her dress, and lay open at the blank leaf. As I took it up, the name of the suffering owner, written on the white page, fairly staggered me; it was the name of one of the scoundrels—the only one of the gang on whom the law had been able to lay its fingers—whose foul greed and wholesale crime had ruined the unfortunate gentleman I had just left, and brought want and desolation to a hundred homes besides. She, then, the most miserable of mothers, was on her way to take an everlasting farewell of her convict son. This portentous coincidence, I must confess, put a pause to my investigations, by crowding my imagination with melancholy images for the remainder of the day, so that I did not resume my inquiries until the next morning.

I find that this paper will swell to an unreasonable extent if I go on to relate in detail all the personal histories I learned in the course of our fifty hours' voyage. I shall therefore leave the reader to imagine by what kind of freemasonry I got at the remainder of the information I shall communicate, and merely set down the facts of a few more cases as briefly as possible.

Case the Seventh was a roughly hirsute and shag-coated subject, terminating in ribbed tights and top-boots. He was the proprietor of a popular performing menagerie, with which he travelled the island from one extremity to the other. While exhibiting in the far North an epidemic had attacked his monkeys, and carried off four of them, and two of

his very cleverest dogs had perished from the same cause. Leaving his foreman to look after his affairs during his absence, he was now hastening to town to purchase fresh animals, with which he hoped to return in a few days. Here, thought I, is one more of the numberless illustrations of the fact that London is the market for everything. I asked him how he managed to teach the creatures their accomplishments. "Why, you see," said he, "I educates 'em myself, for if you leaves 'em to others, they hits 'em, and then it's no go. I never hits a animal, but I lets 'em have a deal of their own way, for you must get 'em to like you, or else they won't learn nothing o' consikens."

"Bravo!" said I to myself, "here is an unconscious philosopher, who has discovered the golden law, that unless love be the teacher, the disciple will not learn."

Case the Eighth was a hare-brained Irishman of the labouring class, and approaching middle age, who was coming to London for no earthly reason that I could discover, save that he had fallen in with the steam-boat at a moment when he happened to have money enough to carry him thither. All his worldly possessions were on his back, and they certainly would not have balanced a crown-piece in the estimation of any dealer in Rag Fair. Yet Pat was gay, careless, and free-hearted, and apparently penetrated with the conviction that prosperity awaited him in the "big city," and that there he would make his fortune at last. From his own account he was capable of everything "barrin' the radin' and ritin." He could mow, reap, dig, grind, mix the mortar, and carry the hod—and "what more did a man want to get through the world with?" Fortunate Pat! spite of his penury. His was one of those temperaments which a certain modern sage has declared to be better to the owner than an inheritance of ten thousand a year.

Case the Ninth was that of an elderly Scotchman, who for some five-and-thirty years past had been driving a canny little trade in the port of Leith. A year ago he lost his wife, who for thrice ten years had managed his house and cared for his children. These had long since left the paternal home, and now the old man, weary of solitude, was travelling to the great city in search of Jeannie Jordan, his first love, from whom he had parted in a tiff forty years ago, and who, for the best part of that long period had been housekeeper in an aristocratic family in May Fair. It was a singular expedition, I thought, and I could but ponder the motives that led to it. Had the old love never been quenched all these long years? Did a single spark of it yet remain? Or had Jeannie Jordan, with the characteristic thrift of her countrywomen, hoarded her siller, and was that the source of attraction? Then, as to the probabilities; how would he look upon Jeannie in her sixty-second year, with the whitening hair trimly tucked in under the close cap; with her rather despotic square face, her decidedly double chin, and her portly figure of some fifteen stone? And how would Jeannie regard her ancient Joe, with his "frosty pow" and shrivelled features? Would these two, after having climbed the hill of life so far asunder, be content "to sleep together at the foot"? It was doubtful, I thought; but who knows? since "that which has been shall ever be:" it might come to pass after all.

Case the Tenth (and last) was a poor boy of ten or



eleven, who had been brought on board by a needy labourer, and was almost in rags. His parents, who were factory workers, had died in Paisley; he had wandered from one place to another in search of employment, and subsisting on charity. In Edinburgh he had found some old comrades of his father, who had taken compassion on him, and had clubbed together and paid his fare to London, where he would have to seek out his mother's father, whom he had never seen, but who, he told me, was a messenger in one of the Inns of Court.

While making the various investigations of which the above bits of biography are the results, I had repeatedly scanned the face of a man, rather genteelly dressed, who avoided speech with any one, and rarely remained long in one place. From his clean-shaven,

hairless face, I had set him down for an actor, though from his features I might have concluded that he had stereotyped them to an expression of villainy suitable to a peculiar line of "business." No sooner, however, had we arrived in the Pool than this mysterious personage was compelled to appear in his true colours, for at this stage of our voyage a couple of police officers boarded us from a wherry, claimed him as their property, and substantiated their claim by a brace of handcuffs.

Half-an-hour later, and we were all landed at St. Katharine's Dock, and our little world of hopes and fears, of sorrows, regrets, and anticipations, had vanished their several ways, amid fog and drizzle, and was swallowed up in the maw of omnivorous London.

## THE GRANTS OF LOCHSIDE;

OR, THE LIFE OF SCOTCH EMIGRANTS IN CANADA.

V.

AND now, with a trembling heart, I am drawing near to a summer of our lives in which, for a while, no sunshine lighted. But our sorrow must be told in as few words as I can tell it.

A while before this there had come to a low-lying partially cleared farm a mile down the vale there, an English family by the name of Lester, and if I were to tell all I know of them after they came there, especially of Miss Hester, who was the eldest, and only the half-sister of the rest, I think it would make a tale both sorrowful and glad. For Miss Hester passed through a sea of trouble at one time and another of her life—that is the sad part, and the glad part is that she got through it, and landed safely on the other side. But of all that I shall say nothing now.

We saw little of them, though they were our nearest neighbours on one side for a while, for they kept themselves to themselves, by reason of their not getting on very well in their new life, and their not wishing to expose themselves to remark, or to well-meant but still unwelcome sympathy. The first time Miss Hester came to our home it was on a sad errand, and though she made light of it, speaking with mingled frankness and reserve, that shut our lips from saying more than just a word or two of friendliness and good-will, we could gather that the young girl was in a strait that would make wiser guidance than her own needful in a while. She came to ask my mother to buy from her a pair of the finest and whitest of linen sheets that ever I had set eyes on, and even my mother, who had seen more than I, said the same.

Dr. Lester was away, she said, and the expected remittances had not come from him, and just for a day or two they needed help; if Mrs. Grant would kindly supply them with a few things from the farm it would place them under great obligations. My mother was wiser than I, for I would have refused the sheets utterly, and offered her all that she needed. But she would have taken nothing then as a favour. Afterwards, when she came to know us better, there was no question of favours between my mother and her. So my mother took the sheets and put them by, little thinking of the first use to which she was to put them.

We didna ken till long after that neither Miss

Hester nor her young brothers and sisters had tasted food for days but the berries that were growing on the hills or the fish which they took with much trouble from the lake. I mind well how she looked that day, and how much the bairns were taken with her stately ways and her silvery English speech. She was a little creature, no' to call bonny, but she had a fair and winsome face, on the gravity of which when she smiled there passed a wondrous brightness. A gentle womanly creature she was, with a hidden strength that no one would have suspected seeing her at first.

There were things parted with by her out of her household stores from which, it is to be feared, she did not get the advantage that my mother gave her. But what could the poor thing do? Her mother was dead, and she had left her other children's care; and Dr. Lester, who was their father, but not Miss Hester's, was far from being a well-doing man. He was staying at this time, for the most part, in the town of L., hoping to establish himself in the practice of his profession there, and in the meantime Miss Hester and the rest of them were left on the farm to do the best they could for themselves, which was not very well. They had no experience, and they did little, and I fear suffered much. The little that came to them from home was mostly used by their father, and if it hadna been for the help that, in one way or another, the neighbours found means to give them, it would have gone hard with the young Lesters. The end of their living in that desolate place must, we all knew, come soon, but we never thought how terrible the end was to be to us all.

I mind that morning as if it had been yesterday. Walter had gone the night before to make his first visit to Peter after he came home from the college in the spring, and I had waited late for him, knowing that he meant to come home. The wind rose, and there was thunder and lightning and heavy rain, that kept me waking long after I went to bed; but the sun rose as fair a morning as ever shone. I was just rising unrested after a wakeful night when there came a sound as of some one trying to open the outer door, and looking over the window I saw Miss Hester—not her face, for she had fallen on the door-steps, and, after the first cry, she lay there motionless. My mother had heard her too, and she had

got to the door, and had her in her arms when I went down, and was waiting anxiously, I could see, for what the poor thing had to tell. But there had been some terrible strain on her, we saw, and she lay like a stone in mother's arms, not quite insensible, but unable to utter a word.

We laid her on the bed, and my mother, thinking that something must have happened to some of the poor young Lesters, hurried me away to their place, to give them such things as they might need. But ah me! there was little help for such trouble as theirs.

I went the near way, by the lake shore, over sticks and stones, through bushes dripping with the last night's rain, my anxiety growing as I went on, till I came to the place where Crow's Creek falls into the lake, and never till my dying day shall I forget the sight I saw on the other side.

Sitting there with a white, frightened face, keeping watch over something that was covered with a shawl, Miss Hester's little lame brother Cecil was sitting. He gave a cry when he saw me, and rose up, and then I knew what it was that he was watching there.

We heard it all afterwards. Young George Lester, the eldest of the lads, had gone out on the lake in a boat borrowed from a neighbour to fish. There was need for his going it seemed, but his sister had let him go with much unwillingness, making him promise that he would not go far from the shore, and she kept him in sight all the afternoon. But the darkness came down suddenly, and the wind rose; all night long she waited for him, only kept from going wild altogether by the hope that he had landed farther down, and taken refuge from the storm in a neighbour's house.

At the first glimpse of day she was up and out on the lake shore, and the first thing she saw was the boat turned over, moving up and down on the eddy made by the coming in of the creek, swollen high with the night's rain, and farther on her brother, with his face among the rushes and the muddy water, close by the shore.

To the little delicate creature the needed strength and courage were given. She drew him out of the water and laid him down on the grass quite dead, and then she went to the house and brought in her arms the little lame boy, Cecil, to watch beside his brother, while she went for help. She darkened the windows, so that if the other children should wake they might think it still night, and sleep again; and then she locked the door, and ran all the way to Lochside, and reached us breathless and spent, as I said before.

Our boy, Dennis Cole, had followed me with some things that my mother thought might be needed, and him I sent back to tell at home what had happened, and then, leaving the child still watching his brother, I went to the house. What happened then, or how I pacified the frightened and anxious children, I don't remember, for it was all put out of my mind by something more terrible still. My mother came and my father and James, and the poor drowned lad was laid out on the bed, and just as my mother was spreading over him one of Miss Hester's fair white sheets which she had brought with her for the purpose, my brother Peter came in.

"Where is our Wattie?" said he, turning his back to my mother, and speaking low that she might not hear.

And looking in his face I knew what had happened

before ever he spoke a word. Young Lester had touched at the point above Peter's place, and Wattie had gone with him in the boat an hour before the sun set, and that is all we ever knew.

No, I cannot bring myself to go over it all—I mean I cannot write it all down; the search, the hoping against hope, the long, vain waiting. For weeks and weeks we looked and waited. My mother and Marjory went up and down the shore, and my brothers rowed about on the lake among the islands, and wherever a rising rock or the coming in of a rain-swollen creek made an eddy by the shore, fearing and yet longing for what they might see, but we never saw our lost brother again.

It had happened before, to our knowledge, that persons had been drowned in the lake and their bodies never recovered, but we couldna but look, and hope, and wait, saying to one another that if we could only know how it had happened, and got his dear body back again, we would submit to God's will and reconcile ourselves to his loss. That came in time, submission to God's will and resignation, but we never saw Walter's face again.

My brother John came home and searched and waited with the rest, and went about like a man in a dream. I had longed for his coming for my mother's sake and Marjory's; but how could he console them, being himself unconsoled? It was worse than that with him for a while, I fear, for there is no misery that can come into the life of a child of God to be compared in its sharpness with that which is the fruit of rebellion against his Father's will. And John, poor lad! was sore bowed down for a while, for he couldna give his brother up, and was like, in his misery, to charge God foolishly. And none can wonder at our grief for the loss of one so gifted and so dear.

My mother kept up for Marjory's sake, and Marjory kept up for my mother's sake, and I did what I could to comfort both when they broke down and came to me in their trouble.

"Never to see him again! Never to hear his voice, or wait for his coming! Oh, Elsie! how can I ever bear it?"

Every night and every day this was my poor Marjory's cry, and the heaven that I tried to tell her of seemed far away from her at this time, and I could not comfort her. My mother seemed to have no power to turn her eyes away from the cruel shining waters of the lake; and though she never rebelled, and uttered no word of anger under the stroke, she could take no rest, and grew white and helpless during these first terrible days.

As for me, I think strength came to me from God, or I never could have got through that summer. My father looked to me, and there was a great deal to do in the house, and though I whiles was overwearied with the work, I have no doubt it was good for me and helped me through. I have seen it in the life of other women. With many cares and much toil, women of my acquaintance have borne burdens of trouble that if they could have sat down with folded hands would have crushed them. And I could not fail my father; he kept up wonderfully, and his fears for my mother and Marjory helped him to bear the loss of his son, though that seems a strange thing to me. The prayers that he daily put up for help and consolation to us all were, I believe, first answered in his own experience, but he aged wonderfully that summer, as we could all see.

**SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.**—The list of subjects discussed at the recent Social Science Congress at Liverpool is interesting as showing the topics which each year are chiefly occupying the attention of thoughtful and patriotic men:—**International Law Section.**—What are the limitations within which extradition should be recognised as an international duty? **Municipal Law Section.**—1. Are any and what modifications necessary in the present Law of Bankruptcy? 2. What has been the effect of the Judicature Acts on the interests of the commercial classes and suitors generally, and what amendments are needed? 3. What alterations are required in the present state of the law affecting the maritime contracts? **Repression of Crime Section.**—1. In what respects can the present system of police supervision be improved and extended? 2. What legislation is necessary for the repression of crimes of violence? **Education Department.**—1. How can the due connection of Secondary (Grammar) Schools be most effectively maintained with the Elementary Schools and with the Universities, by means of exhibitions, scholarships, or otherwise? 2. What methods are best adapted to secure the efficient training of teachers of all grades, especially in the art of teaching? 3. How can professional and technical instruction be best incorporated with a sound system of general education? **Health Department.**—1. What is the best mode of making provision for the supply and storage of water—(a) in large towns, such as Liverpool and Manchester; (b) in groups of urban villages of lesser size, such as exist in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire? 2. What further legal enactments, if any, are required with a view to arrest the spread of infectious fevers? and how far national and municipal registration is desirable as a means thereto? and, if so, what should be the nature of such registration? 3. What amendments are required in the legislation necessary to prevent the evils arising from noxious vapours and smoke? **Economy and Trade Department.**—1. Looking to the results of free trade legislation, should protective duties be further or entirely abolished? 2. What are the causes and effects of the depreciation of the price of silver, and what are the best means of counterbalancing the evil? 3. What are the best means of improving the social condition of seamen, and enforcing discipline at sea? **Art Department.**—1. What are the best methods of securing the improvement of street architecture, especially as regards its connection with public buildings? 2. How best can the encouragement of mural decorations, especially frescoes, be secured? 3. What is the influence of academies upon the art of a nation? 4. What is the influence upon society of decorative art and art workmanship in all household details? The following miscellaneous subjects also came under consideration:—In what respects can the present system of police supervision be improved and extended? What legislation is necessary for the suppression of crimes of violence? The treatment of incorrigible women. The reformation of criminal women. Cocoa rooms: their social and moral influence. Crime in Liverpool: its cause and cure. What improvements are now required in the treatment of juvenile offenders? Preventative homes.

**SINGULAR CUSTOM IN THE JEWS' SYNAGOGUE AT TABARIN, TIBERUS.**—They observe a singular custom here in praying. While the Rabbin recites the Psalms of David, or the prayers extracted from them, the congregation frequently imitate, by their voice or gestures, the meaning of some remarkable passages. For example, when the Rabbin pronounces the words, "Praise the Lord with the sound of the trumpet," they imitate the sound of the trumpet with their closed fists. When "a horrible tempest" occurs, they puff and blow to represent a storm; or, should he mention "the cries of the righteous in distress," they all set up a loud screaming; and it not unfrequently happens that while some are still blowing the storm, others have already begun the cries of the righteous, thus forming a concert which it is difficult for any but a zealous Hebrew to hear with gravity.—*Burckhardt's Travels.*

**RELIGIOUS SEPARATE FROM SECULAR EDUCATION.**—The impossibility of excluding all religious teaching in common schools was forcibly stated by the Rev. Dr. Begg in the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland:—It had been proposed that religious teaching be excluded from the common schools, and should be conducted in some other way. Now, no one that looked at that proposal but must see that, apart from all other considerations, it was quite impracticable. For no one had been able to say where secular instruction ended, and

where religious instruction began. For example, how would it do in connection with Scotch history to omit religious instruction? How would it do to teach the history of Scotland without teaching about the Reformation, and all the events which had succeeded the Reformation? How was it possible for the teacher to say to the children, "I will tell you about the history of Scotland as far as its secular matters are concerned, and some one else will tell you everything about it so far as religious matters are concerned"? It was impossible; it had even never been experimented upon. Could they suppose that a man was able to teach geography, and tell the children about Jerusalem, about Nazareth, without mentioning a word about religion? How could a child be taught even the phraseology which was employed in regard to the days of the year without speaking about religion? When did the reckoning of years begin?—why did they speak of 1876, or the commencement of that period? Why, it was the Christian era. "What is the meaning of that?" a child asks. "Oh! we are not to tell you that; it must be excluded from the school." Moreover, how are you to carry on the discipline of the school? A child tells a lie or he utters an oath. What is the teacher to say? Well, you say, "It is contrary to the fitness of things that you should do so," or, "I will tell you by-and-by, but I dare not tell you at present what it is." The teacher must be able, in conducting the ordinary business of the school, if necessary, to speak of religion. And it had been proposed as a question of casuistry, to what category does the Queen's Anthem belong—"God save the Queen"—was it religion or not religion? Was it to be excluded or not excluded? The truth was, that these speculations sound all very well, but the grand peculiarity about the whole matter was that those persons who made the speculation had made no experiment to show how it could be done. There was only one secular school all over Scotland, and inasmuch as the people of the country had all concurred in the statement that there should be religious teaching, they must not be driven from their position by mere speculations. Was it not a remarkable fact that in Edinburgh 60,000 children were taught in the Heriot Schools, and only two parents had objected to their children receiving religious instruction, one of them a Jew, another a Roman Catholic? In the schools of Paisley—and if there was a place in the world where such objections might be anticipated that was the very place—there had been little or no opposition, and he would tell them a more wonderful fact than all that—namely, that in the public schools of London there were 136,000 children taught, and there had been only 136 parents (chiefly Jews and Roman Catholics) objecting—one in a thousand—to the teaching of religion in schools.

**RAILWAY BRAKES.**—A correspondent of the "Times" writes:—"English and American railways present, at one point, a marked, and, to an Englishman, a humiliating contrast. We have failed to establish any proper control over running trains. The Americans have established a control which is almost perfect. After fifty years' experience we still employ for stopping our trains the rude and ineffective methods which were in use at the very dawn of railway travelling. The Americans employ a mechanism which bears to ours about the same relation which the breech-loading rifle bears to the flint-lock and smooth-bore, or even to the bow and arrow of the past. When the driver of an English train sees danger before him he shuts off steam. His fireman begins in haste to turn a lever. The guard, warned of impending peril, makes his way as quickly as possible to a similar lever at another part of the train. In ten or fifteen seconds the combined efforts of fireman and guard have applied the brake to fourteen wheels—probably one-fourth of the number present in the train. Meanwhile, the space which intervenes between the rushing train and the obstacle which threatens its destruction has diminished with fearful rapidity. An English train running at full speed cannot be brought to a stand under eleven or twelve hundred yards, and that is seldom afforded in cases of accident. Ordinarily the feeble action of our brakes is cut short by a shattering collision. In presence of similar danger the American driver touches slightly a little handle which stands up before him. In less than two seconds every wheel in the train is grasped by a powerful brake, and before the train has traversed a distance greater than one-and-a-half times its own length it is brought to a stand. A train running even at our high English speed is stopped easily in fifteen seconds, and within 600ft. of the point where danger was discovered."

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND.—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND" *Courtesy.*



THE BEGINNING OF SUNLIGHT.

## THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER XXI.—STEADFAST.

"One in whom persuasion and belief  
Had ripened into faith, and faith become  
A passionate intuition."—*Wordsworth.*

THE next few days passed away quietly and slowly. Miss Egan spent most of her time with her niece, and Margarita was careful to show her aunt every affectionate attention to which she had been accustomed in old times. Her love was rather

stimulated than otherwise by the consciousness that henceforth there must be a certain alienation and want of sympathy between them. Miss Egan, on the other hand, was displeased with her, and could not altogether conceal her feelings; but Margarita, looking up from her work, had found once or twice that her aunt was gazing pensively at her, and had felt that there was more of sorrow than of anger in that gloomy brow and those dim eyes. The subject of religion was never mentioned between

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them. Father Gehagan had warned Miss Egan not to approach it, being fully alive to the danger of permitting any religious controversy under such circumstances, and feeling assured that the breach would be widened rather than repaired by any unskilful attempts to mend it. Mr. Reed was called from home again on business, and was absent for several days, glad enough to be away at such a time, for he had resolved not to exercise any influence with his wife, even if he had possessed any, on the religious question. She knew what were his feelings on the subject; but she should follow her own judgment without any restraint from him. He had acted on this principle from the first, and whatever change might have taken place in his own views, he would not depart from it.

Miss Egan did not see a great deal of the two children; they were never brought downstairs except upon her particular request, and then were only suffered to remain for a short time. The good lady was exceedingly fond of them, especially of the little Mary, who was old enough to talk to her, and seemed to be fond of her. Miss Egan would take the child upon her lap, and tell her pretty stories, or scraps of hymns in a low tone, to which she listened with delight. But Mrs. Reed could not witness these little affectionate passages without a painful feeling of jealousy and apprehension; and Miss Egan, who did not know what Father Gehagan had said with reference to these children, was hurt and offended when she found her little namesake taken away without much ceremony from her knees, and dismissed to the nursery.

When Father Gehagan returned from London he found matters very much as he had left them. Mrs. Reed was willing, as before, to listen to anything that the priest had to say, but her views had undergone no change. If anything, she was more reserved in her manner, and more disposed to be antagonistic than before; looking upon the priest now as an enemy who sought to rob her of her children, and being resolved to give him no advantage by anything that she might say or do, but to resist him to the uttermost. Father Gehagan repeated his former arguments, dwelling especially upon the painful separations which must ensue if she continued obstinate. The Church, he said, must do her duty towards these little ones; the Church must faithfully provide that their souls should not be lost: it might even come to pass, in course of time, that by the prayers and intercessions of the children, the mother herself might be brought back to the true faith, and so be reunited to them in another world, if not in this.

Margarita made but one remark. "At what age do you think that their education, under the guardianship which you propose, ought to begin?"

The priest shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply.

"At what age?" she repeated. It was a question which had racked her thoughts during all the past week. How soon was the attempt to be made to tear away her children from her? She could hear their little feet pattering overhead; they were safe so far, and she almost longed to go at once and clasp them in her arms: no one should ever snatch them away; of that she was quite resolved; but she would find out, if possible, what was in contemplation, that she might be prepared to resist it.

"I cannot tell you," the priest answered, being urged a third time. "The subject must be brought

before the proper authorities; that will, of course, be done at once, and then you must, I fear, be ready at any time to part with them."

Mrs. Reed said nothing; she stood motionless before the priest, but he could see by the clenched teeth, just visible where the lips were slightly parted, by the bright gleam of her large eyes, and by the hands nervously clasping each other, that it would be almost as easy to rob a lioness of her whelps, as to tear away this woman's children from her. He knew by this time that there was nothing to be gained by prolonging the interview, and having other business in the town, presently took his leave. He was to start early next morning for Bristol, and Mrs. Reed was delighted to think that she should see him no more.

The same evening she took leave of her aunt. They had been sitting together for some time in silence, the children amusing themselves quietly in the room with them, only interrupted in their play sometimes by the caresses of their elders. As it grew late Miss Egan became manifestly nervous and fidgety. Mrs. Reed thought to make the parting more easy for them both by promising to see her next morning, if only for a minute or two, at the railway-station.

"Yes," said Miss Egan; "come if you can, to see me off. But there is something I must say to you to-night while we are alone. You know what I shall have to do when I get home about Mary Cross? Oh, Margarita, I hoped that you would have lived there, or, at all events, that it would have gone to your children. But you know I have said again and again that none but a Catholic shall have that property. I should fear even to leave it to these dear little ones; for though they will be brought up in the true faith I could have no confidence, after what has passed, that they would not fall away afterwards. So I must leave it to the Church in trust for them; that is giving them a contingent interest in it. I am told it can be managed so. They will have a lien upon the property as long as they continue in the faith, but no longer. That is all I can do for them. Unfortunately I have little else to leave. It is so painful to me to treat you thus; but after all, that is nothing to the grief which I suffer on your own account."

"I know it, dearest aunt; but indeed I cannot, cannot help it."

"When I think of the consequences to your soul, Margarita, and how it may fare with you in another world, for ever and for ever and for ever! That is almost more than I can bear. Oh, I will pray for you, and implore the blessed Virgin and your patron saint, the Holy Margarita—"

"See thou do it not," cried Mrs. Reed; but her aunt either did not hear or did not understand her, and went on.

"Yes, I will pray that you may be forgiven and brought back to us. Oh, Margarita, dear! is there no hope? I will wait a week—a month, if you wish it, before doing anything about the property; only say that you will pause and think once more before you take the fatal and, perhaps, irrevocable step."

Margarita could make no such promise. She felt that she had already wavered too long.

"Don't think me ungrateful, dearest aunt," she said, "and don't let it trouble you on my account about Mary Cross. I know how you have loved me, and will love me still, in spite of the grief I cause

you. You will do whatever you think right; and I—I must do the same."

Then, after a vain attempt to suppress their feelings, they broke down both together, and wept in each other's arms; and so presently, with half-spoken words and mingled tears, and trembling, eager grasping of each other's hands, they parted.

It was a great relief to Margarita and her husband next morning when the train in which Miss Egan and Father Gehagan had taken their seats was fairly out of sight. Bridget Doyle was gone with them, for the "mistress' half inch of tongue" had prevailed with her to look favourably upon Pat Houragan's suit; and if it had not been so she would still have chosen to go back to Ireland rather than remain with Mrs. Reed, now that she was going to "turn Protestant." Mrs. Reed, too, was glad to part with her, for though a good and faithful servant, she felt that she had been, and would still be, a spy in the camp, and more ready to side with those who might endeavour to wrest her children from her than to join with her in protecting them. So she had fully resolved to part with her at all events, and rejoiced to have an opportunity of sending her away at once without unkindness.

As Mr. and Mrs. Reed walked home together, the former said, in a cheerful voice, at the same time pressing his wife's arm warmly to his side, "Peace go with them! I am not sorry they have been, and certainly not sorry they are gone. But there must be another parting presently, Margarita. That will give me more concern, especially at this moment."

Mrs. Reed's thoughts flew instantly to her children. She snatched her arm from his, and cried, "What do you mean?"

"I have frightened you," he said, with a laugh. "You are nervous; and no wonder, after the ordeal you have passed through. It is only another journey to London for me—just for three days; no more. Business again: we shall, perhaps, have to go and live in London, or near it, after all."

"I am sorry you must go; very sorry," she said. "There are so many things I want to talk to you about. I have not yet been able to tell you what Father Gehagan said to me about the dear children."

"You must defer it a little longer. I must also put off telling you what he said to me until I return from London. I must have my secret now, as you had yours. Meantime, let us forget Father Gehagan; I have had enough of him lately; and so, I think, have you. Seriously, however, I must go to London by the next train, and must hasten home now to put my things together. I have good hopes: but I will not tell you anything yet for fear of disappointments. In three days at latest I shall be back again, and then—"

#### CHAPTER XXII.—A PRECIOUS RELIC.

"My look and heart  
Must never part."

—*New England Primer.*

THOSE were three very anxious days for Mrs. Reed. Since the day of her aunt's arrival she had seen very little of her husband; he had been from home nearly the whole time, and although he had returned from London with Father Gehagan, he had left his business there unfinished, and found it necessary to go thither again immediately to complete it. Even the short time that he had spent at home had been so much taken up with Miss Egan and the priest that husband and wife had had but little opportunity for

any confidences of their own. But, indeed, Mr. Reed seemed to have set himself for the time against all confidences. He had checked his wife whenever she began to speak to him about the children or himself, and had refused to answer any questions, or even to hear what she would have said, not churlishly, as before, but kindly and affectionately; sometimes with a laugh, and sometimes with a promise; but always, in one way or other, changing the subject, and putting her off till a more convenient opportunity. She could not understand this; yet his manner was so gentle, and the few serious words which he now and then uttered so full of sympathy, that she could only conclude he had some good reason, which would appear in due time, for acting as he did. She remembered also the secrecy and reserve which she had herself practised for so long a time towards him, and resolved, notwithstanding her anxiety, to submit to his humour and wait patiently, taking good care of the children meanwhile.

On the third day, by an early train, Mr. Reed returned from London. The door was opened for him this time before the cab had stopped; the cloth was laid ready for dinner, and there was a good fire burning. Mrs. Reed herself appeared upon the steps eager to welcome him.

"What day is this?" he asked, when they were alone.

"Don't you know? Mary's birthday."

"I have brought her a present from London. She is four years old. We must begin to think about her education now."

"Oh, she is a mere baby," Margarita answered, with a terrible fear at her heart. "She cannot speak plainly yet."

"Can she not? Poor little thing! I can feel for her. I have been in the same difficulty myself, until this moment."

"What do you mean?"

"Tongue-tied. Did you not find it out?"

"Yes; but I did not understand it; nor do I now."

"Father Gehagan made me promise that I would not hold any conversation with you on the subject of religion, nor answer any questions, nor give you a hint even as to the consequences of any step you or I might take until the expiration of three clear days from the time of his departure. He knew that I was going to London, and wished me to see some of the leading men of your Church and to listen without prejudice to their instruction; and that you also should have time for reflection. You know I have never wished to influence you, but rather that you should follow the dictates of your own conscience. Therefore I gave my word. I don't know how I could have kept it though, if I had been at home with you all the time, because I saw you in such trouble, and felt so anxious myself to know what was passing in your mind. Now my tongue is free again. Tell me, then, Margarita, all that is in your heart, and I will speak to you as freely. I have kept faith honestly with the priest, for your sake as well as for my own. Now show that you can trust me. Neither you nor I will ever have any secrets from one another from this hour."

"I fear I shall distress you," she replied. "You are so good, so honourable, so unselfish; but I know it will trouble you to hear."

"What? That Father Gehagan has prevailed?"

"No: but the contrary."

"You are a Protestant? Do you mean that?"

"You hate that word I know; let me say rather that I am no longer a Roman Catholic."

He looked at her for some moments without speaking, and with a strange expression of face, very different from what she had expected to see there. She could not read his thoughts, nor understand him.

"I know all the consequences," she continued. "I am frightened when I think of them. Your disappointment—the loss of a career which would have been open to you, and of a fortune which we might have inherited. You have heard all about it from Father Gehagan, I dare say."

"Yes, I know, I know," he said, hastily, still looking at her with the same strange expression.

"But the dear, dear children; that is what troubles me most. Did he tell you about them?"

"Yes, yes; I know all his plans."

"But you will never consent; you will never allow them to be taken from me. I could not obey you in that."

"You need not be afraid," he said.

"Oh, no! Of course, of course I knew it," she exclaimed, with a little laugh. But the laugh seemed to take hold of her, and went on till her bosom began to heave and swell with great hysterical sobs, and he was frightened.

"Margarita, my darling, what is this?" he cried.

"I have been trifling with you. Here, here, rest in my lap; lay your head down on my heart. What have you to fear? What is there to trouble you? Speak, dearest, speak!"

She made a great effort and recovered herself.

"They told me," she said, "that my little ones would be sent away to be brought up by Roman Catholic teachers, in a convent, and that you would sanction it."

"They told you a —!"—we will not repeat the ugly word he uttered. "You have made your confession, Margarita, and you shall now hear mine. I have been led, step by step, almost to Rome; *almost*, but not quite. For months past it has seemed to me to be little more than a question of expediency whether I should join the Roman Catholic Church or not. I spoke to Father Gehagan about it, and had nearly made up my mind to do so. I have had many conversations on the subject, and have listened to many persuasive arguments, especially during the last three days; all my questions have been answered, all my difficulties met. Yet I am not satisfied. For I have been thinking over our recent experiences, and must judge of the tree by its fruit. Your sincerity and earnestness, your devotion, first as a member of the Church of Rome, and afterwards as an inquirer and seeker after truth, the sacrifices you have made, the determination you have shown to do right, have been continually before my mind. On the other hand, the duplicity, the secrecy, the want of truth and honesty, which you and I have noticed on the part of some whom the Church of Rome approves and justifies, have shocked and startled me. I have been too little in earnest about religion hitherto. I will not change my faith just yet. I begin almost to fear that I have none to change. I will do as you have done, searching and praying until I know better what religion is. In the meantime, we are both of one Church, outwardly at least—Protestants if you will—protesting, at all events, against every false pretence, against all insincerity and treachery. You shall be

my good angel, Margarita. We will go up to the house of God in company, and lead our children with us."

A few weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Reed removed from Halford Quay. He had been successful in obtaining an appointment in London which promised to form a stepping-stone for him in his profession, and which raised him, at all events for the present, above all embarrassment or want. Their chief regret was in parting with Mr. Harte; but he promised to visit them from time to time, and gave them introductions to one or two of his good friends in the metropolis. Miss Egan, who had been sister for several weeks after her return to Ireland, sent at length a touching and affectionate letter to her niece, enclosing a bank-note of considerable amount to help them in their removal. A parcel arrived at the same time by book-post, registered. Mrs. Reed had read but half through her letter when, with a changing countenance and trembling hand, she laid it down, and took up the parcel instead. She was about to open it in haste, but checked herself, and retiring with it to her own chamber, shut to the door. Only on her knees, in no other attitude, would she uncover the precious relic, more sacred to her than any dry bone of canonised saint or dust of holy martyr, which she had learnt, to her extreme surprise, was contained in that little parcel. It was a Bible, a well-worn, much-used Bible, bound in black leather and fastened with two silver clasps. On the title-page was her mother's name, and underneath was the text written:

"Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart: for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of hosts."

Under this again, in the same handwriting, but in characters less distinct and firm, were the words:

"To my dear, dear Margarita, with her dying mother's prayers and blessing."

At the foot of the page was the British and Foreign Bible Society's imprimatur.

Our readers have seen the book before, and need not to be told its history. Margarita, also, had seen it once, and had held it for a few moments in her hand; but she remembered nothing of that, and but for the letter from Miss Egan, which now accompanied it, she would have been ignorant of all the circumstances connected with it, and would only have learnt from the inscription on the title-page, that her mother had been a Protestant, and this her Bible. Margarita had never seen her father, and could not remember her mother; but she had the greatest veneration for everything that had belonged to her parents, though she knew almost nothing of their history. She now finished the reading of her aunt's letter. It was a very long one; but a few sentences of it may suffice for us to transcribe.

"I promised your dear mother on her deathbed that I would take care of you. She charged me above all to have you taught and educated in her own faith. She had been a Roman Catholic, but married a Protestant, as you have done, and afterwards forsook the Church of her fathers and joined his. I have not been faithful to her. I had to choose between my duty to the Church and my promise to a dying sister. I considered that I was doing the best I could for your soul by keeping you within the fold. I felt sure that if your parents could have come back from the grave they would have approved of the course which I pursued. I took

counsel with my spiritual directors, and could not do otherwise than follow their behests. The Bible which I send you with this letter belonged, as you will see, to your mother. I promised her that I would give it you as soon as you should be able to read. I would not let you learn to read at all until much beyond the usual age; and then I was again persuaded to break my promise and conceal the book from you.

"All my care, all my craft, has been of no avail. Whether this be God's doing or no, I cannot tell. I am resolved, however, to hide the truth from you no longer. It has been a burden on my conscience for the greater part of my life; I will be quit of it now before I die. Yes, I am getting to be an old woman; though, thank God, healthy and strong yet, except some ailments. I have again made my last will and testament, the last—the very last this time. I shall not die any the sooner for that; perhaps, on the contrary, the consciousness of having finally decided what is to be done with my property, and the conviction that I have decided well, may help to prolong my days in a calm old age, at peace with God and man. It will be, in one sense, as I have always said—'No Protestant shall have Mary Cross.' I have kept my word so far; but like so many other acts of my life, it is a compromise. Even the Church, Father Giehan says, cannot do without compromises; the Church sanctions them; the Church profits by them. So be it. The Church will not, I fear, approve of this last compromise of mine; but I cannot help it; I will not alter it. It is the result of mature consideration, and brings no reproach to my conscience, but rest and satisfaction. Mary Cross is to be sold after my death to the highest bidder, with only one reserve, and that is, that the purchaser shall be a Roman Catholic. The proceeds are to be invested for your use in the first instance, and for your children after you. Now there will be no more reserve, no more estrangement between us. Now you will come and see me, and bring your dear little ones with you, and perhaps even trust them to my care if you should go abroad with your husband, as I know you hope to do some day or other. You may be quite sure that I will do them no harm, nor suffer any one else to tamper with them. I keep to my form of faith, and shall leave you to yours. We have all one Father. Let us try to be sincere and earnest in our duty to him by whatever name we may be called. For there can be no true religion without truth."

The project for the erection of a Roman Catholic chapel at Halford Quay did not prosper after Mr. and Mrs. Reed's removal to London. In the first place, there was a difficulty about the site. It will be remembered that, with a view to conceal from Mr. Fairlight the object for which the land was required, the contract for its purchase had been signed by an agent at Peterstowe, who became therefore, for the time being, the legal owner. That person, finding that the land was worth more than he had paid for it, considered himself entitled to a handsome bonus upon the transaction; and as disputes arose on this head, settled the matter by selling the property again at an advanced price to a builder, who put up a block of houses upon it. It was, of course, a very dishonest thing to do, but no worse, as he argued, than the stratagem which had been practised upon Mr. Fairlight in the first instance. Two blacks do not, it is true, make one white, and there was a great stir about the matter, which led to startling disclo-

tures, and brought very little credit to any one. One consequence of this was that Mr. Alban Cope found it advisable to declare himself, and to give up his living sooner than he would otherwise have done. Mr. Harte, on whom the appointment again devolved, was able to secure an evangelical clergyman to succeed him in the church and parish of St. Michael. So the temple was purged, as the people said; pictures, candlesticks, vestments, *et hoc genus omne*, were removed, and a plain service of prayer and praise, with the preaching of the gospel, took the place of the former elaborate ritual.

It only remains to be told that in Ireland Pat Houragan settled down a sober and a happy man upon his farm of one acre at Ballykilleena. He never complained of the pledge by which he and Bridget are mutually bound together; but on the contrary, was often heard to say that he would not slip out of it, nor break away from it, "to save his life." He confesses, too, that it was the temperance pledge which first made a man of him instead of a "baste," for if that had not "tied him up fast" in the first instance, so as to keep him away from the craythur for three months good, he would never have known the blessings which were to be secured to him by abstinence; nor would he have had resolution to make that faithful and deliberate promise to himself and Biddy, which ultimately proved more binding upon his sense of honour than even Father Matthew's pledge.

Pat Houragan's experience tallies with that of every other character in this short history, and may be summed up in the words of England's greatest dramatist and poet—

"This above all—To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

## TURKISH LAW AND TURKISH MISRULE.

BY THE REV. W. WRIGHT, B.A., LATE OF DAMASCUS.

DURING the past few months the "Leisure Hour" has furnished an elaborate picture of the "Border Lands of Islam." Forgotten lore and current history supplied facts which showed how Turkish rule was extended over Christian provinces in Europe, and how that rule was being used. But while the description in the "Leisure Hour" was proceeding with calm deliberation and historical accuracy, the Turk was flecking the canvas of Eastern Europe with living illustrations of himself and his ways; and so terrible became the picture of lust, and fire, and blood, that England awaked as from a nightmare, and uttered a piercing cry of pain and horror.

What gave poignancy to that bitter cry was the unerring instinct and uneasy consciousness that we were responsible for those cruel Turks, and somehow implicated in the foul deeds that had so startled and horrified us. As the Arabic proverb has it, "He who keeps a dog in the door in spite of everybody is responsible to every one the dog bites."

We knew that the Turk founded his empire in blood, and held it only by the sword, and was maintaining a precarious existence in Europe by the arts of the gambler and the spendthrift, but many thought that he had lost his bestial and cruel instincts, and



that, hedged around by treaties, and protected by civilised Christian powers, he would no longer let loose on helpless Christians, on women, and babes, the elements of wrath, destruction, and terror. But this sudden outburst of fiendish fanaticism and inhuman vengeance perplexes as well as pains us, and we stand aghast, as if some new thing had happened. It is worth our while to stop and ask, Is this a mere sudden forthflashing of Moslem vengeance? an overmastering gust of the demon passions of infuriated men? or is it not rather an extraordinary display of the ordinary occurrences of Turkish rule, which has now been forced into the light?

This is a point on which Englishmen need information, and such information as has been studiously withheld from them in the past. But now that the conscience of the kingdom is quick, it ought to be clearly made known that such crimes as have been perpetrated in Bulgaria in the *gross*, have been daily perpetrated in *detail* wherever Turkish rulers have had the Christians at their mercy.

No doubt there was unusual excitement in Bulgaria, and crimes were perpetrated on a larger scale than in ordinary times, but the crimes are in the ordinary line of Turkish procedure, and are only extraordinary because the Turks had extraordinary opportunities for perpetrating them.

I know the gravity of these assertions, but they are fully borne out by Turkish history, and by my own experience as a witness of Turkish misrule.

It is unnecessary to recall the butcheries in the Morea, in Scio, or in Syria, where the Christians surrendered their arms, and the Turks, notwithstanding their solemn promise, had them slaughtered like sheep; or the massacre of Damascus, superintended by the soldiery, where the only fault of the victims consisted in their being more industrious, and consequently more prosperous, than their neighbours. Such stupendous crimes, as they stand out in their own lurid light of fire and wrath, might be considered accidents, did they stand as isolated acts; but there is scarcely a Christian village in the Turkish empire without its tragic tale, there is scarcely a Christian family without a hideous remembrance too horrible for thought or word.

In wandering through the sacred and classic lands over which the Crescent floats, one is amazed at the number of ruins that stud the landscape; but while each ruin has its separate tale of horrors, all trace their destruction to the blighting, desolating presence of the Turk.

That heap of stones where the owl hoots and the fox lurks was once a prosperous Christian village. The fountains are now choked, and the vines have disappeared from the terraces. The history of that ruin is the history of a thousand such throughout the empire. Its prosperity led to its destruction. The Turks, too lazy to work, would wring from the villagers the fruits of their industry. Oppression makes even wise men mad, and the Christians, goaded to madness, turned on their oppressors. Then followed abject submission on the promise of forgiveness, and the place became a ruin amid horrors too foul to relate.

It is not in wild frenzy that the Turk destroys, but in calm blood, and in strict accord with his habits and laws. The tendency of his rule is to corrupt, torment, destroy. The letters from Bulgaria that have been read with mute lips disclose to me no new facts. I have known Christians beaten for claiming

their own cattle from Mohammedan robbers; I have known Christian husbands murdered for protecting their own wives. My own house was the refuge of a lovely Christian bride, who in the full gaze of the village was hunted there like a gazelle by a Turkish governor, who spoke French and affected civilisation in general. I have seen a Christian murdered under the eye of a Turkish sentry, who would not put forth a hand to stay the assassin. Nor are Christians only treated with indignity beyond the range of civilised influences. I was present in the Supreme Court of Justice at Damascus when the evidence of her Britannic Majesty's consul was refused by the judge because he was a Christian, and the evidence of his Moslem stable-boy taken instead.

I am glad to be able to admit that I have enjoyed the friendship of good Turkish governors, but their fairness to Christians was so out of harmony with Turkish public opinion and practice, as to lead to their dismissal.

There are those who tell us that Turkish cruelty and injustice are foreign to Islamism and Islamic law. But this is quite the reverse of true, and the Turkish ruler who treats Christians fairly, *except under pressure*, acts illegally in so doing. This is so important a point in this discussion, and so necessary to the clear understanding of Turkish acts, that I shall here give a literal translation of the Turkish law regulating the treatment of subject and tributary Christians.

I translate from the "Majma' el Anhur,"\* by Sheikh Zada, a standard work of reference with all Turkish lawyers. The work bears the official government stamp, and was printed in 1856, since the much-vaunted Hattihumaiyoun was issued, proclaiming equality to all the subjects of the Porte:—

"If tribute is imposed either by treaty stipulation, or as a price paid for peace, it must be collected only in accordance with the terms of the treaty. If a city is conquered, and its inhabitants have submitted to pay tribute, the rich must pay forty-seven dirhams each, the middle-classes twenty-four, and the poor twelve.†

"Tribute is to be levied on 'the people of the Book' (Christians, Jews, and Samaritans), the Magi, or fire-worshippers, and those idolaters who are not of Arabic origin. But idolaters who are Arabs, and apostates from Islam, may not be allowed to pay tribute. They must embrace Islamism, or be put to the sword, and their women and children are to be taken for slaves.

"No tribute is to be taken from boys, women, slaves, old men, blind men, or cripples, except the last three, who must pay if they have the means. Tribute is to be collected at the end of each year, or month; but should a man die, or become a Moslem, he is exempted.

"It is not lawful for Christians or Jews to build churches or convents in our land, nor for the Magi to build temples for fire-worship. They are also forbidden to trade in wine or swine. They are allowed to repair old churches which are in ruins, but they must do this with the old material, in the same place, and without any additions.

"It is not lawful for them to sound bells, except inside of their churches, and so gently that they shall not be heard outside.

\* The "Majma' el Anhur," a commentary on "Miftaki el Abhur," by Sheikh Zada. Printed in Constantinople, A.H. 1273 = A.D. 1856, pages 412-413.

† About sevenpence.

"They are not allowed to dwell among Moslems in the same city, but they must live in a special quarter by themselves, where no Moslems reside. Should any of them purchase a house in the Moslem quarter, he cannot be permitted to occupy it, but must sell it."

"The Thimmi (tributary Christian) must be distinguished from the Moslem by his dress, the animal he rides, and its saddle. He is not allowed to ride upon horses or camels, but he may ride upon donkeys and mules. He is not permitted to use arms, or to wear them. In public he must always wear the *kostan*, a narrow strip outside his dress, to distinguish him from the Moslems. He is not allowed to ride on a donkey even, except in case of necessity, and then he must use a coarse cushion in place of a saddle, and he must dismount whenever he meets a company of Moslems. He is not allowed to wear any article of dress peculiar to the learned, the religious, or the noble. His dress must not be of rich cloth, such as silk or fine wool. His turban must be large, and of coarse black cotton. His shoes also must be of the coarsest quality to mark his degradation. His garments must be short, with the pockets on the breast, like those of a woman. He is forbidden to sit down in the presence of a Moslem who is standing."

"Our present rulers are, indeed, guilty of a grave offence, in permitting the Christians to wear fine clothing, to ride upon horses, and to have Moslems for their servants. How can they escape the woes denounced against such disobedience? A Christian woman or female child must keep away from Moslem women in the street and in the bath. They must walk on the side of the way to give room for the Moslem women in the middle."

"The Christian must put a sign on his gate, so that beggars may not say 'God bless you.' He must walk in the narrowest part of the way when he meets a Moslem. He must pay the tribute standing while the collector sits."

"When the collector takes the tribute from him he should treat him very harshly, as by shaking him, beating him on the breast, or even dragging him on the ground; and should say to him at the same time, 'Give the tribute, O Thimmi, O enemy of Allah,' and this he shall do in order to degrade and disgrace him."

"And if he should refuse to pay the tribute, some say that he should be imprisoned and forced to pay;

but the majority of law authorities agree that he must be put to the sword, or made a slave."

"Should he curse the prophet (on whom be peace), he is to be punished according to his crime; but should he do it openly or often, he must be burned alive."

"He becomes an outlaw if he stir up war against us, or join our enemies; then he is like the apostate, and must be put to death, unless, indeed, he is taken prisoner, and then he may be kept alive as a slave."

It may be said that these harsh terms are not always imposed upon the Christian subjects of the Porte. True, but then it must be remembered that the Turk may relax the rigour of the law *under pressure*, and he just carries out the law so far as the pressure permits. The work of massacre went on for weeks throughout Syria. All *pressure* was removed, and people said the Turks were unable to restrain the murderers. But the French landed at Beyrout. *Pressure* was applied. The massacre was countermanded, and the murderers returned instantly and orderly to their homes. So in Bulgaria. *Pressure* was removed. The Moslems, official and non-official, believed that they were backed up by the might of England, and they put in full force Islamic law. The Turkish general did not receive the submission of the Bulgarians, or take them prisoners, for then they would have been obliged to spare them for slavery; but they played upon them with their cannon as on *apostates who must be put to death*.

When Fuad Pasha arrived in Syria he addressed the European Commission thus:—"Gentlemen, whatever you decide I shall execute. If you say hang a thousand, I shall do so." But the gentlemen could not agree as to what they were to decide (France was the "hobgoblin" in these days), and not one single Druze head perished. Fuad Pasha promised under *pressure*, but the pressure never was applied.

The Arabs say, "The Turks will catch hares with a lame donkey." That is, when they cannot carry out their measures by the most likely means they will do so by the most unlikely. They will use the weakest ambassador to thwart the strongest, and above all, to bring to naught the decisions of his own government. Let not the Great Powers leave the Christians of Eastern Europe longer at the mercy of their oppressors.

## AMERICAN CARICATURES.

### III.

PUBLIC taste has undergone a complete revolution since the not very remote times of Gilray and Rowlandson, and the change that has taken place in America during the same period is quite as marked as that which has occurred in England. The coarseness and vulgarity of the old caricaturists is no longer tolerated, and there, as here, the later history of the art has become merged in that of illustrated periodical literature. Etchings on copper have given place to engravings on wood; and whereas in the former case a sale of one or two hundred impressions would have satisfied artist and publisher, an edition of a hundred thousand copies of a modern illustrated periodical, printed and sold within a few hours, would not be considered remarkable. The position of the caricaturist has im-

proved in proportion as his art became elevated, and as the means for distributing his productions increased; while the influence which he is capable of exerting over public opinion has given him a place second only to the highest in the journalistic profession.

As already stated, the later history of American caricature must be traced by means of the illustrated periodical literature of the country. For nearly forty years after the termination of the second war with England, no American caricaturist of even moderate eminence appears to claim attention. Fugitive efforts were called forth from time to time by the excitement of local politics, or by petty eruptions of spleen against individuals in social life, but such exhibitions were transient and disconnected, and whatever influence

they may have had never extended beyond the immediate neighbourhood of their production. The old practice of etching on copper had fallen into disuse, while the improvements in printing machinery, and the facilities for rapid distribution, had not yet made wood engraving available for illustrating periodicals dealing with the events and opinions of the day. It is to be remembered that our own "Illustrated London News" has only been in existence since 1842, and that "Punch," which appeared for the first time in 1841, was the only success out of a long list of failures. In America, illustrated periodicals are of even more recent origin. "Gleason's Pictorial," which started in New York about 1851, was the first of the kind, and after struggling for a few months, it came to an untimely end. "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper" was commenced later on, and the first number of "Harper's Weekly" appeared in January, 1857. Both these have met with great success, particularly the latter. Pro-

caricaturist, but as a humorous delineator of American character. Darley is by far the most accomplished designer that America has produced. His outline illustrations to Judd's "Margaret" are exquisite works of art, much superior in tenderness of conception and delicacy of finish to the outlines of Retzsch, while, in his illustrations for the works of Dickens and Washington Irving, his humorous fancy has free scope, and displays itself to the utmost advantage. Darley has occasionally furnished designs for "Harper's Weekly," but it is chiefly as a book illustrator that he is famous. The example we are enabled to give of his skill is from a book entitled "Western Characters," published some years since. It represents one of the traditional female characters of the Western States, although the original is nearly, if not quite, extinct. The gaunt "school marm," with her bony hands incased in mittens, and her angular person draped in anything but fashionable attire, is a native of one of the New England States. Long



A YANKEE SCHOOLMISTRESS IN A WESTERN VILLAGE.

fessedly humorous periodicals, however, have uniformly failed whenever attempts have been made to establish them. The reason usually assigned is that American readers find an ample supply of that kind of mental pabulum in their daily newspapers, all of which, with scarcely an exception, have a regular space assigned to the scintillations of editorial wit and humour. The result is that the jokes and smart trivialities for which we should naturally turn to the pages of "Punch" or "Fun," are in America to be found cheek by jowl with market reports, shipping intelligence, or profound leaders on the political situation; while in "Leslie" or "Harper" are combined the pictorial elements of "Punch" and the "Illustrated London News."

Somewhat earlier than the appearance of illustrated periodicals, Felix O. C. Darley, a native of Philadelphia, began to distinguish himself, not precisely as a

had she sought and sighed for her affinity. Unfortunately, the female population of her native village far outnumbered the male, most of whom had wandered off with axe and rifle, happy to forego a birthright of stony acres, to become the pioneers of agriculture and civilisation in the Western territories. Maidens were plentiful and husbands few, until at length, grown weary of waiting, this unplucked rose also resolved to follow the setting sun. But time had dealt harshly with her, and the only sphere of usefulness remaining was to take charge of the school at one of the new Western villages. The pay is small, but she "boards around," that is, each of her neighbours take it in turn to give her free quarters and food for a stipulated term. She talks much of the luxuries she enjoyed when she was "to hum," of the magnificence of "Bosting," and, as a special claim to distinction, she never tires of inform-

ing her hearers that her father "fit in the Revolution, an' got wäounded." Her case is not quite desperate, however, for Western farmers need have wives, and their choice may perhaps be limited to an Indian squaw or an elderly spinster of their own race.

Bellew's caricature, the rival owners are on either side of a tub, full of water, representing the Atlantic, on which float two miniature vessels. Collins has to depend upon the force of his own breath to send his ship across the water, while Cunard's steamer is



COLLINS AND CUNARD COMPETITION.

The New England "school marms" have since learned wisdom of necessity, and no longer wait for age to overtake them before going West. Indeed, there is a current complaint in Minnesota that it is impossible to keep a school open for more than a few weeks at a time, because at the end of that period some desperate bachelor is sure to have carried off the "school marm" for his wife. It may be added that recruits from New England are seldom wanting to fill the gaps caused by matrimonial casualties.

It is to be regretted that Darley's illustrations have never found their way into an English edition of Dickens's works. They are full of drollery and spirit, and are conceived with much originality. His designs for Irving's works, especially "Knickerbocker's History of New York" are also very clever, and those for the novels of Simms and Fennimore Cooper are remarkable as much for the fidelity with which various antiquated types of American character are presented as for their artistic excellence.

One of the earliest of the many attempts to found a periodical corresponding in character with our "Punch" was the "Lantern," published in New York in 1852. It was the longest-lived of its class, but its career only extended to about twelve months. Most of its principal illustrations were drawn by Bellew, an artist who has since then contributed regularly to "Harper's Weekly." The caricature entitled, "Raising the Wind; or, Both Sides of the Story," appeared as the principal cartoon in the number of the "Lantern" for March 13th, 1852. It was at a time when the Collins line of transatlantic ships were started in opposition to the British Cunard line. The former did not prove a success, one reason being that while the Cunard line received an annual subsidy from our Government for carrying the mails, constitutional difficulties stood in the way of a similar advantage being granted to the Collins line by the American Government. In

aided by the powerful subsidy-bellows of John Bull. It is to be presumed that the elderly gentleman in the background is Diogenes, who appears to be looking to Uncle Sam as if expecting him to follow the example of John Bull, and assist his struggling protégé. Uncle Sam, however, does not take the hint, although he is evidently much interested in the experiment. Another caricature in the same periodical illustrates the friendly feelings towards this country



CONFEDERATE AND FEDERAL.

which at that time prevailed. Some of the ambitious projects conceived by Napoleon were supposed to be directed towards America, and in the cartoon referred to, the French Emperor appears in the form of a donkey, while Columbia, as Miss Betsey Trotwood, is calling upon England, in the character of Jemima,



to assist her in expelling the intruders. With the exception of Bellow's cartoons, the "Lantern" contained nothing to merit notice. Some of the best work Bellow has done has appeared in the "New York Graphic," a daily illustrated paper which was started a year or two ago, to which journal also a young artist named Frost has contributed some clever caricatures.

Up to the time of the breaking out of the Civil War, very little is to be gleaned relative to the progress of the art. "Harper's Weekly" contained an occasional caricature, but the subject was generally some amusing *contretemps* in social life, and can hardly be said to fall within the category of genuine caricature. The war, however, gave a new impetus to the caricaturists. In every number of "Harper's Weekly" caricatures were given relating to incidents of the conflict or to the furious political struggles which were constantly going on between rival parties in the North. It required very little exaggeration on the part of the artist to make the tall figure of President Lincoln appear grotesque, while his many strongly-marked peculiarities supplied both friends and enemies with subjects for ridicule. Jeff. Davis and the Southern leaders, as might be expected, received little mercy at the hands of the caricaturists, and England, whose supposed sympathy with the South had made her very unpopular, was treated with much severity. One caricature in particular exhibits this feeling in a marked degree. Uncle Sam, as the keeper of a country store, is seen engaged in chalking up a fresh score against John Bull for damage done to American commerce by the Alabama and other Southern privateers fitted up in English ports. On the same slate are also visible the cancelled scores

of the Revolution and the war of 1812. Most of the caricatures which appeared at this time, however, are without much force, and very little technical skill is exhibited by their designers. The best were drawn by Bellow, but the majority appear without any name attached. The condition which the conflict had assumed in 1864 is cleverly expressed in a caricature which appeared in one of the numbers of "Harper's Weekly" for that year. It is not signed, but it was probably drawn by Bellow, whose later style it closely resembles. North and South are represented by the Kilkonny cats, whom the fable relates to have performed the miraculous operation of each eating the other completely, a feat which the Americans at that time seemed ambitious to emulate. The Northern cat possesses a tail of magnificent proportions, while the caudal appendage of his adversary is reduced to a bare stump. The tails of the cats represent the comparative resources of North and South, and it is amusingly evident that, supposing each cat to eat and be eaten by the other, a considerable remnant of the larger tail must necessarily survive. General Grant is complacently awaiting the result of the fight, confident that, with its enormous resources, the North must ultimately triumph. "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer" was the characteristic language used by him in one of his despatches from the seat of war to the authorities at Washington.

It was during the war fever that Thomas Nast, the most original and powerful caricaturist that America has produced, first came into notice. Nast and his works, however, demand greater space than our limits now admit, and the account must therefore be reserved for another chapter.

## THE GRANTS OF LOCHSIDE;

OF, THE LIFE OF SCOTCH EMIGRANTS IN CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE REDFERN'S TROUBLES."

VI.

MY brother James was a tower of strength to us all during that time of trial. He came home, much to his own loss, and took the weight of summer care from my father, and I could never tell the help he was to me. After long preparation in the way of gathering the material for building together, the foundation of our new house had been laid early in the spring; and though it would have suited us all better to have had a stop put to the work when our trouble fell on us, the contract for the stone-work had been made, and could not be gone back from, so the walls went up, and the roof was put on before the summer was over; and, what with that, and the overseeing of the farm work, James had his hands full, but through it all his help to me never failed.

The accident happened in the beginning of June, and within the week John was at home. June passed and July was well on, and we were still looking and waiting, and even on me who was stronger in body than the rest, the strain was beginning to tell.

"John," said I to my brother, one day, "how is it all to end?"

He was as unlike himself as could well be imagined, and if it hadna been that I kenmed him to be a servant of God, and that his Master had a firm hold on him, I would have been feared for him whiles. Even as it was, it made the strain on me the sorer, seeing his

faith failing him. When I said this to him he was sitting with his head on his hand looking out upon the lake over which the morning sun was shining with a brightness that looked cruel even to me. "A vast and wandering grave," he had called it to me, once as we stood beside it, and I knew that was the thought that was in his heart. His eyes had a dazed look as he turned them to me and repeated my words.

"To end?" said he after me, as though he didna comprehend.

"It is God's hand that is on us," said I, and he said over again,

"It is God's hand."

"As for my mother and May," said I, "it must end for them in some way soon, all this—all this waiting and wandering up and down, I mean, for they are nearly spent, and my father has grown an old man in these weeks. And surely, John, it is not well, in the hour of darkness to distrust Him that has kept us so long in the light."

This, or something like this, I said to him, and he sat looking at me with the same dazed eyes for a moment, and then he rose and went out without a word. And then I mind saying to myself, "If God doesna give me help, I must break down this day," and when I opened my eyes I saw John coming in again.

"Elsie," said he, speaking low, "if I shouldna

come home till late, or even not at all to-night, you are not to wait or be anxious. I may be home, but I cannot say now."

"You are in God's hand, John," I said, having neither strength nor courage to ask where he was going.

"Am I? I am not sure," said he, a strange look of pain coming over his face, and then he went out again, and though I told him it was wrong for him to go without his breakfast he didna turn back.

Well, that day passed as other days had done; and having many things to do in the house, though we had good help too, I got through it with fewer thoughts of him than seemed possible in the morning. But when worship was over, and my mother and May had gone to their beds, the remembrance of his face and his words in the morning could no longer be put away. My father was up yet, whiles reading, and whiles not, so I had to sit still, giving as little sign as possible of anxious thought. For my father leaned on me in those days, and watched my face, and listened to what I had to say in a way that sometimes was almost more than I could bear, but which, on the whole, helped me to keep up for his sake. So when I looked up and met his eyes grown troubled and wistful, like a child's, and he said kindly,—

"You are done out to-night, Elsie, my lassie. You should not think of waiting up till your brother comes home."

I had much ado to keep back my tears, but I said quietly as soon as I could, "He said to me in the morning he might not come home. No one need think of waiting up for him."

But when another hour had passed, and the house was quiet, I couldna rest, and, drawn by the "wash-wash" of the water, that had once been such a pleasant sound, I went down to the lake shore and waited. The moon rose as I sat there, and sent a long strip of silvery light over the water, and there was a softened brightness on most things, and flickering shadows here and there. How long I sat I cannot say, but in the restful sweet silence of the hour a great peace fell on my heart. I was alone with God, and I seemed to feel the touch of his hand, and to know that I was in his keeping. We were all in his keeping, I thought, my father, and mother, and May, and my brother for whom I was waiting. Yes, and the brother whom I should never see on earth, but who was safe in God's presence, doing, doubtless, some wonderful high work for him, that might be told to us hereafter; and I seemed to see clearly, as I had never seen before, that out of this so sore trouble that had fallen upon us, my mother and they all would be brought more than conquerors.

As I waited, quieted with thoughts like those, there came out from among the shadows on the other side a speck, which changed to a boat as it drew near, and as it crossed the shining path which the moonlight made just as it touched the shore, I saw my brother's face, and there came into my mind the verse that says of some, looking on one of God's servants of old, "They saw his face as it had been the face of an angel;" and so I rose and waited.

"Is it you, Elsie?" said he, not surprised at seeing me there, though midnight was past, and not vexed, as I feared he might be, at my waiting. And then I helped him with the boat, and we went to the house, walking slowly. For John's face was white, though there was a new peaceful light on it, and he moved like a man tired with a long day's work.

When we came to the door he stopped a minute to look back on the lake and the islands beyond, and, said he,—

"Sister Elsie, I laid down my burden over yonder."

Then he put his two arms round my neck and kissed me, which was a great surprise to me, for that was not his way. Then he said two or three kind words, which made the tears run down my cheeks; and then I minded that very likely he had eaten nothing all day. So I made some tea, and brought it to him, with bread and meat, and waited while he was eating it, hoping to hear more. But he said not another word about where or how that day had passed with him.

But one summer night long afterwards, when I was sailing with him and his wife and some of his bairns past the island that lies nearest Lochside, he said softly, whether to me or to himself I didna ken, "Yonder's Jabbok!" and I knew he was thinking of the day he had passed there in the time of his trouble.

"I think it should be Peniel," I said, answering him.

He nodded and smiled, and said he, "Yes, I saw His face that day."

And then, when his wife looked from one to the other, wondering, he told us more than I had heard, but not more than I had guessed before, about that day on the island, and how God had met him there.

After that the worst of our trouble was over. John had aye the ability of getting folk persuaded to fall in with his plans, and this stood us all in good stead after that. If there had been no plan, and nothing done, the very sight of his changed face must have done good to my mother and Marjory. His whole bearing was altered. As for my father, he gave ear to him, and fell into his way of thinking with a readiness that astonished me.

My father had never given up the thought of some time going home again to Scotland, to get a look at the place where he was born, and where the best part of his life was passed. He had spoken often about it lately, and there had even been some questioning as to whether he should not go that year, and leave the building of the house till the next, and I think, if my mother had put the weight of a word into the matter, he might have gone. Now John put the whole weight of his will into it. He began with my father, as was right in the circumstances, my mother having few thoughts beyond the loss of her boy, and the knowledge that was coming to her that even in death she would never see his face. But it was for her sake that he urged it, and it was for her sake that my father allowed himself to be wrought upon to believe it possible for him to leave with the harvest coming on.

Dr. Galbraith, who had been coming and going about our house for a good many years, gave his advice in favour of any change that would take her out of sight of the lake, and away from the thoughts that were taking so sad a hold upon her, and my father, when he had decided, thought every day lost till they could get away. In less time than I could have believed possible, all their preparations were made, and they went away; and I do not even now like to think of the days that followed.

John went with them to see them safe on board the steamer, and when he came back it was better with us in many ways. He gave himself to the work of the harvest with a good will and did great

service, and James saw his way to a successful ending of the year's work before his brother went away.

But when he went he took Marjory with him. If he had given us time to think about it, or to raise objections, she would never have gone. But he put it to me how good for the child a change would be, seeing she was so white and slender, and so little like her old self, and I could say nothing. As for preparations, he laughed at any delay for the sake of them, saying that Annie would see to them. He put to silence Marjory's doubts about leaving me, saying he was taking her away to send her back to me as more cheerful and useful company. For to the child in these days of her first trouble it didna seem that she could ever be lighthearted again.

It was sad enough in our home when they went away, and I am afraid my courage and calmness, which they had got into the way of making much of, must have given way, if I had not got just at that time some special work to do.

Though I have said nothing about the young sisters, we had not lost sight of them all this time. As to their staying on at their farm all winter, even their father, who thought of few things beyond what would conduce to his own comfort, saw that was impossible, and now the winter was at hand. It went nigh to break Miss Hester's heart to think of parting from her two young sisters, but a relation of their own, on their father's side, who was not a relative of Miss Hester's, had asked the two to pass the winter with her, and the boys were to be sent to the school. I only heard all this when I went over there one afternoon, because it seemed impossible for me to settle at work at home.

When I saw Miss Hester's face, how changed and wan it was, and how unfit she was to battle with the life that was before her, I could not but think shame at my own murmurs. My mother had gotten the change she needed, and so had my Marjory, and at the right time. I could hope to have them back again, helped, if not altogether healed of their trouble, and here was this much-tried poor soul in a sore strait about these to whom she had been both mother and sister, not knowing when she let them go whether she should ever see them again.

"And it might all have been quite otherwise," she said to me, for the first time breaking through her natural and proper reserve as to their family affairs, telling me of the heedlessness and ill-doing of her stepfather, that had lost the lives of some of his children, and spoiled the lives of them all. However, she could change nothing, and she saw no other way than to let the children go. Poor thing, she was utterly broken down and heartless when she told me this, for when I asked her what she would like best to do herself, she said quietly, as though she had often thought about it, that she would like best to make her way to one of the large towns, where there were places in which poor and sick people were sheltered till they died. And then she grew excited, and called herself weak and cowardly for wishing to get quit of trouble which her death must leave the rest to bear alone.

"No," said she, after a little; "I must try to live and grow strong again, and I think I could do this better if I could get some steady work to do."

But she was unfit for work of any kind as one could well be, and if it had not been that I thought right to speak to James about it first, I would have taken her home with me that night. That was the

way it ended. The Lester children went where their father sent them, and Miss Hester and her lame brother Cecil came to us at Lochside, and their coming was good for us all. This was October, and they staid with us till well on in the next summer, and they were changed creatures when they went away, so much good did their stay with us do them.

At the new year John came home for a week, though it wasna his custom, and Marjory came with him, and whenever I saw her face I felt how wise John had been in taking her away. She had gotten back her colour again and her cheerfulness. But she had not forgotten her brother. The very first words she spoke to me when we were by ourselves were about him, and they were spoken with sudden, hot tears. But though she had not forgotten him, and could never forget him, the bitterness had gone out of her grief, and she had resigned herself to God's will in this and in all things, as I saw as the time went on. She was changed in many ways; she was aye the same to us in that she was inexpressibly dear and sweet; but she was no longer a child, our merry May, whose dancing feet had all these years made music in the house. These months of trial had made a woman of her; she had grown greatly, too, and Annie's way of having her gowns made had something to do with her womanly looks.

She could never be my merry wee May again; but it would have been ill done in me to lament over that, seeing she was what she was, having still the simplicity and humility and loving-sense duty of a child. And the sweet gravity of a woman who had experience of sorrow, and who accepted it as sent of God.

And John was changed greatly as well. Seeing him now, it came into my mind that maybe they hadna been altogether wrong who had called him stern and hard in his judgment of folk, he being so young a man. He had whiles had a high-handed way with his brothers, but then he was much wiser and better than they were, and it had seemed natural enough to us. But other folk couldna be expected to yield to him as his brothers did, especially those whose ill-doing he had reprov'd without fear, and he had been called hard, and not always charitable in his judgments. But now to the old force and fire was added the gentleness that is whiles stronger than either. Out of the chastisement—not joyous, but grievous—had sprung the peaceable fruits of righteousness fair to see in his words and in his life.

Before he went away he made plans and laid down rules as to all that Marjory and Miss Hester were to do together before he should come home in the spring. For there is no stronger temptation to unthankfulness and despondency than idleness or listless dreaming; and the occupying of one's self with trifles—the doing of useless work—is to my mind just as bad. Miss Hester had been Marjory's teacher before in some things, in fine needlework and in music, in both of which she excelled. It was chiefly that through the lessons she might get a way of helping the motherless Lesters that my mother wished it; and she was sensible as well of the benefit to May of being much in the company of a sweet-spoken true gentlewoman like Miss Hester. And now the lessons went on again with profit to them both. Miss Hester's musical instrument was brought to our home, because there seemed to be no other place for it; and after John came it was put in order, and made use of, to our great solace and delight, many a day; and so the winter went quietly on.

## NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

## STORKS.

Storks, in their own proper season, abound in Strasburg. One would have supposed, their nests being destroyed by the bombardment, and themselves frightened by the dreadful roar of the cannon, they would never have come back again. I am told that they are most intelligent creatures. Sometimes, from the violence of the wind and storms, the young fall out of the nests, and they are then kept by town people in their gardens. There they become as tame as ducks, and find their own food, eating almost everything, as ducks do; otherwise, I am told, their chief if not only food consists of frogs. They may be seen flying about overhead, with the legs of the frog sticking out each side of their beak. To find this food they are always to be seen congregated in cities near rivers and lakes, or marshy pools. They generally take their southward flight in August. They may be seen a few days before their flight concerting together on the tops of houses, certain birds, or elders of the flock, disseminating the intelligence of their proposed flight to all the other storks of the city. They then, every one of them, collect in some field outside the city, there to destroy the poor young storks who are unable to fly to any great distance. The young storks are all killed by them, after which they soar away in companies, with true military preciseness, having an *avant garde*, then the mass of storks, and then the *arriere garde*.

L. K.

Strasburg.

## DOG AND CAT FRIENDSHIP.

I once had a Skye terrier, Pickle, who was much attached to my cat, Minnie. They were great allies in hunting after rats and mice. When Pickle thought he heard a rat, he would at once signal the news to Minnie. By some agreement between them, the rat was not only to be caught, but was to be eaten by Minnie. Pickle would draw her attention, when he heard a rat, by a peculiar whine. She would answer by a soft mew, meaning, I suppose, that she was ready for a hunt. She would remain perfectly still, though observant, until Pickle had run the victim behind some box or chest of drawers. Then Minnie would post herself on one side and Pickle on the other. He would then give a bark and a sudden jump at his end to terrify the victim, that it should rush out, to be caught by Minnie, who would take her prey to the verandah, where Pickle, sitting a short distance from her, would not interfere with her repast. During the hot and sultry weather of the monsoon I have often seen Pickle go out and lie down on the wet verandah to cool himself, and Minnie, not liking to wet her pretty feet, would jump on him and make him her cushion to sit on, thus securing a dry place for herself.

A noble Newfoundland dog I had, Neptune, and a fine tom-cat were great friends. When I used to feed my pigeons in the morning, the superb cat would walk in amongst them, to all appearance with the greatest unconcern, and not at all as though looking out for a fat one. I used to miss a pigeon frequently, and could not imagine how I lost them,

never dreaming of honest Tom being the culprit. After feeding the pigeons one morning, happening to return quickly, I caught Tom in the act of carrying one off. He at once took refuge in his friend Neptune's house, and there ate the pigeon in spite of me, being defended by Neptune, who, fiercely growling at me, would not let me approach.

H. W. H.

## OYSTER SPAT.

On opening a black-sick oyster it will be observed that, almost encircling the body of the animal, there is a dark slate-coloured margin. By lifting up the covering over this dark material it will be perceived that it consists of the external fold of the mantle or beard of the oyster. When this has been lifted aside, the dark-coloured material, which looks very like wet slate-pencil dust, is found to consist of a semi-solid mass of minute objects, which, as they dry, look like minute pearls. These objects are, in fact, the spat, each being a perfect oyster; they appear to be perfectly lifeless and immovable. By further dissection it will be found that there are other layers of spat between the other three folds of the oyster's beard. If a portion of this spat be placed in sea-water and examined under the microscope, a wondrous sight will be presented to the spectator. I have just taken out a very minute portion, hardly visible on the top of a toothpick, and placed it under the glass; this dust-like material is then seen to consist entirely of minute living oysters, swimming about with considerable velocity in a drop of sea-water. The only thing I can at all compare the movements of this dense mass of oysters to is the appearance of bees swarming; or perhaps better still, the fuss and activity of ants when their nest has just been disturbed. That these little oysters have some kind of sense is evident, as they do not appear, although their space is very confined, ever to bump one against the other. On putting the spat under a higher power, it is seen each little oyster is provided with a kind of coronet, from which extrude a number of ciliæ or minute hairs, which keep on continuously vibrating with very great rapidity. The oyster, I feel convinced, has power to withdraw the coronet, ciliæ and all, inside its shell, shut his shell entirely, rest quiet a little time, and then, having re-opened his shell, begin to play up again. The most common movements of the spat are a restless driving about with a very graceful motion, like a lady skating. Frequently they describe several circles at and about the same spot, just like the merry-go-round beetles one sees on the top of the water in stagnant ditches. Frequently in their gyrations they make complete summersaults, like tumbler pigeons, turning over and over from once to eleven or twelve times. They never swim backwards, but always with their coronets looking the way they are going. The action of the ciliæ is so very rapid that it is impossible to see how they manage to advance. Sometimes, however, they stop quite short and appear to scratch with their ciliæ at the glass. In this case the ciliæ reminded me very much of a dog scratching with great rapidity at a rabbit-hole. These little



fellows seem very tenacious of life. As the water upon the glass evaporates, they move their cilia with greater and greater rapidity, as if determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. When the water becomes very shallow indeed, the little oyster, of course, moves slower, and I then make out that the portion of the shell exactly opposite the coronet for about one-third of its extent is decidedly flattened. The structure of the shell itself is very thin, and it appears quite hollow, except that there is a dark spot in the centre. When the poor little fellows are dead their two shells open wide, and it becomes evident that this dark spot is the adductor muscle which holds the two shells together.—*Frank Buckland, in "Land and Water."*

"AS STUPID AS AN ASS."

What is more common than the expression "As stupid as an ass," or, "As stupid as a pig." But asses and pigs are not stupid animals. Almost any kind of animal may be taught to do something, if only a sufficient amount of care has been bestowed upon its training; and a pig is no exception. Some of them have been taught to perform curious tricks, and have been shown to the world as learned pigs. "We have heard," says the Rev. T. Jackson, in "Our Dumb Neighbours," "of a pig that was trained by his master to be a pointer, and whose sharpness of smell was so great that he would often find birds that the dogs had missed. Pointer dogs were jealous of his presence, and would not do their duty if he were with them. So he was usually taken out without dogs, and was employed as a solitary pointer."

As for asses, we hear so much of their stupidity, that any well authenticated facts to the contrary are worthy of being published, as calculated to raise these animals in public estimation. The following stories, quoted by the Rev. F. O. Morris, in his "Anecdotes of Natural History," show that these proverbially stupid animals are, nevertheless, quite capable of displaying both sagacity and intelligence.

"While living on the Sussex coast," says Mr. East, "I had myself a very fine donkey presented to me by Osgood Haubury, Esq., which was a remarkably docile and knowing animal. He was the constant companion of my children in their rambles on the Downs, and on these occasions seemed to think that he had a right to share in all their eatables and drinkables, and would do so most readily, whether cakes, apples, oranges, sweetmeats, milk, or even tea, ginger-beer being almost the only exception. With this he was thoroughly disgusted, in consequence of the cork which had been expelled from the bottle, with the usual loud report, having struck him upon the nose. This he never forgot, but would quickly march out of the way whenever a bottle of ginger-beer was produced.

"But his cleverness and cunning were more particularly shown in the following incident. His lodging-place at night was a small, open shed, whence he had free access to a yard, but not of course to the kitchen-garden which adjoined it. The latter was separated from the yard by a wall and door, fastened securely, as we imagined, by two bolts and a latch. We were, therefore, surprised to find that the door had been unfastened during the night, whilst the foot-prints of the donkey on the garden walks and beds too plainly told who had been the trespasser. Still we could hardly suppose he would have drawn the bolts and let himself in,

especially as the upper bolt was fixed at a considerable height. This, however, proved to have been the case; for, my bedroom door overlooking the yard and garden, I one night watched at the window, and distinctly saw Mr. Donkey reared on his hind legs, unfastening the upper bolt with his nose and mouth; he then withdrew the lower one, lifted the latch, and walked quietly into the garden. In a few minutes I further observed him returning to his shed, with a large bunch of carrots which he deposited there, and he then went back, most certainly not to bolt, but to latch the door; after which he leisurely set about munching his slyly-acquired booty.

"Before putting a final stop to his proceedings, I gave several of my neighbours, who were incredulous upon the subject, an opportunity of witnessing his proceedings; and at this time his sagacity was further evinced by the fact that he would never commence his operations until after the light had been extinguished at the bedroom window."

#### MR. GLADSTONE ON COTTAGE GARDENING.

THERE is not a better nor a more wholesome and salutary village institution in the whole round that can be named than a flower show—that is to say, than a society of which a flower show is the annual celebration. In the first place it is one of those independent institutions which teaches the people to exert themselves, and you may depend upon it man is not a passive and mechanical being. You do not train man as a plant; he is a moral agent; and if any good is to be done to him or to any woman or child, and I am delighted to see how many young boys and girls have come forward to obtain honourable marks of recognition on this occasion, if any effectual good is to be done to them, it must be done by teaching and encouraging them, and helping them to help themselves. People who pretend to take your own concerns out of your own hands, and to do everything for you—I won't say they are quacks, but I do say they are mistaken people. The only sound, healthy description of countenancing and assisting these institutions is that which teaches independence and self-exertion. There is no better kind of exertion than this; it is good for your health, good for your independence, because, though a garden is not a very large thing in the life of a cottager, it is a very considerable element of independence, as well as a comfort, pleasure, and satisfaction. When well managed, and of proper size, it makes a sensible addition to his means of living; and for my own part, I sometimes hope that you may live to see the day when there will be no such thing in this country as a cottage without a garden.

I rejoice to think that gardens are increasing. It is not always an easy thing to make new divisions of land, because, unfortunately, when a bit of land is given to one, it very often is taken from another. Land is not a thing which can be manufactured. If we could manufacture it, we would make larger gardens, and have gardens for every body; but I am glad to think there are many gardens already, and there is every disposition to make them universal. Your independence, your health and comfort, by this thing are promoted, as well as neighbourly assistance, good fellowship, and pleasant meetings of this kind, where we are all met together

in good-humour. We come to know one another better, and I hope we come not to leave one another worse; but let me tell you one word more, something more grave and serious, but I hope not sorrowful. When you cultivate the plant that grows from the ground, you cannot help thinking a little who He is that makes that plant to grow.

When I say you should help yourselves—and I would encourage every man in every rank of life to rely upon self-help more than on assistance to be got from his neighbours—there is One who helps us all, and without whose help every effort of ours is vain; and there is nothing that should tend more and nothing that does in the well-constituted mind tend more, to make us see the beneficence of God Almighty than to see the beauty as well as the usefulness of these flowers, these plants, and these fruits which he causes the earth to bring forth for our comfort and advantage.—*Speech at Hawarden Village Flower Show.*

### THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE accompanying account of the death of Oliver Cromwell appeared in the Government organ of the day, the "Mercurius Politicus" for September 29th, 1658. It was no doubt the first printed intelligence which reached the people outside London of the loss England and the world had suffered. It has a sad interest to us now as a calm and pathetic record of one of the most memorable events in history. It is also not without some literary value as a specimen of rich and beautiful English, which appeared in the pages of a newspaper at a time when the writing in such places was almost always, as far as style went, of the very lowest order:—"Whitehall, September 3. His most Serene and Renowned Highness Oliver Lord Protector, being, after a sickness of about fourteen days (which appeared an ague in the beginning), reduced to a very low condition of body, began early this morning to draw near to the gate of death; and it pleased God about three o'clock afternoon, to put a period to his life. I would willingly express upon this sad occasion the deep sorrow which hath possessed the minds of his most noble son and successor, and other dearest relations, had I language sufficient. But all that I can use will fall short of the merits of that most excellent Prince. His first undertakings for the public interest, his working things all along, as it were out of the Rock, his founding a military discipline in these nations, such as is not to be found in any example of preceding times; and whereby the noble soldiery of these nations may (without flattery) be commended for piety, moderation, and obedience, as a pattern to be imitated, but hardly to be equalled, by succeeding generations; his wisdom and piety in things divine, his prudence in management of civil affairs, and conduct of the military, and admirable successes in all, made him a prince indeed among the people of God; by whose prayers being lifted up to the supreme dignity, he became more highly seated in their hearts, because in all his actings it was evident that the main design was to make his own interest one and the same with theirs, that it might be a subserving to the great interest of Jesus Christ. And in promoting of this his spirit knew no bounds, his affection could not be

confined at home, but brake forth into foreign parts, where he was by good men universally admired as an extraordinary person raised up of God, and by them owned as the great Protector and Patron of the Evangelical profession. This being said, and the world itself witness of it, I can only adde that God gave him blessings proportionable to all these virtues, and made him a blessing to us by his wisdom and valor to secure our peace and liberty, and to revive the ancient renown and reputation of our native country. After all this, it is remarkable how it pleased the Lord on this day to take him to rest, it having formerly been a day of labours to him; for which both himself and the day (Sep 3) will be renowned to posterity, it having been to him a day of triumphs and thanksgiving for the memorable victories of Dunbar and Worcester; a day which, after so many strange revolutions of providence, high contradictions, and wicked conspiracies of unreasonable men, he lived once again to see, and then to die with great assurances and serenity of minde, peaceably in his bed. Thus it hath proved to him to be a day of Triumph indeed, there being much of providence in it, that after so glorious crowns of victory placed on his head by God on this day having neglected an earthly crown, he should now go to receive the crown of Everlasting Life."—*Academy.*

### Varieties.

AN EARL AND HIS TENANT.—A worthy old man, holding a small farm under the late Earl of Shrewsbury, with others of the tenantry, had his rent raised. The farmer, aggrieved by the new arrangement, represented to the steward that as he was then seventy years of age, and was born on the farm, which had been his home all his life, he hoped he might be permitted to end his days in peace on the old terms, especially as he had never been behind with his rent. The steward blandly assured him that he would represent the matter to his lordship, and felt little doubt that it would be amicably arranged, but that meantime the farmer must pay the additional sum. The old man went home believing that, notwithstanding the present annoyance, it would be "all right" next quarter day. But when that day came round, the steward said he was extremely sorry that circumstances had prevented his case being attended to, but it certainly would be settled satisfactorily soon. Meanwhile, as on the former occasion, it was necessary that the farmer should pay the additional rent. Woefully disappointed, the old man paid the money. A third rent-day came round, and the old story was repeated over again. Convinced now that the steward was only playing with him, when the next quarter day came near, the old man, dressed in his best, presented himself at Alton Towers, and asked to see his lordship. Being known to the servants as an old tenant, he was shown into the room where his lordship was writing. With the high-bred courtesy which belongs to our nobility, the earl patiently listened to his story, and without the slightest hesitation agreed to his wishes, giving him a note to that effect to the steward, and generously presented him with a cheque for the overcharge of the three previous rent-days. The old farmer retired delighted with the affability and kindness of his landlord, who conducted the tenant through the hall towards the door of the mansion. The farmer, now relieved of the load of anxiety, noticed the paintings in the hall, and remarked, "These, I suppose, are the portraits of some of your lordship's ancestors?" The earl smiled, and replied, "Oh, no, they are pictures of the saints of our Church, and are those who intercede with God for us. That is St. James, that St. Barnabas, and that St. John." "I see," rejoined the old farmer; "but I don't think much of that lot. My lord, don't you have anything to do with those fellows; they will do you no good. Depend upon it, they are just like your lordship's steward. I went to him again and again, and got no redress. But no sooner did I come to your lordship than

my wish was granted. Take an old man's advice, my lord ; go straight to the Master himself and tell him, and you will be sure to get all you want." To the earl's credit be it said that no offence was taken at the plain, outspoken language of the tenant, although his lordship was a Romanist.

**AUSTRALIAN BLACKS.**—The Rev. G. King, of Australia, makes the following interesting statement : "The Australian black has no notion of a Supreme Being. He knows nothing of a moral Governor of the world, nor has he any idea of a moral government in the universe. But he is very superstitious, and timid at night, and trembles at shadows. He has a vague notion of an evil spirit which he calls *Gyngar*, and employs one of his tribe, who acts as an exorcist, to expel the shadowy enemy, and remove the curse which they suppose to accompany the presence of the unwelcome spirit. These blacks also believe in the transmigration of *bodies*, and often fancy some stranger has the life and spirit of some departed black friend, and treat him as a brother. They imagine that a departed black fellow after burial rises from the grave, and finds his way to a small star, called the 'Emu star,' which will be seen in a dark field near the southern cross (*crux Australis*), and that the region *there* abounds in kangaroos and emus, and all kinds of game. And when asked how he finds his way thither, the native raises his finger slowly up towards the horizon, and asks you to look at the Milky Way, and all the bright stars there, and solemnly avers that the chain of stars from the horizon to the "Emu" is a spiritual ladder to conduct the departed home. They are very accurate observers of nature, and might be styled astute naturalists. They are naturally truthful, but soon learn from Europeans to invent a falsehood. They are also gentle and hospitable by nature, but when injured very revengeful. They are very active and enduring ; and one grand trait of their character is gratitude for benefits conferred on themselves or their children. They are capable of much moral and intellectual improvement, and learn quickly to read, write, and commit to memory. The girls, when taught, work beautifully." On referring the matter to Mr. Dunkin, of the Royal Observatory, he says :—"The star alluded to by the Rev. G. King is evidently an unnamed star alluded to by the late Sir John Herschel in the following words :—'After this it (the Milky Way) immediately expands into a broad and light mass, enclosing the stars  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$  Crucis and  $\beta$  Centauri, and extending almost to  $\alpha$  of the latter constellation. In the midst of this bright mass, surrounded by it on all sides, and occupying about half its breadth, occurs a singular dark pear-shaped vacancy, so conspicuous and remarkable as to attract the notice of the most superficial gazer, and to have acquired among the early northern navigators the uncouth but expressive appellation of the *coal-sack*. In this vacancy, which is about eight degrees in length and five degrees broad, only one very small star visible to the naked eye occurs, though it is far from devoid of telescopic stars, so that its striking blackness is simply due to the effect of contrast with the brilliant ground with which it is on all sides surrounded.' I have no doubt whatever but that this small unnamed star in the 'coal-sack' is the Emu star of the Australian black. This small star is almost the sixth magnitude, or perhaps a little fainter."

**PARAGUAY TEA.**—The plant which yields the famous beverage called *Maté* in Brazil is a species of holly, the *Ilex Paraguayensis* of Lambert, the *Ilex Mate* of St. Hilaire. It is a shrub or tree, attaining the size of the orange-tree. It is quite smooth, has bluntish wedge-shaped serrated leaves, and umbelliferous flowers seated in the axils of the leaves. It grows wild in Paraguay and Brazil, and is called by the Spaniards, *Yerva Mate*. The leaves of this "species of holly are in great repute amongst the inhabitants of South America, and are used for making an infusion in a similar manner to the tea of China. More than 5,000,000 pounds of the leaves of this shrub are annually collected in Paraguay. The plant is not cultivated, and merchants carry various articles of use into the interior to give to the natives for their labour in collecting leaves. After the leaves are dried they are beaten and then pressed into bags for the market. There are three kinds, the *Caa-Cays*, which is the bud of the leaf ; the *Caa-Mini*, the leaf torn from its mid-rib and vines without roasting ; and the *Caa-Guaza*, or *Yerva de Palos* of the Spaniards, the whole leaf with the petioles and small branches roasted. In South America the leaves are used by all classes of persons, and at all hours of the day, by infusion in a pot, called *mate*, from the front of which the tea is drunk, with or without a little sugar, and sometimes lemon-juice. The Creoles drink the infusion at every meal, and never eat until they have taken some of it. The people boast of innumerable qualities

which the infusion possesses. Like opium, it is said to give sleep to the restless, and spirit to the torpid, and, as with that drug, when once a habit is contracted of using it, it is difficult to leave it off. The effect of it on the constitution is similar to that produced by the immoderate use of spirituous liquor. There is another species of holly found in Brazil (the *Ilex Gongogha*), which is applicable to the same purposes as the *I. Paraguayensis*, and although inferior in quality, was used extensively as a substitute for the true Paraguay tea when the export of the latter from Paraguay was forbidden by the Dictator Francia. Plants of the *I. Paraguayensis* may be seen in the rich collection of the Royal Gardens at Kew.

**GUN-BARREL BORING AND SETTING.**—Barrel-boring is an operation of the utmost delicacy. A military barrel must be bored with such accuracy as to receive a plug measuring 577-1,000ths of an inch. It is condemned as useless if it takes one of 580. A workman in this branch has been known to earn £5 or £6 a week, and this kind of skilled industry deserves it. To "set" a barrel—that is, to straighten it, also requires great skill. "The practised eye of the barrel-setter can detect a deviation from the straight line which no mechanical contrivance can discover. He accomplishes his object by looking through the barrel while standing in front of a window, and causing the shade of the upper edge of the window to traverse up and down the tube. The irregularities in the outline of the shade show him where the inaccuracies exist. These he removes by well-directed blows of a hammer, the perfecting blows being given with a light wooden mallet." This mode of testing the accuracy of a gun-barrel was discovered by a Birmingham workman 40 or 50 years ago. The foolish fellow told his secret—which was worth many thousand pounds—for five guineas and a pot of ale.

**CROMWELL FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.**—Cromwell declared himself "truly ready to serve the brethren and the churches" in America. The declaration was sincere. The people of New England were ever sure that Cromwell would listen to their requests and would take an interest in all the little details of their condition. He left them independence, perhaps he gave them advantageous contracts ; he favoured their trade. When his arms had made the conquest of Jamaica, he offered to them the island with the promise of all the wealth which the tropical clime pours prodigally into the lap of industry ; and, though they frequently thwarted his views, his magnanimity preserved for them his regard. English history must judge of Cromwell by his influence on the institutions of England ; the American colonies remember the years of his power as the period when British sovereignty was, for them, free from rapacity, intolerance, and oppression. He may be called the benefactor of the English in America, for he left them to enjoy unshackled the liberal benevolence of Providence, the freedom of industry, of commerce, and of government.—*Bancroft's History of the United States*, vol. i. p. 4834.

**RUSSELL GURNEY ON WOMEN'S FRANCHISE.**—We are told we want something much more extensive than that which we profess at present, at any rate, to carry out. For my own part I can say that my object is a very simple one, and it is found entirely in the profession of the Act of Parliament which was introduced this year. I don't propose to carry it any further. It corrects exactly the injustice which I think at present exists. But the grounds upon which we advocate this measure are very often misunderstood and very much misstated. My ground is that by the law of this country our franchise is one which depends upon the ownership of landed property, and upon the ratepaying occupation of houses or land. That is the simple qualification almost exclusively, and I cannot for the life of me see why a person occupying No. 13 in a street, paying rates for that house, should have a vote, when a person occupying No. 14 in the same street, paying the same rates, bearing the same burdens, should not be allowed to vote merely because one is a man and the other is a woman. This is what I think is an injustice. It is as bad in theory as can be, and I think it is also bad in practice. I don't see what argument there is against us, except what are said to be the necessary consequences of what we desire. We are told that one necessary consequence of giving the franchise to women would be that we should be obliged to give them the right of becoming Members of Parliament. I don't think that is a necessary consequence ; certainly experience does not tell us that it is. But I should like to point out that nearly a century ago the clergymen of this country were prevented from sitting in Parliament ; but it has never yet been proposed that they ought therefore to be deprived of the franchise.



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SHUCK AND GOVERNOR CHRISTOPHER CRINKLE.

## THE CRINKLES OF CRINKLEWOOD HALL.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

CHAPTER I.

"**W**HERE is thirty—where is thirty?" Governor Crinkle turned over paper after paper, upset the basket, and scrambled through its contents, made some mutterings as foolish as they were profane, and repeated, "What *can* have become of it—that thirty?"

No. 1301.—DECEMBER 2, 1876.

A knock at the door arrested him. "Who's there?" he cried, in a tone that did not convey "Come in."  
"Please, sir—" cried Thomas Shuck, his man, giving a glance at the papers on the floor and his master's red face, and not venturing far into the room.

"But I *don't* 'please.' What do you want? Quick!"

"Mrs. Chippery's come—Job's wife, him as is working on the new road."

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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"Let her go again; I don't want her!" cried the governor, wrathfully.

"No; it's her as wants you," said Shuck, calmly, but holding the door so as to secure a retreat in the event of a "turn-up." "She've walked all the way from Little Crinkle Town a purpose to see you; I was bound to let you know."

"Let her walk back again! 'Bound!' you're 'bound' to plague and pester me. Go and send her off!" The governor rose in his seat.

"Well, it lays with you; I'll tell her it's your orders; I couldn't a turned her off without giving her a chance," said Shuck, going a step farther behind the door.

"Couldn't you! Could you ever do anything that wanted a grain of sense? boring me with your 'Mrs. Chipperys,'" roared the governor.

"I think as, maybe, I *have* done sensibler things than I want to mind folks of; and, moreover than that, she's no Mrs. Chippery of mine; which, sorry though I'm for Job, I'm glad it is as it is."

Shuck spoke with a steady voice, as if he had gained an advantage over his master by the last outburst and retort. He stood now, still close to the door, twirling his thumbs and looking up at the ceiling, while the governor, evidently somewhat cooled, began shuffling among his papers, with an expression of impatience; and at last, without vouchsafing a look, said, "Find out her business, send her off, and go! Shut the door, and don't come again till I ring."

"Not for nobody?" demanded Shuck.

"Nobody," replied the governor, almost choked with rage at his cool persistence.

"Nor nothing?" Shuck ventured to ask; but he did not wait for an answer. Going quite behind the door, he said, "Very good, I'll mind; and you won't lay it to me if I puts off what you might like to be told about."

"Go!" roared the governor, and Shuck vanished, and the door shut with a clap. "Who would be pestered and encumbered as I am? Not a moment's peace can I get! first one plague, then another."

It was in vain he tried to resume his counting, "thirty" was gone from him hopelessly now. He threw himself back in his chair, scratched his wig, and gazed at the ceiling with a groan-like sigh.

It was a remarkable room; the ceiling had attractions of which few ceilings could boast. All round it, in place of a cornice, were carved in bold relief, in oak, the Ten Commandments in the Hebrew character, while various portions of the sacred text, in the same language, adorned the centre. But the governor's eyes were not fixed on the cornice nor the centre, and far from the teaching offered by both were the eyes of his mind. He had been in that hard oak chair, which was a mockery of its title (easy), for three long hours, hunting for documents; and never liking to be crossed or contradicted in anything, and strongly resenting any opposition to his will, he felt as if the refusal of "document thirty" to come at his bidding was a personal injury and affront; and, in fact, as if the said document was in league with Thomas Shuck and Mrs. Chippery, and all offenders whatever that dared to hinder his peace.

Before him was a table, whose front, back, and sides were rich in drawers, small and large. These, many and well-packed as they were, were productive of much of the misery of their owner's life; for, as he

kept everything in one or other of them, and never could remember in which each article was placed, a great part of his time, and still more of his patience, was exhausted in opening and shutting them, one after another, till he often forgot what he was looking for, and gave up the hunt in despair. He had been all through the large ones that morning to find the pages from which "thirty" was a runaway, and was meditating in sad and sullen resolution on the prospect of going over them again, when he fell fast asleep.

The library was his dwelling-place; he never, but when obliged to do so, used any other room. Its seclusion suited him, hating intrusion as he did, and its sombre aspect was in harmony with his uncomfortable spirit, while its fittings and furniture, which were more costly than agreeable to one who cared for ease and convenience, were quite to his mind, being full of Crinkle dignity, and gratifying to his Crinkle pride. If there was anything that he wholly rejoiced in, it was in the name of Crinkle; and if there was one thing that he hated more vehemently and perfectly than any other, it was the name of Chancellor.

This room where he now slept had a fine oriel window, whose heavy stone casing would have obstructed the light, even if it had not been further hindered by heraldic blazonry in stained glass at the head of every division of the leaden, lozenge-paned glazing. The floor was of polished oak, and the sunbeams that, by valiant struggling, passed through the window in defiance of lead and stone, played on it here and there with brilliant reflection of the heraldic colours. The chairs round the room were tall and straight-backed, and looked as if they had never left their places since first put there. In fact, they, and all that the apartment contained, appeared to be as fast asleep as the governor was; only the drawers of the table, they showed signs of waking and life; some half open, some with their contents half out.

The walls were panelled and polished, the chimney-piece was supported by carved pillars, and inside, on the ample hearth, stood the old-fashioned dogs, or iron bars, resting on griffins' heads; well-disposed, amiable griffins, that looked complacently straightforward, and seemed always so ready for a doze, that one expected them to nod.

Tiers of bookshelves were on one side of the room, and from the chimney-piece to the ceiling—or rather to the cornice—were ranged massive volumes and parchment rolls, secured by a covering of brass network; opposite to the bookshelves hung the family portraits. There was the first of the Crinkles, who must have been in early times, indeed, for, except a yellow, ill-defined face that peered out from the gloom, the canvas was all but black. There was the bishop, there was the chancellor, there was the admiral—all Crinkles, so it was said, who made a fine show, and in the days of the governor's ancestors had been duly exhibited to all visitors at the hall, but now they were left to frown or smile, or simply stare at one another in solitude, silently proclaiming, "*Sic transit gloria mundi*."

One portrait hung behind an ancient screen that protected the "easy-chair" from draughts; it was not that of a Crinkle, but that of a lady who had figured very importantly in the family history in recent times. This lady was in a scarlet riding-habit, and was represented on a beautiful white horse, in the act of leaping a five-barred gate. The figure was

full of vigour and spirit, and the face, though somewhat masculine, was strikingly handsome, or would have been but for wanting an eye—the eye had been put in by the painter.

How it came to be rudely thrust out we will tell, and to do so we must go into the history of the governor's brother, his predecessor at Crinkle. He was a man of distinguished attainments and refined tastes. The death of a young lady to whom in his boyhood he had given his affections, threw him into a melancholy which he indulged in sedentary pursuits and lonely habits. Family dissensions had increased his gloom, and the more needful it became for him to break through the selfish inertness in which he had sought relief, the more he allowed himself as its slave. His father had died during his minority, and his aunt, Miss Hester Chancellor, the heroine of the portrait, had, immediately on that event, taken up her residence at the Hall, where she ruled with undisputed sway. Her sister, the widow, was a weak woman, and bowed implicitly to her arrogant spirit, while the unhappy nervelessness of her nephew, who from habit and a somewhat congenial temperament always yielded most deferentially to his mother, never interfered.

The governor was the reverse of his brother, and even in boyhood to submit to a woman's rule, and that woman "Aunt Hester," was not possible to his fiery spirit. He was many years younger than the heir. He had been designed for the navy, but had been wilful and negligent in his early studies and training, and on his father's death contemplated living at home as "squire in prospect," since his brother showed every symptom of dying in his youth. This was entirely set aside by Hester's invasion; so, after many hard struggles between them, many passages of arms, he left Crinkle, vowing that he would publish her to the world, and that he would never set foot in his home while she remained there. On both these points he kept his word. Once fairly gone, he did not return till as owner of Crinkle; and when he had opportunity he gave his mind as to "Aunt Hester" to any who would listen.

This Miss Hester Chancellor was a woman remarkable for her beauty, and for the pleasure she took in displaying it; for she revelled in admiration. She was masculine in spirit, was a daring horsewoman, and displayed her figure, grace, skill, and courage in such feats as made her renowned in the hunting-field. Her tastes were very expensive. Her stud was a costly one. Hunters and grooms and all their belongings involve heavy payments. Besides this, as she prided herself on her judgment in such matters, she was fond of betting, although this was not openly acknowledged. Wise as she was in stable lore, she lost more in this unwomanly gambling than even by the needful demands made on her purse by her stud.

Her purse? Well, that was where lay the very marrow of her fault. Her purse was, by right, a very moderate one. The Chancellors were not a wealthy race, and after several daughters had been portioned, and a son or two provided for, there was but a slender income left for her. She was very well pleased, therefore, that her sister should become a widow, and allow her to domesticate herself at Crinkle Hall.

Mrs. Crinkle had been managed all her life; first by Hester at home, then by her husband (whose fiery spirit seemed to have passed to his son the

governor). It was therefore not wonderful that on falling again into her sister's hands she should meekly submit to a yoke that came to her so naturally.

Miss Hester found that, manage as she would, she could not bring up the Crinkle income to meet her wants. She was in debt in more quarters than one. She screwed down the wages of all but her grooms; she screwed up the rents of the tenants. Still, money did not come in so fast as it went out. She must make a bold stroke to recover herself, for "debts of honour" (as she misnomered them) *must* be paid! She resolved, after turning over many plans, to make her eldest nephew cut off the entail of his property, and this she could follow up by making him sell the reversion of it. This was a great undertaking, even for her; but she was used to leaps over five-barred gates, and did not hesitate at a difficulty.

It wanted much persuasion, much falsifying of matters and concealment of facts, to induce the widow to consent to her desires, and for some time her son steadily refused to accede to his mother's entreaties. But he detested struggle. It was represented to him that, by running away, his brother Christopher, the one whose acquaintance we have made as the "governor," had forfeited all claim to succeeding him; that with his secluded habits he himself was not likely to marry; and that it would be far better to raise a good sum, and sink it in making the income adequate, than to go on raising the rents and allowing the land to run out for lack of necessary outlay.

In an evil hour he was wearied into signing the deed that was supposed to effect his aunt's purpose. He had scarcely done it when Christopher, who had been advised of what was going on while waiting to embark, hurried home, to find the deed, as it was believed, completed. Instead of insisting on his right, as next heir, to have the treason crushed, and setting law to work to recover what had been stolen from him, he raged from room to room in a frenzy, looking for his aunt, bent upon vengeance, sharp and summary. But Miss Hester had provided for the emergency. She had heard of his arrival, and had decamped with her sister, "to avoid all excitement for her," as she amiably declared. So, after venting his wrath on his brother by unsparing reproaches, and thrusting out the eye of Miss Hester's portrait, which had just been brought from the studio of an eminent artist,—flourishing the foil, and wishing he could use it in a way more to the purpose, he galloped from Crinkle, vowing he would never see it again.

The vow he gladly broke when the time came for his return. Christopher's wild ways and violent temper had weighed against him as becoming owner of the estate. But Mr. Crinkle's heart had rebelled against what he had so unwillingly done. As to his marrying, that was out of the question; therefore, his mother's entreaties, the pleas of tenants relieved, and the Hall properly kept up, overcame him, and he gave way. Christopher's angry but just accusations of fraud, cowardice, and selfishness, put the affair before him in a way more plain than pleasant; and, much shocked, he resolved to get the advice and help of a lawyer, and if possible revoke what he had done.

Law proceedings are not interesting to any but those who hope to gain by them, so we will not trouble our readers with a description of those that reversed the injustice practised in the Crinkle case. One effect was that a good deal more money was

spent, so that Miss Hester was forced to sell her stud and part with her grooms, and these being her chief attractions to life, she pined away, and went, as the people about said, into "a waste," which seemed a meet retribution for one who had so unsparingly "wasted" others.

Years passed, however, before she was borne, in far less "pomp and circumstance" than would have met her approval, from Crinkle Hall to Crinkle Church, there to be laid in the family vault. The widow, to whom she had so long been an *alter ego*, was not, as it seemed, able to live alone, and her son, from whom she had been weaned by his opposition to Hester's wishes, was rather a fear to her than a comfort. She feared his rectitude, she feared his learning, his fine mind and intellectual pursuits; they were all things which separated her from him by a vast chasm. He would from the first have tried to win her by renewed deference and affection, but Miss Hester had stood between them, and he gave up the effort and buried himself once more in his only consolation—the interest offered by his study.

There was but a short interval between Miss Hester's death and theirs, but that interval was a happy one for both mother and son. She was delivered from the evil influence that had so long warped her judgment and stifled her conscience, and he was able to convince her that he had done well in resisting her wishes. Miss Hester's name was never mentioned by either; the portrait, with the eye thrust out, hung among the others in the library, but it was hidden, as has been described, for Mrs. Crinkle had in her sister's time earnestly pressed to have it repaired, and Miss Hester had vindictively persisted in its being kept, "to show," as she said, "the spirit of Christopher Crinkle."

The funeral of the squire, which speedily followed his mother's, had no chief mourner; "Governor" Crinkle did not arrive until all was over. Christopher did not affect any special regret that he was the last of the family; the reparation made by his brother had been attended by heavy expenses which, if he had not weakly yielded to do wrong, would never have been incurred, and the estate, which Miss Hester had crippled, demanded very wise and frugal management before it could recover any of its former freedom. He did not remember his father—his mother he did not like to think of; he despised her weakness and resented her conduct towards himself. His brother was his brother, and had tried to undo what he had been induced to do; so far, so good. Moreover, he had died and made room for him at Crinkle just at the time when his hot-headedness had embroiled him in his "governorship," and made it expedient that he should resign his post; so, graciously overlooking his faults, he spoke of him (when he did speak of him) as "my poor brother; well meaning but weak!"

Few knew of what place Christopher had been governor—fewer cared to know; that he was now "Governor of Crinkle" was a fact beyond dispute, and often raised a sigh among his dependents, even for the times of Hester Chancellor. His dependents (from Shuck, who had lived with him from a boy, and had an honest interest in him and managed him better than any one else, down to the lowest of the quarrymen, who seldom had seen him) had one prevailing sentiment concerning him, "It was better to be out of his presence than in it." He never went anywhere without grumbling, never saw anything without find-

ing fault, and had a scolding, or at least a sharp word ready for every one he met; it was therefore not wonderful that nobody *willingly* "met" him. If a message had to be delivered, and Shuck was not in the way (a thing that seldom happened), however important it might be, it had to wait till he appeared, no one else would venture to intrude on him, not even Mrs. Marjoram, who had lived in the Crinkle service in the days of the old squire, and had "carried the governor in her arms," as she often reminded Shuck when displeased by a special outburst.

The governor, who usually styled her "old Mag," was not at all grateful for the early services she had rendered him. He never saw or spoke to her if he could avoid it. He was not very fond of men, but women he hated, and made no secret of the fact. Therefore he transacted nearly all the business he had with her as to housekeeping through Shuck, with the help of a slate, on which he wrote such orders as Shuck declined to give. "She won't take that from *me*, better put it on the slate," he would suggest, when something of a crooked character turned up. The governor, on such occasions, would tell him without any ceremony, "he was a fool," to which he would reply, quite unmoved, "May be so; but I should be a bigger fool if I was to say that to *her*."

"To her! *her*!" the governor would repeat, with contempt and anger; "what, afraid of a wench!"

"She's a *old* wench, any how; and she's got her thought on things, like other folks, as I may say." Shuck remarked, one day, adding the last words with a quiet emphasis his master well understood.

"I wish she'd be off; I'd rather have nothing to do with women."

"Best put it on the slate; she'd have no objection to go, I should think," said Shuck, the imperturbable Shuck.

Where was the use of railing? Feathers against a rock would make as much impression as the most violent irritating words on Shuck. The governor felt it, and wrote on the slate, getting red with impatience as he did it.

"That's well," said Shuck, taking the slate from him; "may I be so bold as to ask if you've put that she's to go?"

"What do you want to know for?" demanded the governor, fiercely. "Only because if she goes, I don't think anybody else will stay; you'll mind that!" said Shuck, in an admonitory voice; and seeing his master's surprised look, and feeling, as he often did, that he had gained an advantage over him, he added, "She ain't perfect no more nor you and me; but she's a good manager, and keeps things comfortable, and does her dooty by you, for all you're for ever a-grumbling at her."

"Dooty—dooty, indeed!" echoed the governor, derisively. "She gets good wages, and knows too well when she is well off, to go if she can help it. There, take the slate, and tell her to make the curry hotter."

Shuck put the slate back, saying, "You'd best write *that*."

"What! afraid to tell her *that*?" cried the governor, with a contemptuous laugh.

Shuck answered: "I told her last time, by your orders, as it was too hot; maybe she'll think it's my mistake now; it's best put down."

"Go!" cried his master, "and tell her to make it hotter, and tell her she never does it right; and

don't answer me, and don't stand gaping. *GO! I say.*"

Shuck saw that there was nothing to do but obey. He walked calmly from the room, giving, as he always did on such occasions, a look at the cornice, as if to entreat that it would put forth its power and teach his master better.

"It's a very odd world;" thus he soliloquised as he went downstairs. "Now, here's him as is made of gunpowder, so as it don't come easy to him to speak decent to anybody, is afraid (for that's the truth) of the old woman, and can't face her. And there's her, as is for all the world the same—made up, as they say, of a Turk and a Tiger—she's as mum as mum when she comes across him. Such a pair they'd make, if circumstances was to be so as they could be joined in matrimony! Crinkle wouldn't hold 'em; no, nor no other place; but for all that, she's a orderly lass in her ways, and a very fine cook, which is a great comfort to them as live a troubled life like me. Why, if it wasn't for a good bed of nights, and a tasty dinner of a day, I should dwindle away. And what woman would live along of him as could go anywhere else? None but a muddle and a knownothing!—'course not."

By the time he had arrived at this conclusion he was at the door of the housekeeper's room, and a most savoury smell, announcing that something good was in preparation, strengthened his feelings of approbation toward Mrs. Marjoram.

He put the slate into her hands in silence, for he resolved not to embark in "the curry message," at any rate till after the kitchen dinner was over. "Where's the good," he thought, "of putting her out just when she wants her wits about her?"

"Any message?" demanded "Old Mag."

"Nothing particular; not worth telling," he said.

"Don't you let Chipperry's wife come here—not to me—again," she said sharply.

"She warn't saucy, were she?" he asked, getting more and more softened by the smell, and debating mentally what the dish was.

"There's fried onions in it, no doubt about that," he thought.

"Saucy? I didn't wait to know what she *could* be; but she's one of your grumblers, and I cut her short. I've got enough to grumble about in my own line; I don't want other folks to sing their ditties to me."

"Job had a bad misfortune when he lit upon her!" Shuck remarked; "how long have she been gone?"

"Only just now," said the housekeeper, giving a finishing stir to the stewpan.

"Maybe, if I went after her, I'd be late for dinner," he remarked, anxious to know how long it would be before he was made acquainted with the mystery of the stewpan.

"Oh, you may go for a quarter of an hour; she won't be gone far; she said it was hot, and her basket was heavy, and the roads was like burning coals. She went down towards the new road to tell her husband as you'd said the governor wouldn't see her, you was sure. She wanted to wait to know, but I sent her off; I told her you'd come after if she was to go up. So you can just go and say whether you was right or not."

Shuck lost not a moment: in his way he met a little man carrying a basket of vegetables. "Heh! Johnny," he cried, "have you been up to the Hall? Did you see Chipperry's wife, which way she went?"

"Ay, poor soul! and sorry I was to see her pitiful face, Mr. Shuck," said Johnny; "and I tried my best to comfort her; but oh, it wasn't in my power."

"No, nor nobody's but him as won't help her; but I'm a deal sorrier for Job than for her," said Shuck.

"Job!" cried Johnny "Well, Mr. Shuck, Job is a tried man, the blindest must see that; but Job knows a cure for trouble the poor mistress doesn't, that's where it lays." Johnny having got on his favourite theme, put down his basket and prepared for "a discourse;" but Shuck still smelt his dinner, and declaring he must catch her, made off with haste, to the disappointment of his friend, who, taking up his basket, shook his head in doubt as to whether he would have enjoyed "the discourse," even if he had had time for it.

All the way Shuck went he fretted in his heart at having that hot walk, when a cool ten minutes or so before it would have made dinner far more comfortable and welcome. He caught sight of Job's wife resting on the turf, and bemoaning the wickedness and misery of the world; its wickedness she made over to other people, its misery only she took to herself. He soon told her that another visit to the Thorpe would land her in trouble, and she had best keep quiet, and put a good face on things.

"Oh yes, fine for *him*!" she cried, as he hurried off, not at all wishing for her views of things, while she started up, and, lifting her basket, went towards her husband's place of work, quite overcome by the accumulated evils to which she had been subject, the lightest by no means being Shuck's philosophical advice to "put a good face on things."

#### PROFESSOR QUEKETT.

"THE Quekett Club" was instituted to promote the growth of microscopical science. At its annual *soirées*, the subjects exhibited in hundreds of microscopes forcibly recall the distinguished man whose name the club bears. To the members, as well as to others, the following sketch of the early life of the celebrated histologist may be acceptable.

John Thorney Quekett was born at Langport, Somerset, on the 11th August, 1815. The Langport of his childhood was much like other country towns—prettily situated, quiet, tolerably clean, gossipy, and sufficient to itself. The railway had not, as yet, ousted the mail-coach, and women and children stood at their doors expectant, when the rich and world-known banker, Mr. Vincent Stuckey, returned with his carriage and posters from London. People were content to get about as they could—in gigs, by the mail-cart, or even in the coal-barges; for it was expensive to hire a chaise and pair, or a fly, and only the very few kept private conveyances. A journey to London was the event of life to many in those days.

Part of the town is seated on a hill, and part stands on a dead flat, and hill and flat has each its characteristic which is connected with Professor Quekett. The one characteristic is the Hanging Chapel; the other the River Parret. The Hanging Chapel is situated on the summit of the hill, at one of the entrances to the town, and surmounts a picturesque arch that spans the road. It was invested by the mysterious awe of childhood with many



gloomy associations, and the embryo professor believed that there Cromwell had either hanged, or superintended the hanging, of all whom he considered deserving of death, which meant, in the Conservatism of that period, all who did not agree with him. No Carlyle had then appeared to disperse the ignorant prejudices of even the learned as to the history of those times. Archæologists had not done much to remove local prejudices. Some have said that the ivy-clad chapel owed its distinction to Judge Jeffreys, of unhappy memory, who caused three luckless adherents of the unfortunate Monmouth to be hanged there; but we now know that nobody was hanged at all, and that hanging chapels over gateways are no more places of execution than hanging gardens.

One thing, however, is certain, that Cromwell was at Langport, and fought so great a battle there that the Royalists were forced from their garrison in that loyal place, and, some believe, swept thenceforth from the west of England. He himself writes a letter to Sir Harry Vane, in his customary strain of thanksgiving, dated Langport, July 10, 1645. He begins by saying: "I have now a double advantage upon you, by the mercy of God, who still appears for us;" continues by describing his advance "upon a very strong place of the enemy's called Langport," tells of the enemy firing the gate to cover their retreat, and compares the victory to Naseby. Fairfax also writes an account of this battle, and there is a long notice of it in "King's Weekly Intelligence" of the period. Thus Langport is certainly not "unknown to fame."

To return to the Hanging Chapel, which introduced Cromwell on this peaceful field. In the beginning of the present century it was a schoolroom, in which the children of the poor were educated, and to which they mounted by steep stone steps at the side of the arch, emblematic of the very hard stepping-stones that lay in their road to learning. It retained its scholastic use until the brothers Quekett, of whom the professor was the youngest, turned it into a museum, and it became the first scientific institution of the kind in the county, the corporation of the town allowing Mr. Edward Quekett to appropriate the building at the nominal rent of one shilling.

Let it not be supposed that the living children of the town were ousted to make place for lifeless curiosities. They filled gladly a more commodious modern "academy," built for them by the munificent banker already mentioned, and so yielded the ivy-clad chapel to the naturalist and archæologist. Hither the young brothers brought the treasures they had been accumulating from childhood, and dedicated them to their native place and county. The old hall and passages of the paternal mansion, that had been filled to repletion with nature's dead wonders, knew them no more, but yielded them to the museum. Hither Professor Quekett brought the collection of rare insects that still enriches that receptacle. He himself captured many of the large blue butterflies (*Lycena alcon*) so much prized by entomologists. In fine weather his daily habit was to rush, between the holiday hours of twelve and one, followed by his schoolfellows, to a wood a mile off to secure these treasures. They must be there and back before the one o'clock dinner. His brother Edward stuffed and presented a valuable collection of birds, embracing several species even then rare, and now probably extinct in the neighbourhood.

The extensive moors surrounding Langport, and usually flooded in winter, were a favourite resort of wild fowl. His brother Edwin also contributed largely to the botanical division of the collection.

We used the word "from childhood" advisedly, for his friends well remember how, as a small child, John Quekett was for ever dabbling in the river that flowed at the bottom of his garden, and drawing forth all sorts of things, clean and unclean. They recall his grave questioning face when he was remorselessly dragged from this pastime, placed on his little arm-chair by the fire, and made to sit there, shoeless and sockless, while his foot-gear was dried. He would not say a word, but sat gloomy and silent, possibly meditating on the wonders of the waters that he had been fishing up. The house in which he was born, bred, and educated was, and still is, a good, substantial brick building in the centre of Langport. Here not only he, but his brothers, sisters, and all the youth of the town and neighbourhood, were taught by his estimable father, the well-beloved master of the Endowed Grammar School. To this father, men who have wandered far, and men who have stayed at home, owed a solid groundwork of knowledge and of good principle, founded on religious truth. John greatly resembled his father in mind and person. Both were thoughtful, quiet, gentle, kindly, unobtrusive, and genial, and both had the massive heads, broad foreheads, thick eyebrows, and deep-set grey eyes that betoken power, if not genius.

The little embryo professor was a strangely sedate child and plodding boy. He was ever careless of appearance, heedless of conventionalities, unattracted by the amusements supposed to be suitable to his age, and negligent of popularity. The unscientific multitude wondered to see him so dull to ordinary objects of interest, and so intent on nothing, as it seemed to them. His brothers were reputed much more gifted. One of them, Edwin, also a surgeon and naturalist, was accredited so especially. But he died at the dawn of his day of reputation.

However, John plodded and studied on, thoughtless of his little world of critics; sufficient to himself. The fields of his boyish wanderings in search of his objects were wide and interesting. They abounded not only in natural but historical openings for research. The river in which he paddled as a child, at the foot of the long garden, was the far-famed Parret. Here a four-oared boat was moored, and hence he and his rowed where they listed. Oh! those delicious, lazy floatings among the white-breasted, golden-crested, broad-leaved water-lilies. Lazy to all but him, for he had a work that few else understood. He saw world within world, in the "vast and minute" life within life, and through all the moving, living God. The midge in the sun-beam that kissed the wave, the animalcule in the rain-drop hanging from the lily-leaf, were to him worlds in themselves; and whatsoever he saw curious on the water, or unusual in the meadows, was treasured and taken home, to be examined by the microscope. When other children were filling their baskets with primroses, violets, and cowslips among the brakes and in the rich meads, his sister Eliza and he were in search of "caddis-worms" and other water-wonders, in a dangerous coracle on the river. She, who was his inseparable aid, remembers how they used to chaffer and barter over these treasures, and how, in their exchange she managed

to secure any he especially coveted, he would say, "Now, Miss Eliza, you must let me have that back again by-and-by;" and he was sure to get it. She also remembers how he was no better than other incorrigible schoolboys in trapping sparrows and other small game, which were, with Indian rapidity, cooked and eaten. On one occasion in after-life, when recovering from a serious illness, and rejoicing in a first beef-steak, Professor Quekett said to this sister, "How like this tastes to the birds we used to cook in the old schoolroom!"

As years passed, he devoted himself with more and more intensity to his favourite pursuits. If he joined in the pleasure-parties of his compeers, he was generally lost to them before they were far advanced in the day. It was not unusual to make expeditions in the coal-barges that were slowly towed down the river Parret to the famous Athelney, where King Alfred burnt the cakes. While his companions were laughing and flirting under the awning raised for the occasion, he was, possibly, deep in some speculation on the mineral that filled the boat; and when they were landed at this kingly refuge, he was soon away, forgetful of the ladies and his dinner, in search of specimens. Did he go to Burton Pynsent, where Pitt once dwelt and Lady Hester Stanhope reigned, it was not to examine the abode of the dead, but to discover something which should benefit the living; or did he wander amongst the ruins of the Abbey of Michulney, within a pleasant walk of his home, it was not to sentimentalise over King Arthur and his knights, fabled to have been there, or to discuss the subterranean intercourse between it and Glastonbury, but to dive into the life that grew from its decay. The blade of grass tipped by an insect so minute that it was invisible to less practised eyes, was more to him than the ancient sarcophagus on which he gathered it, even though, as at Aller, it was supposed to be the resting-place or baptismal font of the first Christianised Dane. Langport and its neighbourhood were rich in lore for the historian and archaeologist, and equally rich in that which made the histologist.

Its river helped not a little. In winter it overflowed its banks, and not only the surrounding moors, but the lower portion of the town, was flooded. Like the dwellers below Vesuvius, who seem to wait for the lava, the inhabitants patiently bided their time, and, when the floods came, betook themselves, their pigs, and poultry upstairs, leaving their furniture to swim about below. Like the Neapolitans, they could not remove to a *terra incognita* which did not belong to them, so they made the best of it, and remained. Boats were sometimes required to row people up and down the street at the lower part of the town; strong men carried children through the water; boys—our professor among them—paraded gallantly on stilts, and women elevated themselves on pattens. Biped and quadruped looked out of the chamber windows, and the scene was animated enough—half Venetian, half Stockholmischen, and half Dutch.

If the Quekett mansion escaped the influx of water on the side of the town, its basement was not unfrequently flooded from the back; for the river, as we have said, ran at the bottom of the garden, and united it, in one vast lake, with the waters that covered the broad meadows between it and Michelny. The inmates of the house might go to rest with a garden and far-stretching fields behind them, and

awake with "water, water everywhere." Nothing to be seen but the tops of trees in the midst of floods, which had probably swept off cattle, and even human beings, during the night. It was a scene strangely picturesque.

Occasionally the kindly element crept into the schoolroom, and gave the boys a holiday, so they did not murmur at the floods, as did their elders. Neither did our microscopist, for they left behind them treasures more precious to him than even their deposits to the meadows. He was always out of doors, and as he grew older he was allowed to wet and dry his shoes and stockings at pleasure, though not without reproof from the good mother who had to see to them.

As Quekett "grew older," we have written, but he never seemed quite young, and never grew old. From youth to middle age he was always the same—thoughtful, learned, philanthropic. While a mere boy he had made a microscope, with which he achieved some important discoveries. This was thus described in a brief sketch of his life that appeared in the "Times," August 22, 1861:—"This instrument was made up of materials furnished by a common roasting-jack, a lady's old-fashioned parasol, and pieces of brass purchased at a neighbouring marine-store dealer's, and hammered out by himself."

Aided by this wonderful machine, and his own diagrams, at the early age of sixteen young Quekett gave a course of lectures at Langport on chemistry. When these were announced, the townspeople generally wondered, smiled, and doubted that this grave plodding boy could say anything to amuse or edify. But before the series concluded, they began to suspect that they had a genius in their midst, and to form hopeful anticipations as to his future career.

After his first essays as lecturer, Langport saw comparatively little of him, and with his removal to London this sketch should perhaps end, but a few further particulars may be interesting.

Stored with knowledge, he left home to be apprenticed to his brother Edwin, then practising as a surgeon in the east of London. This brother was lecturer on botany to the London Hospital, and was a young man of remarkable talent, to whom, in conjunction with a few friends, is due the foundation of the Royal Microscopical Society. It was interesting, even to the least scientific, to mark the tastes, cultivated first in the pure bright country, pursued in the heart of close dark London. Here arose a small greenhouse, filled with rare plants, on the plan just then constructed by his neighbour, Mr. Ward, of Wellclose Square, and since known as "Wardian cases." Here, also, were continued the microscopic discoveries, under more favourable influences than they had been begun at Langport.

He commenced his professional studies at the London Hospital. These completed, he became a licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company, and a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. Two months after his examination he competed for, and obtained by unanimous election, the studentship in "Human and Comparative Anatomy," recently established in that college. During the three years in which he held this appointment—from 1840 to 1843—he formed an elaborate collection of microscopic preparations, which the College of Surgeons afterwards purchased, consisting of an extensive series of the elementary tissues of plants and animals, to the number of 2,500. When the term for which this

studentship was tenable expired, he was appointed assistant conservator of the Hunterian Museum, and soon after, in 1844, by the council of the college, "to deliver annually a course of demonstrations, with a view to the exhibition and connected description of the collection, and to the explanation of microscopical study."

On the retirement of Professor Owen, in 1856, he was elected his successor, and also Professor of Histology. This brought him to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he devoted five years of intense application to the microscope, and to making an elaborate "Illustrated Catalogue." Probably this devotion, with carelessness of the laws of health, tended to shorten a life so useful to mankind. A writer in the "Quarterly Journal of Microscopic Science" says of him: "Few men were so ready to assist the members of our profession in their microscopical difficulties. . . and a day seldom passed without a portion of his time being devoted to the examination of various morbid structures for his medical friends."

His time was, besides, much occupied in other investigations, many of which were most curious. On one occasion what appeared to be a piece of dried parchment was brought to him. It had been removed

from the door of an old church of a Somersetshire village. He pronounced it, after examination under the microscope, to be human skin, thus confirming a popular tradition, much discredited, that the Saxons had marked their triumphs over the Danes by stretching the skin of the conquered on the doors of the churches.

Charles Dickens, after a visit to the museum, called Professor Quekett, not inaptly, "the quiet enthusiast;" and such he was, not only in his public, but private life. Nothing better proved this "enthusiasm" and his love for his work than the pleasure he took in displaying of an evening the wonders of the microscope. He could not understand that there breathed "a soul so dead" as not to be inspired by admiration of the marvels he displayed. With a rare simplicity he never supposed that others did not love what he loved. He never forgot an old friend, and one of his last pleasurable acts was to arrange a party for "music and microscopes," as he phrased it, in honour of a contemporary of his parents, once a dweller at Langport. The party, alas! never came off, for when that day arrived he was too ill to receive his friends. He died not long afterwards, at the age of forty-six, at Pangbourne, where he was buried.

## LOUIS XVII OF FRANCE.

ONE of the most painful episodes in the story of the First French Revolution—the cruel usage and sad fate of the dauphin, the son of Louis xvi, and afterwards, on the death of his father, proclaimed by the Royalists, and reckoned in the Bourbon dynasty, as Louis xvii of France—is vividly recalled by the accompanying illustration. Immured in the gloomy tower of the Temple, death delivered the much-injured boy from bitter thralldom and wrong on the 8th of June, 1795. The incident depicted by the artist occurred when some alleviation of the prince's pitiful condition was allowed by the Convention on the fall of Robespierre, and when under the care of new keepers, whose kindness was in strong contrast to the brutal conduct of their predecessors.

The Temple, originally a fortress belonging to the Knights of St. John, was built in 1222, and consisted of a large tower flanked with turrets. For a time the building served as a treasury to the kings of France, and afterwards as a depository for the archives of the Order of Malta. It was converted into a state prison after the destruction of the Bastille, and is now chiefly memorable—having been demolished by order of Napoleon i—as the prison house of Louis xvi and his family, and as the place of the death of the uncrowned boy-king Louis xvii. The short and sad life of this heir of France mingles with the history of the adversities and trials of his royal parents. The prospects of happiness with which the married life of Louis xvi and Marie Antoinette opened are in strange contrast with the tragic realities of its close. Upright and pious, Louis had every domestic virtue, while nature had bestowed on his young consort an unusual share of vivacity, grace, and beauty. Carefully educated by her mother, Maria Theresa, she was beloved in Vienna, and when in May, 1770, the young princess left her home to become the wife of Louis, then dauphin, all hearts were moved in sympathy. In the light of the events which followed, it is touching

to recall the words addressed by Maria Theresa to her future son-in-law. "Your bride, dear dauphin," she writes, "is separated from me. As she has ever been my delight, so will she be your happiness. For this purpose I have educated her; for I have long been aware that she was to be the companion of your life. I have enjoined upon her as among her highest duties the most tender attachment to your person, the greatest attention to everything that can please you or make you happy. Above all, I have recommended to her humility towards God, because I am convinced that it is impossible for us to contribute to the happiness of the subjects confided to us without love to Him who breaks the sceptres and crushes the thrones of kings according to his own will." Prophetic words. Never, alas! was sceptre so ruthlessly broken—never was throne so crushed in the dust as the sceptre and throne of Louis xvi. Whatever the failings of Marie Antoinette, either as a woman or a queen, nothing has been established against her reputation as a wife and a mother. She was devoted to her husband and her children, and in the terrible scenes through which she passed, her conduct rose to a lofty courage worthy of the daughter of Maria Theresa. First, in the beautiful chateau of La Muette, adjoining Passy, and afterwards when the death of Louis xv required their removal to Versailles, the domestic life of the royal couple, until the fatal period of the revolutionary outbreak, may be described as tranquil and happy. Four children—two sons and two daughters—were born to them. The elder brother of the Louis xvii of our notice, and while he lived "dauphin of France," gave good promise of intellectual superiority. Whether from constitutional tendency or otherwise, this first boy fell from a state of health, in a few months, into the disease known as the rickets. His spine curved, his face lengthened, and he became so weak as to be scarcely able to walk. Shortly before the opening of the States-General,





*C. Golder, pict.]*

THE DAUPHIN IN THE TEMPLE

*[By permission of A. Lucas.]*



in 1789, the young dauphin died — mercifully removed by Providence from impending troubles. Louis Charles, the younger son, whose sad story concerns us in this paper, was born at Versailles on the 27th March, 1785. He was baptized on the day of his birth, and received the title of the Duke of Normandy. During the quiet period prior to the revolution the infancy of the young prince passed, and his fair childhood opened. Madame Campan, who occupied the post of first lady of the bedchamber to the queen, describes him in his early years as "of ruddy health and loveliness, and as forming a striking contrast to the languid look and melancholy disposition of his elder brother."

The queen herself, in a letter written in July, 1789, speaks of her surviving boy, then four years and four months old, as quick and violent in temper, full of spirits, too thoughtless to learn, yet good-humoured, affectionate, possessed of a good heart, and loving to his sister. "My children," says the sensible and devoted mother, "have always been accustomed to place great confidence in me, and when they have done wrong to tell me of it themselves, so that when I reproved them I appeared more grieved and hurt than angry at what they had done." In the same letter we get a glimpse of the little dauphin at work and play among his garden plots on the terrace at Versailles, happily ignorant, in these days of his innocent gaiety, of the impending political storm.

The two daughters of the royal house were the Princess Marie Therese Charlotte, the firstborn, known as Madame Royale, the fellow-sufferer with Louis Charles in the Temple, and afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême, and the Princess Sophie, who died in infancy a year before the death of the elder boy. The death of the Princess Sophie the royal mother bewailed as the first misfortune that befell, and the beginning of all that followed. When as yet no outward manifestation of the national unrest had appeared at Versailles, no one could have predicted the sad scenes in store for the royal family. What must have been the thoughts of the young dauphin when, on that fearful 6th of October, 1789, the peaceful precincts of the royal residence were invaded by a rabble rout from Paris—when from the balcony of the palace he saw the sea of infuriated faces, and heard the execrations specially directed against the queen, his mother, and when he afterwards shared in the horrors of that for ever memorable journey from Versailles to the capital!

Soon after the arrival of the court at the Tuileries, Madame Campan relates that the dauphin went up to the king, his father, and, looking at him thoughtfully, asked why his people, who had loved him so well, were all at once so angry with him. Louis took the boy up on his knees and said, "I wished, my child, to make my people more happy than they were. I wanted money to pay the expenses caused by wars. I asked my people for money, as the kings of France had done before me. Magistrates composing the parliament opposed it, and said that my people had a right to consent to it. I assembled the principal inhabitants of every town at Versailles—that is what they call the States-General. When they were assembled they required concessions of me which I could not make either with due respect to myself or with justice to you, who will be my successor. Wicked men, inducing the people to rise, have occasioned the excesses of the last few days; the

people must not be blamed." The Palace of the Tuileries, in which the royal family were placed, had not been occupied since the minority of Louis xv. The ancient tapestries and the worm-eaten furniture had not even been put in order for the king's reception. "Everything here is ugly," said the dauphin. "My son," replied his mother, "Louis xiv was content to lodge here." An endeavour was made to preserve for the boy a corner of the Tuileries garden, in which he might work and play. The same nook, enlarged and walled, was afterwards allotted to the King of Rome by Napoleon, to the Duc de Bordeaux by Charles x, and to the Comte de Paris by Louis Philippe. The education of the dauphin was in due time regularly carried on under a tutor. He was taught, as we are told, religion, writing, history, arithmetic, geography, and botany. He was also given the command of a regiment of boys who had enrolled themselves into a corps, and he and they played at soldiers. Many stories are told of his quickness and intelligence. He was trained to acts of pity and kindness. His mother took him to hospitals and asylums, and even to the garrets of the poorest, and encouraged him to save his pocket-money to relieve distress. Ere he had attained his seventh year, what a varied experience had been compressed into his young life! Now the object of plaudits when presented by the queen at the Champ de Mars, and now outraged and insulted on the way to St. Cloud, and on the return from Varennes. To please the populace the prince at times was dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, and for the same end the queen forced herself to put on his head the cap of liberty.

A fierce attack on the Tuileries, on the 10th of August, 1792, led Louis and his queen and children to seek refuge in the Legislative Assembly. The king and his family were removed to a small room, twelve feet square, used by the shorthand writers for the press. Here, crowded together, they listened to the cries and shouts of the mob as they sacked the Tuileries and massacred the Swiss Guards. The dauphin sat on his mother's lap, and at length fell fast asleep. The young princess and Madame Elizabeth sat beside the queen, their eyes red and swollen with tears. Henceforth they were prisoners. At length, at one o'clock in the morning—the Assembly having decreed the dethronement of the king and the convocation of a National Convention—they were conveyed to a temporary place of confinement—a small suite of apartments, consisting of four cells, formerly belonging to the ancient monastery of the Feuillants. The queen herself carried the dauphin from the Assembly to the cell where he was to pass the rest of the night. On Monday, the 13th of August, the royal family were removed to the Temple, and placed under the guard of the Commune of Paris. "It was to the ungenerous suspicions and scowling authority of the Commune," said M. Thiers, "that the royal family were subject, and thus they came to be guarded by a class of inferior men, from whom they could not expect that lenity or respect which minds refined by education are always inclined to pay to misfortune." A single domestic was allowed to follow them to their prison, the faithful Clery, who, having escaped the massacres of the 10th of August, had returned to Paris to offer his services to the royal captives, whom he had formerly attended in all the splendour of their power. When not reading, Louis employed himself with the educa-

tion of his son. He taught him to repeat passages from Racine and Corneille, and gave him other instructions befitting his years. The queen occupied herself with the education of her daughter. After dinner the king slept, and the queen and Madame Elizabeth pursued their needlework in silence, while in another room Clery amused the young prince with such juvenile plays as were suited to his age. The king was condemned to death on the 17th January, 1793, and on the 21st he perished on the scaffold in front of the Tuileries.

On the death of Louis XVI the dauphin was proclaimed king as Louis XVII by the Royalists, and his uncle (afterwards Louis XVIII) assumed the title of Regent. After the paralyzing shock of the death of her husband had in some degree passed away, the queen and Madame Elizabeth set themselves to fill his place in instructing his son.

The Committee of Public Safety believing in the existence of a plot to remove the prisoners from the Temple, it was, by two decrees of the 1st of July, ordered that "the young Louis, son of Capet, should be separated from his mother, and placed in another apartment, the best guarded of all in the Temple;" and also, "that the son of Capet, when separated from his mother, should be placed in charge of a tutor, to be chosen by the General Council of the Commune." The agony of the mother on the separation, effected by the relentless officials at ten o'clock at night on the 3rd May, will be conceived. He was taken to the apartment on the floor beneath, formerly occupied by his father, and committed to the charge of his *sansculotte* tutor, the cobbler Simon—a name like that of Hébert, infamous in the painful story of the Temple captives. When the young king passed from the tender care of his mother to the vile companionship of Simon, he was eight years of age. From that time the courage of the bereaved queen gave way. There was no longer any light in her eyes, and no smile changed her set sad features. "The son left to Marie Antoinette," says an account, "became the chief object of her life. From many sources we have his portrait, and charming as it is, the delicacy of frame and the excitableness of temperament, which the queen endeavoured to counteract, are too evident to leave cause for wonder that the fragile child sank afterwards, morally and physically, under the persecutions of his gaolers. He is described as slight, graceful, and rather tall for his age. His brow was broad and high, but his arched eyebrows must have lessened its intellectual expression. His blue eyes were large and loving; his mouth was like his mother's, and he inherited her bright colour of hair and skin. Quick and agile in movement, there was a high-bred charm in his infantine ways, which appears to have singularly attracted the roughs of the earlier revolution, but which excited the dislike and jealousy of its leaders after the monarchy had definitely fallen. He was courteous and affectionate, but impatient of control. His mother's intelligent devotion to him earned for her a love and respect on his part which never failed to influence him."

Antoine Simon, in whose hands and those of his wife was now placed the descendant of a long line of kings, was a journeyman shoemaker, and at this time fifty-seven years of age. By birth his wife was an uneducated peasant. Husband and wife were both short, dark, and ugly in appearance, and both exaggerated the dirty fashions of the Republic.

Simon was selected as the best available agent for the management of the little Capet. The story of his inhuman treatment of the young king is sickening to read, even at this day. We avoid the details of his barbarity. It is needful only to say that the vilest of epithets, accompanied with blows and curses, were constantly applied to the innocent boy. What is worse, the arts of moral corruption were plied to deprave him. He was taught to sing the revolutionary songs of the period, forced to drink brandy until his senses became dulled, and his bright intelligence lapsed into apathy and stupor. At first the prince tried to please his master, and was obedient to his authority. "The child is a very dear and charming child," reports Madame Simon; "he cleans and blackens my shoes, and brings me my foot-warmer when I get up." But at length ill-health, ill-usage, and vile influences, together accomplished their result—the boy became a wreck, alike in mind and body. The queen was happily for a time spared the knowledge of the indignities to which her son was subjected by his persecutor. She, however, managed one day to see him close to her through the planking that divided her side of the tower from Simon's. He was dressed in the Jacobite costume. The black he had worn for his father was changed into a dress of brown cloth, and on his head was the red cap of the revolutionists. Simon was, as it happened, in one of his abusive tempers, and the unhappy mother saw the keeper pursuing the boy with oaths and blasphemies. Though she often afterwards watched at the same place, Marie Antoinette never again beheld her son.

The so-called deposition of the boy against his mother and aunt, which the infamous Hébert wrung from him by coercion, and to which his almost illegible signature was attached, was the crown and sum of the cruel and deep wrong inflicted upon this descendant of many kings. On the 16th October, 1792, the execution of the queen took place, and about a year afterwards that of Madame Elizabeth. The two orphans continued to be separately imprisoned—the one on the second, the other on the third storey of the great tower of the Temple. Each of the storeys were served by stairs that filled a corner turret, and were shut in by two massive doors of oak and iron. Simon was dismissed from his post on 20th January, 1794, the Committee of Public Safety having decided that "no special guardian be appointed for the little Capet." But the better to secure the prisoner, he was pent up in an inner apartment, the door of which, opening on the ante-room, was cut across, breast high, a grating of iron bars placed on the upper part, and the whole secured and nailed fast. A small trap was placed in the grating to allow food and drink to be placed on a slab within the prisoner's reach. He was allowed no fire, and for light only the reflected beams of the sun by day and a lamp on the outside of the grating by night. No one entered, or could enter, his cell, and no one spoke to him, except when he was ordered to lie down at night, or when he was called to the grating for identification. For a time he swept out his prison and preserved some cleanliness, but these habits his waning strength and courage caused him to relinquish. "He lay in his bed," says his sister, Madame Royale, "which had not been stirred for more than six months, and which he had not strength to make. Vermin covered him; his linen and person were foul. For more than a year his

shirt and stockings were not changed. His window, closed by bars and fastened by a padlock, was never opened; and no one could remain in his room on account of the putrid smell. It is true my brother neglected himself; he might have taken a little better care of his person, and at least have washed himself, since a pitcher of water was left with him; but the wretched child was dying of fear. He never asked for anything, so scared was he by Simon and the other officials."

The fall of Robespierre and the Revolution of 27th July, 1794, brought a change to the "thing of skin and bone and sores that just stirred within the closed room of the Temple." At six o'clock on the morning of the day following Robespierre's fall, Barras, one of the successful faction of the Convention, visited the prince. He found him suffering from swollen legs, resting on a little couch, and clothed in a waistcoat and pair of grey trousers. Through the influence of Barras, Laurent was appointed to take charge of the invalid. The decree of his appointment is as follows: "The Committees of Public Salvation and of General Safety decree that Citizen Laurent, member of the Revolutionary Committee of the Temple, is provisionally intrusted with the keeping of the tyrant's children detained in the Temple. The united Committees urge on him the most exact watchfulness." Laurent was educated and well bred in manner, very different from the drunken and brutal officials who had previously the care of the captives. When he obtained admission to the young king's apartment, he found him lying motionless on the squalid bed; his back was bent, his legs and arms were singularly lengthened at the expense of his body; his features were sunken, and he betrayed no interest on the opening of his prison. The new keeper obtained the aid of a surgeon, and got for the miserable captive, now nine years of age, a new suit of slate-coloured clothes as a sort of semi-mourning. He insisted, also, that the visitors of the Commune should cease to call the boy by such epithets as wolf and viper, and address him properly by his Christian name.

On the 8th November, Gomin, an upholsterer, a peaceful man, was appointed to act with Laurent, after which the same system of kindly treatment was pursued. On the 29th March following, Laurent obtained permission to resign; and on the 31st, Lasne, a house painter, arrived to fill his place. Lasne, who with Gomin had served in the National Guard, appears to have had a stronger character than his colleague, and from the time of his arrival interested himself in the young king. Gomin gave up to him the daily care of the prisoner's clothes and cleanliness, and, though it was some time before the boy would answer his questions, he gradually won his way. He endeavoured to bring some rays of cheerfulness into the gloomy place. He sang, and encouraged Gomin sometimes to play the violin. After three weeks the sinking and half imbecile prince at last spoke to his new friend, and Lasne redoubled his attentions, telling him stories of the army, and reminding him of the regiment of boys which, when dauphin, he had commanded. "Did you see me with my sword?" asked the prince, in a whisper, lest he should be overheard. The sword still exists; it is in the collection of the Louvre, and bears the simple inscription, "Sword of the son of Louis XVI."

Leave was given to take the young king occasion-

ally to the roof of the tower. It was on these occasions, supported by his compassionate keeper, when he breathed the fresh air and took exercise, that his great delight was to watch the sparrows—his birds, as he called them—come to drink fearlessly out of a puddle in the worn stones. It is this incident which forms the subject of our illustration. The embrasures of the tower had been boarded up by the Convention, as is shown, to prevent the prisoner being seen by his sympathisers.

The health of the young king, which had long been fading, became more and more weakened as the first weeks of the year 1795 crept in. He ceased to frequent the roof of the tower, and even to walk. On the 26th of February a deputation of municipals announced to the Committee of General Safety the danger of the prisoner. Asked in what the danger consisted, they replied, "The little Capet had tumours in all the articulations, and particularly on the knees. It is impossible to get a word from him; he is always sitting or lying down, and he refuses to take any kind of exercise." Asked further as to the time when his obstinate inertia and silence dated, they said, "Since the day on which Hébert forced him to sign the calumny against his mother."

On the 2nd May, Lasne and Gomin thought it their duty to enter in their daily report, "The little Capet is ill." No notice was taken of the warning, and next day they wrote again in the register of the Temple, "The little Capet is dangerously ill." On the third day they added, "There is danger of death." On the fifth a physician visited him and recommended him a change to country air, but no measures were taken to that effect. The boy grew worse and worse. On the morning of the 8th of June, Lasne went first up to his room, for Gomin dreaded to find him dead. When the physician, Pelletan, arrived, he saw the end was near, and did not stay many minutes. Seeing him quiet, Gomin said to him, "I hope you are not in pain just now?" "Oh yes, I still suffer, but much less; the music is so beautiful!" "Where do you hear it?" asked Gomin. "Up there. Listen, listen!" The child raised his hands, his eyes opened wide, he listened eagerly, and then, in sudden joy, cried out, "Through all the voices I hear my mother's."

After a time Lasne came upstairs to replace Gomin. The prince looked at him long and dreamily, and then said, "Do you think my sister heard the music?" Soon after he turned his eyes eagerly towards the window; a happy exclamation broke from his lips; then, looking at Lasne, he said, "I have a thing to tell you." The guardian took his hand; the prisoner's head sunk on Lasne's breast, who listened in vain for another sound. There was no struggle; but when the guardian felt the child's heart, it had ceased to beat. So died this innocent victim of revolutionary passion, in the Temple, on the 8th June, 1795. All who had seen the young prince in the Tuileries or in the Temple attested that the dead body was in truth that of the son of Louis XVI. On the 10th the body was buried in the large common pit of the cemetery of St. Margaret. The soil was levelled and no mark left in the burying-place to show where the coffin had been placed. On the restoration of the Bourbons, Louis XVIII ordered diligent search to be made for the recovery and identification of the remains of his unfortunate nephew, but without result. No one can point to the spot where rest the ashes of Louis XVII of France.

J. H.

## THE GRANTS OF LOCHSIDE;

OR, THE LIFE OF SCOTCH EMIGRANTS IN CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE REDFERN'S TROUBLES."

### CHAPTER VII.

THE new house, of which I have said little, as it was little in my thoughts, was getting on towards completion. It had been quite covered in before the winter set in, and James pushed on the finishing of it. I dare say it was made far finer than it might have been if my father had been at home, and I doubt it cost more money. But James was one of those who must have things done in the very best way; he is the same yet, and sometimes it answers and sometimes it doesna, but it answered with our new house, for though there may be finer houses now in the country-side, there are none more comfortable or cheerful than ours. And my father made fewer words about the additional cost than I had sometimes feared he might.

We heard from them regularly, but neither my father nor my mother were much given to the writing of letters, and when they had told us how they were and where they were, and said a word about the goodness and mercy that were following them, there was little more. But that was enough. We gathered that they were getting the good of their visit; that though they were not wearying for home, they would come back to us joyfully with new strength and thankfulness. And they had all the more to tell us when they came, and their news was all the fresher.

It was a glad day when they came. Miss Hester had gone by that time, but no farther than the town of L., where she kept house for her stepfather and her young brothers and sisters, and she had her own troubles with them, poor girl. Our place was looking its best with the green and the sunshine of June upon it, and it was in fine order, which was all the greater a satisfaction to my father that he had hardly hoped it: for James's thoughts had been turned to other pursuits so long. But he could never do things by halves, and he had put all his heart and energy into his work, and it had prospered in his hands. Now he began to see that it would be his duty to give up his own will and his own plans to take the place at home that my father had meant Robbie to take on the farm. And, as oftenest happens when folk think less of themselves than of others in what they do, or in what they give up, it all turned out well for him, and no better for him than for us all.

As to the visit of my father and mother to Scotland, it would take a long chapter to tell all they enjoyed in it; and if all they saw could be plainly and clearly written down, with all my father's thoughts about it, it would be a chapter worth the reading. But it would need a more skilful pen than mine to do it, and the time is past for it besides. There was much to please and interest them, but some things pained them as well. To my father, used with the wider fields and the less careful tillage of Canadian farming, the high state of cultivation to which much of the land was brought could not be but pleasing; but he wondered

at the content of folk with a state of things which was not new to him, but which long absence and the lapse of years showed him more plainly than he used to see them. That farmers should be willing to pay high rent for land when they might have it in Canada of the best by just paying one price for it, surprised him, and there were other things which, after the ease and freedom of colonial life, would have suited him as ill.

Not that he said much about this, then or afterwards; nor did he urge or even encourage folk very much to try their fortune as he had done; for there is always risk in a new venture, and the responsibility of persuading folk to a step that involves so much as the forsaking of one's country and kindred was what he would not take. But to my mother he often said, as they were going about among places familiar, yet strange, how well it was for their children that they had been brought up in a country where there was room enough and to spare for all who had the will and the faculty to make their way in the world. Room for more than just a foothold—a chance to win their bread—room and opportunity at the same time to do much good work for God and man, and to take pleasure in it. My mother sometimes thought he might have been more free with his advice as to emigrating, since he had his own successful experience to fall back upon; but giving advice was not much in his way.

They were glad to be at home again among us all. After that my father left the guidance of the affairs of the farm more to James than he had ever done to any one before, and fell in with some new plans of doing things with more ease than we who knew him best would have thought possible. He didna grow close or narrow as he grew older, as some men do. "The peaceable fruits of righteousness" were seen in his life as the years went on, and he held the things of this world with a looser grip, which is a rarer thing in age than may be thought.

My mother came home stronger and more cheerful to us, but she was never very strong again. She had ever the appearance of one not long for this world; partly because of her delicate looks, and partly, too, because she seemed to be readier for an entrance into a better world than the most of the folk about her.

A few more peaceful years passed, making more difference to those of the family who were in homes of their own, to which little children were coming, than to us at Lochside. There was little change in our way of life, except that as our means increased we had more leisure, which, however, could hardly be said of me. For there is always enough to do in overseeing a house as hospitable as ours, even though help may be plenty. And I never could bring myself to trust the butter-making, and the cheese-making, and the welfare of the young creatures about the place, to the care of even faithful servants. But



looking after these things was no hardship to me, but a pleasure; and, ah me! a pleasure I am little likely to have again this while.

I like to mind this time as far as my father and my mother are concerned. It was a time of quiet and content to them; a restful evening of a life that had had its share of anxiety and toil. Not that it was too quiet, either, in our house, for there were few seasons in which we didna have some of the children staying with us, and after a few years John and his wife were with us a while every summer. John had a charge for a while, but then he was appointed as professor in one of the colleges, and had his summers mostly free. His new work was one for which he was specially qualified, folk thought, but my mother couldna but think it a pity that he wasna left at the work of preaching the gospel—and so did I myself. But it is a great work in which he is engaged, and, though I say it, it is well done work that passes through his hands.

As for Marjory, there was no one like her. With natural gifts far beyond the common, she had the opportunity to cultivate her talents without being exposed to intercourse with those from whom she might have learned to think much of herself and little of her home and of our simple homely ways. From Miss Hester she had got much help, and from her brother John, to whom she went whenever we could spare her, she got more; and she grew up beneath our eyes into such a woman as might well excuse my pride in her. A strong wise woman she became, yet neither the strength nor the wisdom showed in such a way as to destroy the charm of her natural sweetness or the modesty and gentleness becoming in a woman.

What I saw in her others saw as well, and I cannot but wonder now, as I look upon that time, that it should have come to me with a shock of surprise when I first knew that she was to leave us. She had been asked before, but not often, for it needna come to asking as a general thing if a woman has due consideration for what is right. But when I heard that Alfred Chester had come back again, my heart fell down in my breast like lead, for I saw sure she would go with him, though never a word had passed between us with regard to him.

The weight of this trouble to me was that I must lose her altogether. For long before this time it had been made clear to us that Mr. Chester could not carry out his design of settling in Canada, but that for family reasons he must make his home in England among his own people, who were of high station, and not likely to take well with the coming in among them of the daughter of a plain Canadian farmer. It was partly for her sake that I was afraid and anxious, but the thought of what Lochside would be without her was more than for a while I could bear to think about.

I mind well the first time I saw Mr. Chester, and I little thought, as I stood at the farmyard gate watching John and him coming up from the boat, what a change he was to bring into our house. It was a busy time with us, in the height of the haying season, and I had taken the milking of the cows in hand that night, because the servant-girls had both been called out to the hayfield in prospect of rain. May had come with me to help, and John's wife and all the bairns, of whom there were a good many with us at the time, and there was much laughing and chattering among them. John might just as easily have

gone to the house by the other way, and I told him so, a little sharply, I dare say, when I saw that it was a stranger who was with him. But John only laughed, and said it was as well that our friends should see us at our work and in our week-day clothes; and then he brought him to me, and told me his name, and he bowed over my hand—though with the milking it was not just very clean—as if I had been a fine lady receiving him in her drawing-room; and I knew him to be a true gentleman from the very first. There was much laughing and confusion among the bairns as we all went to the dairy together, carrying the milk with us, and it never came into my mind that Marjory was different from her usual manner, for she changed colour easily at any time, and I thought nothing of that.

We often had folk coming and going at Lochside, and staying a few days with us. Sometimes they were strangers, coming for the duck shooting in its season, or for other reasons, and sometimes they were friends of our friends, who sent them our way. It was just what was natural and right, I thought, when John asked his friend to bide a few days, except that the house being so full, it was not quite so convenient as usual. But he made no difference. Everything went on as if he hadna been there. Marjory was much occupied with the bairns and with the work of the house, and took less pains than was her custom, I thought, in regard to the entertainment of the stranger.

Not that he was a stranger to her at this time. They had met in her brother's house in the winter, I knew, and as for being entertained, he did not need that. He went out with John and my father to the hayfield, and he amused himself with the bairns, who thought much of him, or with a book, and my mother and he had much to say to one another. He was a person of simple, kindly manners, falling in with the plain homely ways of our house far more readily than some folk would have done who had less right to be fastidious. My father and mother took to him as they rarely took to strangers. I saw little of him myself, for there was much to be done in the house, and I had many things on my mind. But there was plenty of amusement for the rest. There were expeditions here and there, sometimes by water and sometimes by land. Sometimes the bairns went, and sometimes they were left at home, and the others went without them, and all the time my Marjory was just as usual as far as I could see.

Every one in the house liked the stranger better the more they saw of him. Being busy I saw less of him than the rest did, and that may account for what seems strange to me now as I look back. Even my mother used to laugh at my readiness to take alarm if any one seemed to be looking the way of my sister; but kindly-mannered and good-looking though the young man was, it never at this time came into my head to even him with our Marjory.

It was a time of great enjoyment to them all, and to none more than to Mr. Chester: and how long it might have continued I canna say, had there not one day come to him heavy tidings. A great sorrow had fallen on their house. His elder brother, the head of the family, had gotten, it was found, fatal injury in one of those terrible railway accidents that happen now and then in all countries. His young wife, who had been with him at the time, had escaped with no hurt. The letter was written by her hand, and in it she said that her husband longed more than

words could tell for the sight of his brother's face, and she entreated him to come home without a day's delay, in hope that he might get a sight of him before he died. Poor thing! she had not been married a year, Marjory told me afterwards; and John said that Mr. Chester broke down utterly when he tried to speak of her and her trouble.

There wasna time for many last words. Within an hour after the coming of the news, the poor lad was away; and as we all stood watching the boat that was taking him round the point to meet the train at the nearest station, there was a feeling among us as if a great calamity had fallen on our house. There was a look on my mother's face and on Marjory's that minded me of the first days after we had lost our Wattie, and I think my father saw it too, for he looked at them, and not at the boat that was taking the stranger out of our sight. But not a word was said, and we all went about our work as usual; and if I was anxious for a while, it was my mother I thought of and kept in sight for the rest of the day, and not my sister Marjory.

We went down to the shore in the gloaming to wait for the coming of my two brothers, who had gone with Mr. Chester in the morning; and when he saw the boat drawing near, my father came down too.

"And so you have seen the last of the poor lad?" said he, as they stepped on shore, looking grave enough, both of them.

"Yes," said James, "we have seen the last of him; we need never expect him in Canada again."

"It is not likely that he will ever come to settle here, but we may see him again," said John.

"If his brother should die, he will be the head of the house, and there will be little chance," said James.

"And his present trouble is none the less that there is a chance of his profiting by it, poor lad," said I, and my heart was sore for him.

There was more said by the rest, but Marjory said not a word, and there was the same wistful, far-away look in her eyes that had followed the boat earlier in the day. And no wonder, thinking on the poor young creature watching by her husband's dying-bed, and waiting for his brother's home-coming.

We had a quiet summer after that, followed by a quieter winter. Marjory wouldna go home with John and his wife, as they would fain have had her do; and when Christmas came, and the invitation was renewed, she still chose to bide at home with my mother; and as it was a time of the year when I could be spared, I went for a few days in her stead, and it was while I was there that the first thought of the possibility of Alfred Chester's being more in her thoughts than in mine was suggested to me.

"How was May? Was May just as usual? What was she doing? And she wasna keeping too quiet, and too much in the house, was she?" were John's questions, and when it came to the third or fourth time of asking, I couldna but wonder at him.

"She is just as usual," said I.

"And you would be sure to notice any change in your bairn?" said he.

"Change!" said I; "why should she change?" and I went over the last few months in my own mind. "She has been rather quieter than usual through the fall, maybe, but it hasna been in the dreamy listless way that you are wont to find fault with in young folk. She has been busy, even

busier than usual, and ours is never an idle household."

"And she is not overdoing? And she is bright and cheerful? I had half a mind to run down and bring her away, whether she were willing or not, but I dare say my mother will do her as much good as we would."

"Dear me, John," said I, "you canna aye have Marjory. As for her overdoing, I don't think it. She has the work of the house at her own taking. As for other work, she has her Sabbath class, and they come once a week to the house to practise their singing; and she has taken the poor Hewets in hand, and they are making some progress, she writes me. She sews whiles, and she doesna neglect her music, but as for overdoing, she does just as usual."

But I grew uneasy thinking about it, and I began to think of going home sooner than I might have done if nothing had been said. But one day before I went there came a letter to John from Mr. Chester, which of course I didna see; but in the course of the talk that rose out of it I got it from his wife that young Mr. Chester and our Marjory had taken pleasure in one another's company when she was with them the last winter, and there was no saying what might have come out of it if he had not been called so suddenly home.

"And none too soon," said I, with a sudden sharp fear at my heart. "It would have been a terrible thing to have the bairn's peace disturbed."

I said no more, but I wondered whether that was what John had been thinking of when he was asking questions about our sister and how she spent her time.

"As he had to go, it was well he went when he did," I repeated.

For the young man's brother had died soon after he had reached him, and there was no chance of his ever returning to settle in Canada, for he had promised his brother that he would be the guardian of the son whom God had permitted him to see before he died, and this guardianship would keep him in his own country as surely as though there had been no son born to his brother and he had been the head of the house.

"And it is well he went without speaking, if *that* was in his mind," said I, not able to put it out of my thoughts.

"But if *that* was in his mind, he may come back again," said Mrs. John.

"It is little likely," said I, but I wasna at my ease about it.

After that I could not rest till I got home again, to see that no trouble had come to my darling. Changed! No, there was no change in her, I thought, except that she was growing from a light-hearted girl into a woman, to whom life was beginning to show itself with graver aspect. She was thoughtful, and not so ready to put in her word on small occasions, but she was at peace with herself. That she wasna looking back with regret nor forward with anxiety was clear, and being sure of this, I put all thoughts of Alfred Chester and his possible wishes out of my mind, and to her I never named his name.

And so being, as it were, unprepared for it, the shock of his coming was the greater. For come he did, in the early spring, without a word of warning, and by the look that came to my sister's face when they met I knew well how it would end.

## WEATHER PROVERBS.

December.

IT is now complete winter, and agricultural operations are to a large extent suspended, which will in some measure account for the silence of weather prophets about this month. With the exception of certain superstitious proverbs relating to Christmas, which will be found under January,\* there only seems to be one proverb connected with December :

Thunder in December presages fine weather.

In consequence of this want it will be best, and a fitting conclusion to these papers, to notice here briefly a few general rules for consulting the barometer, as well as two or three simple means of aiding us in predicting the weather. After wet weather if the mercury rises steadily and remains high we may look for continued fine weather, unless it becomes fair immediately after the rise, when it will remain so for a short time only. After fine weather, if the mercury falls steadily and remains low, we may expect a spell of wet weather, which will be short if the change ensues too soon after the fall. In both cases, if the change is to be continuous, it ought not to take place till two or three days after the rise or fall of the barometer. A sudden fall denotes storms; a sudden rise temporary fine weather. In wintry weather the fall of the glass indicates snow, and its rise frost. If the barometer falls in wet weather, it is a sign of more rain to come. It sinks lowest for wind and rain together; next to that for wind, unless it be an east or north-west wind. It may be said generally that the barometer rises for northerly or easterly winds, and for dryer, calmer, and colder weather; while it falls for southerly and westerly winds, and for damper, stormier, and warmer weather. There are certain rhymes which are useful for retaining the gist of these rules in our memory.

Long foretold, long last;  
Short notice, soon past.

First rise after low,  
Foretells stronger blow.

When the glass falls low,  
Prepare for a blow;  
When it rises high,  
Let your kites fly.

A simple method of ascertaining the probability of rain is by a piece of seaweed hanging up in the house: if it becomes damp, wet weather is coming. Another sign of rain is the untwisting of catgut or whipcord, which becomes longer when the air is damp. It is on this principle that a toy, which was formerly a familiar object in our houses, is made—the weather house from which a woman emerges in fine weather, and a man with a great coat on in wet. Lastly, many people are not aware that a leech confined in a bottle of water acts as a good barometer. If it is fine the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass; if it is wet he will be found at the top of the water, where he will remain till the weather is settled. Before high winds he races through the water in all directions, seldom resting till it blows hard. If a remarkable storm is coming he shows signs of uneasiness, appears at the top of the glass,

\* See p. 14 for proverbs relating to St. Thomas's Day, 21st December (January 2nd, old style), and Christmas (January 6th, old style).

and his body is full of convulsive motions. The leech should be kept in a fair sized glass, not less than two ounces, about three-quarters filled with water and covered with a bit of linen; the water should be changed once a week, though in winter once a fortnight is usually sufficient.

By these various methods we are able to predict the coming weather with some degree of probability, and as our observations become more accurate and general we shall find our power of foreseeing gradually increasing. Many proverbs have been found that will not bear the test of scientific criticism, but few are without a grain of truth, and through them science may often be directed into the right channel. Weather prophets unfortunately often disagree, as is amusingly shown by the following rhymes, with which we will take our leave of the reader.

Well, Duncombe, how will be the weather?  
Sir,—it looks cloudy altogether,  
And coming across our Houghton Green,  
I stopped and talked with old Frank Beane;  
While we stood there, sir, old Jan Swain  
Went by and said he knewed 'twould rain;  
The next that came was Master Hunt,  
And he declared he knewed it wouldn't;  
And then I met with Farmer Blow,  
He plainly said he didn't know.  
So, sir, when doctors disagree,  
Who's to decide it, you or me?

## Varieties.

CONFUSION OF THOUGHT.—A gushing young couple were examining the Chinese department in the Great Exhibition. She was gazing curiously at the almond-eyed natives, and he was admiring the wonderful goods on exhibition. "Do you know," asked he, "these Chinese are more than six thousand years old?" "Why no," returned she, with astonishment, "they don't look to be over thirty, do they?"

TWO OF A TRADE.—The following anecdote is attested by an eye- and ear-witness:—"When Lord Campbell was sitting at Guildhall, a pickpocket was taken in the court. He inquired what was the matter, and being told, said in his sarcastic way, 'Infringing on the privileges of the lawyers.'"—K. W.

NERO IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—The Pope, in a recent speech to the cardinals, after speaking of "the diabolical fury" which animates "a certain Nero of our times," said that "in fact there are many Neros. If I am not mistaken, I seem to see the empire of another Nero come again, who presents himself under divers forms. In one place he sits with a lyre in his hand, or with lying and deceitful words pretends to blandish, but destroys and burns up, while in other places he presents himself sword in hand, and if he does not ensanguine the streets, fills the prisons, multiplies exiles, plunders, and, while plundering, blasphemes, usurping jurisdictions exercised with violence and injustice."

MORAL TRAINING.—When the late Mr. Horace Mann visited this country from the United States on an educational tour, he asked the head-master of a large London school (now, happily, in better hands) what kind of moral training he adopted. The answer was, "I do not believe in moral training." "If, then, a boy tells you a lie, what do you do?" "If, sir, a boy tells me a lie, I make him write out twenty times, or more, these words: 'Lying is a base and infamous offence;' and if he brings the paper to me badly written, I tear it up and give him a good caning!"



# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Couper.*



JOB CHIPPERY AND HIS WIFE.

## THE CRINKLES OF CRINKLEWOOD HALL.

CHAPTER II.

THE mansion of the Crinkles was built on the side of a rocky height, on whose summit, at no very great distance from it, was a Druidical remain, called in common parlance "the rocking stone." Before this stone, while the governor was sleeping in his "uneasy" chair, stood a gentleman in travelling attire, admiring the scene around.

No. 1302.—DECEMBER 9, 1876.

Groves of oak clothed the valley beneath, and far, far away, hill and dale were luxuriantly wooded. Fantastic forms of rock rose here and there, covered with lichens, and slender silver streamlets threaded their way towards a brook that glittered in the sunbeams as it hastened to pour its waters into a noble river, the crowning beauty of the whole.

While the stranger gazed in delight on each feature of the view, he heard the sounds, faint and distant, of a "pick" upon the stone. As he needed direction to

PRICE ONE PENNY.



the object of which he was in search, he walked towards the point whence they seemed to come. They ceased as he advanced, and in their stead others rose in the clear air. Peeping over a ledge of rock, he saw a labouring man engaged in examining some of the fragments of stone that he had hewn from the side of the road he was working on. While thus occupied, the man sang, in pleasant, cheery tones, a pleasant, cheery song. The words became distinct as the traveller cautiously approached, and he heard:—

“Come day, go day,  
God send Sunday!  
Six days God worked, rested one day;  
Weary man shall have his Sunday.  
When the world has done with sorrow,  
There will be a glad to-morrow;  
God has said it shall be given,  
His good kingdom straight from Heaven.  
O good news! We'll watch and pray  
All this weary work-a-day,  
Work will pass, and rest come one day;  
Come day, go day, God send Sunday!”

The song came in snatches, for the singer often paused to fit the fragments he had hewn from the rock into the road he was working on.

“You sing over labour, friend,” said the traveller, making his way down to the standing-place with difficulty.

The man, Job Chipperry, looked at him with some surprise, and answered, as he rested his pick, which he had just resumed, on a block beside him, “It’s a way I’ve got.”

“A good way, too; it lightens work. You are making a road?”

Job looked as if this was a remark scarcely needed, and merely nodded assent.

“Very hard work it must be,” said the traveller.

“It wants a will; and that, and being used to it, carries it off middling easy,” answered Job, raising his pick again.

“I liked your song; where did you get it?”

“What, ‘God send Sunday’? Oh! I got it where I got everything that was good—at my mother’s knee, when I was a little one, and she’d no one but me for company and comfort. She was used to set me on the milking-stool by her side, while she sewed and seamed. Then she’d teach me a many pretty things; most of them out of the Book of Books, and all of ’em consarnin’ it.”

“She must have been a good mother—a good woman,” remarked the traveller, surveying Job with much interest.

“Good!” he exclaimed; “she was godly. Yes; that’s the true goodness, as she used to tell me. Often I’ve wished—foolish enough—as all the women was like her!”

“And the men, too, for that matter,” said the traveller, smiling.

“One man in a thousand I have found, but a woman—” Job could not finish the words, of which he evidently felt the full meaning, though he would have concluded them by excepting his venerated mother, for suddenly from behind a ridge clothed with furze there appeared a tall raw-boned woman, crying in a harsh voice, “Job! Job, I say!” Her face was flushed with heat, and she carried a large basket, which she seemed much inclined to throw at his head. “A pretty while I’ve been a shouting, and never a word of a answer, and no sound of a

pick, nor none of your jingling song, even to guide me, and the sun so broiling hot, and me so tired and so bad served as I’ve been! Well, I wish I was out of such a place as it is; I’m wishing it all day long, and every day, and I wish I may, with never a bit of move in you to help me.”

Job did not answer, but handling his pick, looked as if he were waiting to hear what brought her there, and what might be her present grievance.

The traveller, who was sitting beside the block on which Job’s pick had rested, was not visible to Mrs. Chipperry, and she proceeded to pour out a torrent of complaint and abuse against “the governor” and others who had offended her.

“Tell us why you went,” said Job, quietly. “There’s company here,” he added, pointing to his companion, who had now risen and come forward.

“Beg the gentleman’s pardon; didn’t know as any one was by; but it’s all along of my husband’s easiness, sir, as we get trod down, as I tells him. If he’d only speak up we should have our rights like the quarrymen.”

“Have you been yonder to complain?” asked Job, looking steadily at her.

“Ay, that I have, and I’ll do it again, and speak my mind out till we gets our rights. If you’ve got a pitiful spirit, it shan’t be laid to me that I have!” she answered, defiantly.

“No danger!” he murmured, under his breath.

“But that Shuck,” she continued, “wouldn’t let me see the governor. No, nor say a word for us, even when I put things to him; but kept on telling me I’d best go; and that Mrs. Marjoram, she looked as sour as vinegar; and as to Johnny, never tell me no more about Johnny Marks. I met him as I was comin’ away, and I told him how I’d been served, and if the owdacious little slip didn’t say—”

“Hush, hush!” said Job; “I’m sure he never meant to anger you. But you mind, it’s a bad turn as you’ve done me if you’ve been speaking hard to Shuck and the housekeeper; they’re bound to let the governor know, and I shouldn’t wonder if I get turned off. You know you nearly did it a while ago.”

There was something so quiet and settled in Job’s tone, as he said this, that his wife looked a little staggered; but soon rallying, she answered, that “the governor knew better than to turn off a good hand when they were so hard to get. Besides, there’s the quarries,” she added.

“The governor knows all the hands there, and if he goes against me I shan’t get work there. But no more about it, I only counsel you to keep a quiet tongue; I’m not turned off yet; and now I must get to work, for I’m paid for that and not for talking.”

Suiting the action to the word, and giving a friendly farewell gesture to the traveller, he took up his pick, and the noise of his blows rendered words inaudible. So Mrs. Chipperry turned away in tears of wrath and vexation. The traveller offered to carry her basket, if she would show him the way to the Thorpe, for which he was bound.

“You’ll wonder at me being so bad in my spirits, sir, but if you was to know all, you’d say as I was a very pitiful woman,” she said, as soon as distance from the pick rendered hearing practicable.

“But you seem to have such a good husband, friend,” said the traveller.

“Oh, dear sir! I’m sick to death of hearing of his goodness; and what’s the use of goodness as makes

him no friends as can help? Why, we ought to have one of the governor's free cottages, and two shillings a week more than we have; and that's what I went up to say, but not a word could I get, nor a sight of the governor."

"You must find this breeze refreshing," said her companion, after vainly trying to soothe her.

"I don't mind about it; I can't abide anything belonging to this country, not I — breeze nor nothing."

"Oh, it's a beautiful country!" exclaimed the traveller.

"Beautiful! You never see Yorkshire or you wouldn't go to call this a beautiful country, with its stones as cuts your boots to bits, and its hills as wears your legs off, and its straggly-fied hedges as goes over your head o' both sides. Why, we've got none of that in our part! Beautiful flat ground for miles and miles, and turf to walk on, and low stone dykes, neat and reg'lar, and you can see over 'em as well as if they warn't there."

The traveller, finding his efforts to console her unsuccessful, restored her basket, and assuring her he could now find the road, left her to return, richer by a small present, which went some way in raising her spirits, as was evident by her low curtsy and the light in her eye.

As he toiled on he reflected with concern on Job's ill-chosen partner. "How wonderful it is," he thought, "that men make such mistakes! Brought up from infancy to know and love the truth, he yet linked himself unequally with an unbelieving yoke-fellow; but he pays for it." He did not know, however, that Job, though brought up in the knowledge of the truth, was for many years ignorant of it in his heart, and that it was only after his marriage that he had truly "fled for refuge to the hope set before him." In truth, it was his wife's ungodly spirit that drove him, as with a scourge, to seek for consolation in the gospel he had so long professed to believe. He bore with her in a way that surprised his familiar associates, who considered that he over-indulged her, and called him "henpecked" and unmanly; but he allowed them to form their own opinion, and went on his way unmoved, satisfied that he was doing the best he could to repair the great error of his life. Thoughts of Job, however, gave place to others concerning his mission to Crinkle Thorpe, as the Hall was commonly styled. He had no pleasant message to carry, and he was well aware that he was not likely to prove an acceptable messenger. He knew the governor by report, and almost smiled as he pictured the reception he might meet with.

On the other hand, if the governor had known who was about to invade him, and with what he was charged, he would not have slept as he did, for very soundly he slept. Shuck had twice been to the door to listen if there was any encouragement to expect a movement. Mrs. Marjoram had half turned the handle, thinking it possible something was the matter; but remembering if she quite turned it, and he was only asleep, she might wake him. She withdrew her hand and retreated, heartily wishing the peacock would go and scream under the window, which, of course, it would not do, now that there would be some use in it.

But the longest sleep has a waking time; and if she could have seen the broad face of the governor resting on one hand in that attitude by which long use had enabled him to meet the hardships of his easy-

chair,—if she could have heard his regular breathing, and beheld his opened mouth and placid expression (for him very placid), she would have been under no apprehension concerning him. As for Shuck, though he did not say so, he thought that the longer the nap was (in reason) the better for everybody, and he had no desire to bring it to an end.

It was some time after Mrs. Marjoram's last visit to the door that the peacock did go under the window and scream; but it was not that sound that woke the governor. It was a great crash. The picture hanging behind his chair had come down, and now lay prostrate on the floor.

For some time he sat trying to discover what had so rudely disturbed him. At the moment that it had occurred he was dreaming that he was standing by the heavy entrance door, and that it had alammed against him with great force. He looked about, and seeing nothing to account for the disturbance, rang the bell violently.

"Something's up," said Shuck, startled to his legs by the summons.

"Do go," said Mrs. Marjoram. "May be he has fallen in a fit. I don't know any one more likely."

Shuck stood for a few seconds, not hurried by the suggestion. Another peal came. "He's in no fit but such as he's used to," he said, as he went deliberately to answer it.

"Shuck! what noise was that?" demanded the governor, with a flushed head and face, and an altogether unrefreshed look.

"Noise? never heard no noise but yourn with the bell," replied Shuck, coolly picking up the wig and handing it to his master, asking, "What were it like?"

"Like the house coming down, or a gun going off," replied his master, impatiently.

"Nought's wrong with the house as I know to," said Shuck, looking round inquiringly as he spoke. "And as for a gun, there ain't nobody here as'd let a gun off where you'd hear it, only the keeper, I'm sure of that."

At that moment he caught sight of the prostrate portrait, and going up to it, exclaimed, half-nervously, "Please, sir, it's Miss Chancellor have come clean down; it is, indeed! and knocked over the screen, too!"

"What?" cried the governor, wriggling round in his chair.

Shuck proceeded to raise the portrait, and in examining the frame to see if it were injured, turned it full face on his master, who angrily ordered him to take the thing out of his sight.

Shuck laid it down again without a word, but as he did so, picked up some small black blocks of oak which puzzled him. Casting his eyes upwards, he exclaimed, "Well, to be sure; if she haven't gone and broke one of the commandments!"

"She never did anything else!" growled the governor.

"I don't know which on 'em it may be," said Shuck, laying the Hebrew characters, with a piece of the moulding to which they were attached, on the table, and remarking that the "cornish" must be mended, "for breaking of it quite spoilt the room."

"It ought to be the eighth," muttered the governor. "Here; see to its being mended at once."

"What, Miss Chancellor?" asked Shuck, looking at the lady's eye.

"No, the cornice, I mean, you gaby; burn her!

And let the man see that the other portraits are safe; they may perhaps interfere with the cornice, as that thing must have done."

"She's a loomp! I wonder she didn't do no more mischief," said Shuck, trying to lift the lady up.

"She did what she could," said the governor, turning in disgust from the portrait, and ordering it to be taken to a lumber-room.

"Ah, that'll be kinder like than burning the poor old lass," Shuck soliloquised, as his master strode to the window. Opening the casement, the governor stood before it, as though attracted by some unexpected sight.

"Shuck," he cried, softly, retreating a little, "come here. Who is that man?" He pointed as he spoke to the small lawn which lay beneath the window.

"It is a man, true enough," said Shuck, looking out.

"Who is it?" asked the governor, impatiently.

"It's not Johnny Marks, nor Job Chipperry; and I don't know never a man but them as 'ud likely be down there," said Shuck. "Howsumdever, I don't believe it is a 'man'—it's a gentleman; see if it isn't."

The governor looked, and saw that Shuck was right. At that moment the object of his investigation was gazing with evident delight on the boundless prospect.

"Go and find out who he is, and what he wants," he cried.

"And if he wants to come in, what's to be done?" asked Shuck.

"Let him give his name and business," said the governor.

Shuck went off in some surprise. "Not," he thought, "that there's any heed to what he does; but there was that poor woman who walked from Crinkle turned off without letting her tell her business (not to no purpose), which she'd got hard work to keep in her mouth (and *didn't*, for she told it over and over), and here's a man as seems easy, as gentle-folks mostly is, and he is to be let tell what he wants, and maybe he'll get it, too!"

Shuck often thought, when the unreasonableness and injustice of his master came out in glaring colours, that having the commandments round his room was of very little use to him; but he attributed it in a measure to their being "put into them queer shapes," and sometimes broke his mind to Mrs. Markham and Johnny, that "if the master had but got them in black painted letters on a nice white board, plain to read, like them in Crinkle Church, it would make a deal of difference, and give them a better chance of improving him."

While Shuck was executing his orders, the governor was making as close a scrutiny of the stranger as it was possible for him to do without exposing himself too plainly through the window. He saw him give a card, and waited with some impatience to get it, for he felt as if the owner was not altogether unknown to him. He took it from Shuck, and read with disappointment, "From the Reverend Austin Callendar." "I don't know the name. I want no 'Reverends' here!" he exclaimed, in a pet.

Whenever the governor gave way to such a mood, and Shuck saw an opening for just rebuke, he felt impelled to give it; so, with the sententious air he always used on such occasions, he said, "There is Reverends and Reverends; some is

good and some is otherwise. This seems a well-spoken gentleman; but he don't give me the belief as he is a Reverend, not by his looks nor his ways."

"What does he want?" interrupted the governor, not listening to him.

"Seemingly, to see you," replied Shuck, somewhat injured in his feelings by the contemptuous indifference shown to his "sentiment" and opinion. It was plain that he could have added, "There's no accounting for tastes."

Again the governor's eye was attracted to the window. He looked for a moment, and then said, "Show him in—up here; but he mustn't stay long."

"Shouldn't think he would," said Shuck, out of the abundance of his heart, as he went to execute his orders.

When he returned to the study with the stranger, he found to his surprise that the governor was not there. "Well, he'll be here soon," he said; "maybe he's a straightening of his wig at the glass. I told him it was a bit crooked; it always is when he gets into 'a work.'"

The traveller's attention was directed, immediately on his entrance, to the portraits, which he examined with much interest. Suddenly looking round, he asked, "Where is Miss Chancellor? I don't see her."

"She's come down about an hour ago. She come down with a smash as woke the governor out of his sleep. Here she is; I'm to move her to the lumber place. But I hope she wasn't so heavy when she were going over that gate as she is now; if she was I pities the horse."

"So this is the famous Aunt Hester! What a comment on glorying in perishable beauty!" soliloquised the traveller.

"I don't see any glorifyingness about her in particular," said Shuck; "it were a bit of spite to poke her eye out, and very poor spite, too. But I think a woman as goes a-horseback just for all as the men do ought to be ashamed of herself for a brazen face; but she mun a' been a good rider to be able to make the horse stand like that with her on his back while the man was a painting of her."

At this moment the governor, who really had been arranging his wig at the glass, appeared; he made a formal bow to his guest. Shuck, going up to him, pointed to the portrait and whispered loudly, "Be she to bide there for a bit?"

"Go! go!" cried the governor, angrily, on which he withdrew, bestowing an encouraging nod on "the supposed Reverend" behind his master's back, as if to say, "Don't be daunted; he won't bite!"

"I have not the honour of knowing 'Mr. Callendar,'" said the governor, stiffly, and standing very erect.

His visitor, with a free though courteous air, replied, "I have business that it will take some time to go through; we had better sit, Governor Crinkle."

The governor was sure that Shuck was right; neither the "looks" nor the "ways" of the stranger bore the stamp of "Reverend." He wore a bushy black beard and a very fine moustache; he was dressed in traveller fashion, which generalises all in these days; but there was a nonchalant decision in his voice and manner, and still more in the expression of his face, though it beamed with good-humour, that carried the conviction he was not a cleric—or at least not like one.

"This card—is it yours?" asked the governor.

"Oh no!" said the other.

"Then who is Mr. Callendar?" asked the governor, while his companion was dragging two of the heavy chairs from the wall and placing them for the conference.

"Mr. Callendar? He is the chaplain of our regiment, and a particular friend of mine," was the reply.

"Then you are —?" the governor began to ask.

"I have the honour to hold a commission under her Majesty."

This reply acted like a talisman on the spirit of the governor, who said quickly, "I'm glad of that. I like red coats better than black ones."

"Not all 'red coats,' I fancy!" said the officer, glancing at the prostrate portrait.

The governor grew pale with suppressed anger.

"Don't be angry," said the guest. "I shouldn't have alluded to the subject but that it is connected with my mission; in fact it is the very marrow of it."

"Then—then,"—the governor began to sputter rather than speak.

"Then the sooner I give you the whole the better, eh?"

"I want to know nothing on any matter of the kind," replied the governor, constrained to self-command by the coolness of his companion.

"Ah, my good sir, you haven't come to grey hairs without finding out that we must hear, see, and know much that it would be bliss to remain ignorant of. You have held a command, you have seen the world, you ought not to run away from an enemy, but face him out."

"What's your business?" asked the governor after a pause and a severe struggle with his feelings.

"Simply to ask you to do justice to the family of Randal Chancellor, the nephew of your mother and *that lady*" (pointing to the portrait). "I need not add, your first cousin."

As this answer was received in silence, the officer added, "Better to act justly at once, with a free will and good grace, than by compulsion."

"Justly! Compulsion! What's it all about?" stammered the governor, who looked much more like "going into a fit" than when he was sleeping in his chair.

"The Crinkle Quarries, you know, were bought by Hester Chancellor for a mere trifle, when their value was unknown and wholly unsuspected. They have become a source of great wealth, and except a small portion which is claimed by Madame Topliffe, you possess the whole. Well, they must be given up to Hester's nephew's children. *This* is my business."

An outburst of wrath followed. The governor exhausted his vocabulary of abuse, but without seeming to produce the least effect on his companion, who calmly took out his watch, and holding it in his hand, waited till the paroxysm had passed.

"Now, really," he said, as he returned it to his pocket, "I expected better things from you, a man that has seen a sort of military service! My time is nearly up; my train will be due before I reach the station if I linger much longer. What am I to tell Callendar?"

"Who is Callendar?" gasped the governor.

"Arthur Callendar married my sister, to whom Chancellor bequeathed all that remained to her after paying debts, on condition that she would make it over to any children her brother Randal might leave."

The governor looked bewildered.

"Ah, it *is* puzzling. That comes of having such long families! Well, let me explain. My sister, who was *her* favourite niece (nodding towards the portrait) married Callendar. News came suddenly of poor Randal, that he and his wife had both died in New Zealand, and that their orphan children were on their voyage to find a home in England."

One thought seemed now to occupy the governor; he grew red and pale alternately, at last he said, "Then your name is —?"

"Chancellor—Captain Capel Chancellor—I would have sent in my own card, but I thought Callendar's would be more acceptable till you knew my errand. As soon as you knew it, I confess I expected, as I said, better things from you. But human nature is weak, and the evil in it strong. I make allowances; Aunt Hester didn't go the way to win your heart; but don't try to follow her bad example by holding back the rights of these orphans; you have the estate, you are rich; be content; these quarries are theirs. We have the law with us, but it is bad for families to go to law. I hope you will do the right thing, and cut short all quarrelling."

The governor sat, as Shuck would have said, "all of a heap," muttering to himself, "Thought I knew the face!—Thought I knew the face!" while Captain Chancellor, as he rose to go, with a serene and kindly air offered his hand, on which the governor averted his face, and turned away his shoulder.

"No?—be it so. Farewell, Governor; take my friendly advice. Communicate immediately with Callendar on the subject. Make out your fair estimate of outlay at these works, and soon (there will, of course, be payments due on both sides), and don't wait for compulsion. Ay, it's an ugly word, isn't it, to us?" he added, as the governor wriggled in his chair. "But, you know, governors have been forced to capitulate before now. Better walk out with flying colours than have the enemy on you and pay the cost."

"Gone!" cried the governor, as he heard the door close, and ventured to look round. "I'm glad he's gone! See him again? Never!"

## JOSEPH MAZZINI.

I.

THE grave has closed over Mazzini long enough to consider calmly the great and essential qualities of the man apart from his errors, his infirmities, and the faults of his personal and political career. He who but a few years ago was ostracised and imprisoned by the Italian Government as a most dangerous enemy of the monarchy, and who only recovered his liberty in the general amnesty of 1870, became, on the news of his decease, the honoured champion of Italian unity, even in the hearts of monarchists, and all, whether monarchists or republicans, were eager to pay him the grateful homage of following him to the tomb as the Father of United Italy, and of crowning his bust in the Campidoglio of Rome, the restored metropolis of the nation. Every one who witnessed the grand display of honour done to his memory on the 17th of March, 1872, in that ancient seat of universal empire which his labours and sufferings, through nearly half a century, had helped to make once more the capital of Italy, and called to mind that at the same hour, throughout all the cities and



villages of the nation, on all its mountains and olive and vine-clad plains, the great mass of Italian life was astir to do homage to this one man, must have felt how invincible is the might of an upright, steadfast will over all obstacles. Let no champion of a good cause ever despair. Here was a man who for nearly half a century had been maligned, imprisoned, banished as the most pestilent and dangerous of demagogues, and even condemned to death by the very dynasty whose cause he was in reality serving; who had literally hidden in dens and caves of the earth, and at length, worn out by sufferings and hardships, and that saddest experience, the repeated overthrow of a life's great hope, had died the martyr of the heart in the dawn of his long-yearned-for future: one day the feared and proscribed of those who reaped the fruits of his labours, the next hailed by one and all as the great benefactor, the father of his nation, the founder, as it were, of a triumphant and rejoicing empire of six-and-twenty millions!

Mazzini was born in Genoa on the 22nd of June, 1805, and was consequently, at his death, in his sixty-seventh year. His father was a medical man in moderate practice, but by no means rich, and probably his independent character and free avowal of the republican idea, which at that time came thither from France, had some influence on his worldly fortunes. He might, however, be considered rather a representative of the ancient Roman republican, for in Italy republicanism was not a modern theory, as in France, but an ancient actuality.

The young Mazzini, whilst yet a child, listened to the discussions on this subject which were carried on under his father's roof, so that his infant mind was, as it were, nurtured and trained in republicanism. The idea thus early implanted became identified in his memory with the grandest period of his ancestral race, with that of the great and flourishing commonwealth of Rome before the day of Imperialism and decay. Mazzini, the father, would not permit his son to enter school or lyceum, lest his mind should become infected by what he regarded as false principles; he was carefully educated, therefore, under his own eye. His teacher, at seven years old, was one Giuseppe Padroni, an ex-colonel of artillery, who, writing of his young pupil to his mother, expressed his conviction that "he would become, in time, the admired of all the cultivated minds in Europe. He is possessed," said he, "of a most tenacious memory. Extraordinary talent, and a genius unlimited, are the decisive characteristics which distinguish him."

His political education went on equally with his intellectual, his early tendencies being strengthened by the study of Livy and Tacitus, whilst some old newspapers which he found stowed away behind the medical books of his father gave an irrevocable bent to his mind, and from that time the martyrs of liberty became the heroes of his boyish reverence.

One day in April, 1821, Mazzini, then sixteen, was walking with his mother and one Gambini, a friend of the family, in the Strada Nuova of Genoa. It was just at the moment when the Piedmontese insurrection, headed by Santorre, Santarosa, and Ansaldi, had been frustrated by treachery; the insurgents were flying for their lives, and great numbers of them were in Genoa, waiting for an opportunity to embark in order to escape from the police. All at once a man of a severe aspect, brown-bearded and

with flashing eyes, stepped up to the little group and accosted them. It was one Rini, a captain of the national guard who had been appointed to head the insurrection, and, at a given signal, to set out for Spain, where he was to be joined by other Italians engaged in the cause of liberty. Rini held in his hand an open handkerchief, which he presented to the little family group, saying, "For the proscribed of Italy." The mother of Mazzini and the family friend at once, and without a word, dropped each some money into the handkerchief, and the man hastened away to make his application in other quarters.

This was an era in the life of the young Mazzini. From that date not only did he cherish the thought of country and liberty, and the conviction that he might and must fight for them both as one, but he was henceforth drawn towards this object as a duty, and from that moment he had but one aim in life—that of disinterested devotion and sacrifice for the cause of his native land. Beardless youth as he was, he already speculated on lofty political enterprises, and repeated to himself the word which was in fact a great *idea*, the foundation of his whole system—UNITY. From that day he became meditative and sad, and making his outward appearance agree with his inward tone of mind, he dressed in black, being, as he expressed it, in mourning for his country.

At the University of Genoa he contracted a warm friendship with the celebrated author, Ruffini, and his brother, who were afterwards to be his fellow-conspirators and exiles in England, a friendship of immense importance and support to him at a time when, cast down and in despair over the fate of his country, he was almost driven to commit suicide.

Ruffini, it may be here mentioned, like Mazzini, so completely possessed himself of the English language in the after years of their sorrowful exile, when our country afforded them a home and sympathising friends, as to write it with the most perfect knowledge and mastership. Ruffini's works, "Doctor Antonio" and "A Quiet Nook," are well known to all, whilst in the first he has drawn one of the most noble and touching characters, and which may be regarded as a faithful portrait of the devoted and high-minded men who lived and died for Italian emancipation and unity. At the same time this work presents a living picture of the frightful state of things under the Neapolitan dynasty, and of the struggles and sufferings of many a noble patriot for its overthrow. Ruffini did not live, like Mazzini, to see the accomplishment of his lifelong hopes.

But now to return to Joseph Mazzini. He early became the centre of the young aspirants for liberty in the north of Italy, and the word "unity" was diffused amongst them as the great watchword of the future. At home and in foreign exile he openly proclaimed the unity of Free Italy as the undeviating object of all his thoughts and endeavours, even when the idea seemed like the wildest of dreams, and the beautiful land which he saw in the vision of enthusiastic patriotism, united and free, was lying bound, hand and foot, dismembered, gagged, chained, and bleeding beneath the armed heels of Austria, Tuscany, the Papedom, and Naples.

Mazzini's first efforts were through the press, and even when it was a political crime of the first magnitude to speak plainly for liberty, he diffused the spirit through his pen. One of his earliest writings was on the "Love of the Country of Dante," which

in 1826, when he was only twenty-one, appeared in a publication called the "Sub Alpino." It was published anonymously, but attracted no little attention from its fervid, noble patriotism; and, being read by a professor of the Lyceum to a select audience, is said to have awakened the utmost enthusiasm, and all believed that a new and sublime genius had arisen in Italy. As it appeared without a name, another professor laid claim to the authorship, but was soon after unmasked to the public derision.

The following year a mercantile journal, entitled the "Genovese Indicator," opened its columns to the young writer; but though his productions brought such great popularity that its managers found it necessary to announce its enlargement, they led to its ultimate ruin. The government suddenly suppressed it, and though it reappeared at Leghorn as the "Leghorn Indicator," the same fate awaited it there.

The famous Carbonari Society, so-called originally from the fiction of their being dealers in charcoal, had now been for some years in full force. To the original *vendition*—or, in the Italian phrase, *vendita*, or place of sale, in other words, the club of the party in Paris—belonged Lafayette, Berthe, Guizot, and other remarkable men. The Carbonari took ready root in Italy, and soon had extensive ramifications. In 1820, it is said that no less than between six and seven hundred thousand were enrolled Carbonari. Mazzini early affiliated himself amongst them. The maxims and arrangements, however, of the earlier Carbonari did not satisfy him; his views of liberty went beyond them. Nevertheless, as it was the only mode of operation for liberty then in existence, he accepted it, and became a worker under it. He was accordingly sent to Leghorn to found a *vendita*, and here he made the friendship of many kindred spirits, amongst others of Guerrazzi, who was then in prison, and writing his "Siege of Florence."

On Mazzini's return to Genoa, the revolutions of Paris in 1830 having taken place, the hopes of the Italian Carbonari were excited to the utmost, and an outbreak was planned, which, however, was defeated by treason, and Mazzini became its victim. He was seized in his house by a file of carabinieri and conveyed to the barracks. Although he had upon his person at the time of his arrest a printed account of the "Three Days of France," on tri-colour paper, the oath of the second grade of Carbonari, and a cane containing a rapier, the clever young conspirator, with the wonderful tact which on all occasions through his critical life distinguished him, contrived to rid himself of them all before he reached the barracks, whence after a few days he was removed to the fortress of Savoy as a prisoner.

During the first week of his imprisonment Mazzini could not obtain a single book, but afterwards managed to get a Bible, Tacitus, and the poems of Lord Byron. His turnkey, Antonietta, inquired every evening with the greatest imperturbability, on closing his cell, whether he had any commands, to which he always as imperturbably replied, "Yes, a carriage to Genoa!"

During several months of confinement in his Savoy prison, Mazzini, with the Bible and Tacitus as his study, laboured still at his one great idea, and resolved to found "Young Italy" on the ruins of the Carbonari.

A volume might be written on the ideas conceived and the glorious work actually done in prison.

Dante, no doubt, saw both his "Inferno" and his "Paradiso" in the dungeon-imprisonment which preceded his banishment. Tasso hymned some of his finest strains in his cell at Ferrara. Bunyan sent forth his immortal Pilgrim from the jail in Bedford. Winterbottom, incarcerated in England for preaching the free ideas of the American colonies, wrote as a prison amusement his work on America, which sent more thousands there than his preaching ever would have done. Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, cast into Stafford jail for opinions which many sound politicians now hold, wrote his "Purgatory of Suicides." What a blow to tyranny has been "Mie Prigioni" of Silvio Pellico, conceived under the burning leads of the palace of the Doges of Venice. Lastly, in his prison in Rome, chained to the soldier who kept him, how many consolatory and life-giving epistles did not St. Paul find leisure to write to the churches, which, had he been free and addressing them in person, might have been but as the passing breath, and produced comparatively speaking but little fruit. Truly, all are in God's hands and carrying out his purposes, whether for human progress or for the higher ends of his spiritual kingdom. From the dungeon and the fortress, out of the very depths of their hearts, imprisoned ones have spoken words of freedom and of life.

At length Mazzini was brought before an extraordinary tribunal of senators at Turin, and to his own great astonishment acquitted. The governor of Genoa, however, displeased by this sentence, obtained from the king a decree of banishment beyond Genoa, the Ligurian coast, beyond Turin and the other large towns of Piedmont. Under these circumstances, he preferred to seek an asylum in foreign countries rather than to remain an exile in his native land. France, the home of revolutions, was naturally that to which Mazzini directed his steps, and after a short stay at Geneva, where he made the acquaintance of the historian Sismondi, he found himself at Lyons with a number of other Italians, with whom, hopeless as it was, and must have appeared to any but a monomaniac of liberty, an expedition was planned into Piedmont as the commencement of a war of independence. But Louis Philippe, then an insurrectionist monarch himself, and as yet unacknowledged by any of the European sovereigns, though at first he was supposed favourable to the attempt, turned round upon them with severe threats. The attempt, however, was made, but with defeat, after which Mazzini retired to Corsica.

Again Mazzini appeared in France, and issued from his humble lodgings at Marseilles his proclamation of the institution of *Young Italy*, for the use of which the green, white, and red flag, now the national flag of Italy, was originated. At this time Charles Felix, King of Sardinia, being dead, was succeeded by Charles Albert, one of the Carbonari of 1821, and Mazzini, full of hope from the youthful propensities of the new monarch, called upon him by letter to raise the flag of United Italy, to inscribe upon it the words, UNION, LIBERTY, INDEPENDENCE, and to stand forth himself as the regenerator and liberator of Italy. He called upon him to place himself in advance of all other kings and patriots, above Napoleon, Kosciusko, or Washington; to inscribe upon his throne, "Erected by twenty millions of free men; Charles Albert born king; Italy reborn through him."

The immediate answer to this letter was an order for its suppression, and for the arrest of the writer should he enter the Piedmontese territories. Meantime, Young Italy flourished amongst the Italian exiles at Marseilles, and its manifestoes were spread by means of its *confrères* at home throughout the different States of the Italian peninsula, the object which they advocated being a republican form of government, extending from the Alps to the most southern point of Sicily. Within a year, spite of all surveillance and repression, committees of Young Italy were established in Genoa, Leghorn, and Milan, in Tuscany and Romagna, whilst journals bearing the same name were circulated over the whole peninsula by the most daring and dexterous emissaries. Copies were conveyed clandestinely by the steamers along the coasts of the Mediterranean, and conveyed inland in casks of pumice-stone, pitch, and other materials. Energetic remonstrances were made to Louis Philippe by the Italian Governments, which compelled him to banish Young Italy from Marseilles and France at large, whilst the Piedmontese Government condemned Mazzini to the galleys as the enemy of his country. This decree, signed by Charles Albert, and dated 26th September, 1833, was only repealed a few years ago.

Now, however, appeared a new coadjutor on the scene, and one who added greatly to the terrors of the situation. This was Garibaldi, who having returned from the East, threw himself, with his characteristic impetuosity, into the enterprise. A determined attack was made on Genoa, which failed. Garibaldi escaped to America, whilst Mazzini and others, fleeing to Switzerland, made Geneva their head-quarters. As leader of another expedition, Mazzini marched into Savoy, was again defeated, and fled, almost despairing, to London.

This was the commencement of a new epoch in his history. A band of influential friends, who sympathised with his aspirations, his indomitable perseverance, and his sufferings, and who continued faithful to the latest hour of his life, gathered round him. No man in private life was more gentle, cordial, and endearing than Joseph Mazzini. The beautiful character of Doctor Antonio, drawn by his friend, Ruffini, fully answered to his. Hence it was that his talents, his great acquirements, his fidelity to the principles he had adopted, and the amenity of his manners secured him the hearts of all who came into intimate relationship with him. From this time his real home was London; there was the true fortress of his strength, the foster-land of his inextinguishable hope.

England, in fact, it may be said, revolutionised Italy. It was England that furnished the necessary funds, that sustained the energies of her exiled patriots, by her never-failing asylum, by her home life, and the home sympathies which she afforded them. It would have been well if he had understood more of the religious element which gave strength and stability to the movement of the seventeenth century which in England secured civil and religious freedom. Still, he understood the results, if not the deeper sources of England's prosperity. In Italy all looked dark and hopeless. For forty years there had been a constant succession of abortive attempts at overturning the various old decrepid dynasties, and the eldest of them all, the Papal. Adventurous bands, one after another, rose, fought, were slaughtered or scattered—the very soil of this beautiful

land was watered with blood and tears. Noble-hearted patriots by scores perished in prisons or were driven into exile. All seemed hopeless, but still England, whither Mazzini, the heart of every undertaking, retreated after each fresh disastrous attempt, remained the central fortress of Italian hope.



From a photograph by Elliot and Fry.]

ever young very sincerely

Joseph Mazzini

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## ORMUZ.

ORMUZ, Hormuz, or Harmuz, is a very singular-looking rocky island, situated about fifty miles to the north of the entrance of the Persian Gulf from the Gulf of Oman. It is about twelve miles south from Gombroon, on the coast of Persia, though in clear weather it looks very much nearer, and small boats in fine weather constantly ply between coast and island for salt, fish, and other articles. The island is claimed at present by the Imam of Muscat in Arabia, from the most northern point of whose territory, Cape Mussendom (near which the submarine telegraph passes to India), it is distant but forty-five miles. Some have described the island as a "barren rock of about twelve miles in circuit," but it is more properly a number of rocks, peaks, cliffs, and passes of all shapes and hues. The salt, of which there is a great abundance on the island, gives them the appearance of snowy peaks and glaciers, which reflect the golden rays of the sun in all their effulgence beneath a cloudless sky. In other places the rocks contain sulphur, iron, copper, etc., in sufficient quantities to yield a handsome revenue to the Imam, notwithstanding the primitive modes of working the quarries. These metalliferous rocks and cliffs, seen in the sunlight from the deck of an approaching steamer at a distance of from four to two miles, display almost every variety of colour—black, white, red, yellow, and purple, and their shapes represent



fortresses, bastions, towers, and mansions, an effect almost magical, especially when heightened, as is sometimes the case, by the mirage.

On the north side of the island, towards the west, is a decayed town and harbour, the most conspicuous object of which is an ancient lighthouse, or beacon tower, about 100 feet in height, supposed to have been built by the Portuguese early in the seventeenth century. A view of this, with some fishermen's huts near, is given from a photograph taken on the spot, and for which the writer is indebted to the kindness of Captain Elton, of the Bombay Marine, whom he had the good fortune to meet on service there in 1872. The island was captured by the celebrated Alphonso d'Albuquerque, who subdued Seif-ed-din, its king, in 1508. It appears to have been then an emporium of great trade and wealth, and the merchandise of India and China (as carpets, shawls, silks, ivory, diamonds, pearls, perfumes, and spices) was brought from distant regions overland, or by native craft from the neighbouring shores. The town at this period is said to have contained a garrisoned fort, 4,000 houses, and 40,000 inhabitants, among whom were merchants celebrated for their wealth. Milton, who wrote a century and a half later (viz., 1667) thus refers to this island:—

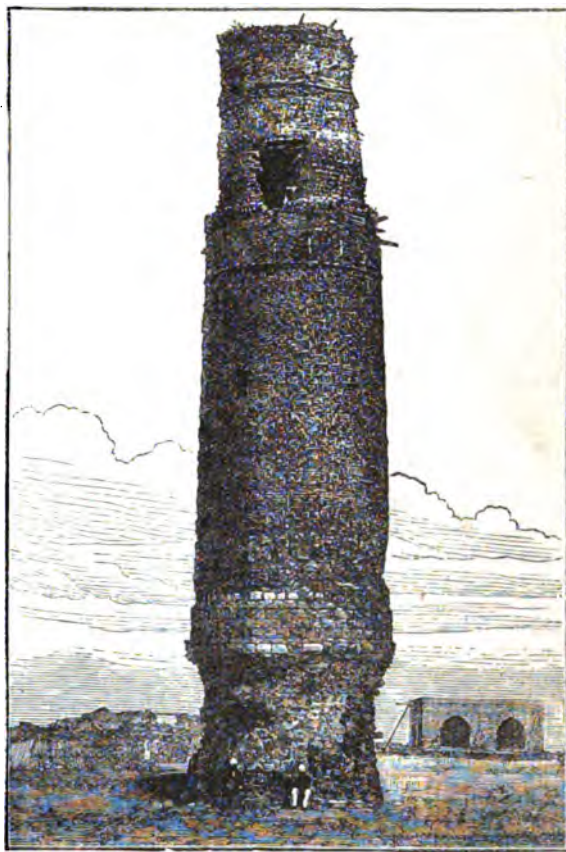
“ High on a throne of royal state which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand,  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
To that bad eminence; and from despair.  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high; insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heaven.”—*Par. Lost*, bk. ii. l. 1-9.

In “A New General Collection of Voyages and Travels, consisting of the most esteemed relations which have hitherto been published in any language,” published by *Thomas Astley*, London, 1766, vol. i. p. 75, is a sketch of the island, with the fortress, town, and king's palace. The writer says: “The twentieth of February, 1514, Albuquerque, resolving to attack *Harmúz*, or *Ormúz*, set out with a fleet of twenty-seven sail, wherein were 1,500 Portuguese, besides 600 Malabars and Kanarins. Coming to anchor in the port the 26th of March, there presently came aboard a visit, and presents from the king. The viceroy sent to demand the delivery of the fort he had begun there, and that some principal men should be sent with the instrument of the submission made of that kingdom by King Seif-ed-din. Everything was consented to, because there was no power to resist. *Racz* (or *Reis*) *Nur-Addin*, the governor, with his nephew, came to ratify all, and were sent back with rich presents for themselves, and a valuable collar of gold for the king. Public rejoicing was made on both sides for this agreement. After which Albuquerque went on with the building of the fort, near which, on a scaffold, he received an ambassador that came from Ismael, King of Persia, with presents, consisting of shawls, brocades, precious stones, jewels of gold, and silk. The treaty was concluded with mutual satisfaction. Soon after the viceroy, falling ill, was persuaded to return to India for the recovery of his health. In the way, meeting with news that a new governor was come from Portugal with orders for him to return home, he was seized with profound melancholy, and died upon the bar of Goa, 16th December, 1515, in the

sixty-third year of his age. He was the first (Portuguese) governor of India, as his predecessor was the first viceroy.”

Dean Vincent says: “Ormúz has two safe forts, one on the east, and the other on the west side of the island. It is three leagues from the coast of Persia, and nearly four in circuit. According to Dalrymple, it is in lat. 27° 4' 22" north. The lighthouse, built probably about the time of Albuquerque's first visit, stands on a sandy neck of land between the two forts.”

In 1622 the British assisted the Persians in capturing the island from the Portuguese, and Shah Abbas then transferred the thriving trade of the town and port to the village of Gombroon, situated to the north on the Persian coast, which was thenceforth named Bunder Abbas. Ormuz has ever since declined, and is now little more than a wretched scattered village of fishermen and miners, Arabs, Persians, and Africans.



ANCIENT TOWER, ORMUZ

It contains the ruins of one or two churches, numerous ruined houses, some of which yet bear marks of former prosperity, while the capricious trade has passed into other channels, for Gombroon is now a mud-walled town of scarcely 5,000 inhabitants. It has no harbour, and is far from thriving. There is, however, as in the days of Tavernier (the old jewel merchant traveller), a small trade in hides, silk, Persian carpets, pearls, amber, and diamonds; and the British India Steam Navigation Company's weekly mail steamers call there, and at several other small ports in the gulf, on the way to and from Bushire, Bussorah, Muscat, Kurrachee, and



Bombay. A few Jews and Armenians are in the town, but neither synagogue nor church are to be found. But should the long-talked-of railway from the Levant *via* the Euphrates Valley to the Persian Gulf ever become an accomplished fact, as may be, when new life is awakened in Asiatic Turkey, the once busy *entrepôt* of Ormuz, rendered classic by Milton, *mar* with many other once-celebrated spots, become familiar to passers-by, who will then journey to our Indian empire in two-thirds of the time they at present consume, besides passing the most interesting countries of the ancient world. Commerce, too, may then again be revived in one of its earliest and most ancient channels; and Christianity revive therewith.

*Oxford.*

WILLIAM BROWN KEER.

## THE GRANTS OF LOCHSIDE;

OR, THE LIFE OF SCOTCH EMIGRANTS IN CANADA.

### CHAPTER VIII.

I DARE say I was unreasonable in the way I took it. I know that was my mother's thought, and she wasna given to severe judgments; but that night when I left them sitting there, and crept away to my bed in the dark, I thought that my interest in life was over. When Marjory came in, as she always did when she had read her chapter and said her prayers, to say good night, I never moved nor spoke, but breathed as if I were asleep; nor did I answer when she touched me and called me by my name, for I wasna sure of myself, and I must have spoiled the first hour of her happiness if she had opened my lips to her then.

I see now that I was unreasonable, but I canna laugh at myself, even yet, because of it, for the pain I suffered was sharp and real. It came of selfishness, as most of our troubles do—a pitiful grudging that another should have the first place with her who had been first with me all her life; and, God forgive me, I fear there was envy as well as jealousy in my pain—a kind of moan over my own departed youth, in which I had missed what she had gotten in hers. But, dear me! it is useless to go back to that time now.

When she spoke to me about her happiness—and she was in no haste to do it, guessing, I dare say, how it was with me—I was able to answer quietly, as was best. Truly, it would have been ill done to say anything to trouble her in her happiness, so I let her believe that it was the suddenness of the thing that had upset me at the first. Then she told me it might have been, and had very nearly been—her engagement I mean—a year before. But she had had the feeling that she should be wooed and won from her father's house, and came home; and besides, she wished him, before he spoke a word, to see that she was but a farmer's daughter, used with humble ways, and that her father and mother, and all belonging to her, were plain folk, on whom his family and friends might very likely look down. When I said it was a wonder that his sudden going away without speaking hadna fretted her more, she only laughed and reddened, and said she had not been afraid.

There is little to be said of the days that followed.

They were but few. I couldna but wonder that my father and mother were so perfectly content with the prospect of her going from them so far. It was the common lot, my mother said afterwards, and it would have been ill done to grudge to lose her for the few years they could look forward to when she had the prospect of a life of happiness with the man who had chosen her for his wife. And he was a proper man, I couldna but acknowledge—a servant of God and a true gentleman, worthy of my Marjory.

There were not many days of waiting, for Mr. Chester could spend but a short time in Canada, and he would have Marjory to go here and there with him to see the grand sights on this side of the sea before she went to see her new home. As to preparation, Marjory thought little of that, and instead of making a work about the marriage, and calling all the family together to it, it was put over quietly, and then they went to visit all the brothers and sisters at their own homes, which answered a better purpose in every way. The last days of their stay were given to us at Lochside, and they were days to be remembered. It was a sore wrench to Marjory to leave her home, and to postpone us all, and I was thankful that I was able to keep a cheerful face to the end, so that the trial of parting wasna made worse for her to bear. And, indeed, I was reconciled to her loss in a measure before she went, and all the tidings that have come to us have been of such a nature as to satisfy even me that she did well to go. She has been a happy woman; may God's blessing rest on her and him!

After they went away, a great quietness fell on our household. The only serious illness that I was ever visited with fell on me that summer. I was overdone, they all said, and needed rest, and rest was just what I could not take, though I had got to the end of my strength; and a weary time I had. My mother was most patient and forbearing with me, and so was my father, though he spoke plainly to me as well, and told me I had made an idol of my Marjory, and that the wonder was that God had made my chastisement so light as the sending of her to a new happy home of her own beyond the sea; and I had no words with which to answer him. But all this wore over; I grew better, and we fell into our old ways, and had peace and quietness, and all things went well with us.

Within the year my brother James married, and brought his young wife home to Lochside. If he had asked me to choose a suitable wife for him, she would never have come into my thoughts. She was the daughter of Judge Clitheroe, a girl who had been brought up in a town, and knew as little of the work of a farm as town girls generally do. Indeed, she knew very little of any kind of work, and I was not altogether pleased when James said to me that it mattered less because of my being at home to do as I had always done. For every woman should rule in her own house, and she who rules in the house should have the responsibility of the house. I felt that it would not be easy for me to take the second place, but it would make it none the easier to do the duties of the first.

However, we got on well enough together. My mother was very wise and gentle, and it would have been ill done in me to vex her, for my father and mother were my first care. And Mrs. James had sense, though she had not experience, and she loved

her husband, and she loves him better to-day than she did the day he brought her home. Her children came fast, and she needed all her strength to care for them, and with regard to most things in the house I did just as I had done before, and though some things were different, we had great comfort during the last years of my father and mother.

Whenever I think of this time, there is oddly enough associated with it thoughts of a summer Saturday afternoon. As bairns we had aye Saturday afternoon to do what we liked in. Sometimes, in busy seasons, we were led to see that the best thing we could do with it was just to go on with the work of the farm or the house; but that was not often, and we always had our choice as to whether we were to work or not. For the most part it used to be a time of rest, the house clean and the work all done for the week, and the Sabbath before us—a time of preparation.

Our life at home was like this for the first few years after our Marjory went away. It was a restful afternoon of life to my father and my mother, with the shadows growing long, indeed, but with a brightness in the west fairer than the noonday sunshine. Just when it began to be to us consciously a time of waiting, I cannot say.

It was long since my mother had been a strong woman, but she had never suffered pain, and now so gradual was her failure, so unchanged the tranquil brightness of her face, that she was far down the valley or ever we were aware. She had known it herself long, and many a word that she spoke to me in those days I saw afterwards was meant as a message to be remembered when she was gone. There were no last words known to us as such at the time. She showed so full and cheerful an interest in all that was happening among us to the very end, that even in the sight of tokens not to be mistaken we could not think of her as dying. There was over her no dimness or shadow as she walked through the valley. The light from beyond glorified the dying face, and looking at her we forgot the terrors of death, as she did, thinking of Him who is death's conqueror.

And when death came it was just a "falling asleep." My father, stooping over her to speak a word, was startled first by the wonderful smile upon her face, and then he saw that it was the smile with which she had welcomed heaven.

Did we grieve for her? We had no cause to grieve. She had nearly reached the limit of three-score years and ten, after which life is but labour and sorrow, and she was glad to go. There was no bitterness in the grief of any of her children. It was natural and right that they should turn from her grave more glad and thankful for the memory of such a life as hers, than sorrowful for her departure.

As for my father, he seemed for a while lost and bewildered, missing her at every turn, and not knowing what to do without her. He was my care after this, and I don't know how it would have been with me if I had not had my father to think about. It was a comfort to me that I could comfort him; and after this his life was but a quiet and hopeful waiting for a change.

There were little children in the house by this time, and he took pleasure in their company; and he seemed to grow like a child himself as the days passed on. He was childlike, but he never grew

childish in the way of being unreasonable or ill to do with. He took pleasure in the simplest things—in their little hymns and stories, and even in their plays. He forgot some things, but some things he saw more clearly, and some truths he held with a firmer grasp, as his body and his mind grew weaker; and I could see more clearly every day that God was preparing him for His presence in glory as the time of his going drew near. There was a struggle at the last hard to see, which made the end different from my mother's, but he doubtless entered into the rest to which she had gotten a while sooner, and they are together now in His presence who redeemed them both, and grief would have been out of place beside his grave. "A good life well ended," men said of his, and so it was; but he had a better ground of hope than a good life would have been. He never looked to that for safety, but to Christ, who had saved him by His grace.

But, looking back upon it, I must say of my father's life that it was a good life. He never sought great things for himself, but was content to do his duty, day by day, in a way that wrought in the end what might well be called a great thing and a good. Out of a wilderness he made a home that might well be taken as a model by those who are striving to do the same. In it he, with my mother's help, so brought up his family as to prepare them for their work in the world—and it is the highest work to be done in it—work for God and their fellow-men, to which some of them have put their hands. He was a man of few words, but his words were of weight whenever they were spoken, and his deeds spoke even louder. I may end my tale as I began it, saying of him, as my brother James did, that two or three such men set down in each of our new townships would go far to insure the prosperity of our growing country.

For a while it went ill with me after I lost my father. I was at a loss what to do, or how to fill the blank his departure had made. For he had been my first care, and had filled my thoughts so long, that being worn out, and neither strong nor cheerful, it seemed to me for a while as though my life's work was done. I suffered more than I did after my mother's death, and had a weary time.

It was selfishness partly; I was thinking more of my own loss than of his gain, but it partly rose out of a feeling which oftener I dare say than most folk think may account for the sourness and the sharpness which are whiles with truth laid to the charge of single women who have gotten past middle age—the feeling of being alone, of being first in the thoughts of no one in all the world. I had been first with my father after my mother's death, and except for a little while with my Marjory, when she was but a bairn, I had never all my life been first with any one besides. So now being alone, it seemed for a while as if no one needed me, and that my life might as well come to an end. It was a foolish and morbid feeling for which no one was to blame. For they all made much of me, and I was taken here and there to visit, and passed the first winter after my father's death between the houses of my brothers and sisters, and each went beyond the other in making me welcome, which was well enough for a while, but I felt that it would not do for a continuance.

I might have lived any where I liked best, for my father had left me well off, as was right, since I had spent my strength at home, and had done my share

for the place. And not one of them grudged me what I had. But I could settle nowhere away from Lochside, where my home had been so long; and so when word came in the spring from James that I was needed in my old place in the house and in the dairy, home I came.

There is always enough to do about a farmhouse, though things are managed differently from what they used to be. My brother has a great name in the country for the rearing of cattle and sheep, and for good farming generally, as he deserves. But in the house the management is not what it used to be. The wool is sent away now to the factory, and there is no trouble of spinning or of weaving, nor is there so much care in the house for such cloth as in the old days was made by us at home. Even the butter-making and the cheese-making is a matter of less importance now than it used to be, when, with the products of the dairy, my mother and I bought all necessary things for the house. But such as it is, the management of it has always been in my hands, for Mrs. James, as she is called among us, was never brought up to farm work. The bairns have come fast, too, and I have helped, with other work as well as the dairy, and so have I thought myself in my place here, and was content in it till this trouble came upon me. And now I am beginning to see that I thought too much of myself and my doings, for they seem to get on very well without me. I canna justly say that things are managed in the dairy or out of it as I would manage them. But they seem as well pleased, and there is this to be said, there is not the same need for hard work and for economy about the place as there used to be when I was young.

That it should in the least add to my trouble to know that I am but little missed about the work of the house, only shows how foolish and unreasonable I am; for I have seen the same in the case of more important persons than myself. I have known folk that had to lay down their work when it seemed that there were no hands that were fit to take it up; and while we were thinking about it, and wondering and grieving, help was found, and other skill and will had done it. Even the gap that death makes closes quickly, as far as one's work and place in the world are concerned. Yes! and in other respects, too; and it is well it should be so, for life would be too hard to bear if the sense of loss were ever new and fresh upon us, and if we could not use ourselves to the changes that must come to those who live to grow old.

I hope I am not unthankful for my mercies. They are many and undeserved, I know well. I needed this chastisement of being laid down helpless, or it would not have been sent upon me. I think it is the very hardest trouble to bear that could have fallen on me. But I am not sure. That is not a safe thing to say. Many a worse trouble might be sent. Through God's grace, never refused to one asking humbly, I may be enabled to honour the Lord by suffering patiently, as well as by working diligently, as has been my endeavour till now; and if it is to be my cross to sit and be served for the rest of my life, I trust I may be enabled to make it as little of a cross as possible to those who are to serve me. One thing I see clearly. I am in danger of falling into a way of thinking about myself and my ailments and deprivations, and of troubling other folk with them, more than is right or wise. I doubt I have been doing that already, both in my story and out of it, and I

must take thought and learn patience, for I may live a long time yet.

It has taken me a good while to write all this. The lake wasna clear of ice when I began, and now the ripening brown is over all the grass, and the early barley is yellowing in the fields that stretch out beside it. I am afraid I have made a long story of it. Not that long stories are objectionable, if they are of the right kind. The longer the better, we used to think, when we were young and heeding about stories. But mine has not turned out just as I meant it to do, because I am not used with writing, and because I have been thinking more of ourselves and of what has been suffered and enjoyed among us at home, than of any good that I am like by it to do to friend or stranger. And for that matter, it was chiefly as a pass-time that I began it, and it has answered that purpose in a measure.

The view that I have from my window of the lake and the highlying fields of our farm, and of the country beyond, would be beautiful even to eyes looking on it for the first time. To me it is more than beautiful, for with every tree and hill and stone there is joined some memory of old days and the friends that were with me then. As I lie here by myself in the early mornings and in the long summer afternoons, it is like reading a book to look out upon it all. Before I know it my mind has wandered away from the places and the things themselves, and I am going over again in my thoughts all that we have enjoyed and suffered together. I can see now more clearly than I used to do how God has guided us, and been good to us, and kept us safe from evils that have overtaken other families, and how, even to children's children, He is making His promise good.

There have been anxious times among us whiles. We have had sorrows to bear and disappointments, and in our prayers we have had to follow wandering feet through devious ways. But sorrows have been made blessings to us, and I have good hope through God's promise, and through tokens given of late, that all we love will be guided safe home at last. The thought of my heart is oftenest, "Verily Thou hast dealt well with thy servants, according to thy word." And I must see to it that it be made the language of my lips and of my life as well, lest those about me should be left to lightlily God's grace, seeing its imperfect work in me.

We have had a quiet summer. There is less coming and going of my brothers and sisters and the children than there used to be. They have formed new ties and made new friends, and have other places to go to. And a brother's house is not just the same as a father's. Mrs. James has many friends and relations of her own, who come often, and who are very agreeable, and some of them sensible people. But the summer has been quiet to me.

John has sent me word that he is coming to see me soon, and he has given me intimation of something as possible which I must not think too much about, or the disappointment, if it should not come, would be too hard to bear. But if I should be permitted to see my Marjory again and her bairns I think it would help to make me patient and content for the rest of my life.

There is no use in saying that I must not think about it, for I can think of nothing else. Yesterday there came a letter to me from Marjory herself, telling me that the day of sailing is fixed, and that within

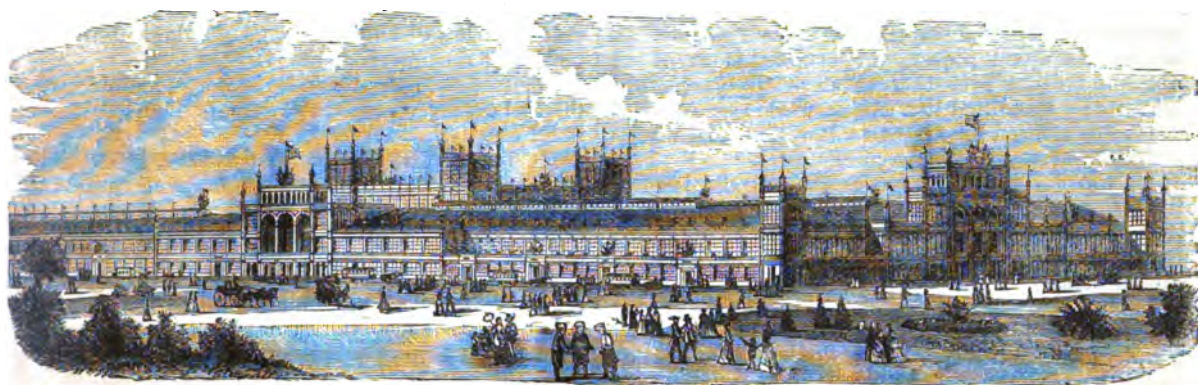
the month I may expect to see her and her husband and her children; and now they are on the sea, and drawing nearer every day. God keep them safe!

This morning, when I woke early, as I always do, it seemed to be a new world that I was looking on. There was no "chill before the dawning" to make me shiver at the thought of the long day before me. The twitter of the early birds, and the noise of the cocks and hens in the farmyard, that have been such sad sounds to me whiles, since I have only heard them from my bed, came to me like music. The

very sunshine seems brighter than I have seen it this while.

She may come any day now, John says, and the only preparation I can make for her is just to lie still and wait with patience and a thankful heart. When I think that the next sound I hear may be her dear voice, no wonder that my hand shakes, and that I canna settle to write more. I may need the pleasant work again when the summer is over and Marjory gone home, but in the meantime my writing may be put away.

## THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.



WE have not given any detailed account of the American Centennial Exhibition, which has occupied much space in the records of the year, and of which the official reports have yet to be published. Apart, however, from the special objects of the Exhibition, the associations of the time and the place of this great event have world-wide interest. Even those who cared little about the "products" and "industries," or the arts and the sciences, displayed or represented, were moved to enthusiasm by the fact of such a mode of celebrating the hundredth year of the nation. No wonder that "the Fourth of July" in such a year was celebrated with unwonted ceremony. At Philadelphia, on the eve of the famous day, there were illuminations and torchlight meetings; and at midnight the new Liberty Bell\* upon Independence Hall was rung for the first time, amid musical demonstrations, the shouts of the people, and salutes from artillery. Throughout the country the celebration of the day began at sunrise with salutes and bell-ringing. From an early hour the

streets were crowded with processions. The chief ceremonies were held in front of Independence Hall, in presence of a vast assemblage of distinguished persons from all parts of the world. An original copy of the Declaration of Independence was held up in full view of the assembled multitude amid enthusiastic applause, and was afterwards read. This was followed by a Hymn of Greeting from Brazil, composed by a Brazilian poet at the Emperor's request. A national Ode, composed for the occasion, was then recited by Bayard Taylor, the author. The oration of the day was delivered by William M. Evarts. The ceremonies concluded with the "Hallelujah Chorus" and Doxology, the "Old Hundredth" being sung by the whole assemblage. Seventy-six peals were then given by the Independence Hall bell, during which the assemblage dispersed.

We reproduce this Declaration of a hundred years ago, as especially interesting in view of the recent commemoration in which hundreds of thousands from all parts of the world have taken part:—\*

### THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitled them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident that all

men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organising its

\* The "Times" correspondent mentions that towards the close of the summer the Centennial Exhibition was often visited by more than 100,000 persons in a single day. Once there were above 250,000, on the day of the Pennsylvania "Demonstration."

\* See "Leisure Hour" for 1876, page 404.



powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:—

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise, the State remaining, meanwhile, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalisation of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislature.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation;

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States;

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury;

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences;

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighbouring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies;

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the powers of our governments;

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with powers to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilised nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguishing destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity.

We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war—in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare: That these United

Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as *Free and Independent States*, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which Independent States may of right do. And, for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

This Declaration was originally prepared by a Committee of Congress, appointed for that duty. Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, had received the largest number of votes, and was in that manner singled out to draft the confession of faith of the rising empire. From the fulness of his own mind, without consulting one single book, yet having in his memory the example of the Swiss and of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, Jefferson drafted the Declaration, in which, after citing the principles of government, he presented the complaints of the United States against England. He submitted the paper separately to Franklin and to John Adams, accepted from each of them one or two verbal unimportant corrections, and subsequently reported it to Congress, which immediately after adopting the resolution of independence, entered upon its consideration. The language, the statements, and the principles of the paper were closely scanned. In the indictment against George III a paragraph on the slave trade was omitted, but all other changes and omissions in Jefferson's paper were either insignificant or much for the better, rendering its language more terse and exact; and in the evening of the fourth day of July, twelve States, without one negative, agreed to the Declaration. The names of the twelve States were—New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts Bay, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. In remarkable contrast to the stern simplicity of this document was the National Ode composed by Mr. Bayard Taylor, the jubilant strain of the first stanza marking at once the vastness of the change wrought by a single century.

"Sun of the Stately Day  
Let Asia into the shadow drift,  
Let Europe bask in thy ripened ray  
And over the severing Ocean lift  
A brow of broader splendour!  
Give light to the eager eyes  
Of the Land that waits to behold thee rise;  
The gladness of morning lend her,  
With the triumph of noon attend her,  
And the peace of the Vesper skies!  
For lo, she cometh now  
With hope on the lip and pride on the brow,  
Stronger and dearer and fairer,  
To smile on the love we bear her,  
To live as we dreamed her and sought her,  
Liberty's latest daughter!  
In the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places,  
We found her traces;

On the hills, in the crash of woods that fall,  
We heard her call.  
When the lines of battle broke  
We saw her face in the fiery smoke;  
Through toil and anguish and desolation  
We followed and found her,  
With the grace of a virgin nation  
As a sacred zone around her!  
Who shall rejoice  
With a righteous voice,  
Far-heard through the ages, if not she!  
For the menace is dumb that defied her,  
And she stands acknowledged and strong and free!"

We cannot find space for the whole poem, if, indeed, we thought it worth quoting, but the following is perhaps its finest passage, as descriptive of the America of to-day—the idealised country of the poet, who is privileged to project his own aspirations into the sterner state of actual life.

"Foreseen in the vision of sages,  
Foretold when martyrs bled,  
She was born of the longing of ages;  
By the truth of the noble dead  
And the faith of the living fed!  
No blood in her lightest veins  
Frets at remembered chains,  
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head,  
In her form and features still  
The unblenching Puritan will,  
Cavalier honour, Huguenot grace,  
The Quaker truth and sweetness,  
And the strength of the danger-girdled race  
Of Holland blend in a proud completeness.  
From the homes of all where her being began  
She took what she gave to Man.  
Justice that knew no station,  
Belief as soul decreed,  
Free air for aspiration,  
Free force for independent deed.  
She takes but to give again,  
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;  
And gathers the chosen of her seed  
From the hunted of every Crown and creed.  
Her Germany dwells by a gentle Rhine;  
Her Ireland sees the old sunburnt shrine;  
Her France pursues some dream divine;  
Her Norway keeps her mountain pine;  
Her Italy waits by the Western brine.  
And broad-based under all,  
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,  
As rich in fortitude  
As e'er went worldward from the island wall!  
Fused in her candid light,  
To one strong race all races here unite.  
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen  
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan,  
'Twas glory once to be a Roman;  
She makes it glory now to be a man."

The conclusion will also bear quotation:—

"Look up, look forth, and on!  
There's light in the dawning sky:  
The clouds are parting, the night is gone!  
Prepare for the work of the day!  
Fallow thy pastures lie,  
And far thy shepherds stray,  
And the fields of thy vast domain

Are waiting for purer seed  
 Of knowledge, desire, and deed,  
 For keener sunshine and mellower rain !  
 But keep thy garments pure ;  
 Pluck them back with the old disdain  
 From touch of the hands that stain,  
 So shall thy strength endure.  
 Transmute into Good the Gold of Gain,  
 Compel to beauty thy ruder powers  
 Till the bounty of coming hours  
 Shall plant on thy fields apart  
 With the oak of Teal, the rose of Art !  
 Be watchful and keep us so ;  
 Be strong and fear no foe ;  
 Be just and the world shall know !  
 With the same love love us as we give !  
 And the day shall never come  
 That finds us weak or dumb  
 To join and smite and cry  
 In the great task for thee to die  
 And the greater task—for thee to live ! ”

The following poems—the first by Whittier, sung at the opening of the Exhibition, and the other by the veteran William Cullen Bryant—should also have place in the permanent records of the Centennial year :—

#### CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Our fathers' God ! from out whose hand  
 The centuries fall like grains of sand  
 We meet to-day, united, free,  
 And loyal to our land and Thee,  
 To thank Thee for the era done  
 And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old by Thy design,  
 The fathers spake that word of Thine,  
 Whose echo is the glad refrain  
 Of rended bolt and falling chain,  
 To grace our festal time, from all  
 The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets  
 The Old World thronging all its streets,  
 Unveiling all the triumphs won  
 By art or toil beneath the sun ;  
 And unto common good ordain  
 This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled  
 The war-flags of a gathering world,  
 Beneath our Western skies fulfil  
 The Orient's mission of good-will,  
 And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,  
 Send back its Argonauts of peace.

For art and labour met in truce,  
 For beauty made the bride of use,  
 We thank Thee ; but, withal, we crave  
 The austere virtues, strong to save,  
 The honour proof to place or gold,  
 The manhood never bought or sold !

Oh ! make Thou us, through centuries long,  
 In peace secure, in justice strong ;  
 Around our gift of freedom draw  
 The safeguards of Thy righteous law,  
 And cast in some Diviner mould,  
 Let the new cycle shame the old !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

#### ON THE THRESHOLD OF ANOTHER AGE.

Through storm and calm the years have led  
 Our nation on from stage to stage,  
 A century's space, until we tread  
 The threshold of another age.

We see there, o'er our pathway swept,  
 A torrent stream of blood and fire ;  
 And thank the ruling power who kept  
 Our sacred league of States entire.

Oh ! checkered train of years, farewell,  
 With all thy strifes and hopes and fears ;  
 But with us let thy memories dwell,  
 To warn and lead the coming years.

And thou, the new beginning age,  
 Warned by the past and not in vain,  
 Write on a fairer, whiter page  
 The record of thy happier reign.

W. C. BRYANT.

#### Varieties.

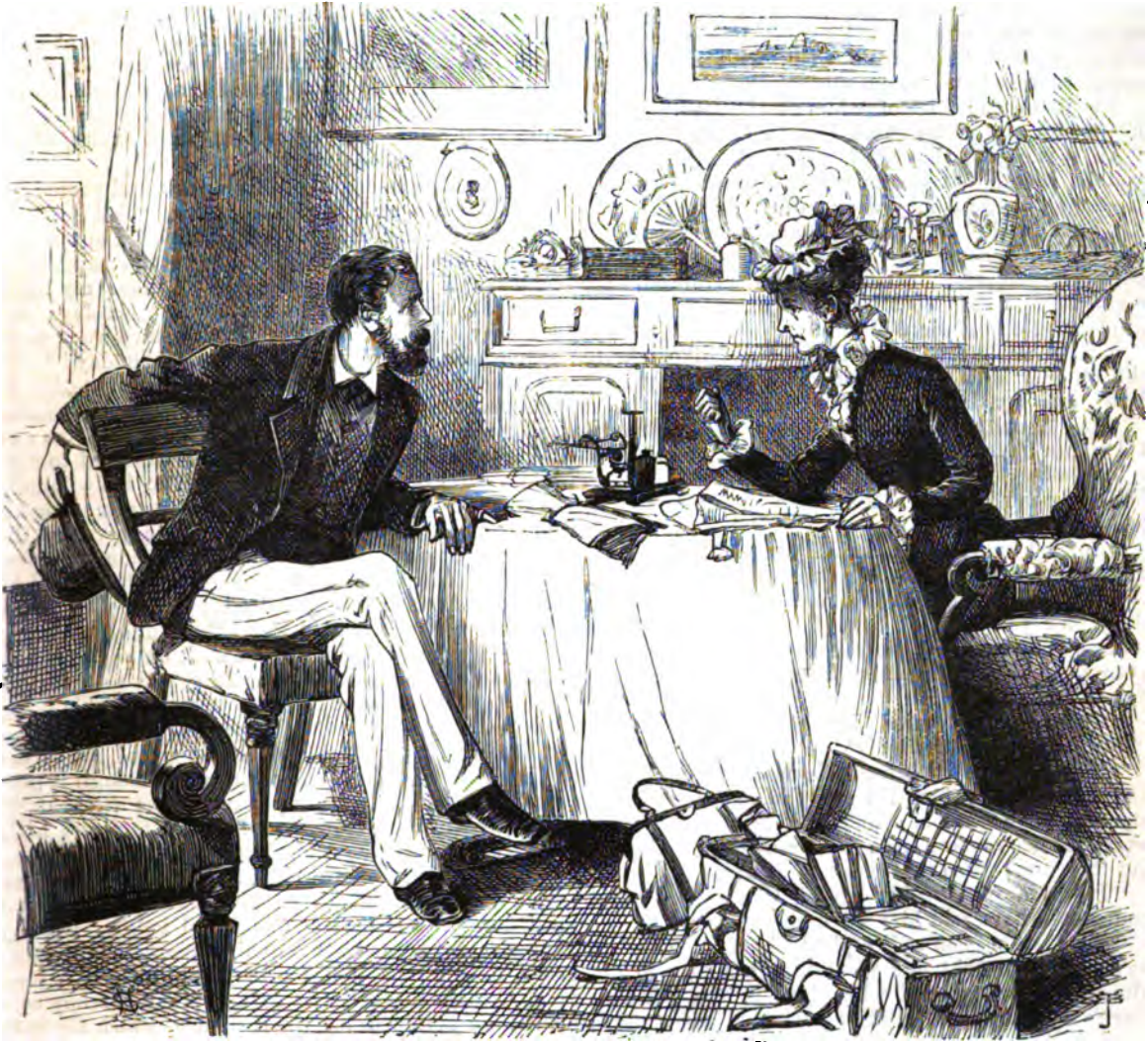
CHARLES KINGSLEY.—A bust of Canon Kingsley, by Woolner, has been placed in Westminster Abbey. At the ceremony of unveiling, Canon Duckworth delivered the following address :—  
 “ If the grand reverential soul which almost beams upon us from those sculptured features could find voice, would it not be to deprecate the least transfer to himself of the glory which belongs to God alone ! I cannot but remember now what he himself has said of the illustrious company gathered here in what he has called ‘ England's Pantheon of beneficent and healthy manhood.’ ‘ All wise words which they have spoken, all noble deeds which they have done, have come, must have come, from the one eternal source of wisdom, of nobleness, of every form of good—even from the Holy Spirit of God.’ This is the thought which he would bespeak at this moment, when the joy of perpetuating his honoured name and almost his very presence within these storied walls mingles with a regret too deep for words. So let us recognise that by the grace of God he was what he was, the fearless champion of purity and truth, the tenderest and the manliest of men. Memories cluster around him at this spot worthy to be entwined with his. There is Maurice, to whose saintly soul his own was knit in bonds of such sympathy as only those can know who love God and man with an intensity like theirs. Yonder is Wordsworth, the poet of nature, whose marvels he delighted to explore and expound. There stands Keble, the sweet singer of that Church which never had a more loyal and devoted son. And the light which streams upon him passes fitly through the blazoned figures of Herbert and Cowper—offerings from the great kindred people which claims its part and lot in the worthies of England, and treasures the name of Charles Kingsley with an affection equal to our own. And now we leave this precious memorial, not only to attract for many a day the loving gaze of surviving disciples and friends, but to take its place among the permanent glories of the Abbey, and to be the heirloom of generations to come. Let us look at him once more, and judge his right to be here by the noble words on which he himself tested the right of others to commemoration of this shrine—‘ What was your work ? Did we admire you for it ? Did we love you for it ? And why ? Because you made us in some way or other better men. Because you helped us somewhat towards whatsoever things are pure, true, just, honourable, of good report. Because, if there was any virtue—that is, true valour and manhood ; if there was any praise—that is, just honour in the sight of man, and, therefore, surely in the sight of the Son of Man, who died for men—you helped us to think on such things. You, in one word, helped to make us better men.’ ” The Baptistery, in which the bust is placed, is rapidly becoming, as the Dean has said, “ a new Poets' Corner.” On the same wall with the bust of Charles Kingsley stands that of Mr. Maurice, whom he delighted to call his “ dear master ; ” Keble and Wordsworth find a place in the same chapel, and the stained window presented to the Abbey by an American (G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia) contains portrait figures of George Herbert and William Cowper.



# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



CAPTAIN CHANCELLOR AND MADAME TOPLIFFE.

## THE CRINKLES OF CRINKLEWOOD HALL.

### CHAPTER III.

WHEN sufficiently recovered from the shock he had sustained, and sure that the enemy would not return, the governor rang the bell.

"Shuck, if that fellow shows his face again, don't let him in, you hear?" he cried, greatly excited.

"What feller?" Shuck coolly inquired.

The governor could not command himself to pro-

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nounce the name; he pointed to the card on the table.

"Oh! him on the card?" cried Shuck. "Very good: well, he've seed you once, so he've been better treated than Job's wife."

"Job's wife? What do you mean? Are you mad?"

"Not by no means," he answered; "I wish as everybody was as right in the head; I was a-speaking about Job Chippery's wife, as had to walk from Crinkle, and came full of her troubles, and you

PRICE ONE PENNY.



wouldn't hear about *one*; about Job being underpaid, and as they'd ought to have a free house, like other folks; and more, if I could remember it."

"She shan't complain again," said the governor, fiercely. "Send the fellow off; pay him up; go at once and do it."

Shuck was thunderstruck. "There isn't a better hand; works in all weathers; never comes for no drink," he began; but the governor shook his fist at him, and stopped him. "Leave me alone," he said; "do *all* I have ordered—go!"

Shuck did not think it expedient to venture another word, and sorry though he was, once more went down the road where Job was working. As he reached the spot he heard voices, and stopped to ascertain who was with him; it might be Mrs. Chippery, and he had no wish, with his present commission in hand, to encounter her.

But it was the voice of "him on the card." Shuck heard him say, as he stood behind a ledge of rock, "Ah, it is a good thing to believe and understand as you do, friend, that whatever helps to humble us is a blessing, though it may wear a dark disguise."

"That's well," he thought, "and seemingly Job's mind is in the same way, so he won't take it so hard being turned off;" whereupon he advanced, not sorry to find also that he could execute both his unpleasant commissions at once.

"Job," he began, with a slight nod-like bow to the other, "seems as if you was to take easy what I've got to say, being as you're content to have a bit of trouble, and sure, I hope it'll do you good, though I'd rather have come to tell you of a bit of luck."

Job, who was kneeling down, fitting in some stones he had been shaping to make the path firm and level, looked up inquiringly.

"Sorry I am to say it, for all you counts the worst to be for the best; but you're turned off, and are not to put a tool no more on this road, which is a foolish thing, for you're doing it well. I'll say that," he continued, taking out the canvas bag from which he always paid the workmen, and counting up what was due.

"Turned off?" cried Job, still on his knees; "how is that? For why?"

"Your missus complained this morning very bitter, and I told her when I'd got the opportunity I'd mention it to guv'nor; and him being in a work worse than I've seen him in for a longful time, I put it to him; then that was how it was."

"It was a pity," said Captain Chancellor, "that you should have told him when he was angry."

"Well, it do seem so," replied Shuck, "but when he's pretty straight and pleasant it's a pity to put him out, you see; and when he's in the middlins there's danger of his getting aggravated into a rage; so when it's all as bad as can be, and can't be no worse, if I've got an awkward job on hand I hit it in then, and sometimes, being a fresh thing like, it brings him round."

"Then it wasn't my wife's foolish talk that first put him wrong?" asked Job.

"Never a bit," said Shuck; "it were you, sir," looking at the captain, "and you'd best not come back to the house, for he won't see you. You was to be told that."

"No fear of it, friend," cried Captain Chancellor, smiling; but Job looked grave, and almost sorrowful.

"Suppose I shan't be able to get in at the quarries?" he said to Shuck.

"No, nobody goes there but them as gets the governor's leave," he replied.

"No—Well!" said Job, gathering up his tools and taking off his smock. "I've looked for it to come to this some day, and I must 'bide by it."

"Perhaps he may be sorry and change his mind when he cools down," suggested the captain.

"He never cools, nor forgives nobody," said Shuck, "so it's no manner of good to look for that; and if you'd a' had the chance, sir, you might a' told him as there's a plenty to be forgiven *him*, and he's in a dangerous way of not making his peace for it, being as he won't show no mercy."

Shuck, who felt very sorry for Job, more especially as he had been the indirect cause of his trouble, spoke with real indignation, and went on to say he knew what hardships were himself, for it wasn't one in a thousand would bear what he had to put up with, he was sure of that. "And me serving him all these years," he added, "and saving of his life, and his fortune too."

While he was speaking the sorrow had passed out of Job's face, and he said to Shuck, "Tell governor I thank him for all past favours, and I'm sorry to leave his work;" then turning to the captain he added, "It might be worse, sir. I have my limbs all right, and the will to work. My 'six days' are not up yet; while they run I shall have work to do somewhere, and when they are over—Sunday!"

The captain had returned towards the station by the same road he had taken to the Thorpe. He wanted to ascertain what local particulars he could from Job relative to the quarries, and he also desired to give him a word of comfort with respect to his wife, and to counsel him that he ought not to surrender his post of "head," nor, for peace sake, give up the authority it was his duty to her to maintain. So, after Shuck's commission had been executed, he said he would walk with Job, and get his direction to Upper Crinkle, where he would wait till the night train.

There were two Crinkles, one built on high ground, commanding a good view, healthy, and picturesque. It had good houses, and many very respectable inhabitants. This was called Upper Crinkle.

Lower Crinkle, as the other was styled, lay in the valley on the banks of the river, and although it presented a most captivating picture to the artist, those who lived in its narrow, lane-like streets found little beauty in it. It was ill-drained, exposed to the damp and fogs rising from the river and the marshy swamp around it; and though pretty indeed to look at in a sail down the stream, it was found neither healthy nor pleasant on a closer acquaintance. It was, however, thickly inhabited, for the rents were very low, and Crinkle market was so near that a ready sale could be obtained for the river fish, which the men caught and their wives easily disposed of.

But all who lived there were not fishermen. The quarrymen found it a handy distance from their work, which the ferry enabled them to reach with little time and toil. It was well enough for the men, whether working on the river or in the quarries; they were out in the fresh air all day, and cared nothing for the close and often pestilent atmosphere around their homes. But the women! they had reason to cry out, and they did. Complaints were being made continually to the owners of the dwellings, and the parish authorities were clamoured at; but every body said (except the women), "The children are fat and rosy, surely things cannot be so very bad." And a

talk was started of the advisability of pulling down Little Crinkle altogether, and letting the ground to a rich tanner, who would gladly have taken it as a capital place for large premises and yards in which to carry on a business that had wholly outgrown his present conveniences. This "talk," when it began, always had the effect of shutting the mouths of the women. They wanted to have something done, but that "something" was not the turning them out of house and home, and forcing them into another neighbourhood, which would have been to them another world.

In one of these "tenements," as they were called, Job's wife was now busy toiling, cleaning her furniture, and trying to make it "decent," which, she averred, never could be done in such "a hole as it was!"

One of the few touches of tenderness in this woman's character was a love of flowers. This she possessed strongly, and it was often the means of beguiling her from a fit of sullen grumbling, sometimes even from a burst of passion.

She had taken her geraniums and a Scarborough lily, on which she much prided herself, from the window-seat, and placed them on the table while she cleaned the panes. When Job and Captain Chancellor came to the door, she pushed the table behind it and released two chairs that had been laid on each other, to enable them to enter and seat themselves; not that she usually indulged her husband with such attentions, but the gentleman's present was fresh in her mind, and she felt bound to welcome him. At the same moment who should appear but Johnny Marks, with his basket on his arm. Much disappointed was she when the captain passed on to Upper Crinkle, and Job and Johnny came in. Job, without uttering a word, threw his basket and smock on the table behind him, and leaned against it. Johnny came forward, and with a bow and a smile offered from his basket a pretty nosegay, saying, "I thought as I would bring you this, Mrs. Chipperry, seeing as you had been in trouble, and knowing as flowers is great comforters to them who loves them as you do."

Mrs. Chipperry was mollified. She took the gift, and with a grumbling "thank'ee" set about scrutinising the flowers. "You don't grow 'tufty pinks' here like we do in Yorkshire," she cried, with an exulting grin; "but you can't expect it, of course. Why," (looking at his basket) "you've got a Scarborough lily! Well, so have I, and a beauty *mine* is."

"And so is this. It's bespoke, and I'm just going to take it to Upper Crinkle for the window, to set off the lodgings in Rock Street."

"Who's a-lodging there?" inquired Mrs. Chipperry.

"It's Madame—Madame—I can't mind her name; but she's of a deal of consequence, and from what they said at the baker's, where the news is pretty correct, she's kin to the governor."

"Then she don't deserve never a lily, nor nothing so good, nor if she's like him," exclaimed Mrs. Chipperry.

"I don't know as she minds about lilies, but as to deserving of 'em, if we all got what we deserved there'd be changes, wouldn't there, Job?"

Job, who still leant in silence against the table, just slightly nodded, as if his thoughts were elsewhere.

Although he was generally grave, Johnny was

struck by his face now, and he was also sure, when he thought of it, that his being at home at that unusual hour argued something had happened, so he stood with his basket in his hand and looked at him for an explanation. Job thought company might be an advantage to him in telling his bad news, so he said out at once, "You wonder to see me here; but I've done with the governor, leastways, he's done with me; turned off and paid up at a minute's notice."

"Dear heart!" cried Johnny; "and shall you go to the quarries?"

"Quarries isn't open to them as the governor takes against," said Job; "but never fear, I haven't turned myself off, nor lost my place through my own fault, but only by my misfortune. I shall find work somewhere."

He did not look at his wife as he spoke, but the truth flashed on her in an instant. Although restrained in a degree by Johnny's presence, she burst into a flood of tears more of anger than sorrow, exclaiming, "That's the way with you always, to lay the complaining work upon me, and then flout me for it. If you'd been a man, and spoke up, there'd been no need for me to go worriting and aggravating myself; and I said no more than the truth, as 'I wished the governor had to live a month in this hole, and then he'd know what it was, and give us one of the quarrymen's cottages;' and as to 'misfortune,' I'm sure it was a misfortune for me as I ever came out of Yorkshire."

"Maybe Madame Topliffe, that's the lady's name, could help you. Baker's folks was saying as she owns part of the quarries, and she's in no fear of the governor," said Johnny.

"But how can one get to see her?" asked Job.

"Oh, she's just come to Top Crinkle. I just been leaving a salad and some 'sparagas there; it's one of the grand Cliff houses she's in," said Johnny. "Come away, Job, come at once; she's able to help, and they say she's a good lady as is always willing; go and put it to her, she won't take governor's part, by what baker says, no fear."

The two men stood talking together for a minute, while Mrs. Chipperry went on bewailing her lot in a high key. Johnny then took the road to Crinkle, and left Job and his wife together.

"Johnny needn't a' be so proud of his Scarberry lily," said Mrs. Chipperry, who, having spent the violence of her wrath, was examining the posy with much interest; "it's a good one, but mine's a deal finer; better colour, too, and taller and larger. Here, Job, get away, and let me put back the flowers."

She gave her husband a push, for he was resting against the table, and when he moved—ah! dismal sight—there was his smock, with his basket on top of it, lying on the flowers. She was speechless for a moment, but her breath returning, she took up the smock and threw it at him, flung his basket out at the door, and taking the shattered lily in her hands, burst into a torrent of abuse, declaring she was "the miserabest woman in the world."

"Missus," said Job, after waiting till she had spent her strength in railing, and had thrown herself into a chair to cry with the broken lily in her hand.

"You needn't a 'missus' me; I'm 'missus' to nobody, nor nothing," she sobbed out.

"Well, 'wife,' if that'll suit you better," he said, in a voice which was so unlike his usual one that she stared at him and ceased crying.

"You needn't a' speak sharp—like that," she said, waiting for what was coming in some curiosity.

"I don't want to speak sharp, but I'll speak plain; if I'd been plain sooner, maybe it would be better for both on us. I think to emigrate."

"To what?" she cried.

"To emigrate. Canada, I've heard, is a fine country; I can go there."

"I'm not a-going all that way from Yorkshire, so don't think it," she answered, fiercely.

"Stop till you're axed; I never axed you," he answered, coolly and firmly.

"What! so you mean to leave me to shift for myself. A fine husband you are; and you so religious, too!" She was much excited as she uttered this.

For a moment Job seemed inclined to answer her, but, checking himself, he went and stood in the doorway, and from his heart went up a silent supplication for wisdom and direction. He turned round and stood before her. "Wife," he said, "few words is best. You've many times said you was a fool to marry me, and you've a pining after Yorkshire; go back there. If so be as Madame Topliffe can put me on at the quarries, all well; but if not, it'll make a way for you and me to part without bad credit to either of us, for then I'll go to 'Merica, where Canada is. I'll send you money as I get it, and you can be happy as you was afore you knowed me, and I can get on in peace without having it on my mind that I'd ought to teach you better, and manage you better, and can't, for all I've prayed and tried, God knows how much!"

When he had said this, without waiting for her reply, he went out and turned up the street towards Upper Crinkle.

Had she heard him aright? Was she awake or dreaming? Job, her husband, go to Canada, wherever that might be, and she go to Yorkshire! She was awake, it was no dream, and he had spoken as she had never heard him speak since she had known him. So stern, so positive; not in a hasty fit like her own, when her words came out without her weighing or caring for them, without her knowing what they were; sober, deliberate words he had uttered, and right sure she felt they would be turned into deeds. Long she sat, stupefied; it would tire the reader to describe the conflict her mind underwent between pride on the one hand, and grief and shame on the other; but the result was that, after a hard struggle, she resolved to humble herself and tell him that even Yorkshire would not be happiness to her if separated from him. The remembrance of his long forbearance, his unvaried kindness, and his generous treatment of her came flooding in till her heart was full, and she longed for his return, indifferent as to the success of his mission, so that she could "be one with him again."

#### CHAPTER IV.

IN Mrs. Macfarlane's best room sat Madame Topliffe. Who was Mrs. Macfarlane? She was the owner of one of the chief houses in Upper Crinkle, and let lodgings to such of the higher class as resorted to that town—large village, in strict speech—to enjoy the beauties of the scenery, for it was a spot renowned for its attractions far and near.

And who was Madame Topliffe? She had been a Miss Chancellor—not a sister, but a distant cousin of the late Widow Crinkle and her sister Hester. She was a widow, and she had married a Frenchman,

and had spent much of her life on the Continent. She liked the Continent better than England, being, as she said, far less hampered by conventionalism there than here. She was a woman of superior parts, untiring energy, and undaunted resolution. Like her cousin Hester, she went over five-barred gates almost without a look or a thought. She was of the middle height, upright as a dart; her face was pale, her hair was grey; she had no attractions of person that would have made an artist entreat her to sit for him, for her beauty was not of the flesh, but of the mind and spirit, and far too high and subtle to be painted. There was a fascination in her grey eye that acted like a spell on those with whom she came in contact, and she obtained a mastery over all with ease, often puzzling them as to how it was they had so readily given way. But perhaps, notwithstanding her high mental powers, this would not so often have been the case had it not been for her noble benevolence, full and free, and her genuine simplicity. There was a charm about her which these graces, no doubt, greatly contributed to make victorious.

Well, such was Madame Topliffe; her circumstances in life were fair in respect of money, though she was not by any means rich; her position in Paris, and wherever she pitched her tent, was high; the best society, that most refined and most exalted by rank and intellect, eagerly sought her out and looked on her as an ornament to their circle. She loved such society, but she was not dependent on it for happiness, she had too many resources in herself for that. Moreover, she had the power of reading and rightly appreciating character in a remarkable way, so that she could find companionship where others would have missed it, because conventional rules raised a barrier which she could overleap, but which to them were impassable.

She was very busy now; on the table before her were a pile of books and a heap of papers. On the top of the frizzled, grey curls into which her hair had arranged itself—for every hair was a type of its owner, and took its independent way without interference from her—was perched a cap, which looked as if it had fallen there to rest, like a sea-bird in its flight; yet it gave a finish to her appearance that the most studied toilet would have failed to effect. She evidently had business—and very important business too—on hand, for she had on her brow the slight frown that always indicated such a state of things. As she inspected paper after paper, she seemed to gather conviction of a satisfactory kind, for a smile of triumph displaced the frown, and she exclaimed, "There it is, and let him question it if he likes; he can't contradict it to any purpose!"

"A gentleman, ma'am, would like to see you," said Mrs. Macfarlane, looking, after the announcement was made, rather disconcertedly at the Scarborough lily with which she had graced the window, which was now on a stool in the corner.

"Ah! you are sorry for that tall flower! A fine flower—very handsome—but it shuts out the light, so put it in your own window. I love flowers on banks and in meadows, but I detest having them in windows."

Mrs. Macfarlane forgot "the gentleman" in her disappointment at the slighted lily, and was carrying it out of the room, when Madame Topliffe added, "What gentleman has paid me a visit? any name? any card?"

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," answered the landlady; "it's Captain Chancellor; he said he hadn't a card."

"Captain Chancellor! Nothing could have been more *apropos*; show him up, pray!" exclaimed madame, with great animation.

Another instant and she was at the top of the stairs to meet him. "My dear Capel—how delightful! What kind chance led you here at this juncture?"

The captain returned her hearty greeting as heartily, and explained that he was waiting for a train, and had but a few minutes before heard that she was in the place. After mutual congratulations on their unexpected meeting, she entered into her purpose in being at Crinkle without waiting to inquire as to his. Shuffling over the papers, she laid before him in rapid succession the proofs that the Crinkle quarries did not belong to Governor Crinkle, but to other parties, herself being one of those parties; and striking her small clenched fist, not in anger, but with decision, on the table, she said, "He shall refund all and give up all; I shall delight to bring the old tyrant to book!" adding, "I have published far and near that I am one of the owners of the works, and by this time he must have heard it. Yes, yes, we'll bring him to book!"

Captain Chancellor smiled as he answered, "He wants teaching out of more than your book; I have been with him this morning, and curiously enough on the same business as yours."

Here he entered into an account of all that had passed between them, and described the governor's bitter animosity towards "all Chancellors," and the celebrated eyeless portrait of "Aunt Hester."

"Ah! she deserved it (in effigy)! A sadly wasted woman if all I have heard is true, but you are the only 'Chancellor' with whom I have ever come into contact for years and years. I know nothing of the family to which I first belonged."

Captain Chancellor then told her of the claim that was made on the quarries by his sister, Mrs. Callendar, in behalf of her orphans.

She listened with great interest, and exclaimed, "Oh, it is just—quite just. My claim is but small, and I want none of it, for I have enough; but for justice sake I was determined to have the thing inquired into, and here's a copy of that poor runagate woman's will; I got it from Doctors' Commons in consequence of—"

Here Mrs. Macfarlane again knocked at the door. "If you please, ma'am, here's a man—by name Chipperry—would be glad to see you 'on business.'" "Oh!" exclaimed the captain; "my old friend, 'Sunday!'"

Madame Topcliffe looked at him inquiringly, and he told her he thought he could guess "the busi-

ness." He then related enough of what had passed to explain.

"Show him up," said madame. "You see the report has spread; I'm glad of it."

Job appeared much relieved when he saw his morning acquaintance there, and in a few words told his errand. Madame Topcliffe fixed her eyes on him while he spoke.

"Why did the governor turn you off?" she asked.

Job answered, "He couldn't say how it came about; he got offended somehow."

"I suppose he's easily offended?" she suggested.

"Governor's always been a good paymaster to me, and I'm sorry to leave his work," he replied, firmly, but respectfully.

"Well said!" cried Madame Topcliffe. "I don't like to hear people abuse their employers when they turn them off. Serve *me* as you have served *him* (if ever you have need to do it). Here," writing as she spoke, "take this order to the overseer of the quarrymen; I have seen him. I put you on at the works, and I hope you will keep there. This gentleman has given you a workman's character."

Job's surprise and happiness made him silent. Madame Topcliffe perceived it, and said, with a smile, "Go, good man; never mind thanks."

"Quite 'a triumphal arch,' I call that, to grace the opening of my proprietorship. Don't you?" she said, turning gaily to the captain. "Now, Capel, you mustn't go to-night; you must be my chaperone to the Thorpe. We'll go and beard the lion in his den! I'm quite impatient for it!"

"I chaperone *you*!" he exclaimed. "Nay, it must be your protection that will enable me to face him. You call him a lion; I demur; he's a *bear*!"

"Oh, we shall be two to one; good odds. Let us go at once." She started up and rang her bell.

"My bonnet and my scarf, good friend," she cried, as Mrs. Macfarlane entered.

"You have no carriage here?" the captain asked.

"Carriage! do I travel with a carriage?" she asked, almost scornfully. "There will be a cab or fly got for me at once. Something to take me and this gentleman to the Thorpe," she said, quickly, to the landlady, as she put on her bonnet and scarf.

Mrs. Macfarlane declared there was not a carriage for hire, except what were engaged; her husband owned them all.

"But we *must* go!" exclaimed madame, with energy.

"If it's any message, ma'am, the baker's going up in his cart; he'll take it," replied the landlady.

"Baker's cart! delightful! What could be better! Plenty of room and clean. Come, Capel; we'll go in the baker's cart!"

## HOW MANY JEWS ARE THERE IN THE WORLD?

THE Jewish people have had a wonderful history in the past ages of the world, and (apart from sacred prophecy) many circumstances combine to show that a great future is in store for them. They are "the chosen people" of God. Scattered among all nations, and to be found in every inhabitable part of the globe, the Hebrew nation is the only truly cosmopolitan, and represents, both

in time and space, physically and morally, the most surprising of historical and ethnographical phenomena.\* Scripture tells us that on their departure from Egypt there were 600,000 of them without the women and children, which makes it plain

\* "Dispersi, palabundi et coll et soli sui extorres, vagantur per orbem sine nomine, sine Deo et rege, quibus nec advenarum jure terram patriam saltem vestigio salutare conceditur."—*Tertullian*.



that the entire number must have ranged at least from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000. The Jews of modern times are the descendants of no more than the sixth part of those who are mentioned in Exodus. Their aggregate number being roughly estimated between seven and eight millions, it may be asserted that the entire Jewish nation, assuming the ten "lost tribes" to have increased and multiplied like those of Judah, Benjamin, and Levi, would now be no less than forty millions strong, which is about the population of the German empire or of the United States. However, it is only with the traceable Jews we have to busy ourselves now, and those are to be found chiefly in Europe, and by far the largest number of them in those vast tracts of land which, until the middle of the seventeenth century, formed the monarchical republic of Poland. The kingdom of the Piastes and the Jagellones was, during the Middle Ages, the refuge of all those many thousands of Jews who were anxious to find a refuge from the persecutions they underwent in other countries of Europe, and Poland, where they were treated with kindness, formed a sort of half-way house for them on their intended return to the Land of Promise; nay, so great and irresistible did they find the attractions of Sarmatia, that they lost sight of the goal of their anxious longing altogether, and over the flesh pots of Poland forgot the land of milk and honey.

But to return to statistics, let us first give a general account of the numbers of Jews to be found in the various countries of the world. In doing so we shall endeavour to follow the census returns of 1870 and 1871, or those coming nearest to these two years, so as to equalise the time as nearly as possible, and prevent errors that might arise from the diversity of the period in which the enumeration took place. Having given the numbers in a general way, we purpose to give particulars of those countries in which the children of Israel muster strongest. In those cases in which there are no census returns of religious professions extant, approximate estimates are found, and in each of these cases an asterisk is prefixed to the name of the country.

## EUROPE.

*Great Britain and Ireland	52,000
France (1872)	49,489
Belgium (1871)	3,000
Low Countries (1873) and Luxemburg	68,526
German Empire (1871)	512,160
Switzerland	6,996
*Italy	43,000
*Spain and Portugal	3,500
Sweden (1870)	1,836
Norway (1865)	25
Denmark (1870)	4,290
Russia and Poland (1870)	2,759,811
*Turkey in Europe	350,000
Greece	5,600
*Roumania	250,000
Servia (1871)	1,719
Austro-Hungarian Monarchy (1873)	1,375,861
	<u>5,487,768</u>

## ASIA.

*Turkey*	120,000
*Persia	100,000
*British India†	15,000

\* There are now upwards of 80,000 Jews in Palestine. Of these, the largest numbers are to be found in the following places, viz., Jerusalem, 13,500; Safet, 5,000; Tiberias, 2,500; Hebron, 1,000; Jaffa, 1,000; Haifa, 1,500.

† According to the "Times" of India there were in Bombay in 1865, 3283 Jews. In Calcutta 681 (Census Report of Calcutta, 1866).

*Bokhara	13,500
Russian Caucasus	22,732
Siberia	11,941
Russian Central Asia	3,394
*Kingdom of Yemen	350,000
*Arabia	150,000
*Other Countries, about	10,000
	<u>796,569</u>

## AFRICA.

*Morocco	340,000
*Algiers	80,000
*Tripoli	160,000
*Tunis	150,000
*Egypt	13,000
*Nubia	20,000
*Abyssinia (Falashas)	250,000
*Other Countries, about	50,000
	<u>1,063,000</u>

## AMERICA.

*United States	500,000
Dominion of Canada (1871)	1,115
*West Indies and other countries, about	13,000
	<u>514,115</u>

## Total.

Europe	5,487,768
Asia	796,569
Africa	1,063,000
America	514,115
Australasia	7,000
	<u>7,868,447</u>

Those countries on which we purpose to supply some particulars are Germany, Austria, and Russia. inasmuch as Russia and Austria between them possess more than half the Jewish population of the world, and the three emperors combined have three-fifths of all the descendants of Abraham for their subjects. In order to fully elucidate the importance of the Hebrew element in these countries, we shall state in each instance the aggregate population of the country or district, and the percentage of the Jews in the general population.

## GERMANY.

	Population.	Jews.	Jews in every 1000.
Alsace-Lorraine	1,549,738	40,928	26.5
Bavaria	4,852,028	50,662	10.4
Baden	1,461,562	25,703	17.5
Württemberg	1,818,539	12,245	6.75
Hesse (Grand Duchy)	852,894	25,373	30.
Hamburg	338,974	18,796	42.
Prussia	24,606,532	325,565	13.2

Among the eleven provinces of the Prussian kingdom the Jews are divided as follows:—

Prussia proper [Königsberg]	3,137,545	41,057	13.
Brandenburg [Berlin]	2,863,229	47,434	16.6
Pomerania [Stettin]	1,431,638	13,036	9.1
Posen [Posen]	1,533,843	61,982	39.
Silesia [Breslau]	3,707,167	46,629	12.6
Saxony [Magdeburg]	2,103,174	5,917	2.8
Schleswig-Holstein	995,873	3,729	3.7
Hanover	1,963,618	12,799	6.5
Westphalia [Münster]	1,775,175	17,245	9.7
Hesse-Nassau [Frankfort]	1,400,370	36,390	26.
Rhineland [Cologne]	3,579,347	38,423	10.5

In the minor German states there are not quite so many Jews, and even in the kingdom of Saxony there are but 3,357 Jews in a population of 2,556,244, being no more than  $1\frac{3}{10}$  Jews in every 1,000 or 13 in 10,000.

## AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

Austria (1875)	20,394,980	822,220*	40.
Hungary (1875)	15,509,455	558,641†	36.

\* Cisleithania.

† Transleithania.

Another statement gives a slightly different total, but distributed thus:—

Galicia*	575,433
Hungary.	517,838
Bohemia.	89,539
Moravia.	42,644
Transylvania.	24,848
Lower Austria.	51,880
Bukowina.	47,775
Silesia.	6,123
Styria.	734
Upper Austria.	690
Croatia and Slavonia.	9,947
Tyrol and Vorarlberg.	353
Dalmatia.	233
Salzburg, Carinthia, and Carniola.	88
Military Frontier.	4,729
In active military service.	3,528
	<hr/> 1,375,882

## RUSSIA.

By the subjoined statement it will be clearly seen that in those government districts of Russia which in olden times used to belong to Poland, the Jewish population is many times more numerous than in those which belonged to the kingdom of the Ruricks and Romanoffs. These districts of White Russia and Ukraine are the following, viz.—

	Aggregate population.	Jews.	Proportion of Jews to aggregate population per 1000.
Bessarabia.	1,078,932	98,114	90
Cherson.	1,596,809	131,916	81
Grodno.	1,008,521	124,815	124
Kiew.	2,175,132	277,479	128
Kovno.	1,156,041	155,409	134
Minsk.	1,182,230	143,504	123
Mohileff.	947,625	118,727	126
Podolia.	1,933,188	242,496	126
Paltava.	2,102,614	48,423	24
Tauria.	1,140,015	24,497	21
Tchernigoff.	1,659,600	50,121	30
Wilna.	1,001,909	109,196	109
Witebsk.	888,727	86,587	96
Wolhynia.	1,704,018	223,363	132
Yekatarinoslaw.	1,352,300	36,331	26
Courland.	619,154	34,810	56

## KINGDOM OF POLAND.

Kalisz.	669,261	65,125	98
Kielc.	518,730	51,661	100
Lublin.	707,098	94,961	136
Lomza.	489,699	75,380	154
Piotrkow.	682,495	79,687	118
Plock.	471,938	48,506	102
Radom.	532,466	74,104	142
Siedlec.	504,606	74,584	148
Suwalki.	524,489	87,839	170
Warsaw.	925,639	163,586	170
	<hr/> 6,026,421	<hr/> 815,433	<hr/> 135

In other parts of Russia the number of Jews is but small. Thus, in the district of St. Petersburg, there are no more than 7,789 in a population of 1,325,471, or about 6 in every 1,000; and among the Kossacks of the Don there are no more than 187 Jews, or about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in every 10,000, or 175 in a million. On the whole, however, it will be seen from the foregoing that in the western half of the Russian empire the Jews are more numerous than in any other country of the world, whereas in Finland it is not in evidence that there are any Jews at all.

Croydon, 1876.

J. ALEXANDER.

## AMERICAN CARICATURISTS.

IV.—THOMAS NAST.

FEW names have become as widely known throughout the United States as that of Thomas Nast, the caricaturist of "Harper's Weekly." In the mining camps of Nevada, among the rancheros of Texas, or the hardy lumber-men in the pine forests of the North, Nast's pictures are as keenly appreciated as amongst the most exclusive coteries of Philadelphia or the autocrats of every Boston breakfast-table. In party warfare, the Republicans owe Nast no small debt of gratitude for the heartiness with which he espoused their cause, and for his wonderful ingenuity and adroitness in ridiculing their opponents. Public wrong-doers of every kind have felt the poignancy of his satire; nor have the vices and follies of social life escaped castigation at his hands. Children are special favourites with him, and hundreds of American boys and girls have annual reason to be grateful for his intercession on their behalf with Santa Claus, for the toys and sweets which fall to their lot at Christmas-tide. The "Heathen Chinese" in California was not too far away to experience the benignity of his genius in evoking protection against the revolvers and knives of a San Francisco mob; the corrupt rulers of New York city were not so firmly intrenched behind their iniquitous ramparts but his assaults could precipitate their overthrow.

If we will take the trouble to think, it is astonishing how many of our ideas respecting individuals we shall find to have been suggested by the caricaturists. A few years ago, one of the most familiar figures in "Punch" was that of the late Lord Palmerston, who was invariably represented with a twig in his mouth. The twig became identified with the man, and had we come upon the prime minister in the street, we should have involuntarily turned our eyes to see if the twig was in its place. Its absence would have been felt as a positive disappointment, but the fault would not have been with the artist of "Punch," but with the neglect of his lordship. In the same way the eyeglass of John Bright, or the peculiar curl which adorns the forehead of Lord Beaconsfield, are prominent in our minds when we think of the men themselves. This faculty of creating objective individuality is one of Nast's strongest points; and in some of his pictures the person intended is to be recognised with perfect certainty, although it may happen that only the smallest section of a figure is visible. His purely emblematic designs are equally forcible. The *motif* in his compositions is never obscure, while the enormous fertility of his invention gives freshness and piquancy to every effort of his pencil.

Uncle Sam, the anthropomorphic symbol of American ideas and opinions, is with Nast no longer the gawky buffoon of former years, but while his eccentricities of dress and manner have been retained, he has been endowed with a dignity and force of character which, in his earlier portraits, is entirely wanting.

The only other caricaturist in America worthy of comparison with Nast is Matt. Morgan, an Englishman, whose clever designs in the "Tomahawk" are still remembered in London. Morgan is attached to

\* We have no particulars of the general population in the different provinces and "crown lands" before us as they now stand.

the staff of "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," a journal which is strongly democratic in its political affinities, so that his rivalry with Nast is political as well as artistic. Morgan's talent as an artist is indubitably superior to that of Nast, but as a caricaturist he is inferior both in originality and in the subtle dexterity with which the latter is able to seize upon and embody the fleeting passions and fancies by which the public mind is agitated. Morgan's disadvantage of alien birth suggests itself as a ready explanation of this difference, but it is negated by the fact that Nast also is only an American by adoption. It thus happens that neither of the leading

Heenan. This duty performed, Nast wandered off to the Continent, where he was just in time to witness many of the most stirring events of the Italian revolution. He was present at several of the engagements fought by Garibaldi and his gallant companions, and supplied a number of sketches both for American papers and for the "Illustrated London News." Up to this time, however, the peculiar bent of his genius had never displayed itself; and even after his return to New York, in 1862, a considerable period elapsed before he began to distinguish himself in that branch of art in which he was to become famous.



WHO STOLE THE PEOPLE'S MONEY?—DO TELL. N.Y. TIMES

"T WAS HIM."

American caricaturists of the day was born in the United States. Although it was necessary to speak of Morgan in this connection, he is properly to be ranked amongst the English caricaturists, and a more extended notice of him would therefore be out of place.

Thomas Nast was born at Landau, in Bavaria, on the 27th of September, 1840. His father was a musician, who, with his family, emigrated to America when Nast was six years old. The mind of the artist could not therefore have been very deeply impressed by the surroundings of his infancy, although in many of his pictures it is powerfully evident that he has retained his German sympathies. At the age of fourteen Nast obtained his first employment as a draftsman from Frank Leslie, and by 1860 he had so far risen in his profession as to be appointed "special artist" to visit England, on the occasion of the brutal encounter between Sayers and

For nearly four years the conflict between North and South had been raging with the utmost intensity. Neither side had obtained any permanent advantage. The earnestness with which the entire white population of the Southern States had flung itself into the struggle had counterbalanced the advantages derived by the North from the superiority of its resources. Thousands of blue-clad volunteers had found graves in the valley of the Shenandoah or along the banks of the Potomac, yet still the South, under Lee, their brave Virginian leader, showed a dauntless and unbroken front. Many a family in New England mourned the loss of its bread-winner; many a western homestead had been desolated by the fall of its stalwart sons beneath the bullets of the enemy or the agues and fevers of the Southern swamps. The gain of to-day's victory was lost by to-morrow's defeat, while the end was as remote as ever. Peace, even at the price of sec-



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## NAPOLÉON.

"DEAD MEN'S CLOTHES SOON WEAR OUT."

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threatened its overthrow, but the time had come for its removal, and those who had undertaken to direct the effort were not men to be dismayed by the cost. The majority of the Northern people were steadfast in their purpose of preserving the Union and uproot-

ing slavery. Notwithstanding the terrible disasters they had already undergone, their determination was unchanged. Still the cry of the weak-hearted for peace at any price was uttered loudly enough to be mistaken by less acute ears for the voice of the nation, and the citizens of that political No Man's Land which exists in every community, and whose only creed is to "shout with the biggest crowd," began to swell the ranks of the discontented in formidable numbers.

At this juncture Nast came to the front as a caricaturist. A large cartoon, bearing the since familiar signature of Thomas Nast, appeared in "Harper's Weekly" for the 3rd September, 1864. It was dedicated to the Chicago Convention, to which the peace party had just elected delegates. The design represented the grave of a Union soldier. Beside it stood an armed Confederate, with his foot resting contemptuously on the grave, across which he has clasped hands with a crippled and disarmed Unionist. The style of the design was new to the Americans, and the wonderful directness and force of its meaning was instantly apparent. The mute eloquence of the appeal could not be mistaken, and Nast, like a certain distinguished poet, may be said to have awoke in the morning and found himself famous. Seldom has an artist achieved fame as suddenly as Nast did by this single effort, and still more seldom has one shown himself capable of sustaining the position thus acquired. Henceforward Nast's path was clearly defined, and from the time his first cartoon appeared in Harper's he has been an almost weekly contributor to the pages of that journal. During the presidential campaign which ended in Lincoln being elected for the second time, and until the remnant of the Confederates laid down their arms to Grant and his veterans at Appotomax Court House, Nast's pencil was never idle. The Southern foe, the Democratic enemies in the North, the social follies of the hour, were assailed with a vigour which no previous American caricaturist had the courage or ability to attempt.

As an advocate of temperance, Nast has upon occasion shown himself as earnest as George Cruikshank. Christmas Day does not obtain the universal observance in New York that it receives farther south; while, on the other hand, New Year's Day is as great a festival in the American metropolis as it is in Paris. One of the customs of the day is for gentlemen to pay a visit of ceremony to all their lady friends. Each visit may last probably only a few minutes, but it is usual for the visitor before departing to drink a glass of wine proffered by the hostess. As may be supposed, the ordeal is a trying one to a gentleman having a long list of acquaintances, and the numerous glasses of wine politeness has impelled him to drink, will by the end of the day have reduced him to a state bordering on helpless intoxication. When it is remembered that the Americans are an exceedingly social and hospitable people, the magnitude of the evils brought about by these New Year's visits may be imagined. Nast gave a heavy blow to the practice in a large cartoon, under which he inscribed "Eve at it again." A caller has just entered the drawing-room of one of his friends, and the lady is in the act of presenting him with the customary glass of wine. The victim is sadly disorganised by the calls he has already made, and steadies himself with difficulty by aid of a table, while he mumbles some incoherent conventionalisms befitting the occasion.

Other visitors are in the room, all showing more or less the effects of the vinous prescriptions of their fair friends. The ladies were indignant with the artist for throwing the blame entirely upon them, but the censure was not unmerited. They had the good sense to take the hint, and for the last year or two the practice of offering wine on such occasions has to a large extent been discontinued. The press and the pulpit had long denounced the evil, but it remained for Nast to give point to their arguments; and to him the honours of victory are in a great measure due.

It is as a political caricaturist, however, that Nast chiefly merits attention. When he strikes, it is with all the force at his command, and with a vindictive energy which knows no mercy. Some of his attacks upon political foes are almost brutal in the relentless malignity with which he follows every movement of his victim; but apart from politics, upon which of course opinions may differ, he always appears as the champion of morality and justice. It is perhaps this terrible earnestness of purpose which has done more than anything else to maintain Nast in the position he occupies. The evils against which he fought had attained a magnitude of which, happily, Englishmen of the present day can have no conception, and against which the gentle humour of a Leech or a Tenniel would be powerless. It was a fight with giants encased in armour which long impunity had made proof against the mere shafts of ridicule, and the only hope of victory was by employing some mighty engine of warfare to crush them.

The Civil War had for years absorbed public attention to the almost complete neglect of everything else. Municipal affairs, particularly in New York, had been left to take care of themselves. Eternal vigilance is said to be the price of freedom, and it is certainly true of freedom from public corruption in New York. With the collapse of the Southern Confederacy people began to have time to think of their more immediate concerns, and the citizens of New York awoke to the conviction that their municipal government was in the hands of able but unscrupulous rogues. The public money was annually stolen, not by thousands but by millions of dollars; while, as long as every office was filled by nominees of the "ring," specific charges could not be urged for lack of proof, and the very officers of justice before whom the cases would have to be tried were themselves deep in guilt. The technical provisions of the constitution were carefully observed, but every report or statement was systematically falsified, so that while the most gigantic frauds were known to exist, it was impossible to individualise them. At the head of the "ring" was Alderman William M. Tweed, a man of consummate tact, and versed in every artifice of political wire-pulling. His personal influence and popularity was immense, and step by step he had risen by sheer force of cunning, until he became the acknowledged leader of the "ring." Tweed was no common thief. Before beginning his wholesale depredations on the public funds, he had taken care to close every avenue by which justice could reach him, by filling all the offices, from policemen and clerks to judges on the bench, with able scoundrels in his interest, who, as the price of their connivance, were allowed to do a certain amount of plundering on their own account. His ingenuity baffled every effort at investigation, while his popularity with the mass of illiterate voters in New York

secured his continuance in office. At length a petty dispute over an unpaid advertisement bill drew upon the "ring" the resentment of the "New York Times," one of the most influential of the daily papers. It managed to get hold of some very damaging evidence against Tweed, which it published, and the tide began to turn against the iniquitous "ring." It is doubtful, however, if much impression would have been made, had not Nast taken up the cause against them; but this he did with so much earnestness and persistency, that the outburst of public indignation resolved itself into a steady determination to rid the city of its corrupt rulers. Tweed himself is said to have admitted that as long as it was merely the daily journal that attacked him, he could laugh at their efforts, but the sharp incisive blows of Nast's pencil, concentrating a whole acre of written eloquence in a single picture, carried conviction, and roused the dormant energies of the taxpayers. An attempt was made by the "ring" to bribe Nast, which, however, signally failed. The portly form of Tweed, with his three companions, Okey Hall, Peter B. Sweeney, and "Dick" Conolly, appeared week after week under some fresh form to excite the scorn and contempt of the people. The "ring" controlled the public schools, and Harper's series of school-books, heretofore most extensively used, were suddenly banished. The edict was swiftly followed by a return blow from Nast, who represented Sweeney throwing the books out of a schoolroom window, while Tweed and Hall were engaged in teaching the children the "Tammany" catechism. Even when his guilt was clearly proved, Tweed's boldness did not desert him, but, turning upon his accusers, he impudently asked them, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" intimating that as long as he and his election officers counted the votes, there would be no chance of turning him out of office, and even threatening to let loose upon the city the ruffianly mob, to protect by violent means, if need be, his interest at the voting-places. Those who know what New York roughs are, composed of criminals from every quarter of the world, may understand what was implied by this threat. Nast was equal to the emergency, and one of the most powerful of all his caricatures was the result. It was entitled "The Tammany Tiger let loose." It represented a Roman arena, in the centre of which crouched the Tammany Tiger with its fangs reeking with the blood of its mangled victim, Justice. Tier above tier sat the members of Tammany enjoying the spectacle, while Imperial Tweed and his familiars complacently regarded the victory of their brutal champion. It may be stated in explanation that Tammany is the name of the chief Democratic club in New York, at that time completely under the control of the "ring." A reduced copy of another of the caricatures, issued somewhat later in the struggle with the "ring," is given on page 808. The various elements and members composing the "ring" are represented standing in a circle, and in answer to the oft-repeated question, "Who stole the people's money?" each man is indicating his right-hand neighbour as the culprit. The corpulent man, with the gigantic diamond in his shirt bosom, is "Boss" Tweed himself; Peter B. Sweeney stands on the left of Tweed; then comes "Dick" Conolly, and lastly, Mayor Okey Hall. No act of dishonesty was proved against the latter, but he weakly allowed himself to become a tool in the hands of able rascals. Dis-

honesty is sure of ultimate failure, and the "ring" found it so, as one by one its members were turned out of the offices they had abused, and forced either to escape or pay the penalty of their crimes. The overthrow of Tammany was complete, and its accomplishment is considered one of the greatest achievements of the New York press. Nast celebrated the victory by representing Tweed and his friends lying crushed beneath an enormous printing-press, on the top of which was perched the artist himself. "Boss" Tweed fought desperately against his fate, but was eventually tried and sentenced to imprisonment, while his ill-gotten gains, amounting, it is said, to upwards of five millions of dollars, about one million pounds sterling, were seized upon by the law. After a short imprisonment he effected his escape, but in September last was rearrested in Spain, having been identified by means of one of the very caricatures which had been instrumental in causing his downfall.

The events of the Franco-Prussian War, and the sudden collapse of Imperialism in France, furnished subjects for a series of caricatures by Nast. In these the German sympathies of the artist show themselves very prominently, while they also express what may also be considered the prevailing opinion of the Americans. Much pity was felt for France in the hour of her distress, but it could not be forgotten that the French people had for years submitted to the government of a man who had waded through blood to his throne, and who depended on terrorism and duplicity for his maintenance. The Americans never forgave Napoleon for his attempt upon Mexico, and it is well known that the failure of that attempt was largely due to the attitude assumed by the United States Government. This national antipathy was doubtless intensified in Nast by his German proclivities, and he is terribly severe in his caricatures of the fallen emperor. The illustration which appears on the 809th page is from a caricature by Nast, published shortly after Sedan, and is a good sample of the broad and vigorous style of the artist. The nerveless figure of the emperor, clad in the patched and tattered garments of his great uncle, is painfully intense in its expression of agonising despair. Crushed, conquered, deceived by his own dupes, enfeebled in health, and with the whole fabric of his ambition crumbled at a blow, the imperial trickster sits in musing solitude. The truth of the picture is terribly real, but it is terribly painful, and we turn from it with a sigh of relief. A closely similar composition was entitled, "Thrown completely into the shade." The German Emperor is standing before a portrait of Buonaparte, by Paul Delaroche, upon which his shadow falls in such a way that the figure in the portrait is thrown into deep shade. The meaning of the design is obvious.

A mere list of Nast's most famous caricatures would be tediously long. His industry is no less remarkable than the fecundity of his imagination, and it would be difficult to name an event or a subject which has excited public attention in America during the past ten years that has not been more or less amply illustrated by his pencil. No English caricaturist of the present day occupies a relative position to that of Nast in America; and notwithstanding some defects which might appear in his works, if judged by the standard of English taste, the position he occupies is fully merited.

J. V. WHITAKER.



## EARLY CIVILISATION.

BY GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY, OXFORD, AND CANON OF CANTERBURY.

## X.—RESULTS OF THE INQUIRY.

THE general result of the inquiry which has been pursued in this periodical through a series of ten papers\* would seem to be that, so far as civilisation can be traced back historically, there is one country, and one country only, where the critical judgment of the present day is still in suspense, and some difficulty exists in reconciling the conclusions of historical and archaeological science with those moderate notions of the date whereto the past history of our race extends which till lately were almost universally held, and which are still generally maintained in educational text-books. Exaggerated chronologies are common to a large number of nations; but critical examination has (at any rate in all cases but one) demonstrated their fallacy, and the many myriads of years postulated for their past civilisation and history by the Babylonians and Assyrians, the Hindoos, the Chinese, and others, have been shown to be pure fiction, utterly unworthy of belief, and not even requiring any very elaborate refutation. Cuneiform scholars confidently place the beginnings of Babylon about B.C. 2300,† of Assyria about B.C. 1500.‡ The best Aryan scholars place the dawn of Iranic civilisation about B.C. 1500,§ of Indic about B.C. 1200.|| Chinese investigators can find nothing solid or substantial in the past of the "Celestials" earlier than B.C. 781, or at the furthest B.C. 1154.¶ For Phœnicia the date assigned by the latest English investigator is "the sixteenth or seventeenth century before Christ."\*\* The researches of Dr. Schliemann in the Troad give indications of the existence of a low type of civilisation in that region, which may reach back to about B.C. 2000.†† In the rest of Asia Minor we have no certain knowledge of any civilisation that has a greater antiquity than about B.C. 900.‡‡ In Europe, the simple and incipient civilisation delineated by Homer must have existed before his time, and may have commenced as early as the Trojan epoch, which is probably about B.C. 1300—1200. No other European civilisation can compete with this, the Etruscan not reaching back further than about B.C. 650 or 700,§§ and the Celtic, such as it was, being really subsequent to the occupation of England by the Romans.|||| A consensus of savants and scholars almost unparalleled limits the past history of civilised man to a date removed from our own time by

less than 4,400 years, *excepting in a single instance*. There remains one country, one civilisation, with respect to which the learned are at variance, there being writers of high repute who place the dawn of Egyptian civilisation about B.C. 2700, or only four centuries before that of Babylon, while there are others who postulate for it an antiquity exceeding this by *above two thousand four hundred years!*

It is well remarked by Professor Owen, in his able paper, "On the Antiquity of Egyptian Civilisation,"\* that "the value to be assigned to discrepant conclusions on a matter of scientific research, must rest on the evidence with which such conclusions may be severally supported." Most certainly, no one would desire the decision to be made on any other grounds than these. The whole question is one of evidence, and to that point we shall presently proceed to address ourselves; but there is one preliminary consideration to which we think it right to call the attention of our readers.

The same amount of evidence is not sufficient to establish all conclusions. Very slight and weak testimony is enough for reasonable men, if the point to be established is intrinsically probable. Much higher and stronger testimony is necessary if it is improbable. If it is very highly improbable, reasonable men will hesitate to accept the conclusion unless the evidence for it be well-nigh overwhelming.

Now, in the present case, the conclusion sought to be established by the advocates of the "long chronology" is, we venture to say, *very highly improbable*. It is no less than to suppose one section of mankind to have stood for above two thousand years on a totally different level from all other sections. It is to suppose settled government, law, order, high morality, art, science of a certain kind, to have existed for two thousand years in a single locality without spreading to other nations, without being imitated, without communicating itself; and this, not in a sequestered island, not in a remote corner of the earth, but in a veritable "highway of nations," in a land which has always been a passage territory between east and west, between north and south, which stands in the closest connection with the fairest portions of the eastern world, and (as has often been said) "belongs to Asia rather than to Africa." What was the rest of mankind doing while Egypt stood at this proud eminence? Why did they make no similar advance anywhere else? How came they, all of them, to rest content with their knives of flint and chert, their stone hammers and adzes, their ornaments of bone and shell, their huts of reeds and clay, or at best of sun-dried bricks? Did they know nothing of Egypt during these twenty or five-and-twenty centuries? or did they look on without envy at the happy country in their midst, and make no efforts to be like her? To us, nothing seems more unlikely, more inconceivable, than two millenniums of high Egyptian civilisation, including art, science, good government, a fair system of morality, and an elaborate social order, while all the rest of the world was sunk in darkness, had no history, no settled

\* Besides the eight papers contributed by the present writer in the numbers for January, February, March, April, May, June, August, and September, two other articles—one by Professor Owen, in the May number, and the other by Dr. Edkins, in the number for October—are contributions towards the discussion of the subject.

† Lenormant, "Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. II. p. 23; G. Smith, "Notes on the Early History of Assyria and Babylonia," London, 1872, etc.

‡ Lenormant, "Manuel," vol. II. p. 55; Sayce in "Records of the Past," vol. III. p. 29, note 1.

§ Haug, "Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsees," p. 225.

|| Max Müller, "Ancient Sanskrit Literature," p. 572.

¶ See Dr. Edkins's article in our October number, p. 653.

\*\* Kenrick, "Phœnicia," p. 240.

†† Assuming that the rate of accumulation on the site of Hissar-Ik prior to the building of the Greek Ilum, about B.C. 700, was tolerably uniform, and taking B.C. 1250 as the most probable date for the capture of Troy by the Greeks, we are brought to a time a little anterior to B.C. 2000 for the first deposit of human remains upon the native rock. The uniformity, however, of the rate of accumulation is uncertain.

‡‡ See the article on the Civilisations of Asia Minor in our May number, pp. 298-5.

§§ See our August number, p. 506.

|||| Compare the article on the Civilisation of the British Celts in our number for September, pp. 587-9.

government, and only the first germs of art and manufacture.

What, then, is the evidence upon which we are asked to accept this conclusion? A vague idea is afloat that the long Egyptian chronology is borne out by the Egyptian monuments; and even Professor Owen speaks of the "expanded ideas of time," which he entertains, as "deductions from lately-discovered inscriptions,"\* as if the inscriptions were really the source from which the long chronology proceeds. But it cannot be too often repeated that this is not the fact. Nothing is more certain, nothing is more universally admitted by Egyptologists, than the absence from the monuments of any continuous chronology.† For the later portion of the history, the Apis *stelæ*, found by M. Mariette in the Serapeum,‡ which give the age of each bull at his demise, and the regnal year of the king or kings coincident with the bull's birth and death, furnish valuable chronological materials; but even these are incomplete, and for the earlier periods they fail entirely. All that the monuments supply for the time anterior to the eighteenth dynasty, consists of lists of kings, § unaccompanied, for the most part, by chronological data,|| and all of them more or less imperfect.¶ These lists, moreover, were in no case compiled earlier than the time of the eighteenth dynasty, and they are thus but very slight evidence, even of the existence of the more ancient monarchs named in them. Moreover, they differ one from another very considerably, both in the names and in the number of the monarchs whom they place on record, and it is only by an arbitrary preference of one of them to the rest, or by a still more arbitrary amalgamation, that a continuous list of the kings comprising the dynasties can be made out. The monuments for the most part determine nothing as to the length of a king's reign; they show some of the kings to have reigned conjointly,\*\* but do not tell us to what extent this practice prevailed, and they leave wholly undetermined the question as to the extent to which kings of contemporary dynasties have been admitted into the lists.

The result, so far as the monuments are concerned,

\* "Leisure Hour," May, 1876, p. 326.

† Stuart Poole says, "The evidence of the monuments with regard to the chronology is neither full nor explicit" ("Dictionary of the Bible," vol. I. p. 506); Bunsen, "History is not to be elicited from the monuments; not even its framework, chronology" ("Egypt's Place," vol. I. p. 32); Brugsch, "It is not till the commencement of the twenty-sixth dynasty that the chronology is founded upon dates which are not much wanting in exactness" ("Histoire d'Égypte," 2me ed. p. 25); Mariette and Lenormant, "The greatest obstacle to the establishment of a regular Egyptian chronology is the circumstance that the Egyptians themselves never had any chronology at all" ("Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne," vol. I. p. 322).

‡ See his work, "Renseignements sur les soixante quatre Apis trouvés au Sérapéum," Paris, 1856.

§ There are five such lists. One is that of the Papyrus Roll, at present in the Turin Museum, and known as "the Turin Papyrus," which was edited by Sir Gardner Wilkinson as early as 1840; another, in stone, brought from the great Temple of Karnak, may be seen in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris; a third, also in stone, and known as the "Table of Abydos," is in the Egyptian collection of the British Museum; a fourth, known as the "Table of Sakkarah," forms a portion of the Khedive's collection at Cairo; the fifth, which has been called the "New Table of Abydos," is, I believe, still attached to the walls of the temple in which M. Mariette discovered it.

|| The Turin Papyrus is the only one of the five lists which contains any numbers. It is thought to have given, in its original condition, the length of each king's reign; but the numbers are for the most part indecipherable.

¶ The Turin Papyrus consists of 164 fragments, and in some dynasties more than half the names are obliterated. The Karnak list contained sixty-one names only; of these twelve are lost, and the original list itself is regarded as a mere selection. The "Old Table of Abydos" has lost twenty out of the fifty names inscribed on it; the "New Table" is in better condition, but still is imperfect, and makes the eighteenth dynasty follow immediately upon the twelfth. The "Table of Sakkarah" has only fifty-eight kings, and, like that of Karnak, is regarded as a selection.

\*\* See Brugsch, "Histoire d'Égypte," p. 83.

may best be stated in the words of Brugsch:—\* "The difficulties in the way of determining the epochs of Egyptian history, instead of diminishing, increase from day to day. . . Perhaps, if the Turin Papyrus had been preserved to our times intact, we should have been able to establish the ancient chronology of Egypt. But at the present day no living man is capable of overcoming the difficulties which prevent the reconstruction of the canon. We lack the elements necessary for completing the gaps, and supplementing the historical remains, more especially of the earlier dynasties, these remains being too few and far between to be made use of with any success. Moreover, it is certain that the lists of kings which have come down to us have been *cooked* to suit particular views."

The long Egyptian chronology has not, then, resulted from the monuments, and cannot base itself upon them. It has arisen, as Dr. Brugsch observes,† entirely from the trust placed in the statements of the Egyptian priest Manetho, or rather in those reports of his statements which have reached our time. According to these, the priest of Sebennytus, writing about B.C. 250, claimed for the precedent Egyptian monarchy an antiquity of between five thousand and six thousand years.‡

Two questions here arise—1. Is Manetho correctly reported? and, 2. Are we bound to accept his statements as certainly true? In a former paper it was argued by the present writer that there is a reasonable doubt whether the Egyptian priest really intended his thirty dynasties of kings, the sum of whose joint reigns amounted to above 5,000 years, to be regarded as consecutive, and in no case contemporary.§ Only one modern *savant*|| takes the view that they were really all consecutive. All the rest admit the principle of contemporaneity, and only differ with regard to the extent to which it prevailed. The "long chronology" depends on denying contemporaneity, or reducing it to a minimum. If it is the fact that five or six of Manetho's dynasties were at times contemporary,¶ his numbers might be correct, and yet the 5,000 years might have to be reduced to 2,000.

But can his numbers be considered correct? In the first place, there are three versions of them, no one of which has more external authority than the other two. In the second, where the monuments furnish any evidence at all, they contradict him frequently and vitally. Manetho gave to the three Pyramid kings reigns of sixty-three, sixty-six, and sixty-three—in all 192—years, or only eight years short of two centuries. The Turin Papyrus replaces these numbers by six, six, and twenty-four—in all thirty-six years, or less than one-fifth of Manetho's total.\*\* Manetho gave to the predecessor of the second Menkres a reign of forty-four years; the Turin Papyrus cuts the number down to eleven years.†† Manetho assigned to the first Sesostris (of the twelfth dynasty) a reign of forty-eight years; the

\* *Ibid.* pp. 27-8.

† Brugsch, having noted the remarkable diversity of view among the *savants* of Germany with respect to the commencement of monarchy in Egypt—a diversity (as he observes) of above 2,000 years—appends the remark, "Les calculs en question sont basés sur les chiffres contenus dans les extraits de l'ouvrage du prêtre Manéthon sur l'histoire de l'Égypte" ("Histoire," p. 24).

‡ See the "Leisure Hour" for February, p. 102.

§ *Ibid.* note.

|| M. Mariette.

¶ As held by Wilkinson, Stuart Poole, and even Bunsen.

\*\* See Brugsch, "Histoire d'Égypte," p. 48.

†† *Ibid.* p. 60.

monuments give him, at the utmost, nineteen years.\* Similar discrepancies occur in scores of cases, and the result is greatly to discredit Manetho's numbers as they have come down to us. As Brugsch observes: "Les chiffres de Manethon sont dans un état déplorable;" and there exist no means of rectifying them.†

Supposing, however, that we could recover the original Manetho, should we be bound to accept him as an authority from whom there could be no appeal? Surely not. Manetho wrote about B.C. 280—250, or above 1,200 years after the accession of the eighteenth dynasty, about B.C. 1500. He professed to carry back the history of Egypt for some thousand or thousands of years before this. But what materials could he have for his history? Probably he had the same monumental lists which we possess, and others similar to them. He may have had access to the Turin Papyrus in its unutilised state; he may have been able to refer to other documents of the same age. But there is no reason to think that he possessed contemporary memorials of the Middle or Old Empire, or knew anything more of them than the traditions which the monarchs of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties committed to writing, after a "shipwreck" of Egyptian civilisation,‡ in which all was lost. He could, it would seem, only have guessed the duration of the Shepherd dominion. The duration of the previous native empire must have been still more obscure. The Egyptians, when left to themselves, had "never had a chronology;"§ and documents like the Turin Papyrus, containing bare lists of kings with regnal years attached, could be of little value, except as showing what the monarchs of the nineteenth dynasty believed, or wished to be believed, as to the past of their country. Extant contemporary monuments might present in certain instances the names of the kings, but would be unlikely to show either which kings of a dynasty ruled conjointly, or which dynasties were contemporaneous. Copious remains, and a careful study of them, would have been needed to determine such points as these. The "shipwreck of civilisation" immediately preceding the eighteenth dynasty caused the remains to be scanty; the intense egotism of the monarchs would be unfavourable to anything like careful study of remote history.

Again, Manetho certainly failed to present a true version of the chronology subsequent to the eighteenth dynasty. Here Herodotus is sometimes more to be depended on than he.¶ But if the priest of Sebennytus could be mistaken in respect of this (comparatively speaking) recent period, is it not likely that he committed still greater errors with regard to times very much more remote?

Let it be further noted that Manetho's scheme of thirty dynasties of Egyptian kings, beginning with Menes, with reigns of which the sum amounted to

between 5,000 and 6,000 years, was a part of a far larger scheme of mundane chronology\*—which no one thinks of accepting—a scheme whereby the beginnings of Egyptian history were carried back to a date more than thirty thousand years anterior to the Christian era! All moderns agree that the greater portion of Manetho's chronological scheme is untrustworthy; the dispute is only as to the point at which we may begin to place any reliance upon it.

Upon the whole, we see no reason to retract the views expressed in our former paper on the subject of Egyptian chronology, which are briefly these:—1. That the eighteenth (native) dynasty commenced about B.C. 1500;† 2. That the Hyksos, or Shepherd period of foreign domination lasted, at the utmost, about two centuries and a half;‡ commencing not earlier than B.C. 1750; and 3. That the native dynasties anterior to the Hyksos domination, many of which were contemporary, may have covered a space of 500, 600, or 700 years, thus reaching back to B.C. 2250, or possibly to B.C. 2450. In this way Babylon and Egypt would be, in their origin as kingdoms, about contemporary; the Pyramids would have an antiquity of about 4,000 years; civilisation would have taken its rise in Egypt in the course of the third millennium B.C., and would have rapidly advanced in certain directions, as it also did in Babylon,§ while in others the progress made was small;|| the early civilisations of Phœnicia and Asia Minor would have followed on those of Egypt and Babylon at no great interval; civilisation would from the first have shown its tendency to spread and communicate itself; the earth would at no time have presented the spectacle of one highly-civilised community standing alone for thousands of years in the midst of races rude and unpolished; the progressive movement of civilisation would have been upon the whole equable, uniform, and, if we may use the term, natural.

Such are the chronological views which profane history, monumental and other, studied by itself, seems to us on the whole to favour. We should maintain them had the Bible never been written, or had it been entirely devoid of all chronological notices.¶ But we think it right to call the attention of our readers, whom we presume to be believers in revelation, to the fact that these views, while irreconcilable with the wholly unauthorised chronology of Archbishop Usher, harmonise admirably with the Biblical numbers, as they are given in the version called the Septuagint.

\* Manetho's scheme was as follows:—

*Dynasties of Egypt.*

	Years.
1. Reigns of the gods . . . . .	13,900
2. Reigns of heroes . . . . .	1,265
3. Reigns of other kings . . . . .	1,817
4. Reigns of 30 Memphite kings . . . . .	1,790
5. Reigns of 10 Thinite kings . . . . .	350
6. Reigns of Manes and heroes . . . . .	5,513
7. Reigns of the 30 dynasties . . . . .	5,000 (perhaps 5,075).

Total 29,925 (perhaps 30,000).

† B.C. 1520 (Wilkinson); B.C. 1525 (Stuart Poole); B.C. 1600 (Birch).

‡ See the arguments of Canon Cooke in the "Speaker's Commentary," vol. 1, p. 447.

§ See "Leisure Hour" for March, 1876, p. 189.

¶ When Professor Owen says that the Sphinx of the Pyramids is a "sculpture of exquisite art and finish" ("Leisure Hour" for May, p. 324), and the statue of Chephren one "that will bear comparison with that of Watt, by Chantrey, in Westminster Abbey?" (*ibid.* p. 325), I can only profoundly disagree with him.

¶ Professor Owen seems to imagine that the curtailment of Manetho's numbers is a device of "Biblical critics," bent on forcing his chronology into an agreement with that of Scripture. But the curtailment began with the heathen writers, Eratosthenes and Apollodorus, who lived under the Ptolemies in the third and second centuries before Christ.

\* *Ibid.* p. 83. Manetho is not always so greatly in excess with respect to his numbers; but on the whole he raises considerably the years of the kings' reigns, as given in the Turin Papyrus. That document favours the view that the average reign of an Egyptian monarch did not much exceed fifteen years.

† "Histoire d'Égypte," p. 25.

‡ Lenormant, "Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. 1, p. 360: "Nous assistons donc, sous la quinzième et seizième dynastie à un nouveau naufrage de la civilisation Égyptienne."

§ *Ibid.* p. 322: "Les Égyptiens eux-mêmes n'ont jamais eu de chronologie."

¶ For instance, Herodotus gives Neco a reign of sixteen years, Manetho one of six years only; but one of the Apis stele mentions Neco's sixteenth year. Again, Herodotus assigned to the Ethiopian dynasty, which Manetho makes his twenty-fifth, a period of fifty years. Manetho gave it forty (or forty-four) years. Mariette and Lenormant, presumably following the monuments, give to the dynasty a term of fifty years.

We subjoin a tabular view of the chief chronological conclusions at which we have arrived in this series of papers:—

	B.C.
Date of the Deluge, according to the Septuagint .....	about 3,200
Rise of Monarchy in Egypt .....	" 2,450
" " in Babylon .....	" 2,300
Earliest traces of civilisation in Asia Minor (probably) .....	" 2,000
Rise of Phenicia .....	" 1,550
" Assyria .....	" 1,500
Earliest Iranic civilisation (Zandvestia) .....	" 1,500
" Indic " (Vedas) .....	" 1,200
" Hellenic " (Homer) .....	" 1,200
Phrygian and Lydian civilisations commence .....	" 900
European civilisation commences .....	" 650
Lycian " " .....	" 600

## JOSEPH MAZZINI.

## II.

**D**URING those sorrowful years in which Mazzini came and went, as occasion required, crossing with well-prepared passports over frontiers where the sharpest-eyed police were on the watch for him, and walking at large in cities where the sentence of death hung over his head, as if he had some magical power of eluding detection, it used to be said that he was under the especial care of the guardian angel of his beloved Italy.

In this long forty years' struggle against the dynasties of Italy two important charges are brought against Mazzini—the recklessness with which he sacrificed the patriots of his country by fruitless outbreaks, and the willing use of the dagger. Against these serious charges but little can be said. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that he spared not the chances of his own life for the salvation of his country; and the use of the dagger, in spite of ancient Roman and classic precedents, is one of the sins of the Italian character which education and wise government will bring, and is already bringing, into disuse.

Another feature of this eventful story, which, however, is perfectly natural to it, we must mention, namely, the enthusiasm of the women belonging to the Mazzini and Garibaldi party in England. More than one of these rendered services to his cause such as no man could have achieved. On one occasion, in the depth of winter, Mazzini being obliged to fly after one of his unsuccessful attempts, the knowledge came to his English friends that he was wholly without funds, sick, and destitute amongst strangers, in a remote valley of Switzerland. The generous sympathy of his friends could not leave him in this state. Nevertheless, the question arose, who would convey to him the necessary aid? The distance was great, there were few, if any, available railroads on the Continent at that time, and the undertaking consequently arduous. What a man, however, might hesitate to do, a young lady, highly educated and delicately nurtured, volunteered to undertake. The astonishment, fears, and remonstrances of her friends could not deter her, nor even render her less resolute. The money was secured on her person, and she set out. After a long and weary journey she reached the entrance of the valley in which Mazzini had found a retreat. The whole land was deeply buried in snow, and the latter part of the journey was compelled to be taken on foot. Attended by a trusty guide, and supported by an alpenstock, she went on wading in some

places through deep snow, until, utterly overcome by fatigue, but unabated in spirit, she sank to the ground. The guide then bore her forward in his arms. Thus she reached the village, and was carried into the house where Mazzini was hidden. His astonishment and emotion may be conceived. Here she soon recovered from her fatigue, and remained as a ministering angel to the proscribed patriot till both were in a condition to return to England.

Many years afterwards, in 1870, when the Italians had entered Rome, and Mazzini and other proscribed patriots were liberated from prison and exile by the general amnesty, he passed through Rome, refusing, however, to remain there longer than one night; and amongst the friends by whom he was attended was this former youthful heroine, then in middle age, the widow of an Italian patriot. The fidelity of his friends to Mazzini, and the enthusiastic devotion with which he inspired them, were indeed characteristics of his life.

We can afford space but for one other anecdote, and that derived from the time when Mazzini was in Rome, in 1849, and during the short but splendid triumvirate composed of himself, Saffi, and Armelli, but of which Mazzini was the animating soul. Rome was defended against the French troops, then about to bring back Pio Nono, who, after making concessions of which he was himself afraid, had fled to Gaeta, and now was again about to be imposed upon his reluctant people. The Roman populace, overjoyed to be delivered from the long, dark oppression of the papal rule, knew not how sufficiently to show their detestation of the old tyranny. The doors of the Inquisition were burst open, the prisoners found within its walls were set at liberty, and at the sight of underground cells and walled-up furnaces, in which the popular imagination believed that innocent men and women were burned alive, their rage could hardly be withheld from levelling the whole place with the ground. Again, so abhorrent to them was the luxurious state with which the Pope and cardinals had borne themselves in public, that they resolved not only to destroy all the splendid carriages of the cardinals, but the state carriage of the Pontiff himself.

This grand and stately vehicle, however, was saved by an ingenious device of Mazzini's. He made a present of it to the "Holy Bambino," or Infant Jesus, of the ancient church of the *Ara Celi*. This so-called sacred image is the veriest idol in Rome—an ugly wooden doll; even its hair is wood, coarsely carved, about two feet in length, with a crown on its head, and dressed in white silk, gold tinsel, and jewels; its feet, however, are of gold. A wonderful virtue is believed to exist in this holy image; it is a treasure of very great value to the priests of *Ara Celi*, who not only exhibit it with great pomp and ceremony once a year in the church, but who convey it with immense state in its own proper coach to the bedsides of the sick, where it is supposed to work miraculous cures. Mazzini, to whom all this was but the merest priestcraft and delusion, yet knowing the tenderness of the popular faith with regard to the Holy Bambino, and desirous of preserving, for its own intrinsic value, a thing of such immense worth as the state coach of the Pope, pleased the people and saved the coach by thus disposing of it.

Of this coach and this occasion, De Sanctis says, in his *Roma Papale*; "Mazzini gave to the Holy Bam-



bino the richest carriage in the world. It was built in 1820 by order of Cardinal Gonsalvo for Pius VII. This Pope it was who crowned, and afterward excommunicated, the first Napoleon, and who was himself dethroned, imprisoned, and afterwards restored. His successor, Leo XII, considered it too luxurious for the use even of a Pope, whilst it was in constant use by his successor, Gregory XVI, as well as by the present Pope, who succeeded him. The carriage itself cost the papal treasury 24,000 Roman crowns. It still exists as the papal carriage, and furnished one of the familiar stately sights of Rome until the entrance of the Italians confined the Pope to the Vatican, and the coach was shut up as an object too precious for rebel and heretic eyes. It is entirely covered with gold and miniature paintings; the seat for the coachman is covered with the richest red velvet, ornamented with gold fringe and embroidery. Behind the carriage are three magnificent angels, finely carved and gilt, supporting the papal tiara. Such is the carriage of the *soi-disant* successor of the poor fisherman of Galilee, and a rich prize it would have been to the revolutionists but for Mazzini's having bestowed it upon the idol of Ara Cœli, and thus preserved it for the return of one of his bitterest enemies."

But the struggles and the sufferings of those revolutionary conflicts of Italy are over. Let us now look on a great scene in Rome on March 17th, 1872. Mazzini had died in Genoa on the 10th. On this day he will be buried in Genoa, and on this day his bust will be publicly borne in triumph to the Campadoglio in Rome, crowned with laurel, to take its place amongst the heroes of antiquity.

The day was one of the most splendid and beautiful of this charming climate; a day made as for a royal festival. The whole city was astir by nine o'clock, and its streets were gay with the national flag—that flag of green, white, and red, the colours which Young Italy had combined as representing Unity, Equality, and Fraternity.

Before ten o'clock great numbers of other banners of immense size and great beauty were borne by bodies of men into the ample Piazza del Popolo, the appointed place of meeting, each bearing its crown of laurel and its long streamer of crape. These were the banners of the various Roman societies, guilds, or clubs, surmounted by the gilt Roman eagle or the old wolf with her two human cubs, thus uniting the glory of ancient days with the new national life.

Each different association marched with its banner, and some of them with bands of music, and took up their position behind that great obelisk of Heliopolis, which was probably familiar to the ages of Joseph when the daughter of the great priest Potipherah was given to him for wife. Aloft in the clear sunshine, warm and bright as that of Egypt itself, rose the obelisk with its mysterious hieroglyphics; and through the old Flaminian Gate which witnessed so many triumphal entries of ancient Rome—through which Constantine drove when he came in from the fierce battle of the Milvian Bridge, as the maintainer of the new faith of Christ—now entered the funeral-car, bearing aloft the colossal figure of Italy, her right hand holding a wreath of laurel over the bust of Mazzini as if about to crown him, and her left hand pointing heavenward as if to indicate the home of all true patriots. This car was drawn by four white horses, and accompanied by forty young men bearing each aloft a white tablet inscribed with the name of

some patriot who had fallen in the long successive conflicts for the emancipation of Italy.

At exactly half-past ten the procession moved on up the long Corso with its various bands of music and composed of the various bodies and associations, each headed by its respective banner. Amongst these were the members who yet survived of the Roman Legion of 1848, a still numerous body, which at that memorable period broke up the papal rule and drove the Pope from Rome, only to be overpowered in their turn by the French. Then came the *Reduci*, or those who fought the battles of Young Italy against the old dynasties, and had returned from the banishment into which they had been driven. All these had their breasts covered with medals. To them succeeded the various associations of Rome; not one was absent; there was the Incorporated Society of Fine Arts, the engineers, united artisans, united brethren of Romagna, printers, tailors, joiners, butchers, coachmen, co-operatives, bakers, macaroni manufacturers, etc. Then came the Freemasons of Italy, a very numerous body, many of them men of high position in Rome; the Society of Free Thinkers, their *free thought* being political, not religious; to them followed a band of those who had returned from fighting in France under Garibaldi, the *Reduci* of the Vosges, with Ricciotti Garibaldi at their head. Finally came the various political clubs, or *Circoli*, who were followed by the funeral-car itself, which was now literally heaped up with flowers and wreaths which had been flung upon it from the windows and balconies as it passed. Close behind came a troop of ladies and of women of all conditions. So extensive was the procession, that when it was ascending the Campadoglio it had scarcely left the Corso—almost a mile distant. As it wound up the road from the Forum to the Campadoglio, it recalled the triumphs of ancient Rome, the ruined monuments of which stood solemnly around, sculptured arches, magnificent columns and temples, monuments of the Rome of past ages, through which moved the multitude of to-day in honour of a man who, with all his faults, was worthy to be a son of the best period of Roman history.

In the court of the Campadoglio the scene was not less imposing. The funeral-car had stopped to the left of the great equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and around it were grouped the funereal tablets and the wreathed and craped banners, with various old leaders of the Mazzinian conflicts, and representatives from all parts of Italy, amongst whom were some members of the Rosselli family, in whose house Mazzini died. Two of his fellow-patriot soldiers made short addresses from the platform of the car, one of them being the last male survivor of a family which had all perished in the cause of Italian liberty. The bust was then carried into the Protomoteca of the Capitol, and, wreathed with laurel and bay, was placed between those of Michael Angelo and Christopher Columbus.

Mazzini has passed away, but his life and his works remain. What he attempted in its extreme range is unaccomplished, but not the less in its substantial greatness. He aimed at a republic and failed, but his work enabled Cavour to found a constitutional monarchy, which all who are in sympathy with the best Italian mind must desire to be long-enduring and prosperous; and much can be forgiven and forgotten in such a realisation.

MARY HOWITT.

Rome.

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



A FORMIDABLE ARRIVAL.

## THE CRINKLES OF CRINKLEWOOD HALL.

CHAPTER V.

BY the side of the road that lay between Upper and Lower Crinkle sat Mrs. Chippery, looking truly "the picture of misery." When would Job come back? Surely he had not had the hard-heartedness to start off for Canada without one word of "make up" or good-bye! No, she could not believe it of him; but every one knows how, when the heart is

stirred to its lowest depths, the dust gets into the eyes of the judgment, and fancies the most extravagant take possession of the blinded mind. She was ignorant that in the exuberance of his joy he had crossed the ferry, without waiting to go home, that he might at once deliver Madame Topliffe's order to the manager at the quarries and be "put on." This done, he had deliberately turned homewards, and while she was fretting, crying, and wondering on the road-side, he was looking for her round the deserted

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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cottage, of which, Yorkshire-like, she had taken the key, notwithstanding her agony of grief.

"You've not set eyes on my master, Job Chipperry, have you? He went up to Crinkle more than two good hours since, and I'm waiting for him back." It was thus she saluted the few that passed her on their way up or down.

Job meantime, not believing she would confide her intentions to the neighbours, asked no questions, but seated himself on a little gate at the back of the cottages with his book in his hand to wait her return. His heart, although it had been for him much moved, did not conjure up wild theories; he had no suspicion that his "missus" was "gone off to Yorkshire," but he had missed his dinner, and he wanted his tea, and wished she would come home.

While he waited thus, he turned over the past in his mind, and thought much on what the captain had told him. He had told him that without discipline, even-handed and regular, there could be no honour brought to God, no happiness to man. He had spoken so strongly on the effects of his remissness in this matter, the harm it had done to his wife, and the misery it had brought on himself, that he had succeeded in convincing him. He condemned his past conduct, and saw that much of the blame he had laid on her belonged of right to himself.

If Job had seen the look of agony with which she beheld him turn from the door, and heard her despairing cry as she reproached herself for her shrew-like conduct, he would not have grieved, as he really did, for what he thought was her indifference to, if not dislike of, him. But he was too much agitated when he started for Upper Crinkle to look behind, so he knew nothing of her true state of mind. At last, finding she did not return, he thought it better to ask if any one knew where she had gone. One neighbour told him one thing, another another; but a little woman who had just returned from Crinkle, where she had been selling her fish, said she had passed her sitting on the road, that she was "crying quite bitter," and had asked her if she had seen him in her way.

This was enough. Job blamed himself aloud for not having come home before going to the quarries, and started off to fetch her.

It was a touching scene when they met. She was so overjoyed to see him, that she went hastily to meet him, saying, "Oh, I know'd it wasn't in you to leave me for good, an' all like that!" and burst into a torrent of tears as she clasped his arm.

"Why, where did'e think I was gone?" he asked, with a kindly smile.

"I didn't know! Away off where you said, perhaps; but oh, Job, if you'll forgive me once and for all, I'll never be what I have been, I promise you. Me as never humbled myself to nobody before, I'll go down on my knees to beg you to forgive me. I will, Job; and oh, if you'll only—only—" (here her sobs interrupted her). Job was much moved. "My wife!" he cried, tenderly, "there's a deal behind us as wants forgiving in both. We'll share and share alike in the blame, and God grant that what's to come may be more to His mind, that's all." So saying, with a hearty embrace he wiped the tears from her face, and told her, when she had become calm enough to listen, about Madame Topliffe and her goodness.

Very lovingly they walked home together, and such a meal they had as they had never before

enjoyed—no, not in their honeymoon, if they could be said ever to have had one.

Johnny Marks was greatly edified the next visit he paid them, which was that very evening, for he was anxious to know how the quarry scheme had turned out. Job looked so calm and cheerful, and "the missus" was another woman. "I'm glad on't—glad to my heart," he said to himself as he left them. "Job couldn't do half the good he might while he had such a trial of a wife; and as for her, poor woman, she must have been in the mind of the man as made that 'poetry':

'Men have many faults,  
Women have but two:  
There's nothing right they say,  
Nor nothing right they do!'

Very hard upon 'em; but the missus warn't given to *say* right things, and if she *did* right ones, it come with such a bad grace they went the wrong way with poor Job. It seems it'll be different now, if it holds; and by the look of both on 'em I think it will; really I think it will!"

The little man, who was a favourite with all on account of his loving, peace-making spirit, hitched his basket closer on his arm as he walked on with his usual quick short steps towards his home, resolving that when next he came he would bring another lily to replace that which had been broken "by a haccident," as Mrs. Chipperry informed him when he looked at the empty pot in the window-seat. "She've got a natural love of flowers, and that's a good thing in a woman always. I should think as Eve was happy in the posies of Eden—very—and did her best to raise what she could when she was turned out of it. Ah, if she had kept to the flowers and not taken the fruit, as wasn't meant for her, she'd never have got among thorns and briers."

Johnny, who was a preacher at the little Crinkle Chapel, was evidently turning this thought to account in a sermon, as he finished his walk home.

But about Madame Topliffe and the captain. We left them going to mount the baker's cart; they did mount it, and off they drove, somewhat to the chagrin of Mrs. Macfarlane, inasmuch as a drive in a baker's cart was not beseeeming for one occupying her "apartments," and therefore it might be an injury to her lodgings; but she contented herself with explaining to the neighbours, who all peeped out to see the novel adventure, that "Madame Topliffe being out of the common could do anything she liked; great folks would often make a shift with what little folks would be ashamed of."

Meantime madame's spirits were at the highest; she delighted in the jolts on the road, which reminded her of continental travel and its inconveniences. "Now you know, Capel, you, being a man of the world and a soldier, can do this sort of thing with indifference; but I don't suppose any English lady of my acquaintance would have consented to my warmest entreaties; poor foolish things, what they lose! I pity them!"

Captain Chancellor, although not over-particular in his tastes, could not cordially join in her ecstatic praises of the baker's cart; she was indifferent to the flour that powdered her black silk dress, but he would have preferred keeping his clothes free from it. However, she continued her lively chat, not suspecting that he in the least differed from her, and in time they approached the Thorpe.

"A good place," she cried. "The Crinkles knew how to build;" then she began to compare it with chateaux she had seen, declaring it would look well by any one of them. "And to think of this lion (or bear!) living in this wide, fine house" (stretching out her arms as if to measure or embrace it) "all by himself! Oh, shocking!"

"Please, mum," asked the baker, "where shall I put you out? I always go in at the back part."

"I never do," cried madame, "unless I have a purpose to serve. Drive round to the front entrance."

The baker hesitated. "Maybe gov'n'r'll be angry," he expostulated.

"Of course he will; never mind, I'll explain," she cried, gaily. But it needed decision and a clear promise to stand bail for him in case of offence being taken, before he would go to the front, where very reluctantly he at last drove.

The governor was never in a worse humour; he had not got over his morning troubles; he was growling out his complaints to Shuck, who stood in his usual attitude at his side.

"Wheels—a horse—don't you hear?" he cried as the cart passed under the study window to the entrance.

"Well; what is it?" he demanded, as Shuck, merely remarking that he *did* hear, kept his place.

"What is it?" angrily repeated his master.

"Most likely a carriage," said Shuck, calmly.

"Get to the window and look," cried the governor.

Shuck obeyed, and after watching the cart out of sight as it turned to the entrance, answered, "It isn't a carriage."

"What then?"

"It's the baker's cart; whatever brought him this road I can't think!"

"Baker's cart!" cried the governor.

"Yes," said Shuck, "and folks in it—gentlefolks they look like." This he judged from the glance he had caught of the captain, whom he recognised immediately, though he thought it prudent not to mention him.

"There—go—see who they are, and send them off at once: d'ye hear?" cried the governor, impatiently.

"Yes," replied Shuck, not moving except by a turn of his head towards the door.

"Go!" vociferated his master.

"What a rattler!" he cried, advancing a step or two, and still listening. "You heard that?" he said, turning to the governor.

Indeed the peal from the bell, and the "rattler" from the knocker, were too loud and strong not to be heard all over the place.

"Impudent beggars!" cried the governor, beside himself with rage.

"Bain't *beggars*!" said Shuck, answering the epithet literally, "they're gentlefolks, I'm bound to believe, however they come by the baker's cart: and they're let in," he added, after a pause, "they are—and it's my belief they're a-coming up—it is indeed!"

Shuck was really nervous as he said this, for he could not quietly reckon on the effect the apparition of "the captain" would have on his master. He was afraid to say that he knew he was one of the company, and he was afraid to let him intrude again without notice. Again and again the governor shouted "Go!" but he stood with the door partially open, peeping over the balustrade on to the wide old staircase, as if he did not hear him.

"They *are* a-coming up! Oh dear, what's to be done?" he cried in a panic as he saw the captain and madame mounting the stairs.

"Send them down—at once—go!" The governor's voice was hoarse with agitation, and he trembled all over, as if he had an instinctive perception of what awaited him.

Shuck was sorely perplexed. He had just recognised Madame Topliffe, though he had not seen her for many years; he knew she would be more obnoxious than the captain even; but there was no help for it. He went out, shutting the door behind him, just in time to prevent his being pushed out by the governor, and met the "beggars" at the top of the staircase. He made a sort of bow as he said, with a scared look, "Please you bain't to come up, by no means!"

"But 'please' we *are* 'come up,'" cried madame, gaily, carrying her black silk train, with its flour sprinkling, over her arm.

"But," said Shuck, struggling for breath, "you *can't* come in—it's a thing *quite* impossible!"

"Not '*quite*,' believe me," she replied, in the same tone. "I hope Governor Crinkle is not ill?"

"Wuss, a deal, than ill," cried Shuck, solemnly.

"Bad here and here?" she inquired, laying her hand on her head and heart.

Shuck nodded in silence.

"Tell him I am come—you remember me? Tell him I have brought him news—good news, if he knows his own interest."

"I can't, for my life, tell him no such a thing," said Shuck, earnestly.

"Then stand back, and I'll tell him myself," she said, advancing to the door, on which he placed himself with his back against it, casting a most imploring look on both of them.

"Will you permit that? Remove him!" cried madame, a little incensed, to the captain, who desired him to stand aside, and said, if he feared to announce them, they would announce themselves. But Shuck looked as if he would die rather than move, whereupon the captain took him by the shoulder and made the way free for entrance.

Another second, and Madame Topliffe faced the governor. He had listened to the tumult, expecting it would end in the defeat of the enemy, little suspecting who the enemy was. He was standing not far from the door, and the Gorgon would not have had a much more disastrous effect on him than had that delicate little head with its pretty, frizzled grey curls, and the hat, or bonnet, that was poised on it. With her wonderful tact in an emergency, she stepped forward, and, holding out her hand, exclaimed, "I hope you are as glad to see me as I am to see you, Governor Crinkle." This was, of course, an equivocal greeting, but it came upon him so unexpectedly, and was so melodiously uttered, that he was quelled by it. Who could resist Madame Topliffe when her purpose was to conquer?

He stood irresolute, his face a blank, as if he had no power left to storm, as if he understood nothing that was passing. Meantime she tripped into the room, saying, "I was so bent on seeing you that I made a chariot of the baker's cart, as Crinkle could furnish me with no other; and my good cousin and your nephew, Captain Chancellor, was so good as to be my escort."

Here Captain Chancellor made his appearance. A frown was gathering on the governor's brow; but



she anticipated it, running on with a lively description of Shuck's resistance of their admission, and complimenting him on having such a valiant, faithful body-guard.

Shuck, who was listening at the door, was much relieved by this sally, and felt more hopeful as to his master's reception of his excuses and explanations when he should be left alone with him.

"What a charming place is this!" she exclaimed; "you are happy in having one of the most perfect abodes I have seen in this country. And this room! I have been in it, in your father's time (when, of course, I was a child)—I admire it greatly; you must spend many delightful hours in so admirable a retreat. Is it not charming, Capel?"

Captain Chancellor, hardly knowing which was most "charming"—her mastering the difficulties of the situation, the governor's absolute defeat, or Shuck's rueful-but inquiring face at the door—bowed assent.

"Now why do we stand? I ask pardon—you wait for your guests to sit. Capel, chairs!" she cried; but spying a small embroidered ottoman, she seized it and sat on it, disposing her ample skirt around her with elegant ease, and talking all the time.

There was nothing to be done but for the captain to place a chair for the governor and take one for himself, and, to Shuck's unspeakable surprise, he beheld them all seated, one on each side of madame, as if ready for a conference.

But the conference madame did not mean to begin with intemperate haste; her "tactics" were too good for that. So she remarked on the scenery, then went off to the new road she had heard that he was making, and enlarged on what a great improvement it would be to the place.

The captain had not spoken, nor had the governor, except in one or two monosyllables. The former was waiting with amused interest for the marrow of the visit to be produced; the latter sat in fidgety suspicion—like a lion or bear or bull in a net—wondering what was coming. At last she opened the matter.

"I dare say you wonder what brought me to Crinkle. Well, as we are joint possessors of these quarries (I holding a small, very small, portion)—which have improved so vastly under your management—I thought I would come and talk to you about it; you may help me with a little advice. I want to do the best I can, not on my own account (like you, I am quite independent of any means arising from such a source), but for the sake of those to whom it will be everything."

Here she fixed her irresistible eyes on him. His own flinched under them, and he moved nervously, but he did not speak. She knew that silence would not do, so she went on, "I have been to the works—I went yesterday; very good order, very good. I don't understand the machinery employed, but it appears to me you have chosen the very best; all the last improvements, I was told. Oh, it is a fine thing to have a man of spirit and enterprise as a co-trustee!"

"A what?" cried the governor, that word breaking the spell in which he had been held.

"How you startled me!" she exclaimed, laughing. "A co-trustee, I said—are we not co-trustees?"

"Co-trustees?" he gasped, "what d'ye mean, ma'am?"

"Oh, surely you know what I mean," she answered, gently but firmly. "You don't love the

Chancellors—nor do I (except my cousin Capel), although I fell somehow into the family; but it is a long family, and has been a powerful one, and is powerful enough now to take care of all the rights of all its members—even those of poor little orphans."

The governor was about to rise—to do he knew not what—but she placed her little hands on his huge arm, and said, "Oh, you mustn't move, really you mustn't; I haven't done yet."

Captain Chancellor had sat perfectly quiet while all this was going on, feeling that he had only to "watch the case," and that any interference on his part would be injurious rather than useful. He rose now, and going to the window, looked out on the scene below, for he judged, and rightly, that madame's success would be more hopeful if the governor were left to be vanquished without a witness.

For a time he listened with amusement to her lively attacks and his growled and grunted retorts, as she energetically pleaded the cause of the orphans and the utter futility of resisting their claim; but his attention was diverted from them by what took place beneath the window. Shuck had come forth from the entrance, as if to meet and turn back a party that seemed advancing towards it. A very remarkable party it was; more, he thought, like an army of crows led by a raven than anything else. There was evidently a strong contest between them. Shuck gesticulated vehemently, and tried his best to force a retreat; but not a step would the leader move, and the party behind kept their ground, standing in single file, as if one spirit and will animated the whole troop.

"Capital discipline!" thought the captain; "they look as firm as a forlorn hope!"

The leader, who was a woman in black, carried an infant, and the "forlorn hope" that followed her consisted of eight little children, all in sable garments, and graduating in size like steps.

In vain Shuck remonstrated and waved his hands. With stolid perseverance the force gained way, and drove him foot by foot from his position, till they all moved from the front, and turned the corner that led to the entrance.

What could it mean? A thought struck the captain. But no; it could not be the orphans! No one had heard definitely concerning their probable time of landing, and his sister, Mrs. Callendar, had made every provision for receiving them, and had written, with her offer of a home, full directions as to how they were to proceed on their arrival.

As he was considering what he had seen, a loud knock at the study door drew all eyes towards it. It was a knock, not of ceremony, but necessity,—made with hard knuckles. There was no time for the governor to say "Come in," even if he had intended it. After an evident tussle between parties contending for the handle, it was pushed open, and in walked "the crows" with their raven leader.

"It's eight 'little Chancellors,' and a babby and the woman as has brought 'em," Shuck cried, in an agitated, injured tone. "I'm sure I did my best to keep 'em down, but she wouldn't, she said, nohow. What a day this have been; and here's a pretty finish to it!"

There sat the governor, almost breathless with amazement and consternation. Madame was startled into an attitude characteristic of strong interest; Shuck stood the picture of despair at the door, as if

waiting for his final sentence from his master, and worked up to readiness for it, for nature, even his, could bear no more; and the captain rested still against the window, surveying the group with a calm soldierlike look that took a professional view of the manoeuvre. But who shall paint the "forlorn hope"? The nurse, with the baby, facing undauntedly the governor, and four little Chancellors ranged on each side of her. Eighteen eyes were fixed on him at once; there might have been twenty, but the "babby" was asleep.

The apparition had the effect of producing for a short interval a profound silence, which no one seemed willing to break, till the nurse, a woman in person very like Mrs. Chippery, but an inch or two taller, having cleared her throat and given a searching glance at Madame Topliffe and the captain, set her face again on the governor, and said, in a voice made somewhat louder by agitation and emotion, "We're come, you see, and I hopes we're welcome, for all we had to fight our way in."

"Shuck!" cried Madame Topliffe, looking with alarm at the governor, "your master is ill—not well. The surprise has overcome him; take him to his room."

It was time, for plainly enough the shock had been too much for him; he looked as if he were becoming insensible, and sank on one side, as though falling from his chair.

"This here's all along of *you*, missus," Shuck cried, reproachfully, as he pushed by the nurse to get at his master.

"Untie the cravat; loosen his waistcoat, Capel!"

Madame was quite concerned, and spoke with as much feeling as if the sick man had been her dearest friend.

There was no need to call "Capel!" he had reached the poor governor before Shuck, and his powerful arm supported him while his calm and ready judgment suggested the best mode of carrying him to his bed. Shuck, who was really attached to his master, was so frightened that all his usual coolness forsook him; this was doubtless owing, in a measure, to the numerous and strong contests in which he had been that day engaged.

The Crinkle doctor was sent for with all speed. But when laid down on his bed, free from all impediments to circulation, the governor seemed slightly to revive. Madame emptied the little bottle of eau de Cologne (her universal recipe for all bodily evils), which she always carried in her pocket, on his forehead; her hand, shaking a little from agitation, went too close to his eyes, and the smart had the effect of opening them.

"Charming!" cried madame, "he is coming to! I believe it is a faint, nothing more; oh if I had but a little more!" looking at the empty bottle with regret.

The governor's face began to assume a more life-like appearance. He was evidently better, for he heard the comment over the empty bottle, and whispered "No, no more."

"We had better leave him, he may sleep," suggested the captain. "Shuck, you keep guard. He must be quite quiet till the doctor comes."

"Doctor?" murmured the governor; "I want no doctor; don't let him come."

His voice was quite imploring, and madame, sympathising in his superiority to professional help, agreed with Shuck when he declared "he believed

the sight of a doctor would put the last finish on him," and told him she would despatch the doctor.

"You'll see as that 'ooman and her niggers get off the premises, sir; it was her and them as did it," Shuck whispered to the captain, as he and madame left the room.

## WIT IN COURT.

COURTS of justice, although in a general way dull and prosy enough to the uninterested spectator of their proceedings, are, nevertheless, occasionally enlivened by smart sayings, ready jokes, and droll clashes of wit between judge and jury, the gentlemen of the bar and their victims in the witness-box. The very sobriety and dulness of a court of justice in the ordinary way renders anything like a little fun very agreeable to all in court, except perhaps those who have serious issues at stake, and a smart repartee or a telling answer will rarely fail to win, at least, the nearest approach to applause that the decorum of the court will permit. From the lightest of witnesses to the gravest of judges, everybody who can fairly command his faculties in a court of justice seems to make it a point of saying a smart thing whenever an opportunity presents itself. Some of our judges, indeed, have been the most incorrigible of jokers, and have dealt out their wit very impartially to all comers. Lord Ellenborough was one of these. "What are you, sir?" asked his lordship, on one occasion when a gentleman stepped into the witness-box, dressed in rather a fantastic style, and proceeded to give his evidence in a manner as eccentric as his dress. "I employ myself as a surgeon," was the rather unfortunate reply. "But does anybody else employ you as a surgeon?" gravely inquired the judge. A similar question once put by another Lord Chief Justice to an individual whose competency as a bail was in dispute, elicited the reply that he was a colourman. "Ah," said the judge, "then it appears to me that you are brought here merely in the way of your business to give a colour to this transaction." On one occasion Lord Ellenborough was under the necessity of listening to an advocate who had the reputation of being a sound lawyer, but a terrible bore. The question before the court was the rateability of certain lime quarries to the relief of the poor. Counsel contended at a most wearisome length that such property was not rateable because the limestone in the quarries could be reached only by deep boring, which was a matter of science. "Well," interrupted his lordship, "as to that, you will hardly succeed in convincing us, sir, that every species of boring is a matter of science." It is said that there was only one man in court who failed to see the joke.

This famous judge has been credited with innumerable witticisms, some of them exceedingly sarcastic and telling. Henry Hunt, a noted demagogue of his day, was once before him to receive sentence upon a conviction for holding a seditious meeting, and he began a speech in mitigation of penalties by complaining of certain persons who accused him of "stirring up the people by dangerous eloquence." "My impartiality as a judge," mildly observed the Lord Chief Justice, "calls upon me to say, sir, that in accusing you of that they do you great injustice."

While speaking of this great judge there is an anecdote about him which has often been told before,

but which ought to be repeated here although for a moment it takes us fairly out of court, and cannot be given as an instance of wit. It is related that when on one occasion he was about to set out on circuit his wife proposed to accompany him, a proposition to which his lordship assented, provided there were no bandboxes tucked under the seat of his carriage, as he had too often found there had been when he had been thus honoured before. Accordingly Lord and Lady Ellenborough set out together, but had not proceeded very far before the judge, stretching out his legs under the seat in front of him, kicked against one of the flimsy receptacles which he had specially prohibited. Down went the window and out went the bandbox into the ditch; and when the coachman pulled up, supposing that the box had been accidentally dropped out, he was rather savagely ordered to drive on, and let the thing lie where it was. They reached the assize town in due course, and his lordship proceeded to robe for the court. "And now where's my wig?—where's my wig?" he demanded, when everything else had been donned. "Your wig, my lord," replied his servant, "was in the bandbox your lordship threw out of window as we came along."

But to get back into court. Judges have sometimes given decisions characterised by a wit and humour of a very decisive kind. Lord Mansfield, for instance, once had before him, in one of the provincial courts, a poor old soul whose neighbours had taken it into their benighted heads that she was a witch, and numbers of them came forward to bear witness to the fact of her having been seen at night travelling through the air feet uppermost. All the witnesses were evidently so immovable in their belief in witchcraft, and in their conviction that they had really seen what they described, that the Lord Chief Justice seems to have considered it useless to waste words upon them in any attempt to refute their folly; but he told them that even though it were true that the old lady had gone about her business in this eccentric fashion, it was impossible to convict her of any offence in so doing. The law of England, he assured them, did not forbid any of them to go about with either their head or their heels uppermost, whichever they found most convenient. The old lady must be discharged.

It was this judge, we believe, who once dealt such prompt and affable encouragement to a young barrister who had the reputation of being a very impudent, self-confident fellow, but who nevertheless seemed to have forgotten the speech he had evidently been entrusting to memory. "The unfortunate client who appears by me," he began—"the unfortunate client who appears by me—my lord, my unfortunate client—" "You can go on, sir," said the judge, in a soft and encouraging tone, "so far the court is entirely with you." Equally interesting was Lord Mansfield's mode of snubbing a famous physician who, when in the witness-box, treated his lordship with undue familiarity. Dr. Brocklesby had on the previous evening been a guest at the same dinner-table with the Lord Chief Justice, and had exchanged with him pleasantries of a rather free and easy kind. On the strength of this he ventured, on stepping into the box, to nod familiarly to his lordship, as to one of his acquaintances. Lord Mansfield took no notice of his salutation, but gravely wrote down his evidence, and when he came to it in the course of his summing up he said, "The next witness, gentlemen,

is one Rocklesby, or Brooklesby—Brooklesby or Rocklesby, I am not sure which—and first he swears that he is a physician."

In Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chief Justices," to which we are indebted for many of the anecdotes in this paper, there is a very good story illustrative of Lord Mansfield's ready wit on the bench. The joke this time was at the expense of Serjeant Hill, a very learned lawyer, but so incapable of applying his learning to the practical matters of life that he acquired among his professional brethren the name of Serjeant Labyrinth. On a certain trial a deed was produced in evidence, purporting to be an indenture, but which, instead of having its parchment edge cut zig-zag, as usual, appeared to have been cut quite straight. "Serjeant Hill, for the defendant, objected that it could not be received in evidence because the law says that such a conveyance of real property must be by indenture. There are two parts of it, one to be executed by each party. The counterparts must be written on the same piece of parchment, and then cut in toothed or waving line, so that, as a guard against forgery, they only fit in when applied to each other. The instrument is thus called an indenture because it is *instar dentium*. He then fortified his argument with dicta from the text writers, and decisions from the year books." Lord Mansfield did not dispute the validity of his arguments any more than he rejected the evidence in the trial of the witch, but after hearing him for a long time, he said, "Brother Hill, hand me up the deed." The deed was handed, and his lordship applied the edge of it to one eye, while he closed the other, and after a very careful examination, he thus pronounced judgment:—"I am of opinion that this is not a straight mathematical line, therefore it is *instar dentium*, and comes within your own definition of an indenture. Let it be read in evidence." On another occasion this same counsel was before him in a case which turned entirely on the meaning of an old woman's will, and the serjeant proceeded to draw out a wearisome string of instances from the year books, until at last Lord Mansfield could stand it no longer. "Brother Hill," he exclaimed, "do you think that although these cases may occupy the attention of an old woman, this old woman ever read them, or that any old woman can understand them?"

Keen and cutting words, or even trifling incivilities, indulged in at the expense of counsel, have sometimes met with swift retribution. Plunket was once engaged in a case, when, towards the end of the afternoon, it became a question whether the court should proceed or adjourn till the next day. Plunket expressed his willingness to go on if the jury would "set." "Sit, sir, sit," said the presiding judge. "not 'set;' hens set." "I thank you, my lord," said Plunket. The case proceeded, and presently the judge had occasion to observe that if that were the case, he feared the action would not "lay." "Lie, my lord, lie," exclaimed the barrister, "not 'lay;' hens lay." "If you don't stop your coughing, sir," said a testy and irritable judge, "I'll fine you a hundred pounds." "I'll give your lordship two hundred if you can stop it for me," was the ready reply. Curran was once addressing a jury, when the judge, who was thought to be antagonistic to his client, intimated his dissent from the arguments advanced by a shake of his head. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's head. Persons unacquainted with his lordship would be apt to think

his implied a difference of opinion, but be assured, gentlemen, this is not the case. When you know his lordship as well as I do, it will be unnecessary to tell you that when he shakes his head there really is nothing in it." On another occasion Curran was pleading before Fitzgibbon, the Irish Chancellor, with whom he was on terms of anything but friendship. The chancellor, with the distinct purpose, as it would seem, of insulting the advocate, brought with him on to the bench a large Newfoundland dog, to which he devoted a great deal of his attention while Curran was addressing a very elaborate argument to him. At a very material point in the speech the judge turned quite away, and seemed to be wholly engrossed with his dog. Curran ceased to speak. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said the chancellor. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lords," said the witty barrister, "I really was under the impression that your lordships were in consultation."

But perhaps the most crushing rejoinder ever flung back in return for an insult from the bench was that which this same advocate hurled at Judge Robinson.

Judge Robinson is described as a man of sour and cynical disposition, who had been raised to the bench—so, at least, it was commonly believed—simply because he had written in favour of the government of his day a number of pamphlets remarkable for nothing but their servile and rancorous scurrility. At a time when Curran was only just rising into notice, and while he was yet a poor and struggling man, this judge ventured upon a sneering joke, which, small though it was, but for Curran's ready wit and scathing eloquence, might have done him irreparable injury. Speaking of some opinion of counsel on the opposite side, Curran said he had consulted all his books and could not find a single case in which the principle in dispute was thus established. "That may be, Mr. Curran," sneered the judge; "but I suspect your law library is rather limited." Curran eyed the heartless toady for a moment, and then broke forth with this noble retaliation. "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and this circumstance has certainly rather curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed of my wealth if I could stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and notoriously contemptible."

The wit of a judge has sometimes been more conspicuous than his wisdom or his respect for the law. A curious old story, given in one of the publications of the Camden Society, may be taken as an illustration of this. The story is headed "Much Justice and little Law," and runs thus: "There was a business that could not be conducted by a single justice, yet Sir Edward Peyton, as a prerogative assise, would needs convene the parties before him. One, being a shrewd, understanding, plaine fellow, told him he thought his worshipspe was mistaken, for one justice was not sufficient for the business. 'Why, sirrha,' sayes he, 'am I not a justice of the peace?' 'Yes, an't please your worshipspe.' 'And am not I a justico

of the quorum?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Why, then, sirrha,' sayes he, 'there's two justices for you;' and so he entered like a foele into the cause."

But though jokes and witticisms have sometimes emanated from the bench, they have far more frequently come from the bar and the witness-box. An off-hand joke is always more or less of a speculation; until it is uttered even the joker cannot be quite certain that it is a good one. Few men have ever said a great many "good things" without saying a still greater number of bad ones; and the judge who should continually be giving expression to small and inferior jokes, such as may pass very well between the bar and the witness-box, would seriously impair his dignity. With the witness who for just one brief period in a lifetime, perhaps, finds himself pitted against a keen cross-examiner, and under the full glare of the public bull's-eye, or with the barrister whose success in his profession depends, or is supposed to depend to a great extent on his power of cajoling and browbeating a witness, the case is different, and "wit and sneers, and deadly-brain blows," are often exchanged with a freedom which is certain now and then to produce a "palpable hit," and which not infrequently culminates in what is called a scene in court.

A quick and ready wit is an almost indispensable endowment in a good cross-examining counsel, but the quickest and readiest sometimes finds his match. "Oh, you say this gentleman was about fifty-five," said Canning, to a pert young woman in the witness-box, "and I suppose now you consider yourself to be a pretty good judge of people's ages, eh? Ah, just so. Well, now, how old should you take me to be?" "Judging by your appearance, sir," replied the witness, "I should take you to be about sixty. By your questions I should suppose you were about sixteen." Whether counsel had any more questions for this lady is not recorded. "Now," began another learned gentleman, rising slowly from among his professional brethren, and looking very profound, "Now are you prepared to swear that this mare was three years old?" "Swear?" returned the stableman in the box, "yes, I'll swear she was." "And pray, sir, upon what authority are you prepared to swear it?" "What authority?" echoed the witness. "Yes, sir, upon what authority? You are to give me an answer, and not repeat my question." "I don't see as a man can be expected to answer a question before he has had time to turn it over." "Nothing can be simpler than the question put to you. Upon what authority, I repeat, do you swear to this animal's age?" "On very good authority." "Then why this evasion? Why not state it at once?" "Well, if you must have it—" "Must have it!" interrupted the man of law, "I will have it." "Well, then, if you must and will have it," said the ostler, with deliberate gravity, "I had it from the mare's own mouth."

A particularly witty reply was once made by a well-known English architect, who had been giving an important opinion, and whose professional status Mr. Serjeant Garrow, the opposing counsel, was anxious to depreciate. "You are a builder, I believe?" began the serjeant. "No, sir, I am not a builder; I am an architect." "Ah, well, builder or architect, architect or builder, they are pretty much the same, I suppose." "I beg your pardon, sir, I can't admit that; I consider them to be totally different." "Oh, indeed; perhaps you will state wherein this great



difference consists." "An architect, sir, conceives the design, prepares the plans, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the mind. The builder is merely the machine; the architect the power that puts the machine together and sets it going." "Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do; a very ingenious distinction without a difference. Do you happen to know who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?" "There was no architect, sir," replied the witness, "hence the confusion there."

A very smart, though a very insolent retort was once made to a magistrate by an impecunious-looking fellow, upon whom a somewhat heavy fine had just been imposed for drunkenness. From the appearance of the culprit everybody in court probably expected that he would have to go to prison, but to the surprise of all, the delinquent displayed a pocket full of money, and sullenly began to count out the amount of his fine, whereupon the magistrate proceeded to remonstrate with him on his recklessness in going about the streets in a state of drunkenness with such a sum of money about him. It was a wonder, remarked the magistrate, that he had not been robbed. "As to robbery," growled the prisoner, "it's mighty little difference I can see between being robbed in the streets and being robbed here." Another instance of a ready-witted culprit is given in the Camden publication to which reference has just been made. "A rogue was branded on the hand, and before he went from the barre the judge had them search if he were not branded before. 'No, my lord,' says he, 'I was never branded before.' They searcht, and found the marke. 'Oh, you're an impudent slave. What thinks you now?' 'I cry your honour's mercy,' says he, 'for I ever thought my shoulders stood behind.'" And again, in the same book, is another story: "One Dr. Warren, a divine in degree and profession, yet seldome in the pulpitt or church, but a justice of peace, and very pragmatikal in secular businesse, having a fellow before him good refractorie and stubborne: 'Well, sirrha,' says he, 'goe your wayes. I'll teach you law, I'll warrant you.' 'Sir,' says he, 'I had rather your worshippe would teach us some Gospell.'"

"Which way did these stairs run?" was a question once put to a witness who was well known to be rather a wag in his way. "That," he promptly replied, "altogether depends upon where you are standing. If you are at the bottom they run up, but if you are at the top they run down."

Our friend Pat has, of course, occasionally distinguished himself by his ready wit and humour in the witness-box, as everywhere else. He was once on trial for some offence or other in New York, when, in answer to the charge against him, he pleaded not guilty. As soon as the jury had taken their places, the district attorney proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence Patrick—so the story is told—turned his face to the judge, and said: "Do I understand, yer honour, that Mr. Furkisson is to be a witness foreninst me?" "It seems so," the judge answered, drily. "Well, thin, yer honour, I plade guilty, shure, if yer honour please; not because I am guilty, for I'm as innocent as a suckin' babe, but just on account of savin' Misther Furkisson's sowl." Another native of the Emerald Isle was asked whether he could show any proof that he was married, and instantly displayed a scar on his head "about the size of the knob on a fire shovel," while another raised a laugh in court by candidly

admitting that he had had a *hand* in kicking the plaintiff downstairs.

There is one more joke recorded in the Camden publication already quoted, which, although no Irishman appears to have been concerned in it, is well worthy the reputation Pat has managed to acquire. "A controversie being at Bury assizes about wintering of cattell before Baron Trevers, then judge upon the bench, and the demand being extreame high, 'My friend,' says he, 'this is most unreasonable. I wonder thou art not ashamed, for I myself have knowne a beast winter'd one whole summer for a crown.' 'That was a bull, my lord, I believe,' says the fellow, at which ridiculous expression by the judge, and slye retorted jeere of the countryman, the whole court fell into a most profuse laughter."

Unconscious drollery, perhaps, ought not to come under the head of wit, but it is very apt to provoke "profuse laughter," and few things of this kind have been more effective than the very unwitting joke of an "infant plaintiff," who was once held up to the inspection of an impressionable jury by her tender-hearted legal advocate, weeping piteously. This seemed likely to produce a great effect on the jury, and at once brought the learned counsel on the other side to his feet. "What are you crying for, my little dear?" he asked, in his most insinuating tones. "Bo-o-o," responded the "infant plaintiff," "'Cause he's pinching me."

### A Doubting Heart.

WHERE are the swallows fled?

Frozen and dead,

Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore,

O doubting heart!

Far over purple seas,

They wait in sunny ease,

The balmy southern breeze,

To bring them to the northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?

Prisoned they lie

In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.

O doubting heart!

They only sleep below

The soft white ermine snow,

While winter winds shall blow,

To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays

These many days;

Will dreary hours never leave the earth?

O doubting heart!

The stormy clouds on high

Veil the same sunny sky,

That soon (for spring is nigh)

Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light

Is quenched in night.

What sound can break the silence of despair?

O doubting heart!

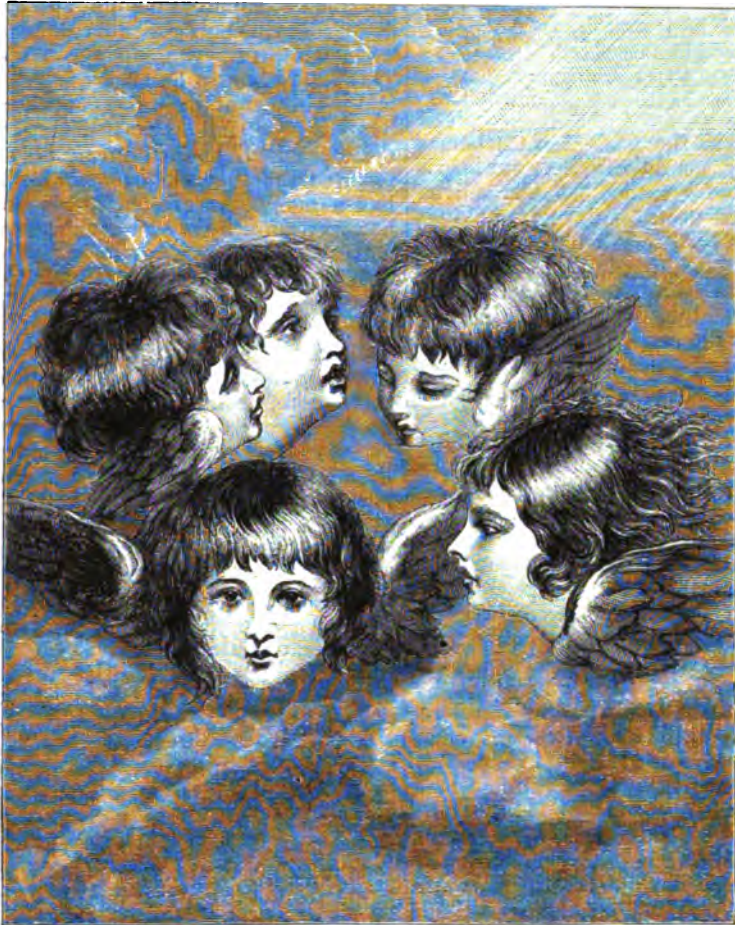
Thy sky is overcast,

Yet stars shall rise at last,

Brighter for darkness past,

And angels' silver voices stir the air.\*

\* From Adelaide Anne Procter's "Legends and Lyrics." By permission of George Bell and Son.



ANGEL HEADS.

*[From the Picture in the National Gallery, by Sir Joshua Reynolds]*



## ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

### December.

AT this dark and wintry season of the year, what a different aspect Nature presents to that which she displayed in "Flowery May" or "Leafy June." Now, to quote the words of Scott—

"No mark of vegetable life is seen,  
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call,  
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,  
Save the lone redbreast on the moss-grown wall."

At such a time, then, the festival of Christmas occurs most opportunely, not only to cheer our hearts with its "glad tidings of great joy," but to enliven and brighten our homes with its family merrymakings and friendly greetings. Thus Washington Irving remarks how "there is something in this very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivities of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we 'live abroad and everywhere.' But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. Our thoughts are more concentrated, our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment."

By our Anglo-Saxon forefathers December was called *Winter-Monat*, or *Winter-Month*, but after their conversion to Christianity the name was changed to *Heiligh-Monat*, or *Holy-Month*, on account of the anniversary of Christ's birth; and in parts of Germany the term *Christomonat* is still given to it. In Northumberland it was formerly called Hagmana, a word of which further mention will be made in the course of this paper.

In ancient times, on St. Nicholas's Day (December 6th) a curious custom of electing the "boy-bishop," or "Episcopus Puerorum," took place, who from this date until Innocents', or Childermas Day, exercised, says a correspondent of "Book of Days," "a burlesque episcopal jurisdiction, and with his juvenile dean and prebendaries, parodied the various ecclesiastical functions and ceremonies." This ceremony, as far as we can learn, prevailed throughout most of the English cathedrals, and was also kept up in many grammar schools. At what period it took its rise in this country is uncertain, but there is little doubt that, after it had been established on the Continent, it would soon find its way here. Warton\* was of opinion that he found distinct traces of this religious mockery as early as the year 867 or 870. His words are, "At the Constantinopolitan Synod, 867, at which were present three hundred and seventy-three bishops, it was found to be a solemn custom in the courts of princes, on certain stated days, to dress

some laymen in the episcopal apparel, who should exactly personate a bishop, both in his tonsure and ornaments. This scandal to the clergy was anathematized. But ecclesiastical synods have often proved too weak to suppress popular spectacles, which take deep root in the public manners, and are only concealed for a while to spring up afresh with new vigour." The boy-bishop at Salisbury is actually said to have had the power of disposing of such prebends there as happened to fall vacant during the days of his episcopacy. If he died during his office, he not only received the funeral honours of a bishop, but even had a monument erected to his memory. At last, however, after a very long existence, this ridiculous and profane practice was abrogated by a proclamation of King Henry the Eighth's, dated July 22nd, 1542. Queen Mary seems to have restored it, for in Strype's "Ecclesiastical Memorials" (vol. iii. p. 202) we read that on November 13th, 1554, an edict was issued by the Bishop of London to all the clergy of his diocese, to have a boy-bishop in procession. It would naturally again be put down when Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne; but yet it seems, says Brand, to have been exhibited in the country villages towards the latter end of her reign. Rock ("Church of Our Fathers," 1853), speaking on this subject, says that "if schoolboys had the patron St. Nicholas, little girls had their patroness too, St. Catherine, who by her learning overthrew the cavillings of many heathen philosophers, and won some of them to Christianity. On this festival, therefore, did the girls walk about the towns in their processions."

In some parts of the country St. Thomas's Day (December 21st) is still observed by a custom called "going a gooding." Early in the morning the poor people go round the village, from house to house, begging either money or provisions with which to celebrate the approaching festivity of Christmas. In return for the presents given to them, it was customary for the recipients, in days gone by, to present their benefactors with a sprig of holly or mistletoe. In Herefordshire St. Thomas's Day is called by the poor people "Mumping Day," and the custom of going from house to house, asking for contributions, is termed *going a-mumping*. In many parts of Staffordshire, we learn from a correspondent of "Notes and Queries," representatives from every poor family in the parish go round for alms. The clergyman is expected to give one-shilling to each person, and consequently, the celebration of this day is attended with no small expense. Some of the parishioners give alms in money, others in kind. Thus, for example, some of the farmers give corn, which the millers grind gratis. In some places the money collected is given to the clergyman and churchwardens, who, on the Sunday nearest to St. Thomas's Day, distribute it at the vestry. The fund is called St. Thomas's Dole, and the day itself, Doleing Day. At Harvington, in Worcestershire, the following rhyme was sung:—

\* See Brand's "Pop. Antiq." 1840, vol. 1, pp. 415-451.

"Wissal, wissal through the town,  
If you've got any apples throw them down;  
Up with the stockings and down with the shoe,  
If you've got no apples money will do.  
The jug is white and the ale is brown,  
This is the best house in the town."

On the 21st of this month happens the *Winter Solstice*, or Shortest Day, when the sun is something less than eight hours above the horizon.

In the primitive Church Christmas Day was kept as a holyday, and hence was preceded by an Eve or Vigil, as an occasion of preparing for the day following. The day of the Vigil was spent in the ordinary manner, but with the evening, says Soane,\* the sports began; about seven or eight o'clock hot cakes were drawn from the oven; ale, cyder, and spirits went freely round, and the carol singing commenced, which was continued through the greater part of the night. For a graphic picture of this night, in the olden time, most of our readers are no doubt acquainted with that furnished by Sir Walter Scott in "*Marmion*," which ends as follows:—

"England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year."

Although many of the superstitious practices of former times have fallen into disuse, yet some are still kept up in various parts of the country with more or less vigour. Thus, in *Devonshire*, it is still customary on Christmas Eve for the farmer, with his family and friends, says a correspondent of "*Book of Days*," after partaking together of hot cakes and cyder, to proceed to the orchard, one of the party bearing hot cake and cyder, as an offering to the principal apple-tree. The cake is formally deposited on the fork of the tree, and the cyder thrown over the latter, the men firing guns and pistols, and the women and girls shouting:—

"Bear blue, apples and pears enow,  
Barn fulls, sack fulls, bag fulls.  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

In *Cornwall*, the yule log goes by the name of the "*Mock*," and great festivities attend the burning of it, one of which is the old ceremony of lighting the block with a brand produced from the fire of last year. In the south-east of *Ireland*, we are told that people on Christmas Eve scarcely go to bed at all, and the first who announces the crowing of the cock, if a male, is rewarded with a cup of tea, in which is mixed a glass of spirits; if a female, with the tea only; but as a substitute for the whisky, she is saluted with several kisses. Among some of the customs now obsolete may be mentioned a pretty one practised at *St. Outhbert's Church, Ackworth, in Yorkshire*, where it was usual to suspend outside the porch a sheaf of corn for the especial benefit of the birds, as is still done in *Scandinavian countries*. In the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" (vol. xc. p. 33) is the following account of a custom that formerly existed at *Tretyre* on Christmas Eve. The writer, describing it, says:—"They make a cake, poke a stick through it, fasten it upon the horn of an ox, and say certain words, begging a good crop of corn for the master. The men and boys attending

the oxen range themselves around. If the ox throws a cake behind, it belongs to the men, if before, to the boys. They take with them a wooden bottle of cyder and drink it, repeating the charm before mentioned."

During the last few years carol singing has been extensively revived at this season. It had never, indeed, quite died out in our rural districts, in which may be annually purchased at the village shop roughly printed broadsides with grotesque woodcuts. The Christmas carol (said to be derived from *cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, an interjection of joy) is undoubtedly of very ancient origin. Bishop Taylor observes that the "*Gloria in Excelsis*," the well-known hymn sung by the angels to the shepherds at our Lord's nativity, was the earliest Christmas carol. Milton, too, in the twelfth book of his "*Paradise Lost*," alludes to this. He says:—

"His place of birth a solemn angel tells  
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;  
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire  
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung."

In the early ages of the Church it appears that bishops were in the habit of singing these sacred canticles among their clergy. Curious to say, there are scarcely to be found any traces at all of Christmas carol singing in *Scotland*, although such a practice has been so general, not only in *England*, but in *France* and other parts of the Continent.

Another old custom that still lingers on is that of the "*waits*"—musicians who for two or three weeks before Christmas play by night, generally terminating their performances on Christmas Eve. Much uncertainty exists as to the meaning of the word *waits*, some being of opinion that it originally denoted either musical instruments or a particular kind of music; while others again think it referred to the persons who played. It must be admitted, however, that any conclusion we may arrive at on this subject can only be purely conjectural, as after taking into account all that has been written on the term in question, the evidence in support of the many views that have been started seems very equally divided. In *London* the post of master of the waits was formerly purchased, and in *Westminster* it was an appointment under the control of the High Constable and the Court of Burgesses.\*

On Christmas Eve it was customary with our ancestors to light up candles of an uncommon size, and to lay a large log of wood upon the fire, called a yule log, to illuminate the house, and, as it were, turn night into day. Herrick, in his "*Hesperides*," thus alludes to this practice:—

"Come bring with a noise, my merry, merry boys,  
The Christmas log to the firing,  
While my good dame she—bids ye all be free,  
And drink to your heart's desiring."

With the last year's brand—light the new block, and  
For good success in his spending,  
On your psalteries play—that sweet luck may  
Come while the log is a-teending."

Drink now the strong beere, cut the white loafe here,  
The while the meat is a shredding,  
For the rare mince-pie, and the plums stand by,  
To fill the paste that's a-kneading."

\* "*Curiosities of Literature*."

\* See "*Book of Days*," vol. II. p. 743.



In the earlier ages Christmas Day was called in the Eastern Church the *Epiphany*, or *Manifestation of the Light*, a name which, however, was subsequently given to "Twelfth Day;" and among the Anglo-Saxons it was reckoned as the beginning of the year. The season of the Nativity is now no longer celebrated by that hospitality which characterised its observance among our ancestors. At present Christmas gatherings are almost entirely confined to family parties. The wassail bowl, the yule log, and the lord of misrule, with a long train of sports and customs which formerly prevailed at this time, are forgotten; and nowadays the decking of churches, and occasionally of houses, with holly and other evergreens, forms almost the only indication that the great festival has again come round ("Knight's English Cyclopædia," 1859, vol. ii. p. 182). Thus, for example, in a tract entitled "Round about our Coal Fire," we have the following account of the way in which Christmas was observed in days gone by:—"An English gentleman at the opening of the great day—i.e., on Christmas Day in the morning—had all his tenants and neighbours enter his hall by daybreak. The strong beer was broached, and the black-jacks went plentifully about, with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese. The hackin (the great sausage) must be boiled by daybreak, or else two young men must take the maiden (i.e., the cook) by the arms, and run her round the market-place till she is ashamed of her laziness. In Christmas holidays the tables were all spread from the first to the last; the sirloins of beef, the minced pies, the plum porridge, the capons, turkeys, geese, and plum-puddings, were all brought upon the board. Every one ate heartily, and was welcome, which gave rise to the proverb, 'Merry in the hall, when beards wag all.'"

Dr. Kimbault,\* speaking also of Christmas in the olden times, says that among the various games and sports were card-playing, chess, draughts, jack-puddings in the hall, fiddlers and musicians, who were regaled with a black-jack of beer and a Christmas pie; also singing the wassail, scrambling for nuts, apples, and cakes; dancing round standards decorated with evergreens in the streets, the famous old hobby-horse, hunting owls and squirrels, the fool plough, hot cockles, and the game of hoodman-blind.

Among the many customs now almost obsolete may be mentioned a very pretty one, namely, that of bearing the "vessel," or more properly, the wassail-cup. This consists of a box containing two dolls, dressed up to represent the Virgin and the infant Christ, decorated with ribbons and surrounded by flowers and apples. The box has usually a glass lid, is covered over with a white cloth, and carried by a woman from house to house. On the top, over the box, a basin is placed, and the bearer, on reaching her destination, uncovers the box and sings the carol commonly known as the "Seven Joys of the Virgin." The carrying of the "vessel-cup" is entirely a forfuitous speculation, as it is considered so unlucky to send any one away without a present of some sort that few can be found bold enough to do so. This custom, some years ago, was kept up at Leeds under the name of a "Wesley-bob."

In Sheffield a male must be the first to enter a house on the morning of both Christmas Day and New Year's Day; but there is no distinction made

as to complexion or colour of hair. In the houses of the more opulent manufacturers, says a correspondent of "Notes and Queries," these first admissions are often accorded to choirs of workpeople, who, as "waits," proceed at an early hour and sing before the houses of their employers and friends Christmas carols and hymns, always commencing with that beautiful composition—

"Christians, awake, salute the happy morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born."

On expressing their good wishes to the inmates, they are generally rewarded with something warm, and occasionally with a present in money. In Herefordshire, and also in Worcestershire, it is considered very unlucky for either new shoes or tanned leather to be received into the house during Christmas week, and very great attention is generally paid to this curious superstition.

In Scotland Christmas is kept up, in some parts, with great merrymaking and rejoicing. He who first opens the door on "Yule Day" expects to prosper more than any other member of the family during the future year, because, according to the vulgar phrase, "he lets in yule."

St. Stephen's Day (December 26th) is now most familiarly known amongst us as "Boxing Day," a term which most probably owes its origin to the old practice of depositing the Christmas gifts in a money-box, from which they could not be taken unless the box was broken open. Many allusions to this custom may be found in our old writers. Humphrey Browne, when speaking of a miser, says "he doth exceed in receiving, but is very deficient in giving; like the Christmas earthen boxes of apprentices, apt to take in money, but hee restores none till hee be broken like a potter's vessel into many shares." Gay, too, in his "Trivia," has the following:—

"Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,  
Beloved by uncles and kind good old aunts;  
When time comes round a *Christmas-box* they bear,  
And one day makes them rich for all the year."

Formerly, in the parish of Drayton Beauchamp, Buckinghamshire, a custom existed on this day called *Stephening*. All the inhabitants used to go to the rectory and eat as much bread and cheese, and drink as much ale, as they chose, at the expense of the rector. In the town of East Dereham, Norfolk, it is customary to ring a muffled peal from the church tower in the morning, a custom which exists at Woodchester, in Gloucestershire, on Holy Innocents' Day.

Until within the last thirty years it was the custom in Ireland for groups of young villagers, called wren-boys, to bear about a holly-bush adorned with ribbons, and having many wrens hanging from it, on St. Stephen's Day. As they went from house to house, they sung a song, the burthen of which may be gathered from the following lines:—

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,  
St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze;  
Although he is little, his family's great,  
I pray you, good landlady, give us a treat," etc.

A small gratuity was generally bestowed on them, and the day concluded with merrymaking and feasting with the money thus collected.

In Northamptonshire, Holy Innocents' Day (December 28th) is commonly called "Dyzemas Day."

\* "Notes and Queries," 2nd S. vol. xli. p. 480.

Miss Baker, in her "Glossary of Northamptonshire Words" (vol. i. p. 207), says that she was told by a sexagenarian on the southern side of the county that, within his remembrance, this day was kept as sacred as the Sabbath, and it was considered most unlucky to commence any work, or even to wash, on the same day of the week throughout the year on which the anniversary of this day last fell, and it was commonly said, "What is begun on Dysemas Day will never be finished." In Ireland it is termed "the Cross day of the year," and on it the Irish housewife will not warp thread, nor permit it to be warped, and according to the general superstition, anything begun on this day must have an unlucky ending.

From the old custom of singing carols on the last night of the year, it has been called Singing E'en; and in consequence, also, of the numerous services held for the purpose of "watching out the old year," it has of late been termed "Watch Night." Formerly at this season the head of the house assembled his family around a bowl of spiced ale, from which he drank their healths, then passed it to the rest, that they might drink too. The word that passed amongst them was the ancient Saxon phrase, *wass hail*, that is, *to your health*. Hence this came to be recognised as the wassail or wassel bowl. (Book of Days, vol. i. p. 27.) Formerly in Nottinghamshire \* the wassail was observed to a considerable extent. The young women of the village, neatly dressed for the occasion, and bearing about a bowl richly decorated with evergreens and ribbons, and filled with a compound called "lambswool," called at the chief houses, singing, amongst other verses, the following:—

"Good master, at your door,  
Our wassail we begin;  
We all are maidens poor,  
So we pray you let us in,  
And drink our wassail!  
All hail, wassail!  
Wassail, wassail!  
And drink our wassail."

In Scotland the universal name for the last day of the year is "Hogmanay." It is regarded by all as a great holiday, and early in the morning troops of children herald it in by wandering about the streets, and calling at the doors of the well-to-do inhabitants for the customary dole of oaten bread, at the same time shouting—

"Hogmanay,  
Trollolay,  
Give us of your white bread, and none of your grey."

Much doubt exists as to the exact meaning of the words *hogmanay* and *trollolay*. The late Professor Robison was of opinion that *hogmanay* is derived from "Au guy menez"—to the mistletoe go—which was formerly the lay of mummers at this season in France. Another explanation is, "Au gueux menez"—bring to the beggars.†

At the town of Biggar, in Lanarkshire, it has been the practice, from time immemorial, to celebrate what is termed "burning out the old year." For this purpose a large quantity of fuel is collected, consisting of branches of trees, brushwood, and coals, and about nine o'clock at night the fire is lighted, to view which visitors come from the whole adjacent neighbourhood, and are not content unless

they cast into the flaming mass some additional portion of material. It should be added that in many other parts of Scotland customs of a like nature are still kept up. In some places the children go about from door to door, asking for bread-and-cheese, which they call "hog-money," repeating the following lines:—

"Get up, gude wife, and binno sweir (*i.e.*, be not lazy),  
And deal your cakes and cheese while you are here;  
For the time will come when ye'll be dead,  
And neither need your cheese nor bread."

In Ireland, on the last night of the year, a cake is thrown against the outside door of the house by the head of the family, as this ceremony is said to keep out hunger during the ensuing one.

### Christmas Hymn.

As shadows cast by cloud and sun  
Flit o'er the summer grass,  
So, in Thy sight, Almighty One:  
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,  
Come pressing swiftly on,  
The brightest names that earth can boast  
Just glisten, and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed  
A lustre pure and sweet;  
And still it leads, as once it led,  
To the Messiah's feet.

And deeply, at this later day,  
Our hearts rejoice to see  
How children, guided by its ray,  
Come to the Saviour's knee.

O Father, may that Holy Star  
Grow every year more bright,  
And send its glorious beam afar,  
To fill the world with light.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### CHRISTMAS IN TROPICAL AUSTRALIA.

"A MERRY Christmas and a happy New Year." This is a salutation that is given in any part of the world where Britons have pitched their tents. It contains no allusion to blazing fires, with yule logs, nor to the white mantle which Englishmen expect to see spread over the earth. We in Australia do not quite forget that it is Christmas time, even under the blazing sun of Capricorn; but our enjoyments partake a little more of the *al fresco* order than they are wont to do at this season in the old country. I am now staying on the tropical line, and for the benefit of my younger friends, I may mention that at twelve o'clock at noon the other day I looked up a kitchen chimney and saw the sun looking down into it. This was a vertical sun with a vengeance, and the heat was in due proportion to the directness of his rays.

Perhaps it may amuse you to hear how I have passed a Christmas in the other side of the

\* See "Journal of Archaeological Association," vol. viii. p. 230.  
† Consult Chambers's "Pop. Rhymes," 1870, pp. 164, 166.

world, and my description will serve to show how the "Young Australian" takes his *summer* holiday. Did you ever hear of "Emu Park"? Probably not. Place the top of your finger on latitude 23°, on the eastern coast of Australia, and some portion of it will be sure to cover the exact spot. This is supposed to be the watering-place of the rising town of Rockhampton, and has been marked out as a township, and some of the allotments have, I believe, been sold, but there are no houses, save one public-house, and two or three small wooden cottages, the summer residences of some of the *élite*. These houses have, however, been left entirely without furniture, for fear of the *Blacks*. There are no streets, nor any indication of where it is intended they shall be; nor are there any Emus, as the name might suggest, much less a park for them to run in.

Instead of all these, there is a long length of high coast, looking very much like the Brighton Downs, and entirely bare of all vegetation, excepting coarse grass and a few patches of scrub. There is no fresh water within two or three miles of the township—which is a slight drawback, certainly—but the broad Pacific, all studded with jagged rocks and high steep volcanic islets, rolls its heavy surf upon sands and rocks with a never-ending roar.

There are fine hard curves of golden sands extending for miles, like the Jersey bays, most delightful to gallop over; and there are bluffs and headlands and tremendous piles of crag and stone. It is not the most picturesque spot for a picnic, but then the weather is not cold—quite the contrary—and the chances are it will be magnificently fine.

Some hundreds of the good people of Rockhampton resolved to pass their Christmas holidays at Emu Park, and I resolved to go and see how they did it. The party which I was invited to join made as much preparation as if they were going on a campaign. Drays were sent down beforehand—the distance is about thirty miles through the bush—loaded with tents and pots and pans and provisions and *et ceteras* of a very multitudinous description, comprising dozens upon dozens of lemonade and soda-water, with other things in proportion, to satisfy one's thirst, and a little mountain of provisions to appease the cravings of hunger; and last, but not least, a goodly crop of babies, who squalled in turns and in varying keys, according to sex and age. I travelled down on horseback, and did not arrive till tents were pitched and everything complete, and the whole township seemed alive with people, many with their tents, but many more camping out under their drays, and with watchfires all around. When we took up our places for the night on the bare ground in the small tent allotted to the gentlemen, we lay closely packed, very much like sardines in a row. There was a tent close by for the ladies and babies, and various sounds proceeding from that tent enlivened the dark still hours of the night! It was rather pleasant now and then to creep out of the tent into the open air, and to watch the bright glories of the Southern Cross bending to the western edge, emblazoned in a host of glittering stars. We had a parlour outside which served for taking our meals. It had no walls, but there was a ceiling of canvas stretched on four poles, and the bare earth was the floor. The furniture was for the most part composed of old brandy cases, in which our provisions had been packed for the journey. The table was a compound of broken cases and old boards, and most of

the seats were brandy cases set up on end; mine was a pail of water covered with a board, in which I kept the beer from par-boiling, and from which I fished up bottle after bottle as required. Our kitchen was close by, on the beach, and consisted of a large fire, on which stood a camp kettle and sundry pots and pans of iron. Two or three of the ladies attended to the cooking. Hard by there were several live geese and a big Muscovy duck, riding at anchor on one leg, and waiting their turn to minister to our daily wants. These creatures had a happy knack of waking us up about four a.m., which was rather troublesome, though we never thought of lying much after five o'clock, as we wanted our swim in the Pacific, before the sun grew too hot and fiery. There were plenty of sharks about, but as we bathed in squads of from thirty to fifty, and did not venture into deep water, they were probably as shy of us as we were of them. In the next cove to us, but separated from us by a deep curtain of rocks, the ladies bathed, also in flocks. Bathing was a necessity for both men and women, for as all the fresh water we had was brought some miles on drays, and was pretty muddy into the bargain, it would have been far too costly a luxury to indulge in ablutions of the ordinary kind. We generally bathed again at sunset.

What did we do in the daytime? Well, that was rather a puzzle. It was too hot to do anything, so we lay part of the time in our tents. The horses, too, were a constant care. There were about 200 of them, and, of course, they were all hobbled. But even in hobbles a horse can hobble away to a considerable distance during the long night, for you must remember that in the tropics it is quite dark soon after seven in the height of summer. They generally managed to make for the water holes, although two or three miles away. One of our party—and I need not say that I, as a "new chum," was never selected for the office—always set off early in the morning on foot with a bridle in his hand, and after catching the first quadruped he could get at, he mounted and drove in the others. We were fortunate in never losing any of our horses, although several of our neighbours were very unlucky in this respect. Horses, like people, go in cliques, and as ours were well acquainted, they always kept together. After breakfast the best fun of the day commenced. With nothing on but a shirt and a hat we mounted our barebacked steeds, and took them out to sea. They did not half like it, and there was great snorting and plunging as the high surf came rolling in; but a fall was of no consequence in the water, and so we forced them to swim till only their heads were visible and we were half submerged. The only real danger was from sharks, and one fellow showed his back fin within a very few yards of me, but he was luckily not quite game to attack a horse and his rider.

This salt bath made the horses very sleek and spirited, and we had some splendid gallops over the sands and up the hills, driving the kangaroos from their cover, and following them as they fled away with long swift bounds. There were some craggy islands hard by, to which we sailed, and on landing had a huge feast of oysters gathered fresh from the rocks. These islands are the resort of turtles, who come there to lay their eggs; but we were not fortunate in discovering any, as they are pretty quick in hurrying off into the sea when disturbed.

Our religious services were not quite neglected, for we had one minister amongst us, though not of the Established Church. Service was held in the evening, and we all sat down in rows on the side of a grassy hill, whilst the minister stood just below with his face turned towards us. The full moon shed a soft brilliancy over everything, and lit up the sea with a silvery light. Hymns were sung, and we had a sermon, which might very well compare with many of those in the old country. The contrasts in a new colony are rather strange. Just before the white men held their service, the black men held a corroboree. Of course we went to see these naked black fellows, grotesquely chalked all over, and dancing wildly with furious gestures and most violent contortions. The sight was more singular than pleasing, but it was highly characteristic, and agreed with the natural surroundings. In a few years these poor fellows will have passed away, just as they have gone from Victoria and New South Wales, where you must go far indeed to see a wild native.

Our holiday closed with a long, hot ride home, under a vertical sun, with the thermometer at 100° in the shade. In Australia this great heat does not hurt you much, if you are careful to protect your head and neck from the sun's rays. As I lay at night in my tent on the hard dry ground, I could not help picturing the friends at home, buried in blankets and eider-downs, or roasting before glowing fires; but probably most of them prefer the English Christmas to the one I have just described at the Antipodes. Still it is pleasant to find, when you travel in the most distant parts of the world, that wherever the English flag floats, there live all the memories of Christmas-time, not merely those of a social and jovial kind, but also the hallowed thoughts that usher in that holy festival.

"Peace on earth, good will to men," is sung in hymn and carol throughout the broad Australian land, and many a little iron church and chapel is wreathed with gorgeous creepers from the bush in place of the holly and green of old England.

C. H. ALLEN.

## ITALY ONE AND FREE.

THE narrative by Mary Howitt of the ceremonies witnessed by her at Rome in honour of Joseph Mazzini has been given as being of historical value. All the faults of the man were forgotten in the patriotism, of ancient Roman type, by which he was animated. The same feeling seems to have inspired the following tributary verses, by one who was a friend of Mazzini in his darkness and exile.

In London's busy streets the exile dwelt  
For years, in solitude among his books.  
Only a few knew what his great heart felt,  
Though many might have gathered from his looks,  
If not his speech.—His was a soul apart  
From common thought or work of school or mart.

Yet we knew well, how some, of high degree  
In the fair realm of sweet and liberal thought,  
Loved the Italian, and in sympathy  
Of holy purpose their true friendship brought;  
And gathered round him, as with glowing pen  
He made his brave appeal to all true men.

And we knew how, with patriotic pity,  
He brought his young compatriots to his school,  
And taught them to think less of that fair City,  
Or this dear Province, than of the Great Rule  
And Truth of God, which one day should unite  
All Italy, and make her Future bright.

We knew his worth and work while others chided,  
It was our joy to cheer his patient toil:  
But many critics doubted or derided,  
And said, "This dreamer wastes his midnight oil;—  
Historian, scholar, poet though he be,  
He cannot save divided Italy."

"While Austria's eagle rends, with bloody beak,  
Its quivering prey; and other eagles wait  
On the same quarry—readier still to wreak  
Their cruel wrath.—poor Italy's sad fate  
Is to be passive. Nothing can withstand  
The spoiler's power, or save this beautiful land."

"O, Land of Dante's Vision brave and clear!  
Home of all noble Art and rarest Song!—  
Thine is the World's great Painter; thine the Seer;  
To thee all gentle gifts and grace belong;  
But not the strong compacted unity—  
The bold emprise and purpose of the Free."

So wrote the critics: but the Patriot's pen  
Delayed not to send forth its burning words;  
Till in due time a few brave-hearted men  
Responded and unsheathed their eager swords,—  
Men in whose souls those words infused new might,  
Teaching them how to love and when to fight.

To love not Naples chiefly, nor dear Rome,  
Nor fairest Florence, nor the marble shore  
Of stately Venice—but one only Home  
Beneath one circling roof—where evermore,  
From the great Alpine Chain to the broad Sea,  
They and their children's children should be free!

All this is done!—Mazzini's one great mission  
Is all fulfilled. To him 'twas given to see  
The glorious fabric of his brightest Vision  
Become Historic Fact, and Italy,  
Trodden to earth for many generations,  
Rise to her place amongst earth's foremost nations.

C. E. MUDIE.

## HOW A PLUM-PUDDING WAS MADE IN PARIS.

MOST of our readers have heard of a famous attempt to make a real English plum-pudding in Paris, and how it failed, in spite of all the art of the king's cooks, because they were not told to tie the materials in a cloth! The often-told story was retold in a lively way by the Rev. Gordon Calthrop in the Christmas number of "Hand and Heart" last year. One of the French monarchs, wishing to show honour to the English ambassador on Christmas Day, gave orders that his cooks should make a plum-pudding for the foreign guest; and inasmuch as the cooks had no idea whatever of the way in which the eatable in question was to be fabricated, for they had never seen a plum-pudding before, perhaps scarcely ever heard of one, he sent to England for a recipe for making it.

The recipe came—so many raisins, so much suet, so much flour, etc., etc. Everything perfect. There



could not possibly have been a better recipe given. This was handed over to the cooks, with strict injunctions not to deviate from it by one hair's-breadth, to observe it with the most perfect accuracy. They did so—the weight of the ingredients, their quality, the size of the copper in which it was to be boiled, the quantity of water, the duration of time—all was attended to. And the king spoke in dark, mysterious hints to the ambassador of some unknown gratification which was in store for him.

Well, at the appointed time in the dinner, up came the pudding.

"There," said his majesty, "*mon ami*. There! I have prepared a treat for you. There is your national dish, prepared in your national fashion. Eat and be merry."

But the ambassador, instead of eating and being merry, only stared and rubbed his eyes. The plum-pudding was actually brought up in a tureen, and he was expected to eat it out of a soup-plate, like soup, with a spoon! The fact was, that though the king had had the best possible recipe sent him, and had had its injunctions most strictly attended to by his cooks, he had forgotten one little matter—he had omitted to tell them that it was *to be boiled in a cloth*.

We have to tell the true story of a more successful attempt to get a plum-pudding. The authority is Lady Hawkins, widow of Sir John Hawkins, the friend of Dr. Johnson, and the story appears in the first volume of her "Anecdotes and Biographical Sketches."

Dr. Schomberg, of Reading, in the early part of his life, spent a Christmas at Paris with some English friends. They were desirous to celebrate the season, in the manner of their own country, by having as one dish at their table, an English plum-pudding; but no cook was found equal to the task of compounding it. A clergyman of the party had, indeed, an old receipt-book; but this did not sufficiently explain the process. Dr. Schomberg, however, supplied all that was wanting, by throwing the recipe into the form of a prescription, and sending it to the apothecary to be made up. To prevent all possibility of error, he directed that it should be boiled in a cloth, and sent in the same cloth, to be applied at an hour specified. At this hour it arrived, borne by the apothecary's assistant, and preceded by the apothecary himself, dressed, according to the professional formality of the time, with a sword. Seeing when he entered the apartment, instead of signs of sickness, a table well-filled and surrounded by very merry faces, he perceived that he ~~was~~ made a party in a joke that turned on himself, and indignantly laid his hand on his sword; but an invitation to taste his own cookery appeased him, and all was well.

## Varieties.

**A SUNDAY SERVICE IN A RUINED BULGARIAN VILLAGE.**—The special commissioner of the "Daily News" (Mr. MacGahan) visited Bazardjik, a thriving Bulgarian village of about 1,300 inhabitants, which was partially destroyed by the Turks on the 28th of May last. The majority of the Christian inhabitants were massacred, although "they had not committed a single act of revolt." Mr. MacGahan writes:—"We rode straight to the church, where a strange and impressive spectacle awaited us. The church was in ruins, and the floor was covered with the stones and tiles of the fallen roof. We had been occupied

with so many things while travelling about in this way that we kept very little account of time, and the days slipped by without our naming them. I am afraid that if the truth were told more than one Sunday came and went without a single one of our party remembering it, and I, for one, am obliged to confess that it never occurred to me that this particular day was the Sabbath until I came in sight of the churchyard. There I was suddenly and unexpectedly reminded of it. Standing there, bareheaded in the sunshine, was an old man—a peasant—reading prayers from a book, and around him, kneeling among the graves, a crowd of people, who gave the responses in a united voice that rose and swelled on the air, and died away in a mournful strain—almost like a funeral wail. The voice of the old man was shrill, broken, and tearful; that of the people round, full, and harmonious—but inexpressibly sad, mournful, full of tears. It was as though all the sorrows, all the sufferings, all the wrongs, of this downtrodden and God-fearing people had taken voice—had turned into prayer—into a piteous appeal to heaven for mercy. In spite of the shattered walls of their roofless homes, in spite of the ruins of the little church around which flowed the current of their village life, in spite of the new-made graves of their slaughtered kinsfolk, among which they were kneeling, these people still believed in the goodness of God. Still believed, perhaps, that wrong is transient, and justice eternal. Still remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and, for want of a better, turned the dwelling of the dead into a house of prayer. The two voices—that of the old man, querulous, broken, tearful, and that of the people, of men, women, and children, old and young, melting into one full, rich swell, but equally tearful—answered, and spoke to each other in a litany whose response or refrain was 'Have mercy on us, have mercy on us.' No cry for vengeance, not even for justice, but only a meek and humble prayer for mercy and for pity—now the prayer of the whole Bulgarian people."

**SCHOOL SHIPS.**—There are at the present time no less than twenty-two vessels belonging to the Royal Navy occupied as school-ships or training-ships. Of these, her Majesty's ship *Britannia*, off Dartmouth, and her consort the *Hindustan*, are appropriated to naval cadets, and the *Impregnable*, *Implacable*, *St. Vincent*, *Boscawen*, and *Ganges* are used as training establishments for the navy, and accommodate unitedly from 3,500 to 4,000 boys. The *Goliath*, the largest of the seventeen ships lent by the Admiralty for various educational purposes, was calculated to berth 550 boys, and was the only ship in which pauper children were received. The fifteen vessels now at permanent moorings around the coast are thus located:—The *Cornwall*, *Chichester*, *Arethusa*, and *Worcester* are in the Thames; the *Clarence*, *Akbar*, *Conway*, and *Indefatigable*, in the Mersey; the *Wellesley* at Shields, the *Southampton* at Hull, the *Mars* at Dundee, the *Havannah* at Cardiff, the *Gibraltar* at Belfast, the *Cumberland* at Glasgow, and the *Formidable* at Bristol. Most of these are two-deckers, and each accommodates about 200 boys. A further classification of these ships shows that seven are "Industrial" and three "Reformatory" schools, and, as such, certified under the Industrial Schools Act, and subject to Home Office supervision, although they are mainly supported by voluntary aid. Two—the *Conway* at Liverpool, and the *Worcester* at Greenhithe—are schools for officers of the Mercantile Marine; the rest are charitable institutions pure and simple, and are supported entirely by public liberality. Of these, the *Arethusa*, off Greenhithe, has been most recently fitted up, under the superintendence of Captain Thorburn, R.N., the entire cost having been defrayed by Lady Burlett Coutts.

**A LITERARY CELEBRITY.**—"A friend of mine who has just returned from America tells me that he, a short time since, attended a *seance*, at which the medium obtained messages from several celebrities of both ancient and modern times, and, among others, one (at the request of my friend) from Bucephalus, who condescended to inform the company that he 'still took great interest in literary pursuits, particularly in connection with education.'"—*G. A. K., in Times*.

**DAILY TELEGRAPH.**—It may not be generally known that a royal edition of this paper is issued daily. On the death of the Prince Consort her Majesty the Queen accidentally saw the "Telegraph," and was so touched by the loyalty exhibited in its obituary notice that she ordered a copy to be sent daily to each of the royal palaces. Ever since then twenty-five copies have been especially printed on the finest, thickest, and whitest paper, and duly forwarded, pressed and folded, in accordance with the Queen's command. We have in our possession a copy of this royal edition, and we must say that, in the matter of paper and print, it is really a remarkable specimen of a London daily newspaper.—*The Bookseller*.





# HOW AN ENGLISH PLUM-PUDDING WAS SUCCESSFULLY MADE IN PARIS.

The Apothecary perceived that a trick had been played upon him, and indignantly told his friend of his sword, but the doctor's invitation to taste his own cooking appeased him, and all ended well. See p. 825.



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corr.*



GOVERNOR CRINKLE'S VISIT.

## THE CRINKLES OF CRINKLEWOOD HALL.

CHAPTER VI.

"SHUCK," cried the governor, awaking from a short sleep.

Shuck, who had stood midway between him and the door ready to repel any invasion, if necessary, stepped briskly up.

"Shuck, I've been a great fool!" cried the governor.

Shuck was in no position to deny this. Unused as he was to contradict his master, he could not very well do it now, so he replied, very gently, "Yes, sir."

The governor, struck by the assent, looked at him and said, "Oh, *you* think so, do you?"

"Me? no; but being as *you* did (as was bound to know best), I couldn't help but say 'Yes,' could I now?" he expostulated; "an' you're better? That's a good job."

He spoke with so much kind concern that the

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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governor was touched, and took without remonstrance the cordial which madame had been busily preparing for him, and had put silently inside the door. It acted well on him.

"I suppose you thought it was up with me?" he said, with an inquiring look, after a few minutes' pause.

"Well," replied Shuck, "it looked ugly, you being in years, and so heavy made, and so—so—"

"So *what?* finish!" cried the governor, but not angrily.

"So ready to—go—of a heat—we'll say," replied Shuck, at a loss how to answer without exciting his master now he was so ill able to bear it.

"Well, I'm not going off yet; it was indigestion. Mag did not curry the fowl enough." Shuck didn't believe this statement, but he kept silent. "I'm afraid I shall disappoint you all," cried the governor again, looking up into Shuck's face with a questioning expression.

"Not *all* on us!" replied Shuck, heartily. "I'm sure, master, I hopes never to see you make a finish like that!"

"What was the matter with 'the finish'? What difference how one finishes?" asked the governor.

Shuck was so encouraged by the forbearing tone, so unlike the usual one, in which this was uttered, that he ventured to answer. "A deal o' difference; I hopes you'll make a good end whenever the time comes; and me too, as for that."

"Then you've got your doubts about yourself, too?" the governor replied. "I'm glad of that; but if I'm taken with a fit and it kills me, can I help it?"

"You'd best not talk now, master, dear," said Shuck. "Madame's orders was I was to keep you quiet after taking the stuff she made for you."

"*She* made—did she make it?" he asked.

"Yes; and she put it in at the door as light as a bird, and she says, 'It'll restore him,' which meant 'make you better.'"

The governor fell into a muse, during which time Shuck stood motionless at his post.

"Why do you stand *there?*" he cried, after a long pause.

"Just to keep out them as has the owdaciousness to push in anywhere!" he answered, in tones of strong indignation.

"What's become of them all?" inquired the governor. "Where's the old woman and that young man and all those people?"

"I can't say, but be sure, master, they're not a-coming a-near'st you; and, good now, be you quiet and get another sleep; it'll be the saving of you, it will indeed."

Shuck spoke so earnestly, so almost affectionately, that the governor nodded kindly in reply, and closed his eyes as if to sleep again. And he did sleep, very soundly and serenely.

"He sleeps!" whispered Madame Topliffe, peeping in at the door.

"Ay, like a top," answered Shuck. "I hope they'll keep the peacock from the window."

Madame, with her fingers on her lips, beckoned him out of the room, and in the dressing-room adjoining, inquired what had passed. "He is himself—quite conscious?" she asked.

"He's a deal better than himself, so reasonable like; I wouldn't wish to speak reasonabler myself," he answered.

"Good! did he ask any questions?" she continued.

"No; he were more full of his own business than other folks'. He told me he'd been a great fool for one thing."

"And you?" inquired madame.

"Ah! I warn't a-goin' to say 'No,' course not; he've done a many foolish things, like most on us; and being as he's lived longer than a many, and have had such a masterful spirit in him always, course he's been more unreasonbler than most; but, for all that, there's a deal to be said for him; he were hard put upon in his youth. I shan't forget when I went to him down at Portsmouth, just when he were goin' on board ship, and told him to come back, for it were talked of that Miss Chancellor (her as has got her eye poked out) was bringing ruin on the family, all to make a pocket for her own waste; and if he didn't come back at once, the thing'd be done and no remedy. What a way he were in. He come back wi' me, and how he stormed; and if he'd a met wi' her instead of the *thing* as he did, she'd have had a wuss poke still, it's my belief. Well, he went off, after telling his mind to the squire, and I went with him, and I served him faithful many years, I did; and sorry I was to see how he got more and more ungainly in his ways, all through that 'ooman's doings; and then the hot sun there gave him a bad fever, as damaged his brains more and more, and he took to quarrelling uncommon; and once I come between him and a chap as was as bent on making an end of him as ever he was of doing the like by Miss Chancellor. Yes; I saved his life; and I hoped when we comed home he'd think it all over, and treat me like one as desarved kindness; but there, he's got that in him as won't lie quiet, an' he's to be pitied for that. Yes; I forgives him everything, I do. Poor master! I'm sorry for him!"

Madame Topliffe was enchanted with Shuck; so fine and just and generous a way of seeing things, so unselfish. She assured him that she entirely agreed with him, and hoped that his master would be wiser in future; on which he heartily assured her that the governor had his best wishes that way.

They remained talking some time, and madame told him that Captain Chancellor had taken the orphans and their nurse up to Crinkle, to dispatch them by a night train to his sister. This was a great relief to his mind, and he went back to his master, on hearing a slight movement in the room, with alacrity.

"Shuck!" cried the governor.

"Here, sir!" cried Shuck, and a pause followed.

"What's become of that horrid crew?" the governor asked.

"Niggers?" he inquired, with a triumphant grin.

The governor nodded.

"All shipped off; as good as gone to Novy Scooshy," said Shuck. "He's took 'em all away—him as you took at first for a reverend. They won't come back no more."

The governor lay silent again, then asked, "The old woman—where is she?"

"Mag?" asked Shuck.

"Mag—no; *you know*," said the governor, who had not yet sufficiently recovered his balance to be able to pronounce distasteful names.

"Ah! good idee," replied Shuck. "She's gone back to the study to wait till you can see her."

"I don't want to see her," said the governor.

"That's the awkwardness," said Shuck, "being as she's bent on seeing you."

"What for? what does she want to see me for?" he inquired, somewhat pettishly.

"She says she can make your mind quite easy, and put you in a way to be more comfortable than you've ever been; and she's of the 'pinion as you've been a sort of a misused man, and she'd like to do you a bit of justice."

"Tell her I can't see her again to-day; to-morrow, or some other day," said the governor, turning his head away, and closing his eyes again for sleep; but Shuck had not the opportunity of declaring his message, for madame, being tired of waiting and doing nothing, had started on foot for Crinkle, her train over her arm, with the intention of laying an embargo on the first vehicle she met with, from a wheelbarrow to a chariot and pair.

## CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN CHANCELLOR, although he had seen the wisdom of carrying off the nine little Chancellors, and was forced into it, indeed, by the energy of his good cousin, was much at a loss how to transport them to Crinkle, where, by madame's desire, they were to wait at her lodgings for the train, and be thoroughly rested and refreshed for their journey.

Happily, the baker's cart had not yet left the precincts of the Thorpe, for there were several cottages, whose inmates were customers, between the Thorpe and the quarries, and these had to be visited. Very glad was the captain to deposit the orphans and their guard in it, saying he would take the short cut and be at Crinkle before them.

Of course he would be at Crinkle before them, for the baker served some in Little or Lower Crinkle with bread, and he had to travel there first.

The baby cried, and the younger ones became fretful; little wonder their journey had been a weary one. The nurse was evidently worn down with toil and care, and looked as if her spirit was hardening into revenge for the cruel repulse she had met with at the Thorpe, after all her efforts to reach it. "Such faithful self-sacrifice in service surely deserves a better return."

While the cart waited at a door in Lower Crinkle, a woman came up to it as though for a loaf, but far more in earnest about the company it contained.

"Why you've got more mouths than bread to fill 'em with," she cried to the baker, who merely replied he was going to take them to Top Crinkle.

The sound of the woman's voice attracted the nurse's attention, and she turned round, and a steady mutual stare between them followed.

"It's my belief—sure it is—are you Mary Anne?" cried the customer, who was no other than Mrs. Chipperry.

"I hardly know who I am, I am so dead beat," answered the nurse; but Mary Anne's my name, and yours is Betsy, if I'm not in a mistake."

"Well. Job! Job!" cried Betsy to her husband, who had been doing a little work in their garden, and singing in the happiness that had come on him; "here's our Mary Anne; I knowed her at first sight; and however come you here?" she cried, beginning to lift the children from the cart.

"Oh, we mustn't stop. I knowed you best and quickest by your talk," said the nurse; "I wonder you could remember me all these years gone by."

The baker said he could let them wait while he finished his round, and would pick them up again in half an hour.

The best that "Betsy" (Mrs. Chipperry) could afford was brought out, but there was little time for feasting. Rapid inquiries were passed, and the baker at last, having waited till he could wait no longer, and having disposed of every loaf, gave notice that they must start.

Just as they were remounting, the neighbours, such as were at liberty from work, being in a little knot listening and staring at all that was going on, were diverted from the cart and its tenants by some object visible to them lower down the street. "Stop! stop!" they cried, as the baker was moving off, and then appeared Madame Topliffe, waving her parasol, and making other gestures of arrest.

"Oh, I have no breath; met no carriage; lost my way. Baker, you must take me in," she cried, almost breathless with exertion.

Mrs. Chipperry looked at her with wonder, but Job knew her immediately, and bowed reverently, telling his wife it was "Madame Topliffe as had put him on at the quarries." The baker looked at the nurse and children, and at his cart; to be sure he had no bread "on board," but "could the lady find room?"

Job instantly took out two of the smaller children, saying he would carry them, and he knew his wife would carry the baby, and her sister would be glad of the walk by her side, as they'd got a deal "to go over." This left the cart pretty free, and madame, delighted with having at last found "a perch," as she said, quite longed to get home that she might learn how these "sisters" came together, and make friends with the little orphans, and learn more than she had in the hurry been able to gather, of such adventures of Randal Chancellor and his family as the nurse could acquaint her with.

It was a long story the poor nurse had to tell her; master, "a thorough Chancellor," as madame declared to the governor when repeating it, had always been very unsettled and extravagant, trying fresh schemes for raising money, and spending much in them to no purpose. His wife, a delicate woman, unequal to contend with the trials and privations his folly exposed her to, had sunk under them, and left her last child quite an infant, having no earthly support or comfort, under her suffering but the faithful "Mary Anne." This true-hearted woman had learnt from her example the value of faith and love, and had promised to "stand by the dear children" while she lived and was able, and with her strange mixture of bluntness and tenderness had told her, her eyes filled with tears, that "she might go to heaven quite happy about them, for the Lord had laid it upon her to 'do for them,' and she wouldn't go from it."

Randal Chancellor was "up the country" when his wife died. He had been looking for land, his last project having been to build a house and create a farm, which he was to work in joint proprietorship with others, by help of their money, his own being gone.

The sight of his orphan children affected him, and the remembrance of what he had made his poor suffering, patient wife pass through, struck still deeper into his heart. He resolved on sending them all to England, to his relatives, who, he knew, would not forsake nor neglect them in their destitute state. He would himself work hard, use all self-denial, and make a home for them, to which they might return when it

was ready for them. Mary Anne inwardly smiled at his plans and promises, putting no faith in any of them; but she approved of their all going to England, resolving that if their relatives disowned them, she would, in some way, strive to get their bread. She pondered over the lessons her dying mistress had taught her, and as she did so her heart grew strong, faith grasped God's promises, and she doubted nothing. Randal then wrote to Mrs. Callendar, and as he had no certain knowledge of her dwelling-place—for he had not written for some years—he had commissioned a friend who was just sailing for England to find her out and deliver his letter. This had not long been done when the anxiety he had undergone, his remorse for his past failures and misdoings, and the prospect of risk in his intended undertaking, threw him into a low, nervous state. He grew worse, and sunk rapidly.

Much pity was excited among the people around for the nine little orphan children. A purse was collected for them, to make up what was needful for the voyage; and they left for their new life and in quest of a new home soon after their father's funeral.

Before his death he had told Mary Anne that she had better not wait for a letter from England, but go at once, on landing, to Crinkle Thorpe. She would surely find some of his family there, and be directed by them to Mrs. Callendar. So far they had been cared for.

"Look!" she exclaimed, opening an old leather purse; "here's a shilling and a few coppers left of what was gathered for us; enough and no more; for, now, we come to the right place (though we had a job to get in), and we found you and the gentleman, and we are going where we shall want for nothing (no! *that's* where poor missus has gone; it's *there* they wants for nothing!)"

Madame Topliffe looked much affected as she listened. She insisted on the whole party being quartered on Mrs. Macfarlane for the night at least, and gave the nurse a *carte blanche* to refit herself and all the children, in the morning, with such things as they wanted that Crinkle would afford, before leaving it.

Mrs. Macfarlane did not much admire the having so many beds to provide on so short a notice, and in her heart hoped her "apartments" would be "engaged" if ever Madame Topliffe applied for them again, being never sure what her eccentric lodger would do next.

Mary Anne explained that she had left Yorkshire to "go out" with Randal and his wife, and that Job Chippery's wife was then a girl at home; that she had never had any communication with her family, owing to the many troubles that they had had to pass through, and their continual change of place. "I little thought to see her here!" she added; "and so happy married! If it hadn't been for her Yorkshire tongue, as came like music to me, never having heard it all these years, I don't think I should have known her."

When the party had left Top Crinkle (Madame, assuring Job's wife, who had "come to see them off," that she would make interest with Mrs. Callendar to get a holiday for Mary Anne to pay her a visit as soon as possible), the heroic little lady again prepared for a call at the Thorpe; but just as she was engaging a vehicle, the lumbering, old-fashioned Crinkle coach drove up to Mrs. Macfarlane's door, with Shuck on the box and the governor inside.

Late events had forced the governor to "consideration," a thing he had hitherto ignored.

First, he felt it would be necessary for him to see Madame Topliffe again. Second, he had a remote sensation of gratitude to her for the kindness she had shown to him in his illness. Third, she did not like the Chancellors—she had said so. And fourth, by going to see her he would prevent her from going to see him. This last was perhaps the most potent reason of the four.

Mrs. Macfarlane forgave all the eccentricities of her lodger when she saw the governor's chariot at the door. It was a recompense to her for all the degradations that she feared her "apartments" would have suffered.

Shuck, with much deference, handed his master out; and madame, who saw them from the window, met them on the stairs.

"Oh, how happy I am!—but are you well enough? Ah, I see, you like the air, and are wise, if you can venture, to go out. I was on the point of going to you. I have thought much about you during the night."

Thus she talked as she rather danced than walked before him into her room.

"See," she exclaimed, pointing to the table, "how busy I have been—not for myself! Directly the thing is settled, I have resolved on giving up my little share to the orphans—they shall have it all!" As she spoke, having led the governor to the sofa, and placed a cushion for him to lean on, she went to the table and brought a roll of papers.

He was silent. He had long had his doubts about the claim that might be made on the quarries, and if he could have found "Number Thirty" he would have been assured of the fact or otherwise. He had seen enough of old letters and memoranda, all carefully numbered, to be aware that such a bequest had been made by Hester Chancellor, and he looked on it as the filling up her measure of wickedness, thinking that the least she could have done would have been to leave what she had to leave to him, whom she had so injured.

It had fretted and teased him sadly, that "Number Thirty!" He could not be easy in his ownership until he knew what it contained, for he suspected from the bearing of the others it was a declaration in full in favour of any children of Randal Chancellor. He hoped it might have been destroyed, and so would never be forthcoming. He was wholly ignorant of Randal Chancellor's state and circumstances, and "the nine little Chancellors"—or "niggers," as Shuck called them—were as far from his thoughts as the New Zealand they came from.

He had not recovered sufficient strength for any lively expression of interest, so he took the roll from her hand, and opened it in silence. The very first document that met his eyes was Number Thirty!

A look of gloom and disappointment passed over his face. "Where did you get this, ma'am?" he asked.

"From my lawyer. He, after getting me a copy of the woman's will, ferreted out everything that could make the case clear. This must have been deposited in his office at the time. He has the original; this is but a copy. Will you like to take it?"

"The woman's will." That was a peacemaker. A long conversation followed—very long for the governor to take a part in; especially with a woman.

The affair was plain enough—Number Thirty decided it. The quarries belonged to the orphans of Randal Chancellor.

Madame Topliffe, with her beautiful skill, worked her guest round almost to see that he would be well rid of the quarries. There would be a large sum due to him for what he had laid out on them, far exceeding the profits that they had produced. How much better for him to go on improving Crinkle itself, and, if possible, add to its attractions! For her part, she would gladly be rid of the responsibility and trouble of all those workmen.

The governor was at least somewhat reconciled to his loss, and he felt the truth of Captain Chancellor's words, "Better to go out with flying colours than be forced to capitulate on disgraceful terms."

The kind-hearted lady was bent on "softening the bear" and "taming the lion." She took Shuck's view of the case, and thought there was much to pity, and great allowance to be made.

The governor felt her kindness. He gradually, during her stay in "Top Crinkle," which, on his account, she prolonged, gave way to her influence; and if she would have made the Thorpe her home, she would have been gladly received there. But no; that was a point beyond even her benevolence to go; but she promised to visit him every year, and she remained till she saw the business concluded, and then, urging him to visit her in Paris, she took her departure, telling Shuck before she left to put "Hester" into a lumber-room, and never let his master see her more.

We cannot stay to "bring up" the nine little Chancellors. They were brought up well by their good aunt, Mrs. Callendar; and by degrees the governor came to think that Madame Topliffe was right; Crinkle was enough for him, and it was better for him that they should have their own, and he should have no more plague from doubt and uncertainty.

Shuck was very happy; a comfortable bed and a tasty dinner were no longer necessary, if severe trial made them so; but he still had a strong predilection for both, and Old Mag was on occasions admitted to the study for orders, to her great satisfaction.

"Shuck," the governor asked one day, "when is that road to be finished?"

"When it's better worked on, I fancy," Shuck answered.

"It was going on well," said the governor.

"Ay, that were before Job were turned off," said Shuck.

"Turned off?" said the governor, quietly. "I think I remember something about it; have him back."

"Better wages?" Shuck inquired.

"Yes, yes; they're all being raised now; raise him."

"A free cottage? there's one by the coppice gate empty," Shuck ventured to ask.

"Let him have it, and put him on at once; but, Shuck, let him keep his wife at home," said the governor.

Shuck was glad; he did not say that Job was at the quarries, he thought that might offend, and, as he remarked often very sagely to Old Mag, "it won't do to tread hard on thin ice."

Every visit that madame paid to Crinkle Thorpe she found the governor improved, and by every visit she seemed to improve him. Shuck told her in confidence that master had taken to read the Bible, and he thought "*now* the Commandments was beginning to make a work on him." Mrs. Chippery sometimes rebelled against the new discipline under which she was brought, and had an occasional hankering for Yorkshire, but her beautiful cottage and the increase of wages were solid comforts and consolations, and she never fell now below a fit of sulks or frets, which Job could soon subdue by his own good-tamper or by a slight rebuke.

Altogether there was much more happiness in Crinkle than in former days. "I believe it's all come of that fit, when them children was brought sudden on him," Shuck said one day, talking matters over with Job and Johnny Marks. "I say it's come of God's goodness—Him as brings good out of evil, don't you, Job?" said Johnny.

"I say as I don't know *how* it's come, but I know who has made it to come. Glory to His name! It's a taste of the better life before we get to it."

## IRON MINING AND IRON MANUFACTURE IN INDIA.

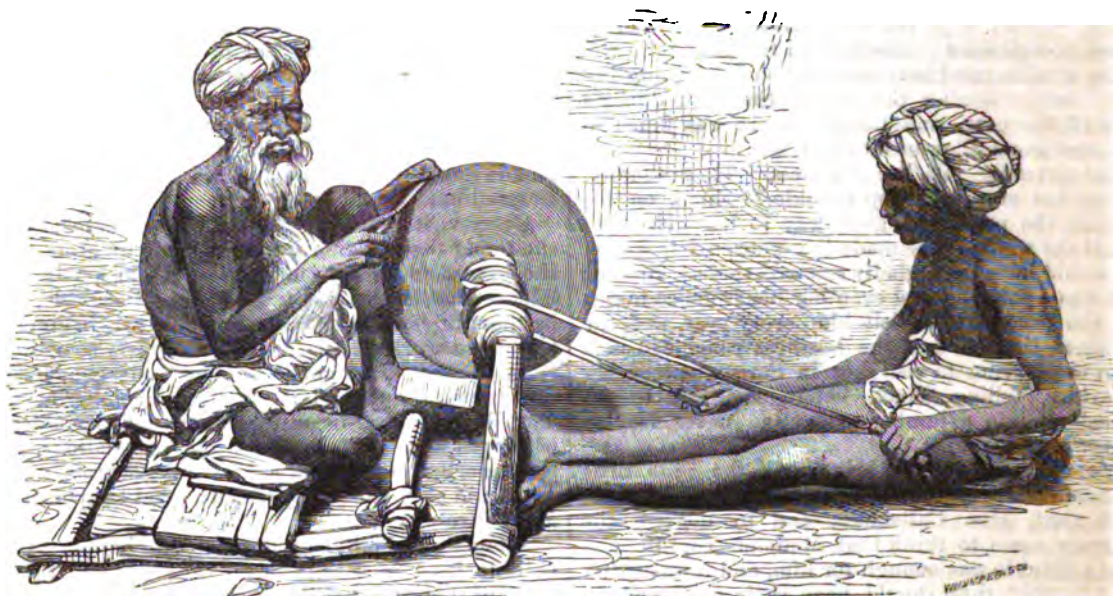
I WOULD invite the reader to accompany me to an Indian iron district, to make acquaintance with its people, and the operations in which they are engaged. In place of a smoke-blackened town, or rows of flaming furnaces, and of mixed and busy life, scenes such as the Black Country affords, an Indian jungle meets the view. As is generally the case, the trees are not very tall, the most common of them being the gum-arabic tree and other acacias, which do not rise high, though they sometimes make progress difficult by interlocking their long arms with those of other thorny shrubs and trees, much as in our country the wild roses and brambles are wont to intertwine. As we journey on by the rough and narrow cart-road, there is seen to tower above the trees of the jungle a precipice of naked rock, dark, grim, and defiant. Is it possible that some forest chieftain, half nobleman, half robber, can here have fixed his head-quarters? Is this the centre from which men, stout of heart and limb, but of easy conscience, sally

forth to levy black-mail on half the country round? We had better go and see. Doing so, not the hold of some robber, but a great natural curiosity, an iron hill, reared by the hand of God, bursts upon our view. With an excitement proportioned to the novelty of the circumstances, we press forward. First, we have to force our way through thorny shrubs and trees, which form a belt around the lower portion of the hill. We are next brought up by huge masses of iron ore, some as long and as high from the ground as an ordinary pianoforte, and wherever a chip has been broken off, the lustre of the fresh fracture is that of an ordinary nail. Passing this new belt, we reach the base of a precipice which rises almost sheer up from the ground, and constitutes the summit, or natural citadel, of the iron hill. There are upon it no trees or shrubs or herbs, except here and there where some adventurous member of the vegetable kingdom has managed to stick itself in a crevice; and the absence of verdure makes its aspect gloomy in the extreme.



As the best means of testing the richness of the ore, a pocket compass was tried, the needle of which soon span round in pursuit of a fragment of rock caused to revolve above it. One of our company made an effort to reach the top of the naked precipice, and in part succeeded by carefully tracing the way along clefts which have been produced in it here and there apparently by old convulsions. But presently these aids to upward movement were no longer available, and our friend, who had fallen on his knees, reported the sensation left behind by contact

seen a white man there before for upwards of twenty years. No previous information had been obtained from European or native regarding the existence of such a natural phenomenon; it afterwards appeared, however, that, a quarter of a century before, the existence of the hill had been known to the British authorities, and had then again sunk into oblivion. As the Anglo-Indian society in every part of our Eastern dominions is continually changing, such loss of knowledge, impossible in a mere settled country, not unfrequently takes place. The name of the hill



INDIAN KNIFE-GRINDER.

with the hard metallic rock to be the reverse of pleasant. But being of a very adventurous disposition, he no sooner recovered from the shock than he resolved to proceed, merely taking the precaution of removing his shoes, that his feet, protected only by his stocking-soles, might cling more tenaciously to the rock. He successfully reached the summit, examined the rock, and found it less pure than the specimen taken from one of the smaller pieces lower down. Feeling that the value of an iron mine in large measure depends on two considerations—first, proximity and abundance of fuel; and secondly, facilities of transport to a market—he made observations from the elevated spot he had reached as to the quantity of wood in the landscape, and found that nothing but jungle was to be seen as far as the eye could reach, whilst it was known that there was a navigable river within a distance of three miles.

It was on Monday, January 17th, 1853, that the writer of this article, in the company of the distinguished missionary, the late Rev. Mr. Hislop, with native attendants, was journeying from Wyraghur, about eighty miles S.E. from Nagpore, back to the latter place, when, just after passing a village called Dewalgaum, about eleven miles from Wyraghur, this hill of iron ore suddenly burst upon our view.\* The region was one rarely trodden by travellers; so much so, indeed, that the people told us they had not

was Khundeshwur. "Khund" signifies any pit, a quarry, etc., and "eshwur" is God. The name therefore implied the belief that divine honours were due to the ore obtained from the workings. Nor were we left to etymology alone in coming to this conclusion. On approaching a small quarry at the base of the hill, the people wished us to take off our shoes, as the ore was a god!

The quarries (so-called) were simply holes in the ground, or mere surface scratchings, nowhere exceeding five feet in depth, a considerable contrast from the profound depths reached by the shaft of a British coal or iron pit. The places where these "quarries" were opened was where the ore was in fragments.

"Why," we said, "do you put off time in such comparatively unproductive spots; why not at once attack the huge blocks higher up the hill?" On which they replied, "It would be no use, our instruments would be knocked all to pieces upon them."

The process of smelting attracted our notice in the neighbouring villages. The ore was first broken to pieces, and put into an earthen furnace with charcoal. To some it may appear strange that this description of fuel should be employed. "Why," it will be said, "did the miners not use the coal which was associated with the ironstone?" A satisfactory answer to this question may be returned. There was no coal, so far as we could see, in the vicinity. The geological formation was not the well-known "carbo-

\* It was the Rev. Mr. Hislop who succeeded in reaching the top of the hill.

niferous" ore so familiar to us in the British Isles, but the ore existed in a metamorphic rock, the quartz basis of which it had in many specimens almost entirely replaced. So charcoal had to be used, the manufacture of which we had previously seen in progress, the simple process being the cutting-down and burning the trees of the jungle. Two kinds of bellows were employed to create a blast. One sort was large, and girded round with hoops; the other was smaller. Each furnace had a hole at the top, whence, after a time, the flames arose. The slag ran out melted at the bottom, and the iron was left behind in the furnace. After being taken out it was cut, while red-hot, into pieces with hatchets, and then again melted in a smaller furnace. No flux of any kind was used. Lastly, the iron was once more divided with hatchets, and was then in a condition to be given over to the blacksmith to be hammered into bars. The daily produce of each furnace was represented to be about half a rupee—that is a shilling sterling, from which the expense of the charcoal, etc., had to be deducted. At the village of Injwaree, the great seat of the iron manufactures in connection with the iron hill, were twenty-three such furnaces, while forty-seven more existed in the neighbouring villages. A navigable river, the Wyne Gunga, or "Jungle Ganges," ran past three miles west of the hill; and west again of that noble river were other forges, fed by ore of a different kind, which came not from the quarries previously described, but from others west of the river, where it abounded.

The iron district now mentioned is but one of a multitude existing throughout India. In the year 1854, when the East Indian Railway Company, then engaged in constructing their great trunk line, found their operations embarrassed by the high price of iron in Britain, and by the great rise in the expense of its freight, they made an appeal to the Anglo-Indian community in the East to furnish them with information in regard to native iron mines wherever they existed, while the leading newspaper in India opened its columns for communications on the same subject. The result was striking. Accounts of iron districts arrived not simply from that part of India already noticed, but from Orwalior, and from Nimar, from Kumaon, from Beerbhoom, and from other provinces and districts, so that the newspaper had at last to intimate that it was satisfied, and declare that it would take less time to say where iron was not than where it was to be discovered.

In every large village community throughout India, the blacksmith caste constitutes a not unimportant portion of society. In a small agricultural hamlet of forty houses we found about one family of blacksmiths; in a village with 6,294 inhabitants, 31 were of that caste; and in a city of 115,000 inhabitants they amounted to 742.

In a little volume, consisting of extracts from the letters of an Indian officer to his children at home, the operations of blacksmiths and other native artisans are thus depicted: "In the description I sent you of my house and compound [that is garden, or rather walled enclosure], I included my workshop. I have a good deal of work going on there just now, and I sometimes pass half an hour working with the smiths, carpenters, armourers, hammermen, and bellows-boys. As they are the best workmen in the place, I have often private work to do for my neighbours, and you may see them repairing on one side a gun-carriage,

and on the other a lady's watch-chain, and a man close by making horse-shoes, etc. I was thinking as I stood watching them to-day, how people in England would be astonished at the excellent work they turn out with such rude implements. There is not a table in the whole workshop: they all squat down on the ground; the smith in front of a little mud fireplace, which he makes for himself in five minutes; the bellows-boy behind it with his primitive bellows. These consist of a couple of sheepskins, each sewed up into a bag; one end of each is brought to a point, armed with an iron pipe, and inserted in the fire; the opposite end is left open, with a small piece of wood fastened on each side of the opening. By means of these two pieces of wood, which have a loop of string on them to pass his fingers and thumb through, he alternately opens the skin to admit the air, and then closing it drives the wind into the fire, and so working a skin with each hand, he keeps up a constant stream of wind with very little exertion."

A day will doubtless come when European enterprise and capital will be more extensively employed in developing the resources of our Oriental empire. Then the unassailable blocks of the richest iron ore lying uselessly on the side of Khundeshwur hill will find in European miners what we may be pardoned for terming "foemen worthy of their steel," and iron manufacturers, establishing themselves in the East, will open new channels of industry.

E. HUNTER, F.G.S.

#### LONDON DISTRICT POST-OFFICES.

THE General Post-office has long been a favourite theme with writers who have usually pronounced it—and very justly too—to be one of the most remarkable illustrations of well-organised labour to be met with in this busy world of ours. The magnitude and importance of its work, its marvellous rapidity of action, and the regularity and precision with which its operations are almost invariably carried on, have again and again been dilated on, and the general features of its vast mechanism have been made the subject of essays almost innumerable.

There is, however, one portion of the great system of which the General Post-office is the centre, which has been rather overlooked, and that, moreover, a part which is in itself so gigantic, that the oversight of it must necessarily leave the apprehension of the whole machinery very partial and imperfect. Such an oversight is perhaps not very astonishing. The Postmaster-General reports that last year his department transmitted more than a thousand million letters. The real significance of such a number, however, perhaps no man who ever lived would be capable of fairly grasping, and the uninitiated stranger may be excused if, after an inspection of the General Post-office at the busiest times in the day, he comes away with the impression that he has witnessed the process of receiving and distributing the great bulk of one day's postal packages for the whole kingdom. He may be excused if he conceives the idea that all the letters of the kingdom are poured into that central establishment, and are there sorted and redistributed. How entirely erroneous such an idea would be, even as regards the letters of London, may be shown by a brief account of the Metropolitan District Post-offices, the functions of which are only slightly represented

in the great building in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and concerning which most of the visitors to this busy scene, as well as the great majority of the public, have only a very vague idea.

At the present time, as everybody knows, the District Post-offices of London are a part and parcel of the system of the General Post-office. Up to the year 1854, however, the General Post and the District Post were two distinct establishments, with organisations totally independent of each other. The larger establishment of the two, the General Post, may be said to date from the reign of Charles I, who issued a proclamation commanding the establishment of an inland postal system in the year 1635. The London District Post was established about fifty years later, by an enterprising upholsterer, one Robert Murray, who conceived the idea of carrying letters and small parcels about London, at a uniform charge of a penny each, an idea which at that time of day looked so revolutionary, that the sturdy Protestants of London denounced Murray and his mail-bags as so much machinery set up by the Jesuits for the speedier hatching of plots against the Government. Murray transferred his enterprise to William Dockwra, by whom it was carried on with such success that in a few years it excited the cupidity of Government, and it was consequently discovered to be an infringement of the prerogative of the Crown.

The proprietor of the spirited and too successful enterprise was consoled with a pension of £200 a-year, and was subsequently appointed controller of his own organisation. In this capacity he was accused of wilful mismanagement. In order to get it back into his own hands, it was said that he tried to render it unsuccessful as a Government department, and we find a memorial to the Commissioners of the Treasury alleging that Dockwra "forbids the taking in of handboxes (except very small) and all parcels above a pound," and it goes on to complain that "he stops, under spetious pretences, most parcells that are taken in, which is great damage to tradesmen, by loosing their customers, or spoiling the goods, and many times hazards the life of the patient when physic is sent by a doctor or an apothecary."

Dockwra was removed, but the District Post-office—the Twopenny Post, as it was familiarly called, although, as we have seen, Murray reduced the twopenny to a penny—continued to exist as a separate department of the General Post-office, the District postmen, as many of our readers may remember, being distinguished by a blue uniform, and the General postmen by scarlet.

This duplicate arrangement of the London service was of course soon found to involve great waste of strength. There were two establishments to maintain, two managements to pay, and two men were commonly engaged in the distribution of letters which might very well have been taken by one; and in 1854-5 this had become so apparent that the amalgamation of the two bodies was effected, and the blue coats and the whole of the postal business of London was transferred to the wearers of the red.

The system thus set on foot in 1854 mapped out London into ten districts. There were two very small central ones—the eastern-central, around St. Martin's-le-Grand, and the western-central, around Holborn—and there were eight large, wedge-shaped, outer districts lying around the two central ones, and extending away for about twelve miles, their width of

course becoming the greater the farther they extended from the centre. These outer districts were designated respectively north, north-east, north-west, south, south-east, south-west, east, and west. The two central districts are still retained, and so are all the others, except that the southern has been absorbed into the south-eastern and south-western, and the north-eastern has become part of the eastern district. There are thus at the present time two central districts and six outer districts—N, NW, E, SE, SW, and W, and each of these eight sections of the metropolis may be said in a general way to have, for all postal purposes, a separate organisation. Each has its own pillar-boxes, receiving-houses, and central office, with its superintendent, inspector, overseers, assistant overseers, sorters and sub-sorters, letter-carriers, assistant letter-carriers, and auxiliaries. Postal London is therefore a federation of small states, and perhaps the readiest method of gaining an insight into the working of the system all over London is to visit one of the district offices when in full work.

We will take, then, any one of the district offices—say the head establishment of the south-eastern district, which is to be found just below St. George's Church, in the Borough. Externally, it is a plain, unimposing structure, by no means so important-looking as many a post-office in a small provincial town, though the centre of a postal system for perhaps half a million of people. Its territory is bounded by two nearly straight lines extending from the river near London Bridge to about the eight-mile circle round the metropolis, and it may be said to be represented by the space between two spokes of a wheel. Within this territory all postal packages of every description are brought to this office after collection; and all postal packages from without are brought here before they are distributed. For the purposes of collection and distribution, there are within the district 202 pillar and wall boxes, 108 receiving-houses, 20 letter-carriers' offices, and 8 branch offices, and the entire staff for postal purposes within the south-eastern district numbers 639 persons, while the work accomplished may be summed up by stating that during a recent week this organisation collected 596,946 letters and delivered 563,116. Putting the two numbers together, and multiplying by fifty-two, we have as a total year's work—assuming that the figures given are about the average—something over sixty millions and a quarter of letters either collected or delivered.

Bagloads of letters are pouring in as we enter, and the scene is one of no little noise and apparent confusion. The main structural feature of this district office is a long and spacious hall, with a lofty arched iron roof, and lighted by skylights. Throughout the length of the building are three rows of tables, partitioned off into spaces of about a yard, over each of which are two shelves, a lamp with a green shade, and a little iron cage for a ball of string. We enter just at the height of the afternoon's business, when all haste is being made for the evening mails for the country. Bags from the nearest receiving-houses and pillar-boxes—the "town receiving-houses," that is to say—have already come in, and those from the outer or suburban parts of the district are now arriving. As each bag comes in carefully tied and sealed, a shout is raised for the "Camberwell opener," the "Anerley opener," and so on, one particular officer being especially held

responsible for the contents of each bag as it is opened, and he is alone, therefore, allowed to break the seal of it. The opener comes forward and turns out the contents—letters, books, newspapers, post-cards, little packages and boxes, and registered letters—all of which are duly entered on the “bill” that comes with them, and which has to be examined and checked just as though it were an invoice for grocery or a tailor’s bill. If the bag is from a head receiving-office it is white; if from a subordinate office blue; while the contents of a pillar-post are accompanied by a green ticket. This of course does not specify what the contents are; it is merely a check upon the collector. Those who have ever peeped into a pillar-post while it is being cleared may have observed that there is a hook inside, upon which are some green slips of paper. Upon each of these slips is printed the time at which a clearance should be made, and when a postman clears a box he is invariably required to bring in with the letters the green slip of paper on which the time of clearance is printed. Thus, a man bringing in letters purporting to be from a particular box cleared at 5.30 p.m. has to bring the 5.30 p.m. ticket with him, and as he cannot get this ticket without going to the box, the production of it may be taken as a guarantee that the clearance has been properly made.

The proper officer having opened a bag and checked the contents of it, the collector “faces” them—arranges them all face upwards—that is, ready for the stamper whose duty it is to obliterate the stamps, and to pass them on to one of the sorting-tables already described. It has been observed that there are two shelves over each table. At the edge of each shelf is a three-sided strip of wood which may be turned so as to display either side that may be required. The letters are placed upon the table, addresses uppermost, and the strips of wood are turned so as to display a number of labels on which are printed the eight postal districts, and fifteen provincial districts, towns, railways, etc.—Ireland, Scotland, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Colonial and Continental, North-Western, Midland, Great Eastern, South-Eastern, South-Western, Great Western, and Suburban. Letters are sorted out under these various labels, and the shelves are cleared. It is in following these sorted letters from the shelves, that the advantage of the district postal system is more particularly seen. Some of the sorted packages, such, for instance, as the Scotch, the Irish, and the Continental and Colonial letters, are tied up in labelled bundles and sent off by the next cart to the General Post-office, there to be examined and passed on with the proper mails. In other cases, however, such, for instance, as that of the Brighton letters, they are merely passed to another table, examined, popped into a bag, sealed up, and sent off to London Bridge Station, and may be on their way to Brighton before they could get to the General Post-office. Similarly, letters for all places on the South-Western line are sent from this office straight off to Waterloo Station.

The majority of letters with which the District Post-offices have to do, however, are London letters, those that are to be transmitted merely from one part of London to another, and for the rapid circulation of these the system is admirably adapted.

Among the labels under which, as we said, all letters are sorted, we mentioned the eight districts, and “suburban.” By “suburban” letters are meant

letters for the outer parts of the south-eastern district as distinct from the “town” letters. Under these two heads all south-eastern packages are known as “local” letters, and those have again to be sorted, the suburban being divided into “roads,” or sub-districts, as the Anerley, Norwood, Deptford, Peckham, and so on; and the town sorted out into twenty-six “walks,” each embracing a given number of streets.

Thus it will be seen that all letters do not pass on to the General Post-office, but that a certain proportion of them never leave the district in which they are posted, while many are despatched directly from the centre of the district in which they are posted to distant parts of the country, without the intervention of St. Martin’s-le-Grand.

But we have yet to dispose of the letters for the other seven districts. From the shelves on which we saw them first sorted out, they are carried off and put into boxes, there to be examined by an officer specially appointed for each district, that is to say, every box is examined by an officer specially acquainted with the district it represents, and who will be able to detect any mistakes that may have been made in the sorting. This done, the contents of each box are sealed up in a bag, and the whole of them then rattle off in a cart, that has been waiting outside, as fast as a good horse can carry them, to St. Martin’s-le-Grand. If we could only see far enough, we should discover that at the same time a cart was also rushing on towards the same spot from the eastern and the northern districts, as well as from the south-eastern; while on the west side of London carts were similarly proceeding from the south-western, western, and north-western districts—not all of them towards the east-central office, at St. Martin’s-le-Grand, but many of them towards the west-central office near the British Museum. At each centre a cart is in waiting ready to convey bags destined for the districts on the other side of London. Bags are quickly transferred, and off go the carts between the two central offices, while the three carts at either centre exchange bags, and prepare to start as soon as the return cart comes in from the other side. Thus, with the least possible delay, every district of London exchanges bags with every other, and, theoretically at least, letters are on an average passed on from one district post-office to another, counting from the time at which boxes are cleared, in less than three-quarters of an hour. There is, perhaps, some little discrepancy between the theory and fact occasionally observable, but on the whole it must be conceded that the postal system of London is among the most elaborately organised and successful of modern machines, and both in its gigantic dimensions and the general smoothness, rapidity, and accuracy of its working, is the most wonderful organisation of the kind that the world has ever yet seen.

#### WHO IS IT KNOCKING AT THAT DOOR?

IN that highly respectable street in which it is my lot to dwell, and nearly opposite to my study window, stands a house in no respect distinguishable from the other houses of the row, except by the fact that it is very much visited by all classes of society, who come and go for the most part in a quiet and unobtrusive manner—very few of them, so far as my



observation extends, ever repeating the visit. The knocking at *that* door equals in amount that performed on half of the other knockers in the street of three-score houses taken together, and the performance is of a more varied kind, I will undertake to say, than is ever heard on ordinary knockers. Door-knocking, as every one knows, is an art, practised in perfection, it is said, only at the west-end, where tall professors in plush and gold lace, who ride behind their carriages, study it with complete success. But though knocking is an art, it may be practised without any art at all, and, indeed, your artless performance is more eloquent and suggestive than the thundering assaults of the trained professor. It is the spontaneous knock that appeals to one's feelings, and not the studied one; in the latter there is no character, while the former often gives expression to the emotions of him or her whose bold or faltering hand lays hold of the iron monitor, and taps authoritatively or tremblingly, loudly or modestly, under the unconscious inspiration of the moment.

About ten in the morning, and occasionally somewhat earlier, the visitors will begin to put in an appearance. Let us take post at the study window, and see who comes this morning. That poor woman with the woebegone face, drooping head, and rusty garments, who has been looking right and left as she came along, stops, you see, at Number 19, and after slowly spelling out the inscription on the brass plate which decorates the garden gate, crosses the little patch of garden, and mounting the half-dozen doorsteps, gives a single half-pronounced dab, and stands motionless as a statue until it shall be convenient for somebody to attend to her summons. She waits long, for that faint appeal has not been heard, and at length, without betraying the least symptom of impatience, she knocks again, a very little, just a thought, louder, and in due course the door is opened by a "lither lad," a kind of cross between a boots and a butler, with an apron not particularly white round his waist, and his shirt-sleeves turned back towards the elbows. He does not utter a word, but turning his back to the meek applicant, mechanically points her the way she has to go, and the door closes. After a short interval—only a few minutes at most—the door reopens noiselessly, and the melancholy-looking drooping figure comes out, glides down the steps, and walks wearily away by the route she came.

The next arrival is a person of a different kind altogether. He is one of the lords of the creation, asserting his lordship with a jaunty, confident bearing—which, however, is rather too jaunty and confident to be perfectly genuine. You see that he is acting a part, though he is not really aware of so doing himself, and it is pretty plain that, independent and self-satisfied as he looks, he is not absolutely at his ease. He is remarkably well dressed, and is, you may be sure, quite conscious of that; but there is another consciousness that influences him, and which betrays itself by certain signs which an observer of the ways of men knows well enough how to interpret. Thus, when he has given an unexceptionable business rat-a-tat-tat, he immediately turns his back to the door, balances himself on his toes on the upper step, then shifts the balance to his heels and clasps his hands behind him, then turns half round and pulls out a cambric handkerchief, which he applies with affected deliberation to his face, then looks up to the sky with an inquiring gaze, as

if anxious on the subject of the weather. He would probably favour us with some further manifestations, but he hears the footsteps of the janitor, and, resuming his sobriety of demeanour, is admitted with as little ceremony as his melancholy predecessor. In a very few minutes he also appears again, bowed out by some one who is scarcely visible in the shadow of the passage, and goes off with a quick step and the air of a man who has done something he had determined on.

Again there are visitors, and this time it is a party who drive up in a close carriage, and who make no signs of alighting until the summons of the driver, heartily delivered both on knocker and bell, has brought the janitor to the door—said janitor having by this time cast aside his apron, washed his face and hands, and invested himself in the panoply of a full-blown butler. Then the party of four—two of each sex—vanish within doors with the quickness of thought, and there they remain for a considerable time longer than either of their predecessors, but, emerging at length, make off as rapidly and unceremoniously as they came.

Do you see those two persons sauntering up and down?—the woman in an ill-fitting slight dress rather carelessly got up, and a tawdry new bonnet, following at the heels of a man, apparently of the hard-working class, in fustian jacket and highlows, who carries his hands in his pockets. They are both waiting to knock at that door, the woman especially casting a longing look towards it from time to time. They have been looking out for nearly half an hour for other persons who had agreed to meet them here, but who have not arrived; and from the bearing of the man it seems that he does not intend waiting much longer. And now the woman is talking to him eagerly, as she points to a party of three working masons coming down the street. She makes some proposal to which her companion objects at first with a sharp shake of the head, indicating a decided negative. But she persists, until he yields a sort of spiteful assent, and he accosts the party of workmen as they draw near, apparently soliciting some favour of them. All three burst into a laugh, and one of them, solemnly bowing to the lady, tucks her arm beneath his own, while the other two get the gentleman between them, and the whole group march up to the much-enduring knocker. The lady's man beats a manful tattoo loud enough to rouse the whole neighbourhood, and the portal is hardly thrown wide when they all rush in without ceremony, and almost upset the methodical buttons in their haste. When they come out again you may note two things. One is the very remarkably changed expression of the face of the woman, who appears now twice as good-looking as she was before, and as pleased and contented as half an hour ago she was anxious and wistful. Another thing you will note, if you care to look for it, and that is that the whole party of five adjourn to the public-house round the corner of the street, where the gentleman in fustian stands treat, and where, let us hope, they may not be tempted to remain and "make a day of it."

Here comes Doctor Squill's brougham along the street, driven by his tiger in light grey livery. It stops at No. 19, the door flies open as the doctor trips up the steps; he has no patient there to-day, it is plain, for he has been absent scarcely a minute when he emerges again, escorted by the obsequious butler, re-enters his brougham, and drives off.

Take note again. Yonder, coming round the corner, is a brisk young fellow of some five-and-twenty, full of spirits and vivacity, and evidently brimming over with feelings of satisfaction that will not be repressed. He stands still for a moment or two while he takes a scrutinising survey of the street, looking severely this way and that, now at the north row of houses, now at the south row, until, fixing his eye on the brass plate on the garden gate of No. 19, he bears down upon it almost at the double. He carries an amber-headed cane under his arm, and occasionally relieves his mind by grasping it in his hand and making a few flourishes in the air, then returning it to its place. He mounts the steps with a skip and a bound, and executes the smartest of imaginable double-raps. He cannot, however, wait quietly until the door is opened, and as Mr. Buttons happens to be rather dilatory this time in responding to the appeal, the young fellow turns his back to the door, and raising himself to his full height, indulges in a sort of panoramic view of the neighbourhood, the condition of which, judging from his countenance, meets with his emphatic approval. The next moment he is struck by the apparition of Mrs. Pontifex's tabby cat stalking stealthily across the road, and he instinctively shoulders his cane fowling-piece fashion, as if with the intention of taking a pot shot and bagging poor puss. Then, as if shocked at such a violation of propriety, he steadies himself—pulls himself together, as he might say—trifles a moment with his shirt-collar, adjusts his wristbands, and tightens his kid gloves. All this, the rapid performance of perhaps a minute, has been gone through when the door opens and he vanishes within. In a very brief time he is out again, wearing a jovial look, and he stops in the act of drawing on his right-hand glove for the purpose of tipping Master Buttons, whose usually stolid countenance at this unusual exercise of liberality assumes a sympathising expression, and who bows him out at the garden gate as he skips and bounds away.

This mercurial subject has been gone about an hour when we see a couple of young girls, one of them sobbing bitterly, and the other with tearful eyes and tender endearing words trying in vain to comfort her. They knock faintly at the door, and the would-be comforter goes in, while the other sits down on the lowest step, and gives vent in a flood of tears to the grief she cannot control. She is better for the relief of tears, and when her friend rejoins her is able to assume composure as they walk away together.

The business at No. 19 seems to know no intermission on Sundays—at any rate, on Sunday mornings, there are often more visitors than on any other morning of the week. From about nine o'clock until the church bells begin to toll for the forenoon service is the time for Sunday visitation to this house of call. It is parties, not individuals, who then knock at the much-besieged door—parties in carriages, parties in cabs, parties on foot arriving in talkative groups, or straggling as if with no object in view, one after another. It does not signify a straw what is the state of the weather. Genteel people will drive up in their broughams or chaises, and people who are by no means genteel, but very much the reverse, will come draggletailing through the rain, sleet, or snow, in sublime disregard of mud and dirt and the damage to their finery consequent on such annoyances. Moreover, it is remarkable that these pilgrims are invariably quiet and subdued in their behaviour—so

much so, that unless you happen to be on the lookout for them, you will not be aware of their coming and going. Like the phantoms raised by the witches in "Macbeth," they may almost be said to "come like shadows, so depart," so silent is their advent and their disappearance. Further, they are all strange faces that one sees—never, by any chance, at least, in our experience, has a familiar face turned up in these Sunday morning visitations; you may see them once, but it is a thousand to one that you never saw them before, or that you ever catch sight of any one of them again, or if you do it will be, most likely, without recognising them.

The reader can hardly have felt much puzzled as to the nature of the business transacted at No. 19. The mystery regarding it, if there be any, is of a kind that explains itself—*solvitur ambulando*, as the learned phrase runs. The performers on that door-knocker, careful as some of them are to mask their feelings or their purpose, wear but a thin disguise easily penetrable to eyes accustomed to look deeper than the show of things. Our fair readers, we feel pretty sure, have for the most part grasped the facts of the case, as it were, by instinct, and do not need that we should be at the pains of enlightening them. If, however, it should be the case that a reader of either sex has read so carelessly or cursorily as to be still in the dark, he or she has only to peruse the inscription on the brass plate affixed to the garden gate over the way, when neither of them will ask for any further clue. It is but a brief common-place address, and runs thus: "*Office of the Superintendent Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages.*"

## Varieties.

OMNIBUS JAR.—A New York unlicensed practitioner of medicine kept a large glass jar, into which he emptied the remains of all medicines in vials and bottles as he replenished them. When a patient was on his hands whom none of his physics would fetch round, and he could not tell what was the matter with the man, then he resorted to the omnibus jar, giving him a good dose of that, for he was sure there was something in it to cure anything and everything.—*N. Y. Observer.*

TACT.—The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His Eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a prime minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous. A less skilful courtier might have stammered excuses, and retired. But the duke entered briskly, and cried out, "I'll bet you one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your Eminence!" And the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and six months afterwards was marshal of France.

A TRUE WIFE.—The prince's speech, as chairman at the 101st meeting of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, elicited from Lord John Russell a letter to her Majesty, expressing warm approval and admiration. In her reply her Majesty said:—"The Queen, at the risk of not appearing sufficiently modest (and yet why should a wife ever be modest about her husband's merits), must say that she thinks Lord John Russell will admit now that the prince is possessed of very extraordinary powers of mind and heart. She feels so proud of being his wife that she cannot refrain from herself paying a tribute to his noble character."—*Life of the Prince Consort.*

RANKE'S HISTORY OF SERBIA.—Thirty years ago Leopold Ranke, of Berlin, wrote a "History of Serbia and the Servian Revolution." It was translated by Mrs. Alexander Kerr, and published by Mr. Murray in 1847. Professor Ranke, in a letter to the translator, expressed a hope "that his book may excite

in the English nation an interest for the Christians under Turkish rule." While chiefly relating to Servia, references are made to "atrocities" of the Turkish rulers in Bulgaria, Bosnia, Greece, and other subject States. And on the last page of the book these notable sentences appear, which are as applicable now as they were in 1847:—"So long as the Porte shall maintain the exclusive prerogative of the followers of Islam to conduct military and State affairs, outrages will incessantly be renewed, and the simplest and most rightful claims of the Christian population will be allowed to remain unheeded. The spirit of modern times, which operates only by political means, does not aim at the annihilation of Islamism, either by conversion or force. Still we are perfectly right in restraining it within due limits, and we are fully justified in endeavouring to prevent the followers of the Christian religion from being trampled upon simply because they are Christians."

**DR. RIMBAULT.**—Among the losses of this year we have to lament that of Dr. Rimbault, to whom the readers of the "Leisure Hour" have been indebted for many pleasant pages on musical subjects. He was of an old Huguenot stock, the family having come to England among the refugees at the revocation of the edict of Nantes. His father was for forty years organist of the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. At the age of eighteen Edward Rimbault for a time supported his mother and younger brothers and sisters. Till his death, in his sixtieth year, his life was one of constant and fruitful industry. In musical literature and antiquities he was a high authority, and his knowledge of general literature was also extensive. From the first number of "Notes and Queries" to the present year, numerous contributions attest the variety of his learning. Some of his musical and antiquarian works have been widely known. He was a man of amiable and genial spirit, and his varied knowledge and valuable library were always at the service of students.

**MAZZINI DESCRIBED BY DISRAELI.**—"There came forward to meet him a man rather below the middle height, but of symmetrical and imposing mien. His face was grave, not to say sad; thought, not time, had partially silvered the clustering of his raven hair; but intellectual power reigned in his wide brow, while determination was the character of the rest of his countenance, under great control, yet apparently, from the dark flashing of his eye, not incompatible with fanaticism." Such is the description of the Italian patriot by the author of "Lothair," who makes the republican general, who sought the interview, say to Mazzini, "You formed the mind of our country; you kindled and kept alive the sacred flame when all was gloom, and all were without heart. Such prodigious devotion, so much resource and pertinacity and patience, were never before exhibited by man; and whatever may be said by your enemies, I know that in the greatest hour of action you proved equal to it."

**VIVISECTION.**—Mr. Robert Lowe, M.P., in a recent article in the "Contemporary Review," denounces the Vivisection Act of last Session, and would greatly have preferred an amendment of the existing "Act against cruelty to animals." The law at pre-

sent enacts for cruelty to any domestic animal a penalty of £5, or imprisonment, at discretion of the Court. It is a law for the poor only. Mr. Lowe would have had the penalty increased to £100, so as to include rich culprits, and he would extend the object of the Act to all animals, whether domestic or wild. We quite agree with Mr. Lowe in regretting the special enactment of a law about Vivisection. It would have been far better to leave the trial of cruelty by physiologists to magistrates and juries; and even if convictions were not obtained, the publicity (as in the Norwich prosecution) would help to make these cruelties known and detested. The new Act is a law for protecting physiologists rather than for protecting animals.

**DEODAND.**—Some hundreds of deaths occur every year in London from careless driving. At St. Petersburg, when any one is run over, the carriage causing the accident is confiscated, the horses are taken for the use of the Fire Brigade, and the driver is often flogged by the police authorities; the consequence of which is that very few accidents do occur.

**JEREMY TAYLOR'S CHEERFULNESS IN TROUBLE.**—During the troubles of the Civil War, Bishop Jeremy Taylor suffered sorely for his adherence to Charles I., but his spirit rose above earthly trials:—"I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators: and they have taken all from me. What now! Let me look about me. They have left me sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can discourse, and unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they have left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too. I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields, and see the variety of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights; that is, in wisdom and virtue, in the whole creation, and in God Himself. And he that hath so many causes of joy, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, if he loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down on his own little handful of thorns."

**FOR TIME OR FOR ETERNITY.**—John Wesley wrote to a student, "Beware that you are not swallowed up in books. An ounce of love to God is worth a pound of transient knowledge. What is the real value of a thing, but the price it will bear in eternity? Let no study swallow up or entrench upon the hours of private prayer. Nothing is of so much importance as this, for it is not the possession of gifts, but of grace, nor of sound knowledge and orthodox faith, so much as the principle of holy love and the practice of Christian precepts which distinguish the heir of glory from the child of perdition." Dr. Henry Edwards remarks, "As probationers for an eternal state, it must be palpable to the plainest understanding that everything in time must be more or less important precisely as it has to do with our future destination. Hence the most trivial occurrence which has a sure connection with our eternal interests is great; and the greatest which has no connection is trivial."



GRAS INGENS ITERABINUS AQUOR.







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